Tales From the Chaos Camp

by Anatthema, ChurroBird
The Place Where Logic Goes to Die

Chapter by Anatthema

The sun rose across the lake, hints of pink and orange still visible, laced among the clouds. The air was crisp and fresh, with the scent of pine trees very present. The lake shimmered with the reflections of the early morning sun.

It was beautiful.

Not that Ana cared.

It was 7:30am. No dignified human should have been awake at this time during the summer, let alone having to wake up at 5:00am just to drive to a shitty summer camp that you were dragged to by your parents.

Ana had been to many summer camps over the years. Horseback riding camp, art camp, film camp, even dinosaur camp, nothing had worked for her.

Mostly she had been dragged to these camps by her parents, with the odd few being an interest she had attempted to satisfy.

All of them were trash.

Maybe Ana wasn’t cut out for summer camp. Being immersed in activities with kids she’d never met just wasn’t her thing. She hardly had any friends to begin with, and wasn’t good at meeting people. She had given up trying to be engaged in the camps she was sent to by now, she knew the drill. Meet some somewhat decent people for a week, do some alright activities, leave, and never come back.

This camp, her parents said, would be different. This camp was the whole summer long. It was a good old-fashioned camp, the kind with outdoor activities and actual camping. Her parents said a traditional camp would be good for her. The name? Camp Streamix.

Ana departed from her parents’ car, 100% convinced that this summer would be the worst she ever had. Entering the grounds, she saw the councillors greeting people at the gates.

There were four people waiting at the front. First, man wearing a rainbow armband and blue bandanna with a cheery grin on his face, waving and smiling at the clusters of kids coming in. Second, a very tall man with a yellow bandanna and a look on his face that unexcitedly screamed “I don’t want to be here.” Third, a man wearing a green bandanna with a glint in his eye that seemed way too enthusiastic for the type of camp this was. Finally, a very strange looking short woman with blond hair, a red bandanna, and pointed ears.

Walking up to these people, who were seemingly the councillors of this camp, the man wearing a rainbow armband gave a friendly wave,

“Hello and welcome to Camp Streamix! I’m your Grand Scoutmaster, Darby! These here are our councillors and team leaders, Alex, Xander, and Miss Murder!”

Ana stood and paused.

“Miss... Murder?”
The woman whose name was apparently Miss Murder turned towards Ana, “I don’t think that’s something you need to worry about!”

“I think that makes me wanna worry about it more.”

“Well, anyways,” Grand Scoutmaster Darby interrupted, shooing Miss Murder away with his hand, “Go over to the hall and meet the other kids. We’ll be picking our teams after I give a formal introduction to everyone.”

Ana scrambled away to the hall, now more intrigued and terrified of this camp than she ever had been. Not only was there a councillor who seemed to be named “Miss Murder,” but she seemed to look... somewhat... not human.

Inside the hall were crowds of rowdy kids, everyone screaming, yelling, and clambering over each other like kids do. The noise made Ana cover her ears. The hectic nature of children her age frightened her. Maybe she would meet some friends, though that seemed unlikely.

Ana decided to take a glance around the hall. Something was… odd. Sure, there were normal kids around her age, but there were some strange sights within the mix. There was one child fairly close to her that seemed to have a sheet of paper over his head looking somewhat nervous as well, which was far from the oddest sight. Another child… thing seemed to made of literal fire. And probably strangest of all, hidden among the crowd seemed to be a literal, sentient waffle with tiny legs and arms wearing sunglasses.

Ana tried to process these strange sights, what exactly WAS this camp? First the counsellor seemingly named Miss Murder, and now these campers that seemed to defy all logic?

Then, suddenly with a thud, a mass collided with Ana, catching her off guard.

“Whoops! Sorry!” The child that collided with Ana yelled.

Getting a closer glance at the child, it seemed they had two large wings protruding from their back, like some sort of avian-human hybrid.

“You have wings,” Ana observed.

“Yes.” The child nodded in agreement.

“Is that… a regular thing?”

“That’s for you to decide.”

Ana paused. What was that supposed to mean? Maybe she shouldn’t worry about it. This camp seemed to be beyond sensible, anyway.

“Anyways, hi! I’m Churro, your local avian dessert disaster!” They said, extending a hand enthusiastically for Ana to shake. Reluctantly, Ana took their hand.

Then, another figure emerged from the crowd. He wore sunglasses and a blue jean jacket, though the most striking thing about this person was how extremely tall he was. He towered over the rest of the campers and was nearly as tall as the tallest counsellor. Was he even a kid?

“Oh hey Kyle!” The avian child known as Churro called out to the newcomer. Apparently the two had met before.
Kyle approached Ana and stuck out his hand for her to shake. It reached her head. How pathetic. She had always thought she was tall, so this was extremely humiliating. Reaching up, Ana shook Kyle’s hand.

“Everyone shush! Darby’s starting to talk!” Kyle said, focusing his attention to the front of the room where Grand Scoutmaster Darby was entering.

“Hello everybody! We’ve so glad to have all of you here at Camp Streamix this summer, and I hope you’ll enjoy everything we have planned for you! It’s gonna be an awesome summer, and we’re gonna try to make the best of it!”

Oh great, Ana thought. He’s one of those cheery leader-type people who try to make everything seem more fun than it actually is by overhyping every single little thing. I’m going to have just a fantastic summer, aren’t I?

“Here at Camp Streamix, to make things more fun for all of us, we’ve created 3 teams you can join, and each team will compete over the summer for the fabelled stream stick!”

Then, Grand Scoutmaster Darby pulled out a stick with feathers tied around it that seemed to be sparkling. Was that… glitter?

No one else seemed to be phased by this odd reward however, many eyes glowed at the sparkly stick with seemingly no value besides being a stick covered in glitter.

“The three teams you can choose from are led by our three lovely councillors here! Alex here in the yellow bandanna leads Team Fallen,” He said, gesturing to the towering figure of Alex.

“And the lovely Xander leads Team Annihilation!” He said, pointing at the man in the green bandanna.

“What are these names?” Ana said, whispering to Churro and Kyle. “They don’t seem like regular camp team names.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Kyle said, leaning over, “this camp is nuts, I’ve been here before. Nothing makes any sense in the slightest.”

“And finally, we have Miss Murder in the red bandanna, who leads Team Murder!”

Ana looked around for a few seconds. No one seemed to be phased by this either. Was she the only one questioning this camp? Then she glanced back at the sentient waffle in the crowd and the bird person beside her and realized that no one else seemed to be in the position to question anything.

“And also,” Grand Scoutmaster Darby continued, “if you don’t feel like competing, you can always join me and the Rainbow Roadies instead!” He said, gesturing to his rainbow armband around his wrist.

“Now, grab your camp shirt, a team bandanna, and let’s all have a great summer!”

The crowd began to slowly move towards a table set up with various sized camp shirts and various team bandannas. Ana paused, contemplating which team to pick. Beside her, Churro quickly snatched a Team Murder bandanna, and Ana looked at them with a concerned expression.

“Why are you picking the team that’s literally named Team Murder?” Ana asked.
“Because murder incites chaos, and I’m a chaos being who needs to have their quotas fulfilled!” Churro said with a grin.

Ana was too confused at this point to question anything and watched as various people took different bandannas. A child that seemed to have scales on his arms grabbed a Team Murder Bandanna and the other child he was with took both a Murder and Fallen bandanna. As she watched, more people took multiple team bandannas, which she was not entirely sure the councillors allowed. Another child seemed to have a bandanna with colours blended from all the teams which didn’t seem to originate from the table, which was odd to say the least. Others grabbed Rainbow Roadie armbands, though hardly anyone seemed to touch the Team Annihilation bandannas.

Ana still hadn’t chosen a team, and spent some time debating on which bandanna to grab. After contemplating, she grabbed a yellow Team Fallen bandanna.

“Why Team Fallen?” Churro asked.

“Because Alex looked dead inside and I spiritually relate,” Ana answered.

“That’s fair.”

Then, Ana watched as Kyle grabbed a Team Fallen bandanna off the table. Then, instead of tying it around his neck or arm, he proceeded to grab a spray paint can from his jacket, spray the bandanna black, grab a fabric marker, and write “Team Kyle” on the newly painted bandanna.

“Kyle what are you-“

“It’s my own team. I practically run this place.”

“Forget I asked,” Ana sighed.

And so, Ana followed her new councillor Alex along with Kyle, and Churro parted ways as they followed Miss Murder instead. Walking towards her new cabin, she glanced around at her fellow teammates. Among them, a young blue-haired child, an older and taller red haired kid with a jacket, a brown-haired kid with a nervous look on his face, and a literal walrus. All of those kids seemed to know this camp fairly well, they all looked like they knew where they were going. Also on her team was the sentient waffle, his bandanna draped around his body(?)

Looking at the waffle with a confused glance, Ana had no words to say. She couldn’t find anything that would make sense in this context. Then, the waffle walked up to her and whispered in a sensual voice,

“Butter.”

“Ex-excuse me?” Ana said, confused.

“You damn well heard what I said.”

“I didn’t… understand it?”

“What more is there to say?”

“An explanation perhaps?”

“Butter.”

“Forget I asked. So um, what is your name?” Ana asked, desperate to change the subject.
“Waffle.”

“No I get that you’re a waffle, but what’s your name?” Ana asked, half joking.

“That’s my name. Waffleman, if you must have the full thing.” Waffle said with a chuckle.

“So how do you exist? Like how the hell are you alive? How does this make any sort of sense?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Ana decided not to reply. Turning to Kyle, she looked at him for any sort of response or recognition that this was in any way unusual. Nothing. He did say he had been at this camp before.

With that, Ana arrived at the Team Fallen cabin, changed into her camp T-Shirt, and settled down with the rest of her fellow campers. Reflecting on the day, she tried to make sense of the madness that seemed to be Camp Streamix. Everything from talking waffles to chaotic bird children, this camp seemed to be anything but the traditional summer camp her parents had expected her to join.

Maybe this summer wouldn’t be too bad after all.
Ana was lying in bed, looking up at the roof of her cabin. She had woken up before everyone else in Team Fallen, everyone else was out cold. The night before had been an interesting start for everyone. Never in a million years did Ana think she would be bunking with a literal sentient waffle.

There were some normal-ish folks in the cabin as well. Zed and Viola were two campers she had met last night that while carrying bandanna for both teams, bunked in the Fallen cabin because of the influx of Team Murder members. Jojo, Atwas and Scott were all members who had attended the camp before. Everyone in the cabin had begun to look up to them in the past night, as they told their tales from last year’s camp. Everything from bears to unkillable orphans, this camp seemed to get stranger by the minute.

Hopefully they would wake up soon. Ana was getting extremely bored, and had nothing to do but stare at the roof and contemplate. The councillors had confiscated all electronics, saying that camp was supposed to be a time to socialize with one another. This was hilarious considering councillor Alex seemed to always be on his phone.

Then, after many long minutes of silence, Ana heard a faint whisper.

“Butter.”

Well, that meant Waffle was awake.

Ana stood up and looked at the top bunk of her cabin. Waffle was just beginning to wake, and in the bed beside her, Kyle seemed to be waking up as well.

“Today’s gonna be the day!” Kyle said, stretching out his arms and cracking his knuckles.

“The day for what?” Ana asked.

“You’ll see. Let’s wait for everyone to wake up and I’ll gather them together.”

Ana, while confused, slowly waited for the rest of the cabin to rouse themselves. After everyone got dressed and ate, they gathered outside. Members of the other teams also seemed to be around. Churro was waiting, perched in a tree, with a short, brown-haired camper sitting at its base.

“Hey Churro! What exactly are you doing up there?” Ana called out.

“I must satisfy my avian instincts, the tree gives me the power I need to sustain my feathered roots.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“The tree makes me feel like I’m tall.”

Ignoring that, Ana turned her attention to the camper under the shade of the tree. She had a Team Murder bandanna, which she tied around her head, and seemed to be writing something on a piece of paper.

“Hi! You’re Ana right? Churro told me about you! I’m Meg!”

“Nice to meet you!” Ana said, extending a hand. Meg took Ana’s hand, gripped it, and started wildly
shaking it up and down.

“Whatcha writing?” Ana asked.

“Stuff for Miss Murder! She really likes the AUs I write about her murder games! I find it really fun, lots of blood and death!”

Ana paused. “Do you… like… murder?”

“I mean, I’ve never actually hurt someone but look, I have a knife!” Meg said, pulling out a black knife with stars on it. “I got it from Miss Murder!”

“So hypothetically, if someone were to die at this camp would the councillors like, care?” Ana asked, very hesitant if she wanted to know the answer.

“I think they can just make them better after.” Churro replied, fluttering down from the tree.

“Wha- okay, no. I’m absolutely done questioning this camp because nothing is ever going to make sense. I guess I’ll just go see whatever’s up with Kyle’s weird plan.” Ana sighed.

Ana walked over to the clearing where Kyle was sitting on a picnic bench. He seemed to making a commotion, and calling people over, while groups of campers slowly gathered around.

Many of the people gathered in the space were ones that Ana recognized, such as her fellow Team Fallen members, and others were members of the other teams that she had yet to meet. Some she had caught glances of the day before, though didn’t know their names. Some that stuck out were a Team Murder member who wore a black and white mask, who was hanging around with the kid with paper on their head from yesterday and a small child with goggles, a child who seemed to have robotic arms, and a child who had bandannas from all the teams with a beard that seemed to be made of cardboard.

With a crowd that was continually growing, Ana awaited what Kyle was planning. From what she knew of him already, nothing sensible would come out of it.

Then, Kyle climbed onto the picnic table and started to make an announcement. Ana watched curiously.

“Hello my fellow campers! I see you all have come to listen to my words. I have a proposition that I would like to make to all of you!” He said, his voice loud and with a strangely large amount of authority.

Kyle then pointed to his bandanna, which the previous day had been spray painted black and relabelled “Team Kyle.”

“This is the bandanna of my new team, Team Kyle! With your help, I can have enough members from other teams who will rally together and become a part of this team!”

The crowd looked confused, except for Churro, who seemed to be bounding up to Kyle’s table with excitement. They fluttered up next to where Kyle stood, scanning the crowd.

“And with the many members I can gather, I will be able to overthrow this camp, all with your help!” Kyle went on. “Imagine, we could take this camp for ourselves. We practically own this place already, the councillors won’t know what hit them!”

Some people in the crowd looked confused, others excited, even more seemed scared.
“Why do you wanna take over the camp?” Viola called from the crowd.


“It’s called chaos sweetie!” Churro added.

“How exactly are you going to do this?” Viola added.

“Well, I’m glad you asked!” Kyle went on. He reached into his pocket and pulled out some odd triangle-shaped objects of various colours. “These are called bits! We’ll throw them at the councillors and cause a whole lot of chaos to overtake the camp!”

“VIVA LA REVOLUTION!” Churro screamed, grabbing a pile of bits from Kyle’s hand, throwing them into the air. Silence filled the air. No one seemed to want to do anything. Ana also stayed quiet, slightly confused.

Then, without warning, Churro flew down and grabbed Ana’s hand, pulling them back up onto the picnic table. “Don’t think you’re getting away! You’re with us now! Join the revolution and overthrow the camp!”

Unsure what to think, Ana stood for a few seconds, contemplating. Then, realizing that at this point there was no reason not to go along with the weird chaos that seemed to be this camp, she called out “Viva la revolution!”

“So, who’s in?” Kyle asked.

“Me!” Churro yelled, Ana followed suit, slightly less enthusiastically.

Then, silence. No one else joined in.

“Well,” Kyle said, slightly defeated. “I guess it’s just us.” He pulled out his spray paint can. “Hand me your bandannas.”

Churro handed theirs over, Ana doing the same.

Taking the spray can, Kyle pointed it at the bandannas. He paused.

“Shit. It’s… uh… run out. I guess your current bandannas will have to do. Anyways, welcome to Team Kyle. The truly best team. I’m your councillor, Kyle.” he said, extending his hand with a smile.”

“So, you ready to cause some chaos?” Churro asked Ana. Ana slowly nodded. Playing along with this would probably be easier than protesting. And anyways, it seemed like this might be fun.

A few hours of preparation went by. Kyle gave Ana and Churro the necessary preparations, mostly handfuls of bits. The three needed as many as possible in order to cause large amounts of chaos. What the bits did exactly was unknown to Ana.

“So, we have these bits, and what else?” Ana asked.

“I have my gun.” Kyle replied.

“You have a gun?” Churro asked, shocked.
“Yep!”

And then, reaching to his side, underneath his jacket, Kyle pulled out something that definitely looked like a gun, though something seemed off. Then, with a closer glance, Ana saw a bright tip on the gun.

“Wait, is that a water gun?” Churro asked.

“What? No! It’s definitely a real gun that absolutely has the power to seriously hurt someone!” Kyle said, glancing around.

“I’m not sure I believe that.” Ana added.

Then, Kyle pointed the (100% real) gun at Churro, and pulling the trigger, a sharp stream of water blasted at the avian child.

“AHHHHHH HOW DARE YOU?” Churro screamed in agony, “YOU ABSOLUTE MONSTER, YOU HAVE DAMAGED MY GLORIOUS WINGS.”

“It’s just water.” Kyle replied.

“YOU UNSALTED FRENCH FRY I USE THESE FOR FLIGHT!”

“Anyways, come on, we’ve got business to do.” Kyle sighed, clearly ignoring Churro’s screams and insults.

Heading towards the councillors’ cabin, armed with fistfuls of bits, the three campers prepared for their mission. Step 1: Toss bits through the window. Step 2: Wait for chaos.

Approaching the window, the three readied their weapons of chaos. Kyle opened the window, using his unusually tall stature to assist him. Inside the cabin, Alex and Miss Murder seemed to be bickering to each other, while Grand Scoutmaster Darby tried to calm them down, and Xander seemed to just sit and watch. The trio positioned their bits, while Kyle readied his water gun.

“And, three, two, one, FIRE!” Kyle ordered, firing his water gun, with Ana and Churro tossing as many bits as they could into the cabin. Immediately, they heard many yells coming from the cabin.

“What the actual fuck?” Alex yelled, “IS THIS 100 000 BITS?”

“Who the fuck sprayed me with water?” Miss Murder screamed.

“Calm down everyone!” Grand Scoutmaster Darby spoke, not at all helping in calming the chaos.

“Well, our job here is done.” Kyle smiled, running away from the window before the councillors could catch them. Ana and Churro followed quickly after.

Later that day, the councillors had called an emergency meeting. It didn’t take a genius to figure out why.

“So, who did it?” Alex asked, glaring at the campers. Everyone looked around at each other with confused glances. Then, everyone turned towards where Ana, Churro, and Kyle were seated. Clearly they had realized the three talking about leading a revolution may have caused some chaos.

“Well, it seems pretty obvious who it was,” Xander grumbled, “What are we gonna do with ‘em?”
“I don’t think we should do anything!” Darby replied.

“Fine,” Alex added, “but they’re getting the glare of shame.”

Ana looked confused, “what’s-”

And then, Alex glared at the trio, a piercing gaze of pure disappointment and shame. Ana could feel Alex staring through her, with the most intense disappointment she had ever felt. However, Kyle and Churro were largely unphased.

“This ‘chaos trio’ seems to be done for now. We’ll keep an eye on them.” Alex said.

And so, the three were let off with the pure disappointment of Alex hanging on them. However, they truly did get something out of it.

“Chaos Trio. I like that name.” Kyle said. Churro and Ana nodded in agreement.

That is who they were, The Chaos Trio.
Chaos and Campfires

Chapter by Anatthema

The fire crackled and hissed, sending out sparks in all directions. Its warm glow illuminated the otherwise entirely dark campsite. The heat was comforting to Ana, a small bit of warmth contrasting the cold air of midnight at camp.

The campers gathered around the campfire, staring into its comforting glow. Days at Camp Streamix were really action-packed, so it was nice to get away from the noise and chaos for a bit, and just bask in the comforting glow of the campfire.

Ana sat next to Churro and Kyle. Several other campers were gathered around with them, Waffle, Meg, Viola, Atwas, And Chi-Chi.

Everyone was silent, taking in the sights and smells of the campfire. It was perfectly calm, and Ana felt at ease. Sure, she missed the comfort of her home and parents, but there wasn’t really anything she could do about it. She was here now, here at a camp that had little to no sense behind it. Not only that, but she had made friends.

The Chaos Trio had become a well known menace around the camp, both with the campers and councillors. Wrecking havoc was the name of the game with them, and even though Ana really hadn’t gotten used to their chaotic nature, she went along with it.

The moment of silence was appreciated though, sometimes the ruckus could get a little much.

Then, breaking the silence, Churro spoke up,

“Hey! Why are we all being quiet? We should tell stories!”

Well, the quiet was nice while it lasted at least.

“Oooh, oooh! Ohhhhhh! I have a spooky story!” Meg said, jumping up and down in her seat, raising her hand like she was in school.

“Go ahead!” Churro nodded.

“So I heard there’s a rumour going around the camp about this cryptid! Apparently it’s this really creepy thing that haunts the woods around here! I heard it kidnaps campers and that’s why we’re not allowed to go into the woods without anyone with us. No one knows what it looks like exactly but apparently it’s like really big and scary! I dunno about you but it sounds really creepy!”

“Meg you just described me,” Churro replied. “It’s me, I’m the cryptid in the woods.”

“False,” Kyle added. “You’re way too small to be considered big and scary.”

Churro glared at Kyle, “Not everyone can be a human giant! Also how do you know I can’t change my size?”

Kyle stared at Churro, shook his head, and continued. “Anyways, I’m a deity of chaos, how do you know it’s not me?”

“I’m the deity of low intelligence!” Churro replied.
“I have like one brain cell,” Kyle replied.

“Not anymore!”

“Did you just steal my brain cell?”

“Yep, it’s mine now.”

Ana stared at the pair of arguing campers, confused. Churro and Kyle always seemed to be arguing about something, but what it was about never really made sense.

“Churro I’m taking the brain cell back, I need it more than you.”

“Hey Ana,” Churro said as they turned their attention towards her instead of Kyle. “Help me kick Kyle’s shins! I need the brain cell!”

“I... no. Fine, whatever.”

The pair ran towards Kyle, and immediately started kicking his shins. He didn’t seem too phased, and just reached into his jacket, grabbed his water gun, and sprayed Churro until they started screaming and left him alone.

“Anyways,” Atwas spoke up, “I don’t think that cryptid is real. It’s probably just something the councillors made up to make sure we don’t go into the woods at night. Which everyone does anyways so it really doesn’t work.” they shrugged.

“No!” Viola yelled, “It’s real! I know it is!”

“Yeah! It’s definitely real! I wanna go hunt for it!” Meg chimed in.

“Maybe later,” Kyle told the excited group. “Right now we’re telling stories. You know what, someone else change the topic.”

“Hey remember the time I summoned a demon Atwas?” Chi-Chi yelled out.

“You did what?” Ana stared, confused.

“Yeah, but we just made vore jokes and it got uncomfortable and left after a while.”

“Wait. So you’re telling me the best way to banish a demon is literally just make vore jokes? That would have been useful a while ago! Why haven’t I heard of this before?” Churro gasped.

“When on earth would that have been useful before?” Ana questioned.

“Don’t question what I do in my free time!” Churro replied defensively.

“Wait! Can we summon it again?” Meg asked.

“Best not too. Tangling with demons isn’t a fun business,” Atwas replied.

“I mean, we could always ward it off with butter jokes instead!” Waffle chimed in.

“I’m not sure if that’s worse or better,” Viola replied.

“Guys! I have a story I wanna tell!” Ana exclaimed.

“Go for it,” Kyle replied.
“So, imagine this. Imagine a hypothetical world where a cooperation between two colossal dummies, through using a total of zero braincells somehow summoned me into another plane of existence. Imagine just how dumb that would be! It’s something that would never happen. It’d have to involve someone who I barely even know inviting me to a private and sacred place, and me, without thinking, accepting it! In fact, it’s so dumb that it would be scary! But of course, this is all hypothetical. It never happened on this plane of existence!”

Everyone stared, but Waffle looked at Ana, visibly uncomfortable. Then, he started to laugh.

“Yeah! There’s absolutely no way that would ever happen because it’s so incredibly dumb!”

“Right, exactly! That’s why it’s a story I’m telling around the campfire! It’s purely hypothetical!”

Churro squinted at Ana, then at Waffle. “Are you sure this didn’t happen?” they asked.

“Yes definitely, this is all hypothetical!” Waffle replied shakily.

“Okay potato roll, I’m keeping an eye on you.”

“What the hell did you just call me?”

“Potato roll!”

“I am a waffle you heathen.”

“Whatever you say pancake.”

With what little emotion could be made out from the face of a literal waffle, Waffle seemed to be vibrating with rage. If he wasn’t a few inches tall, he probably would have walked over there to strangle Churro right there.

“Don’t make me come over there and yeet you like a frisbee.” Churro replied with a huge grin on their face.

“Okay, calm down everyone. I think that’s enough.” Atwas said, glaring at both Waffle and Churro. The two immediately stopped. Atwas had an aura of authority around them that nobody seemed to want to defy, which is why so many campers looked up to them. That and they were one of the oldest kids at the camp, and had been attending for a few years. Waffle had stated that one of the main reasons he joined Team Fallen was because of how much he admired Atwas. They always called Team Fallen “the objectively best team.”

“Hey guys! I have s’more supplies!” Churro suddenly called out, pulling out roasting sticks, a bag of marshmallows, a box of graham crackers, and chocolate.

“Where did you get those?” Ana asked, as Churro seemed to pull the supplies out of nowhere.

“I pulled them out of the Eldritch dimension!”

Ana signed, and motioned for Churro to hand her some marshmallows. Taking two, and putting them on her stick, she set them above the fire, waiting for them to toast.

Once again, it was quiet. The entire group sat, waiting for their marshmallows to be toasted the perfect amount. The sweet smell of the dessert spread throughout the campsite. Ana, while not particularly hungry, awaited her marshmallows eagerly. It had been a while since she had anything sweet, so this would be a nice change.
Then, after several minutes Ana pulled her marshmallows out of the fire, and placed them on a graham cracker with some chocolate. Biting into the s’more, she savoured the sweetness.

Turning over to Churro, she noticed a much less pleasant sight. Churro’s marshmallows were on fire, and Churro was rapidly waving them around in an attempt to put them out.

“Hey! Watch where you wave that thing! You don’t wanna burn someone!” Atwas yelled.

Then, with one more wave of the stick, Churro flung the marshmallows into the night sky. The flaming treats lit up the sky like a meteor shower, before fizzling out and landing on the ground nearby in the black crisp. Without missing a beat, Churro stood up, walked towards them, bent down, and ate them.

And so, even with this, the rest of the group enjoyed their s’mores, and continued chatting through the night. After some time, another camper wandered out of their cabin, and joined the group around the campfire. This camper was Rob, the resident ukulele guy. He came out, carrying his ukulele, sat down, and gathered everyone around for a song.

Strumming on his ukulele, he got everyone in the group singing campfire songs. Ana, scared to sing, stayed quiet, enjoying the music.

“Hey Ana, why aren’t you singing?” Waffle asked, “I’m sure your singing is lovely.”

“I’m... too nervous to sing.” Ana replied.

“Ana, I’m sure everyone would love to hear you, there’s nothing to be worried about.” Rob assured.

“Maybe some other time, I’m kinda nervous.”

The conversation ended there, with everyone agreeing that maybe it wasn’t best to push Ana. Ana smiled, and nodded for Rob to continue the music.

Once again, the campsite was filled with the soothing sound of ukulele music and the singing of a group campers. Maybe the singing wasn’t the greatest, no one seemed to be able to keep synced up with everyone else, but it was enjoyable. The sound of everyone coming together amongst the regular chaos of the daytime to enjoy themselves was truly something to experience.

Ana thought back to the first time she had arrived at the camp. It was only a few days ago, but already so much had changed. She had never expected to enjoy herself here, much less have a group of friends to enjoy it with. Maybe it was weird to call them friends, they had just met, but Ana felt that was the right word. Acquaintances seemed too unfamiliar, especially for the rest of the Chaos Trio.

Looking up at the sky, the night was clear. Many stars dotted the sky, the dark was a comforting blanket, making everything calm. The fire continued to burn into the late night, though slowly was dying down. Even Churro and Meg had begun to calm down, softly singing along to Rob’s music.

Then, several figures shrouded in the dark began to approach the campfire. Rob stopped the music, and everyone turned to look towards the mysterious people approaching. As they got closer, their faces came into view. It was Councillor Alex and Councillor Xander. They both had stern looks on their faces as they looked at the group.

“You guys are out past curfew.” Xander said with a harsh tone.

“Wait, crap! We are!” Rob replied, glancing at the rest of the group.
“Oh! We’ll get to bed now!” Ana replied apologetically. She knew the wrath of Alex’s disappointment, and was worried what Xander might think.

The rest of the group simply nodded. The night was winding down anyways, and everyone was getting tired. Ana stood up, and slowly began to make her way back to the Team Fallen cabin with Kyle, Waffle, Viola, and Atwas.

Arriving back in her cabin, Ana began to get ready to go to bed, when she heard a ruffling beside her bed. The source of the noise? Churro, apparently.

“What are you doing here?” Ana asked, confused. “I thought you were on Team Murder?”

“I’m here now! I’m kind of a cabin migrant. I’ll disappear to my homeland tomorrow.”

“Oh, well, enjoy your stay I guess. There’s nowhere for you to sleep.”

“I’ll sleep on the floor!” Churro replied, fluffing up their wings and making a makeshift bed by curling up on them. “Night Ana!”

“Night Churro.”

And with that, Ana drifted into sleep, tuckered out from the campfire and activities of the day. Camp Streamix was a bizarre but fun experience, and sometimes just sitting back and enjoying the chaos was enough.
Bright light shone through the windows of the Mess Hall. Campers all sat at the rows of tables, where everyone was eating lunch. The ever-present smell of various food combined with the loud screams of campers muddled together to become a stew of senses.

Ana never really liked the Mess Hall. It was too crowded, the large number of people packed in one place really stressed her out. Luckily for her, she was with Churro and Kyle, whose chaotic energy essentially stopped most of the anxieties she had.

The Chaos Trio were all sitting together, side by side at the table. Across from them sat Meg and Waffle. Meg was scarfing down food, though it was uncertain if Waffle, being sentient food, could even digest the food that he was eating.

The food choices at Camp Streamix were always bizarre to say the least. Nothing truly gross, but the food had its signature charm of being just weird enough to make you question it. Today the main item was pickle pizza. Not gross, but definitely odd.

“Churro, you’ve gotta wonder. Who makes this stuff? Like, who gets the idea to put pickles on a pizza anyways. Like, sure, it’s not bad, but whose idea was it anyway? Who, in their right mind, sees a pickle, and their first thought is to put that on a pizza?” Ana asked, slightly annoyed.

“I dunno man, but the food is really fitting my chaotic nature and I dig that.” Churro replied, taking a big bite of pizza.

“Maybe we should try and find the chefs. We’ll ask ‘em what’s up. There’s gotta be a reason for all this odd food.” Kyle added.

“I wanna find them!” Meg yelled, slamming down her fork on the table with great strength for her size.

“Come on, let’s go to the kitchen!” Churro yelled.

“Isn’t that employees only?” Ana asked.

“Not a problem if you can’t read.” Waffle shot back.

“I repeat, let’s go to the kitchen!” Churro responded, taking Ana by the wrist, dragging her along with Kyle, Meg, and Waffle following.

Entering into the kitchen door, which was strictly labelled “Employees Only” with Ana flinching at breaking the clearly labelled rules, Ana saw the suspects in question. Two adults, a bearded man and long-haired woman in blue bandannas, the same colour Grand Scoutmaster Darby wears, were hard at work cooking. A closer inspection of them concluded that they were not in fact wearing the usual Camp Streamix shirt. Instead of the usual logo of the camp, the images on their shirts were potatoes. The woman also seemed to have pointy ears, kind of like Miss Murder.

The bearded man turned around at the noise of the campers entering the kitchen. Ana waited, and prepared for a thorough scolding before being sent off.

“Hey campers! What are you four… no, five doing in here?” he said, glancing at Waffle specifically.
“You’re not gonna yell at us?” Ana asked.

“Nope, just curious.” he laughed.

“Well, we wanted to find the source of the bizarre food combinations that keep appearing at lunch.” Kyle told him.

“Oh, those! Don’t mind him.” the woman replied. “Lantern’s a food scientist. He’s gotta try every combination he can.”

“That I am. No-one even questions it anymore, they all just realize I’m ‘doing a thing’ and roll with it.”

“Nice to meet you kids! I’m Star by the way!” Star said enthusiastically.

“So why do you have potatoes on your shirts?” Ana asked.

“Food staff! We’re ‘Team Potato!’” Star exclaimed.

“So,” Waffle spoke up, “Have you ever considered using butter in your recipes?”

Ana sighed, the mention of the word “butter” in that specific sensual voice was common for Waffle, and she was worried Lantern would be creeped out. Unfortunately for her, this was not the case.

“Mmmmmmmmm yes, butter.” Lantern replied, in an even more erotic voice than Waffle.

Waffle raised an eyebrow, ‘oh myyyyyy.’

Ana turned to Churro for any clue of what was transpiring. Nothing.

Suddenly, a brown-haired child with glowing eyes and a Team Murder bandanna burst into the kitchen. Hearing this odd exchange, she paused, raised a finger, and went silent.

“Oh hi Metal. I see your powers are as strong as always.” Star said, completely devoid of any concern or confusion.

“Does this happen a lot?” Ana asked.

“Yeah.” Metal replied, “I have this weird power to always come in at the strangest times.”

“Well, this has certainly been an experience, but you all should probably get going,” Star said, nudging the campers out of the kitchen.

“See ya! It was nice meeting you!” Churro yelled, waving goodbye as the group, along with Metal, exited the kitchen.

Later that evening, after a slow day with little excitement, the group gathered around the campfire along with Viola, as was routine for them, they began telling stories under the dark, star-filled sky.

Kyle spoke: “Okay everyone, it’s Churro’s turn.”

“Okay okay, SO instead of a story tonight, I have a proposition!” Churro said, jumping up and down in their seat. Everyone looked at them, curious.
“So remember the cryptid that Meg talked about last night? Well, I suggest that tonight, because those responsible campers aren’t here, we go hunt for it!”

“OOOOOH that sounds like fun!” Meg replied with even more enthusiasm.

“That does sound like it’ll be fun.” Viola added. Waffle, Kyle, and reluctantly Ana, nodded in agreement.

With the agreement of everyone else, the group began making preparations for some good old fashioned cryptid hunting. Everyone grabbed flashlights and Churro gathered the group for their plan.

“Okay, so first off, we need to enlist the help of a professional level cryptid hunter, one who knows what they’re doing and can lead us to victory!” Churro exclaimed.

Viola raised her hand, “Where are we gonna get one of those?”

“I’m glad you asked! Luckily, I know a person.”

“Where on earth do you-”

“Hush my sweet, follow me and you shall see.”

Churro led the group across the campground and towards the Rainbow Roadies cabin. It was getting dark, so it seemed unlikely that many people would be awake. Churro walked up to the window of the cabin and peered inside. Several sleeping campers were inside, along with a few who were awake. Churro frantically waved at the campers until catching the attention of a blonde child with hair dyed red on one end, and blue on the other. Churro gestured towards the door, and the camper, understanding, exited the cabin.

“What do ya want?” The camper asked. They looked a bit older, and had an air of coolness around them, helped by their chill posture and sunglasses.

“We’re hunting for cryptids, and we needed the assistance of an expert!” Churro replied.

“Well, with no explanation whatsoever, I’m in. I’m Tex by the way.” they said, waving to the rest of the group.

Ana also stepped forward to introduce herself: ‘Hi, I’m Ana. Pleased to meet you!’

Waffle presented himself and said ‘Hi, I’m the Waffleman, but most people just call me Waffle. I must say that I love your sunglasses.’

Tex bended over and looked down at this strange specimen, ‘And I love yours little man.’

Sequentially, everyone who had not already met introduced themselves.

“Hi, nice to meet you kiddos. Follow me, I know all the best spots to find cryptids.”

“We’re looking for one in particular!” Meg piped up, “Do you know the one cryptid around here that’s really tall and lanky and weird?”

Tex laughed, “You’re gonna have to be more specific. That’s like, half the cryptids in this area.”

“Oh… Well, come on! Let’s go hunting!” Meg yelled, completely disregarding the last statement.
The group headed out, venturing into the dark undergrowth of the woods. The cool night air nipped at Ana’s arms and face, seeing as she didn’t have a jacket. Being further away from camp, nothing could be heard but the faint buzzing of insects and shrieks of wildlife. The darkness of the trees was only illuminated by the piercing beams of lights being emitted from the flashlights.

Being this far away from camp worried Ana. Little progress had been made besides wandering around in the woods, and to be honest with herself, she didn’t even know if this cryptid was real.

Suddenly, a faint rustling came from the bushes. Excited, the group turned their flashlights towards the source of the noise.

“We’re onto something!” Tex said in a hush voice.

“Oooooooh boy!” Churro said, excitedly rubbing their hands together, “My day has come!”

Then, silence.


“MY HOPES AND DREAMS HAVE BEEN UTTERLY CRUSHED!” Churro yelled dramatically, falling to the ground and sprawling out.

“Kyle, did you have the brain cell? I don’t have it and Churro sure as hell doesn’t.” Ana asked.

Kyle turned to look at Churro with a disappointed glare, “Get back up. I know it’s not your turn on the brain cell but we’ve gotta keep looking.”

“MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERG!” Churro yelled, “Can I PLEEEEEEEASE have the brain cell?”

Meg paused, confused, “Sure…? I don’t know why this is my choice to make?”

“Meg said it’s my turn on the brain cell!” Churro yelled.

Tex turned back at the group disappointedly. “Well, with that I’m sure we’ve scared all cryptids off long ago.”

“No!” Churro said, jumping back up. “We have to continue! It is my destiny!”

“Come on then, but you have to promise me you’ll be quiet. You can fight about your lack of brain cells later.” Tex hissed.

“Fine.” Churro grumbled.

Continuing deeper into the ominous forest, the group was mostly silent. Ana was getting increasingly worried they would not only find some sort of large animal with teeth instead of any cryptids, but that they would get lost on the way back too.

Then, Churro started running up to something on the ground.

“Look! I found a clue!” they yelled.

Upon closer inspection, the object they found seemed to be an old hat.

“This belongs to the cryptid!” Churro yelled.

“Do cryptids wear hats?” Ana asked.
“This one might! Let’s pick it up and follow the trail!” Churro replied with excitement.

“What trail?”

“There’s footprints right there!” Churro said, pointing at a trail of footprints leading into the woods.

The rest of the group excitedly ran after Churro, with Tex desperately trying to hush them as they rampaged through the woods.

“We’re gonna find it! We’ll be famous!” Viola yelled.

“Guys! Please, will you please be quiet?” Tex begged, “Even if we’ve found a trail, it’s probably run off by now thanks to you all.”

However, none of the group listened. Continuing to try and be as unstealthy as humanly possible, they looked around frantically, in hopes of catching the cryptid that apparently had left evidence of being there.

Then, out of the corner of her eye, Ana caught a glimpse of a dark figure moving throughout the forest. It was only there for a second, but she could swear something was there. Snapping her head around to turn towards the figure, she could hear the rustling of leaves where the figure stood.

“Guys, in that direction!” Ana said, in hushed excitement. “I saw something move!”

The group, racing towards where Ana thought she saw the figure stood, saw another set of footprints in its place. Everyone, chasing after them for several minutes, arrived at a small clearing in the bush. A small, slightly ominous wooden cabin stood before them. It was beaten down, and probably exactly the place that a serial killer would lead their victims.

“Woah! I can’t believe it! This is just like a murder mystery where you find the weird cabin in the woods!” Meg gasped in excitement.

“Yeah, no, I’m out. No way am I going in that. We’re all gonna die,” Ana replied, turning around. Kyle quickly grabbed her by her shirt collar.

“This is our chance! We found this place and we’re gonna investigate, whether you like it or not!”

“Ana you can’t leave now!” Viola replied. “If we die, we die together!”

“Wow, all of a sudden there’s a threat of death. Exactly what I wanted from wandering around in the woods at night. Thanks guys,” Ana grumbled.

“Come on, we’re going in.” Kyle bluntly replied, dragging her up to the door.

Arriving at the front door of the mysterious cabin, Kyle attempted to turn the doorknob.

“It’s locked.” he said.

“Hang on, I’ve got this,” Churro said confidently.

Then, Churro backed up, started sprinting at the door, and with a massive leap, assisted from the fact they had wings, kicked through the door. Unfortunately, there was now a hole in the door the size of Churro’s leg, and still no way to get in.

“GOD. DAMN IT!” Churro yelled, their hands positioned dramatically above their head.
Then, from inside the house, a familiar voice called, “You know, you could have just knocked.”

“LANTERN?” Ana, Churro, and Meg yelled simultaneously. Then, the door opened. In front of them was Lantern, the cook they met earlier in the day.

“Who is this? Viola asked.

“He’s one of the cooks at the camp!” Ana replied, still shocked.

“Guys, we spent all this time looking for cryptids and we end up finding the camp chef’s house? How do you even manage to mess up this bad?” Tex questioned.


“You’re right!” Meg agreed, jumping up and down.

“I mean, he’s a weird old man that lives in the woods. That’s close enough right?” Ana shrugged.

“I mean, I’m basically a cryptid at this point. But lemme tell you, if you wanna find a real cryptid, keep an eye out for my brother, Khurjjj. No one’s even sure if he’s real at this point,” Lantern answered with a chuckle.

“So do you live here?” Waffle asked.

“Yep, this is my good ‘ol cabin in the woods.”

“Fucking fantastic man. Very classy.”

“I’m still at a loss for words,” Viola said stunned.

“I can’t believe the true cryptids are the creepy men in the woods that we met along the way.” Churro responded.

“Okay, this is hilarious and all,” Lantern continued, “But it’s past midnight. You kids should probably get back to camp. Any of the eight bears that exist at all times could be out right now, or anything else in the woods for that matter. And the councilors will probably get you in trouble too. Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone, just please get back.”

“Well, that’s our cue to leave. This has been fun but I think we need to get some sleep,” Kyle said, yawning.

And so, saying their goodbyes, the group left Lantern’s cabin. Walking back, flashlights in hand, they chattered about their odd experience that had just occurred under the cover of the night.

“Well that was… interesting,” Viola said.

“I’m loving this man more and more. He’s fucking fantastic. Living in the middle of the woods, loving the true art of butter. Just amazing,” Waffle spoke.

“What’s with that butter thing anyways?” Viola asked.

“Are you telling me you don’t like creamy, smooth, delicious butter?” He replied sensually.

“I would like an explanation.”

“Sounds like a you problem.” he laughed.
And with that, the group headed back to the campground. The tranquility of the night was a calming sensation after the weird madness that had just happened. The stars above them glittered and the sounds of the night suddenly felt less ominous. Maybe the night hadn’t turned out exactly how they expected, but they had fun. It was a bit odd to learn that one of the camp cooks lived in a cabin in the middle of the woods, but it was an interesting experience. Another day at Camp Streamix was done, and they had fun. It was interesting, and interesting is all you could hope for at Camp Streamix.
Night was falling at Camp Streamix, and everyone was tucking into bed. Churro wasn’t in the Team Fallen cabin this night, and everyone else was fast asleep. Ana stared at the ceiling, trying to fall asleep, but she just couldn’t seem to get tired.

Today had been a surprisingly uneventful day for Camp Streamix. No mischief or chaos, and Kyle seemed to have gone off somewhere. Churro had been quiet too. Unusually quiet, in fact. The chaotic force of memes and bullshit hadn’t done anything too out of the ordinary, which didn’t seem right for them.

Then, Ana heard a tapping at her window. Getting up to investigate, she saw a letter left at the windowsill, and no trace of anyone outside the cabin.

Opening the letter, it read: “Would you be sad if I got turned into bread? I need to know for future reference. - Churro”

Ana shook her head, realising Churro was preparing for a bout of chaos, folded the letter back up, and headed back to bed.

The next morning, Ana decided to confront Churro about this strange letter. Before leaving, she noticed that Waffle seemed to have already left the cabin, and another letter was placed at the foot of her bed.

This letter read: “Would you be sad if I turned into bread? - Waffle.”

Well, great. Waffle was somehow in on this odd exchange, and Kyle was nowhere in sight. Ana decided that the best course of action would be to confront the two of them. Leaving her cabin, she could not seem to find the two in one place. However, she did find Waffle, who was sitting alone at a picnic bench.

“Hey Waffle.” Ana said, “What was with that letter last night, and aren’t waffles already bread?”

Waffle stared at her with a look of shock and horror. “How dare you! You fucking Egg McMuffin. You have committed heresy of the second-highest order.”

Ana looked around. “Forget I asked. Why did you and Churro ask me the same question in those letters?”

“Letters? I have no idea what you mean. Anyway, I have an important question for you: Would you be sad if I got turned into a churro?”

Okay. Something was up. These two were clearly conspiring against her. Ana knew, hearing this simple question, that it was going to be a long day.
Ana sighed. “I hate both of you.”

Waffle simply gave a strange cackling laugh, then walked off. Ana shook her head, and turned to go confront Churro, but she had a strange feeling that they wouldn’t be giving her any answers any time soon.

Finding Churro in a regular spot for them, perched in a tree, Ana looked up at the avian child, who had a huge malicious grin on their face.

“Okay let’s cut to the chase. What is up with you?” Ana demanded.

Then, Churro replied “Would you be sad if I got turned into a waffle?”

Ana inhaled very heavily, glaring at Churro, “What the fuck are you two doing?”

“Answer the question.” Churro smiled. “Yes or no, bitch?”

Pausing, Ana thought about the question. Even though answering surely wouldn’t stop this strange behaviour, she replied “Yes?”

Churro then gave a cackling laugh, oddly similar to the one Waffle gave her before. Glaring even harder at Churro she replied “You two are like evil twins today, it’s creeping me out.”

Churro, giving a cheeky smile, replied “There’s only one of us.”

“I really don’t like the fact you and Waffle are being extremely ominous right now.”

Churro then gave Ana a dumbfounded look and replied “Who’s Waffle?”

Ana, gritting her teeth, stormed away, now incredibly frustrated, and went back to where Waffle was sitting.

“Waffle! Why were you and Churro both cackling?” Ana demanded.

“Who’s Churro?” Waffle asked, with the same dumbfounded expression as Churro.

Ana gave a hefty sigh. “I am this close to bringing you two together and asking you what the hell is going on.”

“Ana I just want you to answer the question. Who’s Churro?”

Ana glared at him. She wasn’t going crazy right? Waffle and Churro did know each other, they had been on several weird adventures. She almost felt as if she was doubting her own memories. These two were clearly conspiring, but it seemed so creepy and weird that she couldn’t even process it.

Waffle then replied in a concerned voice, “Are you okay? Do you feel light-headed? Do you need to lie down?”

“STOP!” Ana yelled. “I know you and Churro are planning something and you’re being creepy and I DON’T LIKE IT!” Then, she gave another heavy sigh.

“You sound tired Ana, do you need to lie down?”

Glaring daggers at Waffle she replied “I am not tired, I just don’t know how to word this.”

“Why do you think it’s ominous?” Waffle asked.
Hold up. Ana thought. I didn’t say it was ominous to Waffle, I said that to Churro. How did he know?

“You and the disastrous pastry child are telling me weird shit and saying the same things and I don’t know how to react!” Ana replied angrily.

“Who?” Waffle asked.

Fed up with this conversation that was clearly going nowhere, Ana decided to find Churro, and take them to Waffle. Clearly having the two of them meeting up would solve this trickery.

Running back to the other end of camp to the tree Churro was perched in, she yelled at them, “Okay, I’m genuinely terrified now!”

“Why are you scared, Ana?” Churro responded.

“I don’t even know what to say to that because you’ll just respond with some more ominous shit.”

“Words are hard, it’s okay Ana. And by the way, I’m not a pastry child.” They said, giving another smirk.

“Okay that’s it. You’re coming with me!” Ana demanded. Churro hopped down from the tree, and Ana grabbed their hand, leading them to where Waffle was sitting.

“Okay fuckers, the jig is up,” Ana said smugly, gesturing to Churro, then to Waffle. Both of them gave blank stares at each other.

“Ana who is this?” Churro asked.

“Oh hi Ana. And… other person.” Waffle replied.

Ana gave another extremely heavy sigh. This was going to be much harder than she thought, wasn’t it? Now they were pretending to not know each other, even though she absolutely knew they had met and were conspiring.

“Pleased to meet you!” Waffle said to Churro.

“I...am going...to strangle...you two.” Ana replied between gritted teeth.

“Ana? I don’t like new people?” Churro replied nervously.

“OH MY GOD! I AM SO MAD AT YOU TWO!” Ana yelled.

Churro laughed and turned towards Waffle. “What did you do to her?”

Ana, sighing once again, looked at Waffle, waiting for his reply.

“Well, I understand being apprehensive towards new people, but I hope we can be friends. As for what I’ve supposedly ‘done’, I haven’t the foggiest.” He said to Churro.

“She’s always mad at me!” Churro said. “I have no clue what you did.”

“I am going to walk directly up to you and strangle you both. Never mind the fact that waffles don’t have necks, I’m gonna do it!” Ana threatened jokingly.

Churro laughed and replied “Well, anyone who pisses off Ana is a friend of mine!”
“When are you two going to be done with this bit?” Ana asked. “I was waiting for a more exciting day but this is absolute madness.”

“Ana, we’re friends now!” Churro exclaimed, taking Waffle’s tiny hand and raising it into the air. “Are you happy?”

Then, Ana sat down at the picnic table, and promptly began banging her head into it. Churro and Waffle stared at her.

“I am so 100 percent fucking done with both of you.” Ana replied, desperate for this tomfoolery to end.

“Why are you done with us?” Waffle asked.

“You two are conspiring against me and I don’t know how to feel.”

“Dude, Ana, we’ve literally never met before? How the fuck are we conspiring?” Churro asked, confused.

“First you guys both ask me the same ominous question, then you pretend you don’t know each other.”

“I’ve never met this person before in my life.” said Waffle.

“I know for a goddamn fact you know each other, don’t be dumbasses.”

“Did we meet before and I just forgot?” Churro asked. “I’m a dumbass, and probably a big enough one to do that.”

“Okay, fine then. I’m just gonna leave, I’ll be back later and sort this out.” She said, storming away.

About ten minutes later, after blowing off some steam, Ana went back to go confront the two mischief-makers. Instead, she stumbled across a group of campers, including Jade, also known as Brad, Hexcav-llo, and another multitude of names, a Team Fallen member she knew as MeepMorp, and most strikingly, Waffle and Churro.

“Okay! Waffle, Churro, I’m going to actually strangle you two.” Several of the members of the group turned to look at Ana, and back to Churro and Waffle. Then, Churro and Waffle turned towards each other, seemingly acting as if they hadn’t realized the other was there.

“Ana why do you want to strangle us? Oh, and hi Waffle,” Churro asked.

“Yeah, what did we do? And hi Churro.”

“Oh. My. God.” Ana yelled, “I HATE YOU TWO! NOW YOU’RE PRETENDING ALL THAT PREVIOUS SHIT DIDN’T HAPPEN?”

“What previous shit?” Waffle asked.

“Don’t do this with me! I have evidence!” Ana replied.

Then, pausing, Ana realized that she did not, in fact, have any sort of physical evidence. In desperation, she relayed the previous conversations to the pair.

Churro laughed, and replied “Oh I remember that! Wasn’t that when I first met Waffle? That was so long ago!”
“Fond memories.” Waffle said, laughing.

“I can’t fucking believe I’m STILL dealing with this bullshit.” Ana sighed. “What made you want to do this shit to me?”

Both of them looked at each other, bewildered. “We didn’t do anything?” Churro said, Waffle agreeing. “You’re the one who randomly shouted at us!”

Then, Brad turned towards the arguing trio, “Do I… want to know what’s going on?” She asked.

Ana shook her head at Brad, then turned back to Waffle and Churro.

“Ana, did you get mad at something that happened a long time ago?” They both asked, raising their eyebrows.

“Churro, it was like, 20 minutes ago.” Ana replied, annoyed.

“It’s your fault for bringing this here.” they said.

“What? Did you want me going back and forth between you two, continuing the cycle of bullshit?” Ana questioned.

Looking back at the group of campers, Ana noticed Meep was rubbing their hands together excitedly.

“Ana, are you okay?” they asked.

“Are you in on this too?” Ana questioned.

“I can confirm Churro and Waffle were doing nothing wrong! We were talking about Pokémon!” they said.

“Are you sure you weren’t talking about anything else?”

“Why would you accuse us of that?”

“What should we tell Kyle? That you’ve been yelling at us?” Churro said.

“I DON’T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT KYLE, YOU TWO ARE BEING FUCKING TERRIBLE!” yelled Ana.

“You’re being kinda rude Ana.” Meep observed.

“Ana, I love you, but I don’t know why you’re mad! Do you wanna talk? We’re here for you my guy!” Churro said.

“Okay guys, I’m not gonna lie, this is hilarious, but when are you gonna stop?” Ana pleaded.

“Do you need to lie down?” Waffle asked. “It sounds like you’re getting overexcited.”

“I’m FINE.” Ana sighed. “You both had conversations with me where you were saying the same ominous things.”

“Huh, I thought that was like a few weeks ago? We didn’t do that today?” Churro stared, confused.

“Maybe we’re just more similar than we thought?” Waffle offered up.
“Ana I think you need to take a break,” Meep suggested. Ana ignored this, turning to look at the pair.

Then, Churro’s expression changed to one of pure joy and amusement. “Hey, Ana.” they said with a grin, “We’ve been fucking with you this entire time!”

Ana paused. “I… I knew,” she said, bewildered, frustrated, and amused at the same time.

“Ana I can’t believe it took you this long to notice!” Waffle said.

“I thought it was obvious!” Churro added.

“OH MY GOD!” Ana yelled, “IT TOOK YOU THIS LONG TO ADMIT, AND YOU’RE ACTING LIKE I DIDN’T REALIZE THIS WHOLE TIME?”

Meep looked at the group in amusement and with a laugh said “This is fantastic.”

“At least we made your day more interesting!” Churro exclaimed.

“I… I kind of hate you guys right now, but that was extremely hilarious,” Ana replied, stunned.

“Do you want a hug?” Churro asked.

“That… that would be good right now I think.”

And so, the group of campers gathered around for a massive group hug. Everyone held each other tight, and soon enough, more of the people around came in. At the end of it all, everyone was basically a singular mass of hugs and squishes, and everyone had a laugh about the odd incident. Everyone else besides Churro and Waffle were mildly confused, but it was enjoyable nonetheless.

Even though her friends were mischievous shits, Ana knew somewhere deep down that these people who would do anything to make the day more interesting were something special to keep close to her. And, in the end, it led to a massive group hug, which was almost worth the bullshit they put her through.

“Guys, I love you. Seriously. Holy shit.” Ana said, starting to laugh.

“Awww, we love you too.” Waffle replied.

“We’re just a group of dumbasses in this crazy little world, gotta do what we can to stay afloat.” Churro added with a smile.

“Thank you guys, but holy shit, please never do that again.” Ana continued.

“No promises.” said Waffle.

And so, with that, the group continued on with their day with little chaos happening compared to what had just transpired. Everything continued on, with everyone coming out of it with a laugh and a smile. The day certainly had been eventful, and with eventful days always came some new sort of chaos.
The sun was high in the sky, with the heat of the summer sun beating down on Camp Streamix. It was a nice day out, a few fluffy clouds dotting the sky and nearly everyone was out enjoying the sunshine. The Campers were all doing some sort of activity. People were likely out swimming, playing games, or getting stabbing lessons from Miss Murder.

Ana, Churro, and Kyle, however, sat around the shade of a nice tree, the heat was a little too strong for Ana’s liking, and she requested a spot away from the intense sun. The three were bored out of their minds. None of them felt up for any sort of regular activity. They needed something more… chaotic.

“So, what do ya wanna do today?” Churro asked.

“God, it seems like right now there’s literally nothing to do.” Ana grumbled.

“Y’know, guys, chaos isn’t gonna happen on its own.” Kyle replied. “We’ve gotta go seize the day and find some sort of bullshit opportunity that will eventually make for some dumb story!”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Churro replied “Let’s get this bread!”

However, despite everyone simultaneously agreeing that they needed to come up with some sort of plan, they all stood, slightly confused, unable to come up with anything. Glancing around the general area for some sort of mischief, they noticed Jade/Brad/Whatever sitting in a shaded area, holding of all things, a tablet.

“Wait hold up!” Kyle said, pausing. “I thought all electronics were confiscated at the beginning of camp! I’ve never seen Jade as some sort of master planner who somehow snagged electronics out of the view of the councillors.”

“Well, let’s see what’s up.” Ana said, walking towards Jade.

As Ana approached, Jade turned her head up from the tablet, where she seemed to be typing something.

“Oh, hi Ana! What are you up to?” Jade asked.

“First off, what is that?” Ana said, pointing to the tablet while ignoring the greeting.

“It’s my tablet!” Jade replied.

“We know that, where did you get it?” Kyle demanded.

“The Murder God allowed me to have it to work on her wiki for her murder games!”

“Hold up, wait a fucking second. First off, the Murder God?” Ana asked, bewildered.

“Wait, Ana, you didn’t know?” Churro replied. “Miss Murder is an actual god of murder!”

“What. The. Fuck? How did I not know this and why the fuck is she allowed at camp? I have so many questions about this. Also no, I didn’t know because I AM NOT ON TEAM MURDER!”
“Don’t worry about it.” Jade offered up.

“I do not like that answer. At all.” Ana replied. “Okay fine, whatever, back to why on earth you have technology while the rest of us have been starved for any link to the outside world for weeks.”

“Well, Murder God likes me to work on her wiki for her murder games. Basically I keep track of the characters and scenarios for her. As for why I’m allowed, she basically asked the councillors if I could have special permission, as long as I don’t share with anyone.”

“What kind of fairness is that?!” Churro demanded “We all have our devices locked away for the entire summer, and yet because you work on the wiki you get to have a tablet?”

“I have multiple tablets actually.”

“MULTIPLE! MULTIPLE TABLETS! You know what? I demand change and we’re gonna make it happen!” Churro shouted, determined.

“None of the councillors are gonna listen to you. I’m the only exception, and I was helped by doing useful stuff for the Murder God.”

“I’m her favourite theorist! That should give me tablet rights!” Churro yelled.

“I’m not sure how that’d work, but okay.”

“Hey, Churro.” Kyle said, giving a grin at them. “I have a better idea. Come with me. Ana, you too.” He said, gesturing for them to come away from Jade.

“What? Are you asking me to help? Because no, I won’t get my privileges taken away if we get caught.”

“Nah, you don’t have to. Come on Churro, Ana. We’re gonna plan a heist.”

Following Kyle curiously, Ana and Churro were led back to the Team Fallen cabin. Being the middle of the day, no one else was in there, and it was a perfect place to be able to plan their mission to get technology. However, they were faced with a serious issue. No one knew where the confiscated technology was. It was likely somewhere in the councillors’ cabin, but no one knew where, and it was likely that at least some of the councillors were in the cabin.

However, the group discussed their plan at hand. Instead of taking a chaotic and ruckus-inducing method, in order to not be associated with the missing devices, they needed to be stealthy. First, they would scout the cabin to determine where the devices were located. Then, if necessary, provide a distraction for the councillors. Then, take all the stash they needed, and find a place to hide it.

Travelling to the councillors’ cabin, the group peered through the windows. It appeared that Alex was on his phone while Xander was yelling about something at Darby, for whatever reason. Miss Murder was likely out of the cabin at this hour with her weekly stabbing lessons.

“Darby for the love of the gods I told you we need to include more death traps in the obstacle course! We can’t just dumb it down like some cheesy game show course with no threat of death!” Xander yelled from inside.
“I appreciate your excitement and enthusiasm, Xander, but if our campers aren’t having fun, then we have to make the obstacle course less life-threatening!” Darby replied.

“This is an outrage! Who the fuck made that rule?”

“Now, now. Calm down, I don’t make the rules here.”

“YOU LITERALLY DO!”

The trio snickered. The councillors couldn’t even agree among themselves, let alone guard a stash of electronics. This mission was going to be a breeze. Now, if only they knew exactly where the devices were kept.

“Wait. Do you think they’d be upstairs?” Kyle asked. “Up there is the councillors bedrooms, no one’s allowed up there so it’s probably best for safekeeping.”

“Oh you’re right!” Churro replied. “Okay, mission plan. Send me in, I’ll distract ‘em, and you two can get up there with the goods and sneak back out!”

“How are you going to distract them?” Ana asked.

“Exactly how you’d expect.” Churro replied, grinning ear-to-ear. “By being an absolute dumbass.”

“Sounds like my kind of plan.” Ana replied.

Putting their plan into action, Churro knocked on the front door of the cabin. Darby promptly answered the door, while Kyle and Ana snuck in through a back window while everyone’s attention was turned away.

“Oh hello!” Darby said with his signature smile, greeting Churro. “What are you doing in here, you little rascal?”

“Nothing.” Churro replied, their eyes shifting to the side. Alex did nothing but stand there in silence, watching, while Xander stormed up to Churro yelling:

“What the fuck are you planning, you little shit? Huh? Tell us why you’re here!” He demanded, pointing at Churro intensely.

“Woah Xander! Calm the heck down! Why are you so worried?” Darby asked.

“Because it’s THEM!” He shouted, pointing at Churro, who had a shit-eating grin on their face.

“While I agree that our campers aren’t supposed to be here and should be outside playing in the sunshine on this nice day, they haven’t… done anything wrong.” Darby said, pausing. “That said, Churro, I would really rather you be outside with the other kids.”

“Oh I’ll leave soon, don’t worry.” Churro replied smugly.

“SEE? THEY’RE SAYING STUFF LIKE THAT! SOMETHING’S UP!” Xander yelled.

Meanwhile, Ana and Kyle had gotten through the window, and were beginning to climb up the ladder to the second floor.

“Wait, these are the councillors’ bedrooms right? What if they find out? I think Miss Murder will actually, literally kill us!” Ana whispered, worried.
“No one’s gonna find out.” Kyle assured her. “Anyways, death doesn’t scare me, I’ve been stabbed before.”

“You’ve WHAT?” Ana whisper-shouted.

“Shhhhh, come on, we’ve gotta get that tech.” Kyle replied, as he ascended the ladder, with Ana following nervously.

Back at the front of the cabin, Xander was getting increasingly mad at Churro, while Darby was trying to calm him down. Alex had not said a word, and stood with a smug grin on his face. He seemed to be enjoying the way this was going.

“WHO SENT YOU? I WANT NAMES! THERE WILL BE REPERCUSSIONS!” Xander demanded, his expression becoming increasingly more frustrated with Churro’s stalling.

“Xander, they haven’t even done anything! Wait. You, uh, haven’t done anything, right?” Darby asked.

“Nope! I haven’t done anything, I’m just standing here talking to you guys!” They replied, continuing to grin manically.

“Where are Ana and Kyle?! I bet they’re involved with this! They’re always planning some shit!”

“They’re at lunch! You’re welcome to go and check if you don’t believe me!” Churro replied, winking.

“Listen,” Alex spoke up for the first time. “I’m not gonna say this shit isn’t suspicious, but honestly I don’t care.”

“I mean, we can’t make any accusations. Just because they’ve been a menace in the past doesn’t mean they’re doing anything right now!” Darby argued.

“What the fuck are you even saying?” Xander replied. “That’s exactly what it means! This little shit and their crew is absolutely doing something and we have to punish them for it!”

“I have a deal for you.” Churro said, extending a hand, still grinning. “If you stop questioning me, I’ll take an Annihilation bandanna, and it’ll be my other team!”

Xander paused, and gave a look that was somewhere in between caving in and pure agony. He clearly wanted more team members, due to the fact that half of his campers last year had defected to other teams, but it was Churro, and this deal was clearly to stop him from getting them in trouble. After several long moments of contemplation, he extended a hand.

“Fine, deal.” he said, taking Churro’s hand and shaking it so hard they almost were flung back. “But you better be loyal and not cause any shit. I’ll go get you your bandanna which you better wear very goddamn proudly.”

“I will!” Churro replied, surprisingly genuine.

Meanwhile, Ana and Kyle were rummaging through the top floor. Checking each bedroom, they found no traces of confiscated electronics, besides Alex’s computer in his bedroom, which was not exactly what they were looking for. However, after some searching, the pair found a cabinet, which seemed to be packed full of each camper’s personal devices.

“We found it!” Kyle excitedly whispered.
“Oh! Here’s my phone!” Ana said, grabbing the device.

“Grab as much as you can carry, and the chargers too. Try to get a variety of stuff. Hurry up and we’ll get out of here and reconvene with Churro. Hopefully they didn’t cast too much suspicion on us.” Kyle replied.

Grabbing as many devices as she could hold or stuff into her pockets, with Kyle following suit, Ana and Kyle climbed downstairs, attempting to be as quiet as they could. Peering around the corner, they noticed Xander seemed to be rummaging through a box of camp apparel, with Churro watching excitedly. Being turned away, he didn’t seem to notice them, and they climbed back out the window that they entered in.

Reconvening with Churro outside, they noticed Churro was now sporting a Team Annihilation bandanna on their wrist.

“What the fuck is that?” Ana asked.

“I made a deal with Xander that if he stopped being suspicious of me I’d take an Annihilation bandanna. Unfortunately for him I was planning to raid the supply closet and take one along with a Fallen one anyways, so he just got japed!”

“Well, that’s one way to go about things.” Kyle added.

“I see you got the stuff!”

“Yeah, now we’ve gotta find a place to hide it. Do you know any places that the councillors either don’t know or wouldn’t bother to check? I feel like any of the team cabins are too obvious of a spot.” Kyle asked.

“Actually yeah! One time, while I was flying, I found this old shack in the woods. I think it used to be used as an extra storage area before the place in the councillors’ cabin was built. It’s basically abandoned!”

“Well then, let’s go hide this all. I say we call that our new home base.”

Walking into the woods, the group found the shack. While it was in poor condition, and all sorts of plants were growing on and in it, inside there still seemed to be functioning electricity, which was good considering their stash of electronics would eventually need to be charged. Hiding them all amongst old shelves, the group looked at their work, confident that since Xander was bribed, Darby was probably unaware, and Alex didn’t care, that they would get off with this scot-free.

Luckily, they were correct. Darby, at breakfast the next day, announced that a good chunk of the stored electronics had been stolen. However, he said he was not going to call any punishments unless any evidence was brought to him. Xander seemed to be fuming, and trying his absolute hardest to not tell Darby his hunches, while Churro glared at him, showing off their new bandanna in the process. Miss Murder and Alex couldn’t care less, and Jade looked across at them from across the table with a shocked expression.

“So, you guys managed to actually do it, didn’t you?” She gasped.

Churro looked at them with a grin, “Yeah, please don’t tell though. I had to bribe Xander to stop him from telling Darby. He totally knows it was us.”

“Oh I won’t, I’m just shocked you guys managed to pull it off.”
“Like I said, never doubt our abilities.” Kyle added.

Later that day, during some team-specific activities, Councillor Alex pulled Ana and Kyle aside. Ana had a pit in her stomach, knowing that he definitely had connected the dots and knew who stole the devices. Unsurprisingly, he said as much. However, Ana was not expecting what came after.

“Hey, so you two probably know why I pulled you aside right?” he asked.

Ana and Kyle glanced at each other. It was likely far too late to play dumb.

“I know you two and Churro stole the devices from the cabin. But honestly, I don’t really care. This damn camp needs connections to the outside world anyways. As long as you guys agree to give everything back to their respective owners at the end of summer, I won’t tell Darby. Sound like a deal?”

Ana and Kyle looked at each other and smiled, then nodded at Alex. Their secret was safe with Alex, and Xander had been bribed into submission. Their plan, while not going entirely smoothly, had been successfully covered up. They would now be able to enjoy their technology in peace.
A Special Surprise
Chapter by Anatthema

Some days at Camp Streamix were more chaotic than others. Usually the chaos trio was planning some sort of malicious scheme, or plotting against each other. The group seemed to have issues working as a team most of the time. Putting three different types of chaos together tended to do that. Everything from Churro’s chaotic dumbassery, to Ana’s constant problem with weird things happening to her, to Kyle’s scheming, each member seemed to have their own brand of chaos.

This time, however, would be different. Ana was ready to have an entirely normal day, planning an entirely normal thing that friends did for each other.

Tomorrow was the day. It was going to be Churro’s birthday, and Ana knew that she had to do something to make her friend feel loved and appreciated. Despite the fact that the two of them constantly argued, and Churro put her through copious amounts of bullshit, she knew that she wanted to make their birthday something special to remember.

However, for this completely normal endeavour, she needed to enlist the help of some master schemers. Namely, Waffle and Kyle.

The three of them sat together in the Team Fallen cabin in the late morning. They had only a day to plan this and set everything up, all without Churro knowing. This was a pretty tricky undertaking, because Ana was not the greatest at keeping secrets.

“Okay, so first off, if we have any chance of pulling this off, we need an actual plan. What are we doing, and who’s gonna be involved?” Kyle asked the group.

“Well first off, we need to actually get supplies and gifts. Does anyone know what Churro would want for their birthday?” Waffle added.

“I… don’t know. I didn’t think this far,” Ana paused.

“…..YOU’RE KIDDING ME!” Waffle yelled “YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE, THE OTHER HALF OF THEIR BRAIN! HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW THESE THINGS?”

“I’m sorry I don’t know? I don’t know what you wanted from me?”

“Wait.” Kyle added. “You’re telling me you don’t have the slightest clue of anything?”

“That’s why I asked you two to help me, I’m terrible with ideas.”

Kyle, glaring at Ana, stood up and walked out the door. “Come on.” he said, gesturing for the other two to come. “I’ll take control of this and make a plan.”

“Where are we going?” Ana asked.

“First we’ll go to the kitchen and get a cake. Then we’ll round up some gifts. After we’ll ask the councillors for some help with party supplies and setting things up without them noticing.” Kyle replied.

“How did you think of a plan that fast?” Ana questioned.

“Don’t worry about it.”
Ana and Waffle followed Kyle, who promptly led them into the kitchen, where Lantern and Star were, of course, hard at work. Feeding a massive camp with tons of campers was no small feat after all, and they were likely preparing lunch at this hour. Knocking on the door to the kitchen, Kyle called out to the pair.

“It’s Kyle. Let us in, we need to scheme.”

Apparently, this was enough, and the door cracked open, with Lantern standing on the other end, gesturing for them to come in.

“I’m always up for scheming. What do ya need?” He asked.

“Churro’s birthday is tomorrow and we need a cake, what can you and Star whip up by the end of today?” He asked.

“Uh, just about anything as long as you give me time to figure it out.” he replied.

“Ana, what kind of cake does Churro like?” Waffle asked.

“I’m not sure. I think they mentioned liking red velvet cake to me one time? How about we go with that?” Ana replied.

“Red velvet? Sounds good to me!” replied Lantern as he dashed into the kitchen, explaining the situation to Star.

“Come back in a few hours after lunch!” Star said, calling to them from the other end of the room.

“Seeya!” Ana called back, with Kyle and Waffle waving goodbye.

Exiting the kitchen, the group left the mess hall, following Kyle. The next phase of the plan was apparently to get gifts for Churro, though Ana had no clue exactly what kind of gifts they would be able to get, seeing as none of them had access to anything outside the camp.

“So, gifts.” Kyle started. “Any ideas?”

“I mean, we don’t really have anywhere to buy anything, so we have to make do with what we have in the camp.” Ana replied.

“Well, what do we have?” Kyle asked.

Ana paused and thought. “A grand total of nothing.”

“For heavens’ sake, you really didn’t think about this, did you?” Waffle sighed “You’re an artist, right? Why don’t you draw something, and we’ll try to get some other artists around the camp to make some stuff for them?”

“Oh! That sounds like a good idea! Let’s head to the arts and crafts table and see if we get anyone in on this! I think it’s being run right now!” Ana replied.

Heading away from the mess hall, the group stopped in the area Miss Murder was supervising. A long table was set out in the sun, where a bunch of campers were either drawing or assembling some sort of craft. Miss Murder stood, watching the group of relatively calm kids with a scowl on her face, which wasn’t unusual for her.

Ana watched as a very young child with goggles she’d seen in passing before bounded up to Miss Murder, tugged at her dress, and pointed towards a piece of paper she had been drawing on. On
closer inspection, the art seemed to be of Miss Murder herself, and was very well-drawn. Miss Murder, looking at the artwork, picked it up with an impressed look on her face and smiled.

“Wow! Maybe you aren’t the annoying little muppet I thought you were! This is fabulous! You’ve perfectly captured my beauty!” She said with a nod of approval. The child looked up at her, beaming.

“Woah! That’s really good!” Ana said, walking up to the small child.

In response, the child let out a small happy noise of approval, bouncing up and down in excitement.

“Awww, you’re adorable!” Waffle said “What’s your name?”

The child then pointed at the goggles atop her head, making some more chirping noises.

“Goggles? That’s your name?” Ana asked.

“It’s all anyone can get out of her. She’s everyone’s little sister here. Mostly Split’s, because she’s actually his sister, but you get what I mean.” replied a brown haired girl who wore a Team Annihilation bandanna. “But yes, her name is Goggles, from what we’ve gathered from Split. Speaking of which, where did he go?”

“He’s the one with the mask right?” Ana asked the camper as she nodded. “Anyways, who are you? I haven’t really seen you before.”

“I’m Cami! Nice to meet you! What are you three doing here anyways, are you up for some arts and crafts?”

“I mean, I was planning on drawing something later, but we’re looking for some artists to help us out. Churro, I’m not sure if you know them, they’re the winged one, has a birthday tomorrow, and we wanna get some gifts for them.”

“Oh, okay!” Cami replied excitedly. “Goggles, you and I can do something right?” Goggles nodded in agreement.

Jade, who was also sitting at the table, spoke up. “I can probably get something done too? And Nenoi, what about you?” She asked, gesturing to the child with paper on his head that Ana had seen previously.

“Yeah, uh, I think I can. What would you like me to draw?” Nenoi said.

“Churro has some characters they’ve been talking about. They’re absolutely mad about they’re OCs. Do you need me to give you a rundown?” Waffle asked the four of them.

They all nodded, Goggles especially, and Waffle described what characters he wanted them all to draw. Now, with art being ready to be made, the next phase of their plan was ready to be enacted. For the next step they needed to ask the councillors for help, and luckily Miss Murder was right there.

“Hey, Miss Murder, we’d like your help with a thing.” Kyle said, walking up to Miss Murder, who was considerably shorter than him, despite him being a child.

“What?” She replied curtly.

“Well, you know Churro right? Your favourite theorizer who’s probably way too invested in your
games?” Kyle continued.

“Yes? What about them?”

“Well, it’s their birthday tomorrow, and we need the councillors’ help to set up and plan a surprise party!”

“Well, unfortunately for you, I have to watch these little brats right now, so I can’t help you. Go ask Councillor Sunshine. He’ll probably help you.” she scowled.

“Hmmm,” Kyle replied, a mischievous glint in his eye. “If you help us, I could possibly throw a bunch of bits during your next murder game.”

Then, Miss Murder’s face shifted expressions. She seemed extremely conflicted. On one hand, if she agreed to this, she had to help them. On the other hand, Kyle was offering her help. She stood, very uneasy for about a minute.

“Fine. I’ll help you and your little posse, but you need Darby anyways because he’d be the ones with the keys to the supply closet. Despite being a goddamn councillor they don’t trust me with anything around here!”

“I mean, you do have murder in your name.” Waffle observed.

“What the hell does murder have to do with getting keys to a supply closet? I swear, for the love of me, no one around here can run a goddamn summer camp!”

Then, from the table, Cami called out “Miss Murder, you’re not supposed to swear in front of the kids!”

“Oh please, I know you little brats do it all the time!”

“I mean, she’s not wrong.” Waffle whispered to Ana.

“Anyways, come along I guess,” Miss Murder said, leading the group away from the arts and crafts table.

With Miss Murder leading the way, the group arrived at the councillors’ cabin. Miss Murder, knocking on the door, called out to Darby, who was apparently inside.

“Open up the door you absolute mess of a Grand Scoutmaster. Some kids need your help for a birthday or something.”

Then, the door slammed open, knocking Miss Murder to the ground with a massive thud, with an extremely excited Darby emerging from the cabin.

“Birthdays? What do you need?! I’ll help!” He yelled enthusiastically.

“Jeeze, calm the hell down.” Miss Murder said, standing up, recovering from the blow of the door.

“Don’t swear in front of the campers!”

“I. Do. Not. Care. Let’s get this shit done. Where is the key to the supply closet? We need to set up a party without that Churro kid knowing.”

“Well I’m so glad you’re all being so friendly towards each other! I’m so glad that I’m inspiring such great summer spirit!”
“You… literally had no part in this until like 2 minutes ago.” Ana stated.

“In any case, come on! I’ll bring you all to the supply closet and get some stuff that we have lying around! I’m sure we can find something to make their birthday the best it can be!”

Following Grand Scoutmaster Darby, the group was led to the back of the building. A locked door stood in front of them. Darby promptly pulled out a key and unlocked it. Before them stood the small supply closet. Dust coated every inch of space, and nothing appeared to have been moved since the previous summer. Darby scanned the small space, pausing in defeat.

“Well, we don’t really have much… But we have to make do with what we have!” He said.

“I mean, we don’t really have a choice. Our plan is almost over, we just have to make sure Churro doesn’t know about this.” Kyle replied.

“I’ll do everything I can to make their birthday great!” Darby continued.

“Okay, you all can shut the fuck up, grab what you need and come back. I’m not doing this out of the kindness of my hollow heart.” Miss Murder called from outside the closet.

“Hmmm, there’s some decorations in here.” Ana observed while rummaging through the supplies. “Oh good! There’s some balloons, some streamers, not really much else. We’ll have to make do with what we have.”

“Come on then. Grab what you’ll need and we’ll find a place to set up.” Kyle told her.

Grabbing all the necessary supplies, the group, assisted by Miss Murder and Grand Scoutmaster Darby, found an area near the lake, shaded by some trees to set up the party decorations. The balloons were blown up, and streamers were set in trees, with Miss Murder getting increasingly frustrated her small stature could not reach the tree branches and she had to ask Kyle for assistance.

“Well,” Kyle said, looking at their work. “I think we’re done. We’ll have to try to keep Churro away from here until tomorrow, but until then I think we can all call it a day and pick up the cake and art.”

Everyone agreed, and called it a day. However, Ana felt a weird presence, as if someone was watching them from the bushes. Shrugging it off, she left for the night, returning to her cabin.

The next morning, Ana woke up, and immediately went to hunt down Churro. However, despite looking in multiple places, she could not find them, and assumed that someone else had already gone to guide them to the surprise. Walking to the area they had set up the previous day, she came across one singular winged child sitting in one of the trees.

“Churro! You found out?” Ana yelled, confused.

“I was watching you all set up yesterday. You lot aren’t exactly quiet, least of all Grand Scoutmaster Darby.” they replied.

“Oh… well shit. Uh, I guess that got ruined, huh?”

“No! It didn’t get ruined!” Churro said, jumping down from the tree, and running over to squish Ana in a giant hug, which Ana was not prepared for. “Thank you so much for doing this! I’m just a little bastard who likes watching people!”

“It’s a little weird when you put it like that but okay.”
“You’re an amazing friend Ana!” Churro said, still squashing Ana with the hug.

“Thanks…? I’m sorry that you found out.”

“Don’t be! Thank you so much! Let’s get everyone over here and I’ll have the best birthday I’ve had this year!”

“You’ve had… multiple birthdays this year?”

“You don’t?”

Confused but delighted, Ana gathered everyone around the spot they had picked out. Lantern and Star came carrying the delicious looking red velvet cake, Kyle and Waffle came to wreck havoc, the kids from the art table came with drawings of Churro’s characters, and the councillors came out to celebrate the day. Everyone took a slice of cake, and wished Churro a happy birthday. Off-key singing of the birthday song commenced and everyone enjoyed the day.

Churro took one look at the small number of gifts everyone had gathered and drawn and gave them all massive hugs, yelling about how this birthday was the best they’d had this year. No one seemed to quite understand the multiple birthdays thing, but enjoyed the day nonetheless. Even Miss Murder seemed to be not entirely miserable, celebrating the birthday of her most beloved theorizer after all, and Councillor Alex had come out of the safety of the indoors to celebrate. Not that he was paying attention much, he was still on his phone despite the technology rule.

Churro and Ana sat in the shade, looking at everyone celebrating and scarfing down the fantastic cake Lantern and Star had made.

“So, you enjoying the day?” Ana asked.

“Enjoying? Well, as much as my suppressed emotions can allow for!” Churro replied. They were clearly being humorous, but it was followed by nervous laughter.

“Oh, well, that’s good. And uh, I just wanna say. Churro, I appreciate you a lot. You’re a great friend and that’s why we did this for you.”

“Awwww thank you! You’re a great friend too!” they replied, squishing in Ana for another hug. Ana smiled in return.

“You know, I’m glad I came here. I’m glad I met you, Kyle, Waffle, and all the others. And I’m glad I can be here now.” Ana replied.

“I’m glad I met you too! Thanks for everything by the way. I’m sorry if I screwed it up by stalking you all.”

“Well, I don’t wanna say that was fine, because that’s really creepy, but I’m glad you didn’t think it was ruined.”

“Nah it’s fine, thank you so much!” Churro replied, grinning ear to ear.

“You’re welcome, my dude.” said Ana, looking upon the rest of the camp. Kyle seemed to have picked up the lighter for the birthday candles and started playing with it, waving it around at Waffle threateningly.

“Maybe we should go see what’s up with that.” Ana suggested.
“Ready to cause some chaos?” Churro asked.

“Yep. Let’s make the birthday of the most chaotic person in this damn camp certainly something to remember.”
To Kidnap A Kikyo

Chapter by Anatthema

Everything was going routinely at Camp Streamix. The chaos trio was gathered around the breakfast table, munching down on delicious waffles that Lantern and Star had cooked up. This food choice felt a little disrespectful considering they were friends with a living waffle, but looking across the table, Waffle seemed to be eating the food as well.

“Hey, Waffle, isn’t that cannibalism?” Ana asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Food is food. They’re not, nor were they ever, sentient, so it’s fine.”

“It doesn’t creep you out in the slightest?”

“Nope.”

Ana sighed. “I mean, I guess I didn’t expect anything else from you.” she said as she went back to eating.

“Isn’t that vore!?” Churro yelled out from beside Ana.

“I mean technically no, he’s not eating them whole, neither are they alive.” Kyle replied.

“You know, I’d rather not get into the logistics of whether a living waffle eating waffles is vore or not, so can we talk about anything else?” Ana sighed heavily, putting her hand on her forehead.

“Actually yeah.” Kyle continued. “Have you guys heard of the camp across the lake?”

Ana shook her head and Churro stared blankly in confusion.

“It’s called Camp Internet.”

Ana looked at Kyle in confusion. “Sounds odd for a summer camp name. Why would an outdoors camp be named after the internet?”

Kyle stared back, “You know this camp is named after streaming right?”

“Wait what?! I thought it was like, streams, as in a river!”

Churro started laughing hysterically, Kyle gave a smaller chuckle.

“Nope, it’s streaming. Well, anyways, this camp that’s across the lake has a bunch of really cool people in it. Generally the kids are a bit older, and a lot of people here really look up to them! I have a friend who goes there named Kikyo, she’s fantastic!”

“Oh that’s cool! I didn’t even know there were other camps around here!” Churro replied, Ana nodding in agreement.

“Actually, I think Rob recently switched to Camp Internet. I think his mom was worried this one was too dangerous. You know, with the multiple Eldritch deities and bears and stuff.”

Ana nodded. “Understandable.”
“Anyways, that leads us to our plan for the day. Basically, we’re gonna take a canoe across the lake, and we’re gonna do a little mission,” Kyle said.

“What’s the plan?” Ana asked.

“We’re gonna kidnap Kikyo.” Kyle replied, grinning.

Ana paused. “Why?”

“Well, kidnap is a pretty heavy word. More like, visit her and sneak her out of the camp without the counselors noticing. She’ll come willingly. Actually she’s been over here before because of Murder God’s murder games.”

“Well, if you insist.” Ana replied.

“I’m in!” Churro added.

Shovelling the last bits of waffle into their mouths and finishing off the last of their drinks, the trio gathered around the lake, and pushed out one of the canoes that were scattered around the beach. It was pretty large, especially for a group of three, but they began paddling across the lake, Kyle doing most of the dirty work.

“I don’t see why I have to help with this.” Churro complained. “Why can’t I just fly across?”

“Well, unfortunately, not everyone is a bird child and that means you have to help us get over there.” Kyle replied. “You’re part of the team, you’ve gotta help.” Churro huffed in agreement, deciding not to argue any more.

After a good bit of paddling, the group could see the other camp. They spotted three campers on the beach as they arrived. These campers wore dark grey shirts with a yellow and blue emblem shaped like an “M”. The small group of campers turned their heads towards the canoe.

Landing on the shore and getting out, Ana got a closer look at the campers. At a closer glance, Ana realized she recognized one of the campers, a girl with long brown hair and glasses.

“Carl?” Ana asked, slightly shocked.

“Ana!” Carl replied, smiling with delight.

“I didn’t know you went here!” Ana replied. “You told me you were going to camp as well, but didn’t tell me where!”

“Wait Ana, you know her?” Churro asked.

“Yeah, we go to school together!”

“I literally had no clue you even had friends before we picked you up!”

“Wow thanks.” Ana replied sarcastically, glaring at Churro.

“What are you even doing here?” Carl asked.

“We’re on a mission! It's a secret!” Churro exclaimed.

“It’s really not. We’re here to see Kikyo.” Kyle replied.
“Oh okay! We can take you to her!”

“So who are those two?” Ana asked.

“I’m Queen!” a younger child with a ponytail and butterfly hair-clip said. “It’s nice to meet you!”

“I’m Adric!” the other child said. He had long dark hair in a ponytail and wore a baseball cap.

“You’re looking for Kikyo? I think right now she’s playing some games with some other campers. She’ll be pretty easy to find I think.” Queen replied.

“Hey I just realized something.” Churro said, glancing at Adric and Queen’s arms. “Why do you guys have Team Murder bandannas? You’re not even in the camp!”

“Oh, Miss Murder lets us come over every two weeks, we’re kind of a special case but she needs us for her murder games,” Adric replied.

“Oh! That’s so cool! I wish I was allowed in those games, but I’m just your local fanatic theorizer.” Churro responded.

“Anyways, come on!” Carl gestured at the group. “I can show you guys the camp while we go and search for Kikyo.”

The trio, along with Adric and Queen, followed Carl away from the beach. They went along a short trail through the trees, which led to the camp proper.

“Hey Carl, remember the time I boobed you?” Ana asked.

Carl started laughing. “Yes that was a thing that happened.”

“Could you elaborate how and or why this happened?” Queen questioned, looking at Ana.

Ana simply replied “Typos.”

“That...doesn’t explain anything, but okay.”

Exiting the clearing, the group arrived in the camp proper. The camp was pretty similar to Camp Streamix in setup. A clearing, several places where activities were taking place, cabins for campers, a mess hall, and a counselor cabin.

“Come on! We’ll take you to where Kikyo is!” Carl said, guiding Ana and the rest of the group across the camp. On their journey, the group spotted an older person who seemed to be a counselor. He had black hair and sunglasses, and seemed to emanate an aura of pure amazing.

“Wait, wait, wait, hold up.” Kyle said, stopping. “Is that...? No, it couldn’t be. I’ve only heard the stories, but...is that...the one, the only, Steel?”

Churro and Ana also gasped. Even Ana had heard the stories and whispers from the people at camp. Steel was sort of an urban legend around the camp. The one camper who succeeded in every activity, and was a jack-of-all-trades amongst all the teams. He was said to have incredible talent in everything he did, and was the best alumni Camp Streamix ever had. Juno had always claimed he was his brother, though hardly anyone believed him. Some people weren’t even sure that he was real, as he seemed too stunning to be an actual person. However, there he was in the flesh. Standing there, in a foreign camp, seemingly a counselor.

“Yeah, that’s Steel. He came back from college this year and is a counselor here.” Queen answered.
“Do you even know the stories? He’s basically a myth at Streamix!” Kyle replied. Churro and Ana stood in stunned silence. These campers were so calm about the fact this mythical legend was just a counselor at their camp.

“Yeah he’s actually a pretty chill guy.” Adric said.

“We can go talk to him if you want.” Carl offered.

“I might actually, literally die.” Churro said choking out the words.

Carl glared at the group. “You’re really that scared? He’s just a person.”

“You’re one to talk, always getting flustered over stuff.” Ana observed.

“Listen.” Carl replied.

“Nah.”

“Anyway, come on, I can introduce you.” Carl said, grabbing the reluctant Churro by the wrist and dragging them up to Steel.

“Hi?” Steel said, looking down at the campers, likely questioning why there were a bunch of flustered children that he had never met before.

Upon the single uttering of a word, Churro stood speechless, looking up to him and gasping.

“Why are you all gawking at me without saying anything?” He asked.

“H-hi!” Churro squeaked.

“Ah, you’re all from Streamix.” He said, looking down at their shirts. “I assume you’ve heard the stories from my brother?”

“He wasn’t lying!” Ana said, surprised. “You are his brother!”

“I mean, you wouldn’t expect Juno to lie about that, would you?” Steel asked.

“I mean, he made an illegal team. We’re kind of on the same level in that sense.” Kyle stated.

“He did what?! He has not mentioned this to me yet!”

“Anyways, so, we have to know. Have you actually done all the stuff they’ve said about you?” Churro excitedly asked.

“I’m… not entirely sure I know what people have been saying. I went the the camp quite a few years ago at this point. I’m sure the rumours have spread and have been exaggerated greatly. But I was a pretty well-liked camper. I did a lot of stuff that people found impressive.”

“Like what??”

“I mean, I won a bunch of awards for completing the obstacle course fast, doing well in stabbing lessons, you know, stuff like that. I think I made Alex smile once.”

“Holy shit!” Ana exclaimed. “I didn’t even know Alex could smile!”

“Yeah, it’s definitely possible, though it’s incredibly difficult.”
“You’re like, the stuff of legends around Streamix! Like, people didn’t even know if you were real!” Ana gasped.

“Well I’m honoured, but I’m really not that special.”

“Are you kidding me?” Churro yelled “Your voice is amazing! And if you’ve done all that cool stuff people talk about, that’s incredible! Becoming camp legend in itself says just how cool you are!”

“Oh uh, thanks. And it’s been nice to meet you, but I actually have to go supervise the art session.”

“Oh, bye! It’s been nice meeting you!” Churro waved as Steel left.

“Okay, so do you guys wanna head over and find Kikyo now?” Carl asked.

Nodding, the group continued to follow Carl as she led them through the camp. Approaching a cabin, Carl was about to open the door when Ana noticed a familiar face talking to a woman with long orange-ish hair who also seemed to be a counselor.

“Is that...Alex talking with that woman?” Ana said, pausing to look at her team’s counselor, who inexplicably, was here, at Camp Internet.

“Seems like it.” Kyle replied.

“... How?”

“Eh, it’s probably best not to question it.”

“No, no, no. I’ve learned to not question stuff, but this makes literally no sense. I’m gonna talk to him and question it. He probably won’t care that we’re here anyway.” Ana replied, walking up to Alex and the other counselor. Alex glanced over at them with a slightly confused look, though he didn’t seem all that concerned.

“Counselor Alex? How are you in charge of Team Fallen and also here? Like, aren’t you supposed to be doing counselor duties or something?” Ana asked.

“Well you see,” Alex started, “It’s an interesting story. However, that’s metagaming.”

“Excuse me, what?”

“Haven’t I told you kids enough to stop metagaming? It ruins the immersion. Just roll with it.”

“So, you’re the one running the camp?” Churro asked.

“Understandable, have a nice day.” Churro said in response.

“He actually runs the camp around here.” The woman with orange hair spoke.

“That makes things even weirder! How do you run an entire and and be a councillor at a camp across the lake at the same time?”

“Maybe you should just not worry about it.” Kyle offered.

“Anyways, hi kids! I’m Cello, I’m one of the counselors around here! It’s lovely to meet you all! I’m assuming you come from our sister camp?”

“Yeah that’s correct.” Ana said in response.

“Cello’s a great counselor.” Carl said. “She’s super nice and in return all we do is torment her with
pasta! Mostly penne. Lots of penne.”

“I mean, penne is the objectively worst pasta.” Cello replied.

“Excuse me?” Ana gasped, offended. “Penne is great!”

“Okay listen here, I could go on an entire rant about how and why penne is the worst pasta, but I won’t because I’ll take up too much of your time, but listen, I have my reasons. Anyways, what brings you kids to our camp?”

“We’re just here to visit a friend is all. We took a canoe across.” Kyle said. “Don’t worry Alex, we’ll be back at Streamix soon.”

“Eh.” Alex replied.

“Well anyways, we should probably get going if you guys wanna see Kikyo.” Carl said, urging them to move onwards. Saying their goodbyes to Cello, they went back towards the cabin Carl was about to open. Twisting the doorknob, they entered the cabin.

Inside were three campers playing cards. One of which Ana recognized as Rob, who apparently did switch camps after all. One of the two Ana didn’t recognize were a black haired girl who wore a purple striped hoodie over her camp shirt and surprisingly, a Team Murder and Team Fallen bandanna. Ana guessed she either did activities over at Camp Streamix like the others, or had somehow begged Alex to wear the team garb. The other camper was some sort of anthropomorphic goat creature, which honestly didn’t even surprise Ana at this point. The three of them turned their heads to look at the group which had entered their cabin.


“Kyle!” The black haired girl said in delight. Ana realized this must be Kikyo.

As the two noticed each other, Kyle promptly leapt at Kikyo and gave her a massive tackle hug. Considering how tall Kyle was, this hug completely threw Kikyo off her guard and knocked her over.

“Kyle! What are you doing here?” Kikyo asked.

“We’re here to kidnap you!” Churro announced very proudly.

“What?” Kikyo asked, shocked.

“Wow, you’re great with first impressions.” Ana observed.

“You know I’d rather you didn’t kidnap her.” the goat child said, raising a finger.

“Don’t worry, we’re not actually kidnapping her. We just wanna take her to Streamix for the night we’re gonna bring her back tomorrow.” Kyle replied.

“Oh, okay! I’m SlickSlack by the way! It’s nice to meet you!”

“Nice to meet you too!”

“Hey guys, guess what time it is?” Carl said.

“I dunno, like, 3:00?” Ana asked.
“It’s loving Slick time!” Carl shouted, picking up Slick in a massive hug.

“Hell yeah! I have no clue who you are but I’m gonna validate the shit outta you!” Churro yelled, joining the hug.

“Okay I love you guys but aaaaaaaaa!” Slick replied, blushing from the attention.

“Aren’t we here for Kikyo?” Kyle asked.

“But it’s loving Slick hour!” Carl shouted.

“That’s like, every hour.” Rob added.

“Exactly!”

Clearly this camp was much more wholesome than the utter chaos of Streamix. Everyone screaming about how much they loved each other was not exactly a common occurrence.

“Anyways, Kikyo, are you gonna come with us?” Kyle asked.

“Yeah sure. How exactly are we getting back?”

“We have a boat.”

“Wait I wanna come too!” Queen piped up for the first time in a while.

“Me too!” Adric added. One by one the rest of the group continued to agree they all wanted to come with the Chaos Trio.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t mind visiting Streamix again. It was fun there while it lasted.” Rob said.

Kyle paused and stared at the rest of the group. “I… all I wanted to do was bring Kikyo over for a night and now I have a bunch of people trying to come with me.” He paused. “Fine, you guys can come.”

Cheers erupted from the campers, and everyone began following Kyle as he tried to leave.

“Kyle, can I steal a bed?” Churro asked.

“Can you… what?”

“Steal. a. bed.”

“We came here in a canoe.”

“Can I at least steal a pillow?”

“… Fine.” Kyle said with an exasperated sigh.

Walking over to one of the beds in the cabin, Churro picked up an ordinary pillow, and started carrying it with them.

“Whose pillow was that?” Ana asked.

“Uh, Archer’s, I think.” Kikyo replied.

“Hope they’re not gonna miss it!” Churro replied, carrying Archer’s pillow out of the cabin.
The group of campers followed the Chaos Trio back to where the canoe was rested on the shore. Each one clambered into the boat as Kyle pushed it back into the water, and soon enough the group was on their journey back to Camp Streamix, with several more stowaways than expected. Kikyo and Kyle were talking, Churro was hugging the stolen pillow, Ana and Carl were catching up since they last met, and the rest of the Camp Internet group was chatting with each other.

Soon enough, they landed back on the shore of the beach at Camp Streamix. The group unloaded and started trekking back.

On the way they noticed Counselor Alex and Counselor Murder God talking. Ana decided to shrug off the fact Alex had somehow gotten back to Camp Streamix already, since it was ‘metagaming’. Then, the two counselors looked at the veritable horde of campers venturing back to the main area of the camp.

“Why are my Murder Minions from the other camp here along with a bunch of brats I don’t know? Meatsack, please explain.” Miss Murder scowled.

“Oh, looks like the Chaos Trio brought ‘em here across the lake.” Alex replied.

“Get them out of here! They’re your kids and they aren’t supposed to be here! It isn’t Sunday!”

“Eh.” he replied, looking back at his phone.

“I’ll do it myself!” She replied, storming over to the group of campers. “You kids from the meatsack’s camp had better get back to where you came from! Today isn’t the day that some of you are allowed to be here and there will be consequences!”

“What are you gonna do? The leader of our camp clearly doesn’t care we’re here! You don’t have authority over us right now.” Queen replied, smirking.

“SAUSAGE! GET THESE BRATS OUT OF THIS CAMP RIGHT THIS SECOND!” Miss Murder screamed.

“I said they can be here. I don’t know what you want from me,” Counselor Alex replied.

“FINE. You’d better get them back where they belong after today.” Murder God said, storming off in a huff.

“Well, now that that’s done and over with, ready to enjoy the rest of the day?” Kyle said, addressing the group. Cheers of agreement came from the group.

And so, the group of campers from differing camps enjoyed the rest of their day. Everyone had fun joking around, playing games, and generally causing some mayhem. While the campers from Camp Internet couldn’t stay for long, Ana was satisfied that she had met some new people today. Maybe the plan to kidnap Kikyo didn’t really work, considering they got far more people than they had bargained for, but the day turned out fantastically. When it was all over, Ana waved goodbye to her new friends, hoping she’d see them again soon.
Ana, Churro, and Kyle sat at the edge of the lake staring into the ever-expansive mass that was the water. It was near sunset, the orange hues scattering across the sky. The water was completely still, mirroring the group’s reflections as they stared into the water. Everything was quiet, oddly quiet. The normal chaos and banter that happened between the group was entirely gone, replaced by a stunningly quiet silence as they sat and stared into their reflections. The silence was calming, and Ana was able to do something that was an uncommon occurrence at Camp Streamix: sitting and thinking.

Ever since she had arrived at camp, everything went a mile a minute. Every day something new happened, and the only time Ana was left alone with her own thoughts was at night, where she was often too tuckered out to be able to think clearly, and just wanted to pass out after a day of constant activities.

Everything had changed so quickly. When she arrived at Camp Streamix all she could think about was when it was over, and wanting to go home. Never in a million years had she thought an outdoors summer camp where she was separated from the outside world and everyone she knew for several months would be an enjoyable experience. The camp wasn’t entirely… normal, and that added to its charm.

She had met people, people that she’d grown closer to than any other people before. Maybe it was just that she was desperate for attention. The people she’d been friends with outside of camp, excluding Carl, had generally been shitty people. But here, she found people that she actually cared about, a lot.

Maybe what she needed was to voice everything. In a mood and atmosphere like this, it couldn’t hurt, right?

“Nice day out huh?” Ana said, looking at the now orange sky and glossy water.

“Yeah, it really is. It’s kinda nice to just step back sometimes, isn’t it?” Kyle replied, smiling and resting his hands on the back of his head.

“I’ve been thinking.” Ana started.

“How so?” Kyle asked.

“Well for one, I really wasn’t as… chaotic of a person.” Ana said, giving a small smile.
“I mean, I kind of got that when we first met. We kinda just dragged you into everything. Still kinda do to be honest.”

“Yeah, that’s fair. But like, all the crazy stuff we’ve done, I would never have even thought of attempting that stuff, much less actually going through with it. I dunno, I think the energy of this camp just does that to you or something.”

“The chaotic vibes are getting to your head it seems.” Kyle replied, grinning.

“Definitely. But like, it’s more than that. I don’t think it’s just you all rubbing off on me. It’s almost like the camp just sorta...has a way to open up how you actually are or something. Like, the air of this place just makes me feel like I can be myself without the worry that others are gonna shit on me for my obnoxious personality or how I act.”

“Y’know,” Churro spoke up. “I kinda get what you mean, actually. My first year of camp was… different, to say the least. I was sooo shy and didn’t talk to anyone! I guess it was probably because of my crippling anxiety!” they said, sounding oddly enthusiastic.

“Wait what?” Ana replied.

“So how ‘BOUT THAT TACO TUESDAY HUH?” Churro said, suddenly changing the topic.

“No wait, please, tell me!”

“About tacos? Well you see Lantern’s making.”

“YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!”

“Churro come on, open up. It’s just us.” Kyle said.

“Fine.” Churro sighed. “I’ve dealt with a lot of shit. I think I’m kinda fucked up, to be honest. My first year of camp kind of helped, but when I came I was super reclusive and just wanted to be left alone. People in my past weren’t exactly the greatest. It kind of left me weary, and worried about opening up to people. I dug myself into a self-destructive hole. Luckily Kyle and the other people at the camp were there to help me. But that doesn’t stop how I internalize things. Opening up is hard. Trying to tell people how you feel when it’s all locked inside you, worried that if you say anything about your feelings they’re just gonna judge you, it’s not a fun time.”

“Churro wow, your feelings are actually pretty deep.” Ana replied, somewhat surprised.

“Now we don’t have time to unpack all of that!” Churro replied, giving a nervous smile, as they tried to change the subject.

“No please, keep going. It’s good that you’re opening up. I know that’s hard for a lot of us.” Kyle offered up.

“Yeah, I know. I’m not exactly the kind of person to spill my heart onto the floor. Locking emotions in a box is just easier sometimes. It doesn’t bring the mood down. It’s better for other people.”

“You know, I kind of have the exact opposite issue.” Ana replied. She stared, looking out at the sunset and into the water. Her reflection stared back, and she skipped a rock across the water, continuing her train of thought. “So, you guys haven’t exactly seen this side of me, but I kind of expel emotions in some pretty unhealthy ways sometimes. I can’t keep my emotions or feelings in my head. And that’s an issue, I ruin stuff for people around me by letting all my emotions go at once.”
“I mean, it’s better than shoving them all away.” Churro replied sullenly. “Keeping all those feelings inside, they eat away at you, y’know? And like, when I do get upset I’ll just try to run away and not show anyone. It’s not healthy to never show anyone how you feel.”

“I guess, but it damages the people around you. When you burst out in a fit of anger, yelling and screaming at people, sometimes even getting violent, you’re not only hurting yourself, you’re damaging people around you, and getting in trouble for it. I’d just like to know when to keep my damn mouth shut, and keep stuff to myself.”

“Both aren’t really the best methods for dealing with things. But we’ve all got stuff to work on. I know I’ll be here, supporting you two, no matter what.” Kyle stated sincerely.

“Thanks,” Ana sighed. “It’s just, those meltdowns I have, they cause a lot of people stress. I mean, if you’re in school, a place where you’re supposed to be learning and concentrating, and suddenly a kid starts yelling and screaming, it’s hard to not be scared. Not everything is about me, and I have no right to ruin other people’s days because I’m having a bad one. So naturally, I get punished. But that doesn’t help. All these strategies, all the things people tell me will help, they never do. It’s odd, but somehow, here is the only place I’ve found where I haven’t done that. The environment is just so perfect. I haven’t blown up at you all ever, at least, not in a serious way. But unfortunately, not every place I’m gonna be in is going to be as perfect as here.”

“I guess it won’t last forever, but I hope when you leave you take away stuff from here. I know I have. When I went home last year, the memories of camp were fresh in my mind, and I took all those experiences, and it helped me. Maybe that won’t fix your issues, but even when you’re gone, I hope that we’ve helped you.” Kyle answered.

“It’s odd, I can’t really help you with your bad habits, and you can’t really help me with mine. We both have some terrible, destructive habits, and yet they’re exact opposites.” Churro added, a somber tone in their voice.

“Yeah, it’s definitely something. I wish I could help you though, and- wait Churro where are you going?”

Suddenly, Churro didn’t seem to be around the edge of the lake where the trio was sitting. Looking around frantically, the group discovered them perched up in a tree. “Hey guys, I found a cool bug come look at this shit!”

Despite the total mood change, Ana and Kyle ran over laughing about the contrast of Churro spilling out feelings they had kept away for years to them being in a tree. The group looked at the large bug with oddly long antennae. Ana picked it up, as it promptly bit her. She yelped, shook it off, and the group walked back to the edge of the lake.

“Anyways, with that shift in mood, you wanna keep talking?” Ana asked.

“Yeah sure, it’s kind of nice opening up a bit, actually.” Churro answered.

“I’m glad. Anyways, I worry about this sometimes. I worry that I’m not a good person. You all seem to like me, but everyone else outside of this camp seems to think I’m the problem. I’m always the one getting in trouble. And like, sure, you all like me, but maybe I’m just manipulating you guys into thinking I’m a better person than I am.”

“I mean, from what we’ve seen, you’re a great person. We love being around you, you’ve been a great addition to this madness that is Camp Streamix.” Kyle stated.
“I mean maybe, but you could just think that because I’ve made you believe. That doesn’t mean I really am that good of a person. Especially from what I’ve done outside the camp.”

“Imposter syndrome baby! It’s the absolute worst, been there, done that!” Churro exclaimed.

Kyle stepped up, and put a hand on Ana’s shoulder. “You know, I think that if you were really as bad of a person as you say you are, you wouldn’t feel bad. Maybe you’ve done bad stuff, but everyone has. The fact you feel bad about it means that you know it was wrong, and you want to get better.”

“You know, I get this a lot too. I think a lot of us do.” Churro reassured. “That’s why I made jokes at my own expense. It’s a way to cope. Making fun of yourself and playing it up as a joke is easier than actually confronting your feelings. Self-deprecating jokes are just a way for me to make light of a situation that isn’t exactly the greatest.”

“I get that.” Ana replied. “I know a lot of the reasons I do that is because of the people I used to be around. Negativity was kind of a staple with that friend group. We all found it funny, and continued to make jokes at our own expense. We all were pretty fucked up, and we thought it helped us.”

“The thing is, while it may seem like it’s helping, in the long term it just damages you. I’m trying to get better, but I still slip up. It’s hard losing an entire sense of humour that’s a part of you.”

“Yeah. I kind of realized that it was damaging, but especially when you find it funny dropping it is incredibly difficult. It’s worked so deep into you that you have to make an active effort at all times to drop it.”

“Yeah. My whole thing is that I try to be the funny meme person, but taking a chunk out of that is so hard. You have to try to find something equally as funny to replace it.”

“We can work on that together.” Ana suggested.

“The self-care campaign is a go! We’re gonna try to get better together!” Churro cheered.

The group laughed for a few seconds, then for several minutes there was pure silence again. Everyone watched the sunset as they took in the view. A light breeze blew by, and they felt refreshed as the warm air of the day transitioned into the cooler night air. The sky was a blazing orange as the sun had nearly disappeared behind the horizon. Ana was feeling a bit better, though still had some lingering issues in the back of her mind. Then, breaking the silence, Kyle spoke up.

“Mind if I open up a bit?” Kyle asked.

“Yeah! The self-care campaign is for all of us!” Churro replied.

Kyle sighed. “Okay, so, I feel like sometimes I have to keep up appearances. I’m supposed to be the leader of this little gang. I’m supposed to organize everything and be the cool, level-headed guy that can unleash bouts of chaos upon people whenever I please. But it’s hard doing that. Trying to maintain the image of being the person who has everything under control is hard.”

“Yeah, I guess that must be tough, huh? You’re your own leader of a little team you made yourself. To lead, you’ve gotta look like a leader.” Ana sympathized.

“Yeah. And the thing is, it’s what I wanted. Like, I tried so hard to get a team of my own, because I admired the councillors and wanted to be like them. And you guys have been fantastic, but sometimes my worries get in the way of that.”
“Don’t worry! We’re gonna be here for you! And not just us either! Everyone in the camp loves you! We’re gonna help you no matter what! If you ever feel like you need to take a breather or anything, tell us!” Churro responded.

Kyle sat for several seconds. “Thank you. You two have been fantastic to have around. I couldn’t have asked for two better members of my dumb little team. You guys always go along with the weird plans I make, you’re super loyal and blast to have around.”

Then, Churro ran up to Kyle, tackle-hugging him. Ana joined in, as the three piled together for a massive group hug.

“When I came to Camp Streamix I never thought that I’d be wanting to stay here forever.” Ana admitted with a small laugh. “We’ve all changed for the better, and we’ve become better people. We still have a lot to work on, but we’re gonna do it together. And I know I couldn’t be more thankful for the fact I was dropped off at this camp.”

“Isn’t that the truth?” Churro agreed.

“I guess we’re halfway over though, aren’t we?” Kyle noticed.

“Yeah, we are. But we’re gonna enjoy every last minute of it!” Ana said, jumping up. “Everyone at this camp has helped me so much, and I couldn’t be more thankful. Even when I go back after the summer ends, I’m gonna keep these memories with me!”

“And there’s always next year!” Churro added.

“That too. Honestly, thank you guys. This evening has been so nice, just sitting and reflecting on everything. It’s hard to get time to think here sometimes. I’m glad you both opened up.”

“Yeah, it really has been.” Kyle agreed.

“And it’s nowhere near done!” Churro added.

“Here’s to another month and a half of Camp Streamix! We’re gonna wreck as much havoc as we can, be as chaotic as possible, and enjoy every second of it!” Kyle said, Churro and Ana cheering in agreement.

Looking out into the sunset dipping below the horizon, and the sky slowly becoming darkened, the Chaos Trio started making their way back to the rest of the camp, in a much less somber mood than before. It turned out, despite the nature of Camp Streamix, that sitting back and thinking was actually not so bad. Reflecting on their changes, opening up about their struggles, Ana felt that the Chaos Trio has definitely grown closer tonight. And with a renewed sense of enthusiasm, she was ready to make the most out of the rest of camp.
Bears were a common occurrence at Camp Streamix. Legends told of the 8 bears which existed at any given point. Most often the campers would catch sight of one if someone was dumb enough to leave some scrap food lying about, or when they appeared purely to spite the Murder God. The God of Murder tended to take her anger out on the bears, in various forms. Today was one of those days: stabbing lessons.

Ana didn’t normally come to stabbing lessons. She wasn’t a member of Team Murder nor had she ever had any sort of interest. Today however, Churro had managed to drag Ana to one of these lessons. She stood in a line, surrounded mostly by campers who had red bandannas, and realized how absolutely out of place she was in this environment. She didn’t particularly have skills in stabbing. She could shoot a bow, and always did well during the camp archery sessions, but stabbing wasn’t exactly an interest. The only reason she was here was because Churro seemed adamant about Ana joining this lesson.

Looking at the campers who has attended this lesson, Ana noticed a very enthusiastic Meg bouncing around, MeepMorp, for some reason Waffle, Shyner, who seemed most excited, and Split, who didn’t seem to care about anything. Jade was also there, off in a shaded area, fiddling on her tablet, hardly listening to what was going on.

“Okay listen up you insignificant meatsacks! Today we’re going to finally learn how to take on the worst beasts of all time! I’ve got you all prepared for this moment! The bears are clearly plotting their ultimate revenge any day now, and we’ve got to be ready!” Murder God yelled, marching back and forth in front of the campers. “They’re going to come any minute now, and you all need to get your knives out, and prepare!”

Ana raised her hand. “Miss Murder, I don’t have a knife.”

Murder God squinted. “You’re new here.”

“Listen, Churro dragged me along, I had no clue we were gonna go out stabbing bears.”

“Listen, I just wanted to show Ana how fun our stabbing lessons are!” Churro chimed in.

“Okay. Fine.” Murder God huffed. “I guess you can stay even though you don’t even have a bandanna from my fucking team, whatever.”

“I mean, neither does Waffle.” Ana observed.

“Wait, that dough blob is here?” Miss Murder hissed.

“Hi.” Waffle said, giving a small wave.

“Okay that’s it get the fuck out of my lessons. You two are the enemy and you have no right to be here!”

“I also have a Team Fallen bandanna.” Meep interjected.

“You also have a Team Murder bandanna. But anyways, I need to get back to my stabbing lessons, so I would appreciate if you two brats le-”
“Jade! There’s a bear!” Meep yelled. Still no response.

“Oh my god. She has airpods in! She can’t hear us!” Churro shouted.

“Like actually or are you joking?” Ana asked.

“No, she actually has airpods in!”

“I’m gonna stab the bear and save her!” Meg shouted heroically.

“Meg that is a terrible idea. You’re like, 7.” Ana stated.

“YEAH LET’S KILL IT!” Shyner yelled, running towards the beast.

“Aren’t these bears immortal or some shit? I thought they couldn’t die.” Split asked nonchalantly.

“Listen just because these bears don’t die when they’re killed doesn’t mean we’re not going to keep trying!” Murder God yelled.

As Murder God continuously seemed to lose control of the situation, the stampede of campers ran towards the bear, reading their knives. Ana stood in shock as the group of tiny children began swarming around a very massive brown bear, which promptly began roaring at the campers. Split stayed back, crossing his arms and looking at the scene in amusement. Ana didn’t have time to think of how his mask could seemingly emote.

“Are you gonna like, do anything?” Split asked the Murder God. “They’re your fucking problem.”

“Listen you little masked shit, I didn’t make them go over there and also as these previous incidents have shown, these goddamn bears will not die.” Murder God replied, frustrated.

“Aren’t you like, some supreme god of death? Can you not like, snap your fingers and make it die?” Ana asked.

“Listen kid, I usually can but this godforsaken camp makes it so I CAN’T JUST DO THAT!”

Then, suddenly, Split yanked the Murder God’s knife out of her hand as she let out a confused scream. Running closer to the bear, Split threw the knife at it, piercing its hide with incredible precision and accuracy. The beast reared back, and let out a massive roar, before running away.

“How… did you do that?” Ana asked.

“All the time yeeting Shyner into the lake just kinda paid off. Y’all can thank me later.” Split replied, walking away calmly with his hands in his pockets.

Shyner looked at Split as he walked away. “That motherfucker stabbed it before I could! How dare he!” She screamed.

“That was… impressive.” Meep gasped, as they walked towards Ana with Churro by their side.

“I wanted to stab the bear!” Meg yelled, running around frantically.

“Meg, it’s okay! There’s gonna be other opportunities!” Churro reassured her, patting her on the
“Well that certainly happened.” Ana said, reuniting with Churro.

“Did… Jade even know that this all went down?” Meep asked.

“I… don’t think so.” Ana answered, looking towards Jade, who was fixated on her tablet.

“I think we should leave her be?” Meep replied, uncertain.

The group simultaneously agreed to not go bother Jade, because despite nearly being attacked by a bear, she was probably hard at work with the Murder God’s wiki. Because the bear was chased off by Split’s incredible throw of a knife, there wasn’t exactly any bears left to stab during the lesson, and Murder God concluded the lesson for the day, being extremely furious in the process.

The group departed, each splitting off into their separate little groups. Ana, Churro, Waffle, Meg and Meep split off from the rest, making their way to the mess hall to eat lunch.

After eating lunch, the group met up with Jade, Dino, and Kyle. The group conversed about the stabbing lessons that had occurred earlier, with Jade being somewhat surprised that there was a bear involved, despite being there.

Deciding to head down to the lake to do some fishing, the group continued to talk about the bears. It was quite odd how these 8 bears that existed at all times could not be killed, and why Miss Murder seemed to have a particular hatred for them. It wasn’t exactly the strangest part of the camp, but it was intriguing nonetheless.

Arriving at the lake, the group set up their gear. The soft breeze rushed past their faces, and they sat and relaxed as they cast their rods into the water. Churro seemed to be flying around, and trying to grab fish from the water directly. It must have been part of their avian instincts. Meep and Waffle were talking and laughing, Meg was running around trying to climb on Ana and Kyle was very set on trying to actually catch fish while the rest of them mostly fucked around.

Then, suddenly, Dino started screaming as the group turned to look at the large amount of noise that was coming from his direction. Another massive brown bear was chasing him as he ran around frantically. Ana noticed it has a stab wound in its side. It must have been the same one from earlier, coming back for revenge.

“Guys help there’s a bear coming after me!” Dino yelled in panic, as the massive beast chased him, roaring and snarling.

“Someone please stab it so it’ll go away again.” Jade replied, uninterested.

“I’ll do it!” Meg yelled, pulling out her knife.


Nobody but Meg seemed to take any agency, as she ran up to the bear, holding out her knife as menacingly as a 7 year-old could. The bear paid her no mind, focusing its efforts on Dino.

“Kyle do something! You’re the most equipped out of us all to do anything!” Ana shouted, shaking Kyle as he continued to fish, not looking back. Turning around, he looked at the bear.
“Ok, I’ll get the gun.” He replied.

“I don’t think a water gun is gonna do much.” Meep worried.

Ignoring them, Kyle took out his water gun, which seemed to be already loaded, and he took aim as well as he could at the bear’s face while it was running. Firing, a jet of water splashed the bear in the face. This took its attention off of Dino, but now it was looking directly at Kyle and the rest of the group.

Churro fluttered over and looked at the bear who was staring down the rest of the group. They gave a large grin and said, “I wanna ride it!”

“Churro please don’t.” Ana said.

“TOO LATE!”

Flying up to the bear, Churro landed directly on its back. Taking a few seconds to realize this small bird child had landed on it, the bear started wildly storming about, trying to get Churro off.

“YEE-FUCKING-HAW!” Churro yelled as they struck a sort of cowboy pose.

“Are you gonna do anything?” Ana asked, looking at Kyle.

“Nah.” He answered.

As the group watched this event unfold, Ana looked at the pile of fish they had caught, and got an idea.

“Guys we can throw the fish far away and run while the bear goes to get them!” Ana realized.

“Ok, let’s catch its attention and throw the fish over there!” Kyle said, pointing at the forested area.

“Churro get off the bear!” Ana yelled. Churro gave a disappointed look and flew off the bear, which began to chase them. Kyle picked up the fish he had caught, and began throwing them towards the forest. The group made a mad dash for the other direction as they went back to camp, Churro changing directions and flying along with them. They had no time to look back or grab their gear, they’d have to come back for it later.

Once they reached the mess hall, they all stopped and caught their breath. Wheezing from sprinting as fast as her legs could take her, Ana sat down on one of the benches in the Mess Hall.

“So it seems the bears are finally out for revenge.” Kyle said.

“Well that just means we’re gonna have to hit ‘em with OUR revenge for their revenge!” Churro suggested.

Waffle looked confused, “Churro that’s-”

“We’re gonna hunt down where the bears live and get rid of them once in for all!” Churro yelled.

“What part of ‘unkillable bears’ do you not understand?” Ana asked.

“Okay maybe we won’t get rid of them, but we’re gonna get our revenge!”

The rest of the campers cheered as Churro made this proposition. Despite not actually having a proper plan, everyone seemed enthusiastic about getting revenge on the bears. After a few more
minutes to catch their breath, the group exited the mess hall, going back outside to enact their revenge on the bears. Gathering up what knives they had, as well as some particularly sharp sticks from outside, they were as prepared as they could be to storm wherever the bears lived. Churro flew out to scout the woods, as the rest waited and discussed strategy, or what little there was of it. If a literal god of murder couldn’t take down these bears, it seemed unlikely a gang of small children would be able to.

Churro returned, and started flying in the direction they had found the bears to be, as the group of campers started running frantically, waving what various weapons they had, including Kyle’s bit bombs. Ana ran along, slightly confused and very concerned for how this would end up. Nothing good could come out of this.

After running through the woods for a surprisingly short amount of time, the group stopped at some large rocks which stood in such a way to form a den. Inside 3 of the 8 bears seemed to be sleeping.

“Come on! Let’s launch the bit bombs!” Churro said in an excited but hushed voice.

“Do these bit bombs work against bears?” Meep asked.

“Can’t we just stab them?!” Meg asked, vibrating with enthusiasm.

Kyle looked at Meg. “No, we’re launching these bits. Come on, everyone, fire the cannons on the count of three! One, two, three!”

The group launched all the bits they could throw at the sleeping bears, with Kyle also preparing the bit cannon. The 3 bears all woke up, roaring as their sleeping place got unexpectedly bombarded with a bunch of triangular shaped weapons.

“Ok! Revenge given! We’ll back down!” Kyle ordered. However, Meg began running at the cloud of bits and bears with her knife, and slipped out of Kyle’s grasp as he tried to grab her.

“Goddamn it the 7 year-old child is going up against 3 bears only armed with a knife.” Kyle grumbled.

“She’s fiiiiiiine.” Waffle said.

Then, suddenly, more roars came from the area not around where the bits were launched. Out of the undergrowth 5 more bears appeared, one of which being the one with the stab wound in its side.

“Oh god, oh fuck. That’s all 8 bears AT ONCE!” Ana yelled in terror.

“Churro, grab Meg and let’s get the fuck out of here!” Kyle yelled. Churro quickly flew into the cloud of bits which was now starting to settle down, revealing a Meg who couldn’t seem to find her way around in it, and 3 very angry bears. Churro swooped in, and picked up Meg, while she struggled against them.

“Churroooooo I wanted to stab the bear!” She whined.

Everyone made a mad dash back for the camp, with all 8 bears storming after them. As they exited the treeline, they saw Grand Scoutmaster Darby heading the same way they were just going.

“Woah there campers? What’s going on? I heard a commotion from that way.” He asked in his usual too cheery voice.

“THERE ARE ALL 8 BEARS CHASING AFTER US YOU HAVE TO LEAVE!” Ana shouted
as she ran past.

“Oh gosh! Were you silly campers poking at bears again?” He asked.

“YES BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT BECAUSE ALL 8 OF THEM ARE COMING THIS WAY!” Meep yelled.

“Oh well, I guess I’ll go get Alex and he can give them a talking to!”

“Can Alex… do that?” Ana asked, confused.

“Listen I think we’ve learned by now Alex is the single most powerful person in this camp. We should go and call it a day.” Kyle answered.

“No I wanna watch this.” Ana replied.

“Fair enough.”

The group watched as Darby ran over to where Alex was supervising some campers playing dodgeball, said a few words to him, and returned back to the edge of the forest right as the bears began to exit the trees. As soon as they exited, they came to halt, seeing Alex and watched as he simply gave them a look, raised an eyebrow, and watched as they disappeared back into the woods, seemingly terrified.

“How… did you DO that?” Ana asked in pure shock.

“Takes practice.” Alex simply replied before going back to the dodgeball game and looking at his phone on the sidelines.

Sighing, Ana, Churro and Kyle split up from the rest of the group, travelling to their tech shack. They needed a breather after what had transpired with the bears. The group sat, playing on some of their confiscated electronics, chatting about the bears.

While they hadn’t exactly defeated the bears, they had learned that Councillor Alex was far more powerful than they first thought. The bears were still out there, probably looking for the right time to spite the Murder God again. The bears certainly were an odd aspect of Camp Streamix, and their legends would continue to be thrown about the camp.
How to be a Good Friend

Chapter by Anatthema

Despite the close bond that many of the campers at Camp Streamix shared with each other, the councillors didn’t catch on that a lot of the fake bullying was all in good fun. Grand Scoutmaster Darby was appalled by how many of the campers would rag on each other nonstop, and assumed this was because they hated each other. So, he decided to take action. He called a mandatory meeting between a select group of campers where this seemed to be the biggest issue. Namely, the majority of Ana’s friend group, including the Chaos Trio.

“I don’t get why we have to do this.” Ana grumbled as the Chaos Trio, accompanied by Waffle, walked to the Mess Hall, where the meeting was planned to take place. “It’s not like we actually bully each other or anything.”

“Yeah I don’t get it either, but it’s not like we’re gonna actually play along. We’re gonna mess with this as much as humanly possible.” Kyle replied.

“As an Avian American I’m offended by that comment.” Churro added.

“Anyways,” Ana said, changing the subject. “Have any of you guys heard of this camper that I saw the other day? They were this weird kid whose face was entirely covered by a blue hoodie. They sounded kinda like you, Waffle.”

Churro and Kyle looked confused, as if they hadn’t seen this camper before. However, Waffle glared at Ana with whatever was behind those shades and said, “Don’t you dare mention him to me.”

“What, you’ve had problems with him in the past or what?” Ana asked.

“Just...don’t worry about it.” Waffle suggested.

“Well then, I won’t. I’m never gonna worry about anything because fuck you.”

The group shared a small laugh and approached the door of the mess hall. Opening it, it appeared that everyone else who had been called to the meeting by Grand Scoutmaster Darby was already there. Meg, Jade, and Meep. Darby didn’t seem to have arrived yet, and everyone was sitting, slightly bored, except for Meg, who seemed confused.

“Oh hey Meg!” Churro said, greeting the hyper child.

“Hi Churro! I didn’t know you were supposed to be coming too! I don’t know why I’m here, if this is to try to get people to be friends, I already love everyone!” She replied.

“I think it might have to do with the whole stabbing thing.” Ana offered up.

“What’s wrong with that?”

“You know, I think the Murder God is a bad influence on a seven year-old child.” Ana said to Churro and Kyle.

“I’m sure it’s fine!” Churro replied.

“Come have a seat!” Meep offered. “I brought my kazoo in case things get boring!”
Ana was excited about that. Meep’s kazoo was a great tool for comedic timing, and was going to liven up this likely dull experience.

Grand Scoutmaster Darby seemed to be running late and the group was growing restless. The group waited around for several minutes while Meep played the Jeopardy theme on their kazoo, otherwise in complete silence. Then, the Grand Scoutmaster burst his was through the door, slamming it open with enthusiasm.

“Hello everybody! Who’s ready to be great friends?” He said, greeting the group.

“I mean we already ar-“ Jade started.

“So as you all know, I have called you here because I’ve received reports of some less-than-friendly behaviour. I’ve heard from anonymous sources that not only do you all say foul language around each other, but you bully each other and cause trouble around the camp.”

“Is this about the bears? Because to be honest I was mostly dragged into that.” Ana spoke.

“It’s not just the bears! I’ve heard that you all use language that is inappropriate for a camp environment, and you all act mean towards each other.”

“Those are pretty much always jokes.” Jade said.

“Anyways,” Grand Scoutmaster Darby said, ignoring that comment. “We’re going to start by addressing the troublemaking behaviour. Not only did the bear incident happen, but several of you have been rumoured to be involved in something with technology which is illegal on the grounds, as well as sneaking into our sister camp, being out past curfew, and other various incidents. We also know for a fact that Kyle, Churro, and Ana were involved in an incident at the start of the year which largely went unpunished. However, I have the philosophy that punishments never work, and instead, I am going to try and council you into being better people!”

The Chaos Trio glanced at each other, knowing extremely well they were involved in every single incident Darby had listed. Though Ana assumed he probably knew that too.

Then, Meg raised her hand. “What do you mean by foul language?”

“Oh you sweet summer child.” Ana grinned. “You know, like fu-“ Then, right as Ana was about to demonstrate, a loud kazoo noise came from the direction of Meep. “MEEP I AM TRYING TO DEMONSTRATE!”

“Now now, you don’t need to say that kind of stuff here!” Darby said, trying to calm the noise down to no avail.

“Ana what are you doing?” Meg asked.


“Meep doesn’t want you to swear in front of the child Ana.” Jade said, while Meep gave a little laugh from their seat.

“Swearing is [doot]-ing rude Ana.” Waffle stated.

“I’M A CHILD TOO YOU [DOOT]”
“Is that like… heck?” Meg asked shyly.

“How dare! Not in front of the child, Meg!” Waffle gasped.

“Isn’t Meg the child though?” Ana asked.

“Well that’s where you’re wrong,” Waffle started. Ana looked at him confused. “You see, Ana is the true baby here.”

“I’m 11 so shut the fuck up.” Ana said, as everyone stopped to stare at her. The kazoo noise didn’t seem to be present for this comment. Darby also stared at her disappointedly.

“...Fuck?” Meg asked. “What is fuck?”

“Meg you’re grounded.” Waffle said sternly as everyone gasped that the innocent 7 year old child had dropped an F-bomb. “No more knives for the rest of today and tomorrow.”

“I can’t believe you’d corrupt a child Ana.” Meep said.

“WELL YOU DIDN’T PLAY THE KAZOO SO IT’S PARTIALLY YOUR FAULT!” Ana yelled.

“Did… did I do something bad?” Meg asked, looking at Ana and Waffle with puppy dog eyes, and crying. Everyone looked at her silently.

“...Damn it she got me.” Waffle said. “Fine, you can have your knives, but don’t say that word again.” He whispered over to Meg “We’ll get ice cream later, ‘kay?”

“Yay! I like ice cream!” Meg said, seemingly totally recovered.

“I’m gonna do a swear!” Churro piped up.

“What?” Ana asked, entirely ready for a mundane word, while Grand Scoutmaster Darby just looked worried.

“PENIS!” Churro yelled, as everyone burst into laughter.

“Banned.” Kyle said.

“Well, I see the foul language reports were entirely correct.” Darby started. “But we’re gonna work on that! Now, when you want to say something like that, start with replacing it with something less vile! Like, ‘oh fudge’, or ‘darn it!’ You are still children after all, and this behaviour isn’t acceptable.”

“Is… Kyle really a child?” Ana asked. “How old are you anyways?”

“Yes.” Kyle replied.

“That settles that. Anyways, why should you have to police our language?” Ana asked.

“I just want an environment that’s fun and safe for everyone! Please, will you all work with me?”

“If you wanted a group that worked with you, you picked up the wrong people.” Kyle said.

“Now despite the whole ‘Chaos Trio’ moniker, and whatever the rest of you are, I believe anyone has the ability to be nice if they try!” Darby continued.
“We’re nice, we just like to cause trouble.” Kyle replied.

“That’s another topic! You all cause plenty of trouble around the camp, and I would rather not have to deal with this on a nearly daily basis. What could I or the other councillors do that would entertain you enough to make you stop breaking basically every rule in this place?”

“Do you want the short answer or the long one?” Kyle asked.

“I want the honest one.”

“Nothing.”

Darby looked at mainly the Chaos Trio, seemingly disappointed. “Listen, I just want you all to have fun in ways that doesn’t endanger you or others. I’m trying really hard here, and I want you all to be happy without making it hard for us.”

“Listen,” Churro spoke up. “We all love this camp, and we’re trying our best to make the most out of our experience! And it’s not just us! Have you seen all those notes on the scoreboard? Like, every other person is breaking rules, causing illegal pyramid schemes, holding sessions without forms, and everything in between!”

“Just because everyone does it doesn’t mean it’s okay!”

“I personally have nothing against you. Listen, I’m sorry about the bears.” Ana spoke. “Is there anything we can do? I mean, I’m not saying we’re gonna stop because no way in any possibility is that happening, but like, anything to at least soften the effects?”

“Well, I’d rather you all at least didn’t do things that harm people, like the bears. Mostly it’s just difficult for us to deal with the aftermath of stuff sometimes. So, if you must, please don’t actually harm people” Darby replied, defeated.

“No promises.” Kyle chuckled.

“Anyways, the thing I’m most concerned about it how all of you tend to act extremely rude to each other, and I would rather this bullying didn’t occur. Saying things that are mean and not true about other people really degrades them and you all have been huge offenders.”

“It’s not my fault Ana is a tiny baby.” Waffle said.

“I’M LITERALLY TALLER THAN YOU!” Ana yelled.

“Shhh shh shh, the adults are talking.”

“See, this is exactly what I mean. You all say extremely rude things to one another, and camp is supposed to be an environment where everyone gets along.”

“You know those are just jokes right?” Ana asked.

“Exactly! Mean, rude jokes that hurt other people’s feelings.”

“I mean, my feelings aren’t exactly hurt. It’s all in good fun, we’re friends.”

“In any case,” Darby continued. “I want everyone to go around the circle, and say something nice to the person on their left! We’re going to say nice things about each other for a change and foster a good relationship between you all!” As Darby spoke, he sounded more and more defeated with every sentence. He was clearly trying to get the meeting to go as planned, but with this group of
people, it seemed unlikely that that would actually happen. Ana prepared for what sort of twisted and weird compliments everyone would unleash upon each other.

“Ana! Let’s start with you!” Darby said, pointing at her. The person on her left was Waffle. Lovely, just the person that she had the hardest time actually complimenting.

“Waffle… you are… uh… not a pancake.”

“That’s more of an observation than a compliment.” Darby added.

“Wow thanks Ana I appreciate it.” Waffle replied. “Meg,” he continued. “You are the most adorable knife-wielding child I’ve ever met!”

“I’m glad you like it!” Meg exclaimed.

“Wait, why does she have a knife?” Darby asked.

“Miss Murder gave it to me!” Meg replied.

“I’m…going to have to go talk to her about that!”

“Anyways,” Meg continued, not seeming to care, “Meep, I really like your Kazoo!”

Wow, an actual compliment that wasn’t concerning in any way. Darby’s gonna be impressed. Ana thought.

“Very nice! Now Meep, compliment Jade… or Brad… or whatever your name is!” Darby said confused.

“Oh this is EASY! Brad, you have amazing art and you’re super fun to be around and you’re an amazing friend!” Meep said enthusiastically.

“Thanks.” Jade said, nonchalantly. “Kyle, you’re cool.”

“Is there… any more you wanna add onto that?” Darby looked at Jade, expecting more.

“Nah.” Jade replied.

“Well then, moving on I guess!”

Kyle had to compliment Churro. He sat for a few seconds, thinking long and hard. Ana knew that the Chaos Trio wasn’t exactly the group to go around throwing compliments at each other, and he was likely thinking of something that wasn’t exactly a compliment.

“Fine. Churro, you’re… less dumb than I thought you were when I met you.” He finally said.

“Wow thanks that’s the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me!” Churro said sarcastically.

“Now Kyle, that was very backhanded and mean. Could you try again?” Darby asked.

“Fine, Churro, you’re fun to have around, I guess.” Kyle shrugged.

Now, the circle had gone back to Ana. It was Churro’s turn to compliment her, which Ana knew would not lead to any sort of actual compliment.

“ANA I’M GONNA COMPLIMENT YOU!” Churro yelled. This was already a fantastic start.
“You uh… remind me of a carrot, and carrots make my eyesight good!”

The rest of the group burst out into a fit of laughter. Ana started to wheeze-laugh while trying to sputter out a question. “Wh-what is THAT supposed to mean?” She asked, gasping for air as she laughed.

“Because uh… your hair! It’s like a carrot!”

“Are you saying I’m ginger?!” Ana asked.

“Yeah!”

“I’m… not ginger.”

“You’re not?!”

“It’s like… strawberry blonde.”

“That sounds like a ginger in denial to me!” Waffle said.

“Now now, settle down everyone. It doesn’t matter what hair colour anyone is, you all have to be nice!”

“Gingers don’t have souls though, everyone knows that.” Waffle replied.

“Bitch, I don’t need to be ginger to be dead inside.”

“What does that word mean?” Meg asked.

Waffle glared at Ana. At least, she thought he did.

“And we are right back where we started!” Darby said, exasperated. “That went absolutely nowhere.”

“I think we broke Darby.” Kyle said.

“I guess you all can go!” He sighed defeatedly. “You all are going nowhere and I don’t know how to fix that, so see you later I guess.”

“We can just… go?” Ana asked.

“Yes, this meeting is over and I don’t know how to get through to all of you.” Darby sighed. Ana got out of her seat and awkwardly made her way for the door with the rest of the group following.

“Well,” Kyle said. “We broke Darby. I didn’t even know that was possible.”

The rest of the group laughed. Despite Darby’s attempts to get them to all act nicely, they all knew nothing would break the weird bond they all shared. While Ana definitely felt for him, as he tried so hard to get everyone to get along, she knew these friends were something special. They were people that didn’t need to be all fake friendly with each other, as they were close enough to poke fun at each other without any issues.

The group left the room, now in a fit of laughter, knowing nothing would change the type of friendship they had, as they went back to their day, likely to cause more chaos.
Today was a lazy day at camp. The white fluffy clouds dotted the sky while a warm breeze rushed past Ana and Churro’s faces. The pair were lying on a hill, shaded by a tree, gazing up at the clouds.

It was nice, just watching the clouds slowly shift shapes or drift away from their view. Occasionally one of them would try to point out a shape, but being honest, most of them just looked like sheep. Clouds tended to just be white blobs of fluff.

“That one looks like a PENIS!” Churro said, pointing up at an oddly shaped cloud. Ana gave a small laugh.

“This isn’t exactly what it’s made up to be now is it?” She said, laughing.

“You know, clouds are kind of the forbidden cotton candy.” Churro replied.

“I mean, you have wings. You could fly up there and taste them.”

“They mostly taste like air and water vapour. If only they were as delicious as advertised.” Churro sighed.

“I’m gonna sue the cloud company for false advertising.” Ana joked.

Churro jumped up, looking at the clouds and started screaming into the sky. “YOU HEAR THAT MISTER CLOUD MAN? WE’RE GONNA SUE YOU! THEN YOU’LL BE BROKE! LIKE ME!”

Ana could swear she saw a cloud in the shape of a hand flipping them off just then.

“Anyways, Churro I’ve always kind of wondered. You have wings, but like, why?” Ana asked.

“Jeeze Ana you can’t just ask why someone has wings, how rude!” Churro replied, laughing.

“But like, are you… human?”

“No personal questions please.”

“I’m… sorry?”

“But actually no, I’m not. I’m from this species of bird people and we come in a bunch of different types and my bones are hollow so they allow to fly. Basically I’m actually part bird.”

“You know, before I joined this camp I would have said that’d be complete impossible but look where we are now. Thanks for warping my perception of reality.”

“No problem.” Churro replied giving a thumbs up.

The pair sat back down, ready to relax again, when they heard some bird calls coming from the top of the tree they were laying under. Churro prompts began to chirp back, replicating the noises terrifyingly accurate.

“Churro can you… talk with them?” Ana asked.
“Yeah, they say fuck you.” They replied laughing.

Ana started trying to replace the noises as well, doing a poor job with it and ending up more like she was just saying the word chirp, instead of actually chirping.

Churro looked at Ana with a gasp. “What the fuck did you just say about my mother?” The birds in the tree started twittering extra loud.

“They think your bird accent is shit.” Churro told Ana.

“Well I’m SORRY I’m not a native speaker!” Ana looked at Churro with a salty glare.

“So anyways,” Ana said, changing the topic. “You can fly. Could you like… carry people?”

She had been curious to ask Churro this ever since she had met them. She had this sort of guilty curiosity about wanting to fly. Ever since she was extremely young she had been fascinated by the birds in the sky. She saw them zipping through the air, and wished she was able to be among them. Wind, carrying you up into the sky, seeing everything below you. It seemed so calming, and she dreamed of it for years.

“Yeah, I probably could. A couple days ago I took Meg water skiing and pulled her along. I’ve never exactly tried. I might need to warm up before I pick you up. Lemme just do some warming up!” Churro said, doing some exaggerated stretching like you might see an athlete perform. This transitioned into goofy looking yoga poses.

Then, Churro took a running start and leapt into the sky. They hardly got any air before crashing into the branches of the tree. Several distressed bird calls came out, not only from Churro but presumably the other birds in the tree.

“Ana help I’m stuck!” They called out.

“Nah, help yourself.”

“Listen I’m not that good at flying okay? I’m not the most experienced!”

“I don’t exactly know how I can help you. I can’t climb.”

Churro sighed from somewhere within the tree branches. “Go get Kyle.”

Ana took this suggestion, and wandered throughout the rest of the grounds, looking for the possibly tallest person in the camp. She finally found him in the Team Fallen cabin with Waffle, where they both appeared to be playing Uno.

“Pick up four.” Waffle said to Kyle as Ana walked in.

“Oh FUCK YOU I was so close to getting an Uno.” Kyle replied to Waffle.

“Well, maybe you should have Uno’d faster.”

“What did I ever do to you?”

“You threw me the other day.”

“Hey guys, is now a bad time to come in?” Ana asked.

“Well THIS LITTLE SHIT ruined the game!” Kyle yelled.
“Ah I see, the game that makes you hate your friends, Uno. Well, my afternoon is going swimmingly. Churro crashed into a tree and is stuck and I need your help.”

Kyle sighed as he threw his cards onto the bed. “Come on Waffe, let’s do this shit.”

“Wait why am I coming?”

“I don’t fucking know, just come on already.” He replied, clearly extremely frustrated as he stormed out with Waffle and Ana following.

Arriving back at the tree, Kyle still wasn’t tall enough to reach Churro. However, he did have the skill to climb the tree, and easily scaled his way up to the top and located Churro. However, he didn’t simply pull Churro out of the tree. He started wildly shaking the branches as Churro yelped in panic.

“KYLE WHAT ARE YOU-“ CRASH! Churro got knocked down from the tree, hitting the ground with a massive thud. Ana looked at them, as their arms, legs, and wings were splayed out like a starfish. Kyle jumped down from the tree.

“Okay you can get up now.” He said, dusting off his hands.

“Owwwwww.” Churro moaned.

“Churro are you okay?” Ana asked.

“Well I collided directly with the ground on my stomach, does it look like I’m okay?”

“I mean I fell off a bridge once. I know it’s painful.” Ana said, and she helped Churro to their feet.

“I think I’m gonna need a few minutes to recoup.” Churro sighed.

“Wait Ana when did you fall off a bridge?” Waffle asked.

“Do you want the long or short version?”

“Whichever.”

“So I was a dumbass and tried to jump off a bridge but I slipped and fell.”

“Yeah that sounds like you.” Waffle chuckled.

“Listen.” Ana sighed.

“I’m listening.”

“Fuck you.”

“Wow I feel so threatened. Come fight me.”

“Ok.” Ana said. Then, she ran up to Waffle, picked him up while he did nothing, unable to do anything, and threw him down the hill like a frisbee. Waffle let out a ‘whhheeeeeeee!’ as he was tossed down the hill. Kyle sighed as he want to go retrieve him.

“So, Ana, you ready for me to try carrying you?” Churro asked.

“After that, I’m not sure if you’re the most reliable but sure. Let’s give it a go. You’re the only way for me to try this, so screw it.”
Churro shook themselves off, and grabbed Ana under the arms. Jumping up, they flapped their wings frantically as they tried to gain air. After some fighting to get leverage, They managed to propel themselves and Ana into the air. Ana felt a jitter in her stomach as she was lifted into the air, much like an elevator.

After some not-so-smooth fighting to get into the air proper, Churro lifted Ana above the tree and continued to gain air. Ana’s stomach fluttered as the ground slowly got further and further away from her feet.

The wind rushed past her face as she took in a huge breath of the open air. Churro was flying higher and higher, and Kyle and Waffle below them were getting smaller and smaller as they flew up. Soon enough, Ana could see almost the entire main camp area. Her heart pounded as they ascended into the sky.

“Churro this is fantastic!” Ana exclaimed. “I can’t believe you do this all the time!”

“You wanna go eat the clouds?” Churro asked.

“Hell yeah let’s munch ‘em!”

Churro continued to flap upward into the clouds. Ana opened her mouth to try and munch what seemed to mostly be similar to thick fog, not being very surprised when what she tasted just tasted like wet air.

“Well that was a disappointment. At least I got to taste the forbidden cotton candy.”

The two laughed, and Churro flew back down a small amount, as they raced past several geese flying past. Ana gave a joking honk at one of them, which angrily honked back.

“They’re responding! I am one with the geese!” Ana yelled.

“Actually it told you to fuck off.” Churro replied.

Ana laughed, and looked down far below her. She could see many of the campers going about their daily activities. Some were at stabbing lessons with the Murder God, some were swimming in the lake, some were running around playing some sort of game, and others seemed to be off in their own separate groups.

For quite a while the two of them flew. Ana breathed in the fresh, high altitude air and enjoyed viewing everything as far as the eye could see.

“You know I could kill you right now if I wanted. I could just drop you and you’d die.” Churro said.

“I’d rather you NOT!” Ana panicked.

“Nah I’m not gonna. But I could.” Churro laughed as Ana gave them a worried glance. “Oooookay my arms and wings are getting tired. I’m gonna have to bring us down.”

Ana nodded, and Churro started to descend as they lowered themselves and Ana down. The camp below them slowly began to get bigger as Churro located a spot to land near the mess hall. They nearly approached the ground, when suddenly Churro started veering off slightly. Then, with a thud, they collided with the wall of the mess hall, taking most of the impact as the pair both fell to the ground and Ana let out a yell.

“Ow what the hell?!” Ana yelled.
“Sorry I’m not the best at landings! Owwwww.” Churro complained.

“What happened?” Ana asked worrily, getting up and running towards them. Several other people had began to gather around the two with concerned expressions.

“I think I broke my wrist.” Churro grumbled.

“Really? Holy shit are you okay!?” Ana asked.

“It’s okay it’s like the fourth one this month.” Churro replied. Brittle bones and all.”

“Holy shit man drink some milk!”

“I’m a BIRD! My bones go cronch a lot!”

“Oh yeah I get that but come on, I’m bringing you to Darby.” Ana said. She knew there wasn’t exactly a nurse at the camp. Safety precautions weren’t the biggest priority at Camp Streamix after all. Grand Scoutmaster Darby was probably the best person to look at this. Leading Churro to the Counselors’ Cabin, Ana knocked on the door, as Counselor Xander answered. Ana sighed. He was not exactly the person she wanted to see right now as he still seemed to be salty at the Chaos Trio for the tech incident.

“What do you two want?” He demanded.

“Churro broke their wrist. We need to see Darby.” Ana replied.

“Listen you little shits, if this is any sort of ruse I am on your case and this time you are NOT getting away with it!”

“I smacked into a building while flying and I need help.”

“Are you sure your wrist is broken?”

“Yes! My wrist cronched and it hurts! It’s broken!”

“...Fine. DARBY GET THE FUCK OVER HERE AND DEAL WITH THIS LITTLE SHIT’S ARM!” He yelled, calling into the cabin.

Darby promptly came, carrying a multitude of first-aid supplies and gestured for Churro to come with him, as Ana waved goodbye and left them both.

Returning back to go find Kyle and Waffle, Ana thought about her little adventure. Now more than ever she wished she could fly whenever she wanted like Churro. It was so relaxing being up in the air. She had enjoyed her little excursion, and was ready for what more there would be left in the day.

She would regroup with Churro later, and probably after their wrist healed they would try another attempt at flying. For now though, she looked up at the sky, and smiled as she saw some birds flying past.
The mess hall was restless as always at lunchtime. Dozens of campers, eating food that Lantern and Star had prepared, and chatting at not-so-reasonable volumes while the strong aroma of food was present throughout the hall. Today seemed especially hectic, with several campers clambering over one another in attempts to steal each others’ food and whatnot. Churro was one of these, harassing Ana from her one side in an attempt to take a bite of her spaghetti.

“Churro get your own!” Ana yelled as she made a defensive position, shielding her spaghetti from the clutches of the gremlin bird child.

“Would you rather me steal your spaghetti or your toes?” Churro asked.

“If you even dare I’m going straight for you kneecaps.” Ana responded, laughing. She had gotten used to the strange bullshit Churro spouted, and was used to responding with something equally as confusing.

“I’d like to see you try.” Churro challenged.

“I don’t think Ana is physically capable of carrying any sort of violent threat she makes.” Waffle chimed in. “She’s too much of a baby to actually be threatening.”

“I’m gonna take a bite out of you! Then we’ll see who’s laughing!”

“Ana, we don’t need to know that you’re into vore.” Churro commented.

“I DIDN’T MEAN IT LIKE THAT!” Ana cried.

“Fine then, fight me. I’d like to see you try.”

“Bitch, I WILL fight!” Ana threatened.

“Uh huh.” Waffle responded, nodding.

Then, Ana picked up a meatball from her plate, lazily tossing it at Waffle, with only enough force to knock him down. Waffle then proceeded to get up and eat the meatball, staring Ana down with his lack of eyes.

“You dare attempt to defeat me with only a meatball? You are bold, but foolish. You’re gonna have to try a little harder than that, you baby.” Waffle taunted.

Then, Ana proceeded to pick up her entire plate of spaghetti and slam in directly into Waffle, knocking him off the table. It seemed as if all time had frozen, as the people sitting around Ana sat and stared.

Several moments went by, and after the pause Churro yelled out “Food fight!”

Suddenly, it was a free-for all, campers began throwing bits of food about, and no-one was exempt from a good pelting. Counselor Alex, who was in charge of supervision that day seemed oblivious/uncaring to this as always, despite the fact you could probably hear the noise from all the way back in the cabins. This meant no one could calm the chaos, and opportunity would strike for the Chaos Trio, as per usual with this sort of situation.
Ana saw that beside her Kyle was loading his water gun, not with water, but with his glass of apple juice he was drinking, and preparing to fire it at Waffle. Seeing as his taunts were what prompted this chaotic outbreak, Kyle and Churro seemed to be targeting him. Kyle aimed the water gun, while Churro readied their empty plate, which wasn’t exactly food, but it would probably be a more efficient weapon anyways.

Ana looked around at the rest of the mess hall. Meg seemed to be chucking an apple at Meep, several tomatoes were flying through the air as Phill and Uprising duked it out, Viola was preparing to launch a sandwich at Jade, who was desperately protecting her food as she tried to eat her lunch, and Split was throwing any food he could get his hands on at Nenoi.

Then, Churro clambered onto their table, and started to address everyone, which wasn’t the most successful endeavour.

“Everyone! Let’s all gang up and pelt Waffle!” They yelled, addressing the crowd. A decent chunk of people cheered, as more amounts of food came flying Waffle’s way.

As Waffle did his best to evade the oncoming barrage of food, he yelled out to the rest of the mess hall.

“Attack that little shit Churro!” He ordered.

Suddenly, two factions had been created, and the previously free-for-all fight had split the room into a war between Churro and Waffle. Kyle’s apple juice loaded gun found its victims on Waffle’s side of the mess hall, while Waffle started ordering his gang of campers to go directly for the Chaos Trio. However, there also appeared to be a group of campers that hadn’t sided with either. They all had seemed to gather around a table in the center of the madness, and were continuing to eat their lunch as the battle raged on, with little success. Various food items whizzed past their faces, occasionally striking one of them. Jade seemed to have a laid-back expression as always, while several others were panicking as they tried to eat the remains of their food before someone else stole it to use as ammunition. Two campers Ana had seen in passing named Yoko and MK were trying to do exactly this. Ana also noticed a good number of the Rainbow Roadies had gathered around this table, which made sense considering that they were usually not the type for competition. Brodingles especially had an expression has if he was extremely tired and just wanted this to be over already. Ana knew he was directly involved with running the camp and as such was probably one of the ones who would have to clean this mess up afterwards.

At this point, Waffle’s side had seemed to obtain an advantage. He was oddly good at coordinating his team and people were ganging up on the Chaos Trio, the most effective of Churro’s team.

Then, suddenly, Ana got an idea. Their opposition’s leader was sentient food himself, why not use Waffle himself as a weapon? He had been thrown multiple times before, it’s not like it exactly hurt him.

Ana ran over to Waffle, and while he yelled in confusion, she picked him up, aiming him at one of his own teammates, Nenoi.

“Waffle, this is what you get for being food yourself!” Ana laughed. “You get used as the weapon!”

“Ana no!” Nenoi shouted as Ana positioned Waffle’s flailing body.

“YEET!” Ana yelled, throwing Waffle like a frisbee. He starfished through the air, colliding directly with Nenoi’s head, who proceeded to also pick Waffle up, and throw him back at Ana. This went on
for several minutes, Waffle being thrown between the opposing sides, which left him incapacitated enough for him not to give orders to his team.

“How...dare you.” He panted. “Do you...realise how rude that is? To throw someone just...just because they’re made of food and you’re not?”

By this time the supplies of both sides were starting to dwindle. Some people had entirely run out of food and had resorted to scraping off what they could from the floor, throwing it again. Those who still had food left were budgeting what they could, instead of mindlessly throwing it at people.

“Guys! We have to figure out how to get more food!” Kyle said as he addressed the team. The Chaos Trio immediately huddled together to form a plan.

“Guys!” Churro whispered excitedly. “Let’s go get more food from the kitchen. Lantern and Star will probably help us!”

Kyle and Ana nodded in agreement, and the three snuck away amongst the now slightly more calm food fight into the kitchen to stock up on supplies.

Inside, Lantern and Star turned to look at the trio in confusion, who was splattered in bits of food and such. They seemed to be completely unaware of what was going on outside of the kitchen.

“What happened to you three?” Star asked.

“Food fight. We’re here to stock up on supplies.” Kyle answered.

“I’d rather not have everything we’re making go to waste.” Star replied.

“I mean, we can give you some stuff though.” Lantern added, running around the kitchen and grabbing various meals in differing progresses of being fully prepared.

“I also have some butter.” Lantern added, winking. Ana sighed and took the package, which she knew to save specifically for Waffle.

Possibly the best item among Lantern’s stash he gave the trio was a full bag of flour, which Ana knew would be put to good use.

The group said their thanks, and ran back out to the battlefield of the mess hall. While restocked with as much as they could carry, they still didn’t exactly have a lot. Kyle started hurling some frozen french fries at Viola, and Churro threw some bunless burger patties at Meep.

Ana scouted out the area and located Waffle, who has stopped being thrown was continuing to order his team around. Ana pulled out the stick of butter, and tried to get Waffle’s attention.

“Hey! Waffle! Look what I have!” Ana yelled.

“Is that... butter?” Waffle replied.

“Hell yeah it is!” She answered, chucking the stick of butter directly at Waffle, with such force to knock him over. However, Waffle now had butter. This prompted him to take it and start rubbing it on himself while Ana sighed and left the area.

“Honestly I don’t know what you expected!” Waffle yelled from behind her.

Then, Ana ran back and prepared the bag of flour, and grabbed a handful out of the bag which she threw on the ground near a clutter of Waffle’s team, running away as the panic and confusion started
to ensue.

In more areas of the mess hall, Ana saw Kyle and Churro were also deploying their flour bombs, causing white clouds to obscure the vision of anyone in the vicinity of its reach. Though this proved to be quite effective in making sure Waffle’s team didn’t throw much food, it also hindered Churro’s team in the same way.

Food was being thrown amongst the various clouds of flour forming. Ana blindy launched Lantern’s stock of food into the clouds where Ana knew many members of Waffle’s team had gotten trapped. She knew she had hit someone when she heard a yell come from within the cloud.

It had gotten to the point where Ana could hardly find her way around the mess hall as both sides had seemed to have found where the flour bag sat, and were both throwing it everywhere. This wasn’t exactly strategy anymore, and Ana realized most of the other food had probably been used up, so both sides resorted to throwing flour at each other.

After several minutes of both sides throwing flour at each other, the white clouds of it in the air began to settle. Flour coated nearly everything. The floor, the tables, the campers, even Counselor Alex. Speaking of, he did not seem exactly pleased with this, and got up, brushed as much flour as he could off of himself, and exited the room.

While Ana realized he was probably going to get help from another Counselor, the rest of the camp seemed to take this as an excuse to get even more wild. Nearly all of the food had run out, and people were now trying to pick what they could off the floor that hadn’t been reduced to mush, or grab the lunches of the group who didn’t get involved in the fight. Waffle and Churro however, had taken to a different sort of fight: insults… or whatever they were saying to each other.

“HEY PANCAKE!” Churro yelled. “I’M GONNA INSULT YOU! YOU’RE A DOO DOO HEAD!”

“How dare you. I’m so insulted. You know who’s a dumbass butface?” Waffle replied.

“Your MOM!” Churro replied, sticking out their tongue.

“What? No! It’s you!”

This went back and forth for several minutes, before Alex returned into the mess hall, this time followed by both Counselor Xander and Grand Scoutmaster Darby. Despite most of the food throwing calming down, several extremely damaged and falling apart items were still flying through the air. An apple with several chunks taken out of it collided directly with Counselor Xander’s shoulder as he walked in.


“Well it appears our campers got a little rowdy!” Darby replied.

“ROWDY? IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL ROWDY? THE ENTIRE MESS HALL IS COATED IN THE FLOUR AND SPLATTERED WITH FOOD BITS. WHY IS THE FLOOR STICKY HERE?” He said, lifting up his foot.

“That would be the apple juice.” Kyle spoke up.

“YOU ALL ARE CLEANING THIS UP IMMEDIATELY! GET TO WORK!”

Ana sighed, though she knew this would have likely come. Then, Jade spoke up.
“Why do we have to clean this up? All of us at this table had nothing to do with it.”

“Can you prove that?” He demanded.

“Not exactly but-“

“Then get to work!”

Sighing, Ana watched as Jade went to go grab a cloth, and most of the campers followed suit.

“Now, who was the one who started all of this?” Xander asked. Several people turned to look directly at Ana.

“Why am I not in the least bit surprised?” Xander sighed, placing his hand on his forehead.

“After most of the cleaning has been done I’ll let the rest of you go. You three have to clean up the last parts on your own. Also take out the trash when you’re done.”

Ana sighed, but didn’t argue with that. She grabbed a cloth and started trying to get the coating of flour off one of the tables. She knew she would be here for a while, though smiling to herself, she knew it was worth every moment of punishment.
Today’s activity at Camp Streamix was quite an enjoyable one. A lot of the time, Ana and the rest of the Chaos Trio didn’t sign up for scheduled activities, favouring the more chaotic ones they could come up with on their own time. Today however, was archery.

Counselor Xander had pleaded with Darby to let him run this activity, which after much protesting, finally went through. Maybe he had realized the giant death trap obstacle course was already more dangerous than a sport that took as many safety precautions as one could.

Ana very much enjoyed this activity. She had taken archery lessons outside of camp, and was already pretty experienced. She knew despite the fact the sport involved flinging pointy sticks from powerful weapons it actually was pretty safe, granted that everyone listened to the rules and stayed behind the line. With Xander running it, this wasn’t exactly a given.

The group had been given several large foam targets to shoot at, placed in rows on the other end of the field. Ana didn’t like the fact that the bows they were given were relatively cheap and garbage compared to the bow she personally owned, which she didn’t exactly bring to camp. The targets were also pretty big compared to what she was used to shooting at, but it was still enjoyable, seeing as she hadn’t done it all summer.

As the whistle blew for the shooters to retrieve their arrows, Ana looked at her target, then the others. Hers was pretty decent, though she was out of practice and one of her arrows had gone into the red ring. Churro’s was wildly all over the place, with little consistency between shots. Kyle’s however were nicely grouped around the center, and Ana walked over to him as they started to go back to the line.

“Kyle you’re really good, holy crap!” Ana complimented him.

“I guess having a gun helps.” He shrugged.

“Your water gun?” Ana asked.

“I mean, I have an actual gun at home. Apparently I’m not allowed an actual gun in a summer camp.”

“Hey Kyle!” Churro called from Ana’s other side. “You should try shooting the target with your water gun!”

“I don’t think it’s going to reach all the way over th-“

“I’ll do it then!” Churro said, snatching Kyle’s water gun out of his pocket before he had time to react. They aimed the gun at their target, and firing it, the jet of water didn’t reach nearly far enough to hit the target. However, Counsellor Xander spotted Churro during this event.

“Hey! What do you have there?!” He questioned threateningly.

“A gun!” Churro replied.

“You’re not supposed to have that!” He said, storming up to Churro. He snatched Kyle’s water gun out of their hands and stuffed it in his pocket.
Kyle sighed and glared at Churro.

“I guess we knew what we’re doing today; getting that back.” He said in a hushed whisper.

Later that day after the archery session concluded, the Chaos Trio planned their break in to the counselor’s cabin. This shtick had become routine for them. They would need to sneak in and locate the confiscated water gun, then get back out.

Luckily, as they arrived to the Counsellors’ cabin, no one seemed to actually be in it currently. Unluckily, that meant the door was locked and they’d have to go through a window.

Churro flew up to the window, opened it and clambered in, followed by Ana and Kyle. They snuck upstairs, searching in the closet where the confiscated tech was in the past. No guns seemed to be found there, and their next best guess was Counsellor Xander’s room, which was thankfully open. Entering the room lined with various deadly looking items Xander likely used in the obstacle course, Ana noticed a pile of water and nerf guns on one of the shelves.

“More guns?!” Ana gasped.

“Oh yeah I’ve had more guns before. Some of these are definitely mine and some aren’t.” Kyle replied.

“Let’s take ‘em all!” Churro exclaimed.

“What are we gonna do with all of them?” Ana asked excitedly.

“Give everyone a gun!” Churro replied.

“Okay fine, grab as many as you can.” Kyle responded, grabbing an armful of water and nerf guns, Churro and Ana doing the same.

Sneaking back out the window and closing it, the group slunk away before any Counsellor could’ve noticed the group notorious for rule-breaking running off with a bunch of water and nerf guns.

The group ran to their tech shack to hide the guns in the one spot they knew nobody would look. On their way, they spotted Dino and Viola chatting, and decided that they would be the targets for receiving a gun first.

“Hey you guys!” Viola said, greeting the three. “What’s with all the guns?”

“Another raid.” Kyle answered. “We’re gonna give guns to everyone. In fact, take one, both of you!”

“What if we get caught?” Dino asked.

“We’re gonna give these to everyone. If we all have them then they can’t round them all up, just you wait.” Kyle smiled, handing each of the pair a gun. The two of them took them hesitantly. Kyle then continued to lead Churro and Ana to the shack, where they would store the guns.

At the shack, the group loaded, and each took a several guns for both themselves, and to begin to hand out to the rest of the camp. They left the shed once again to find more campers to entrust with their stash.

Scanning around the directly vicinity as they left, they noticed Split, Nenoi, and Goggles gathered
around a picnic bench, and decided they would be next to receive a gun. Kyle sauntered over to their
table, and displayed the multitude of guns he had on him.

“Hey kids, wanna get some guns?” He asked.

“Why do you have guns?” Split asked.

“Don’t question my methods. We’re spreading these around camp. Take them and we’re gonna
wreck havoc.”

“I’d rather no-“ Nenoi started.

“I’ll take one.” Split said. “I’d rather you not give the 8 year old a gun though.” He said, gesturing to
Goggles, who seemed very intrigued. She made a few chirping noises in curiosity and grabbed a
water gun anyways. Split sighed but didn’t object.

“So what exactly are we gonna do with these?” Nenoi asked.

“Shoot people!” Churro said. “Just make sure the Counsellors don’t confiscate them!” Split gave a
thumbs up while Nenoi nodded and Goggles fidgeted with her new water gun. Split then proceeded
to aim his nerf gun at Nenoi who laughed and shot him back with a water gun.

Also in direct sight of the group was Meg, who was playing with some dandelions in the grass.

“Meg! Nice to see you!” Kyle said, sliding in beside her.

“Kyle!” Meg replied as she immediately began to climb on top of him and sit on his head.

“Ooookay get down.” He said laughing as he put the squirming child back on the ground. “I’ve got
something special just for you!”

“Oo00000 what is it?” Meg asked excitedly.

“A gun! You’ve got a knife right? Well, I think it’s time for an upgrade!” He said, handing Meg a
nerf gun.

“OOOOOOO can I shoot people with this!?” She asked.

“Yes you can. Go do me a favour and go shoot as many people as you can. Just don’t let the
Counselors catch you! It’s a secret!”

“I can do that! I like secrets!” She said, snatching the gun out of Kyle’s hand and running off to a
group of campers minding their own business.

“I can’t believe you just gave a 7 year old a gun.” Ana said as Kyle walked back to the group.

“She’s fiiiiiine.” He replied.

“Well, let’s go to distribute the rest of these I guess.” Ana said.

Several hours passed as slowly the guns made their way around the entire camp. Not long after
several more people had gotten guns in their hands, madness ensued. Some people had gotten
entirely drenched from the water guns that people wielded, and it seemed like only a matter of time
that someone would get hit in the eye with a nerf gun. Meg in particular was having an extreme
amount of fun with her gun, running around and shooting anyone she could see. Some people had organized fights, and opposing teams were clashing, either spraying each other with water or pelting each other with nerf bullets.

Nearly every few seconds, you could hear another laugh or scream coming from someone who had been unexpectedly shot. The madness wouldn’t seem to stop, which is exactly what the trio had planned. Nearly every camper at the camp had got their hands on a gun. Churro was handing out guns left and right, screaming the same thing over and over again.

“You get a gun! And you get a gun! EVERYONE GETS A GUN!” They would yell, continuing to hand out the items.

However, it had appeared that the Counsellors had caught on to the fact that nearly everyone was in possession of a gun. Xander was screaming at everyone to put down their guns, which was mostly met with being sprayed in the face, while the Murder God was looking at everyone, though not exactly doing anything. She seemed to be less of a target for the attacks as she wasn’t actively trying to stop anyone. In fact she seemed to be enjoying the fact the campers were essentially waging war with themselves and shooting each other. Unsurprising for a god of murder.

Ana watched as Split loaded his gun, and started to fire at the Murder God, the first time anyone had decided to do that. The rubber bullets bounced off her shoulder, and she turned to glare at him with a furious glare.

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING, SHOOTING ME?” She screamed. Split responded with nothing but flipping the bird.

“YOU WILL ANSWER ME YOU LITTLE SHIT!” She demanded. Split responded by firing another shot.

“WHY THE FUCK DOES THIS SEEM FAMILIAR!?” She yelled again.

“I have no fuckin’ clue.” Split responded, shrugging and taking another shot.

“STOP THAT!”

Ana watched the situation and laughed, readying her own water gun, running up and spraying the Murder God with it.

“DON’T YOU FUCKING SPRAY ME WITH WATER YOU LITTLE SHIT! HOW DARE YOU?” She yelled. Ana laughed as she ran away.

“You know it’s times like this when I feel like the ban on killing campers should be lifted.” Murder God grumbled, turning directly to Xander, who was still being pelted with bullets.

“I’m not saying I disagree or anything but we need to ROUND UP THESE FUCKING GUNS!” He yelled as he tried to snatch anyone’s gun who dared to come near him.

Ana decided to leave the area where campers were tormenting the Counsellors, and go see what Kyle and Churro were doing, as Ana couldn’t seem to find them. Looking around, she finally found them on the basketball court which slendom went used. The two were facing off like you might see in a western movie, turned around and ready to fire.

“THIS TOWN AIN’T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE TWO OF US!” Churro yelled with enthusiasm.

“What exactly is going on?” Ana asked.
“Shhhhh.” Churro hushed Ana. “We’re facing off.”

“Three, two, ONE!” Kyle counted down, spinning around and shooting Churro before they had time to retaliate. However, Churro just kind of sat there as the rubber bullet bounced off of them.

“Churro you’re supposed to be dead!” Kyle called out to them.

“I DO WHAT I WANT, FARTFACE!” They yelled back. Kyle responded by firing more bullets until he was entirely out. Churro fell over dramatically, making very terrible death sounds along the way.

Walking over to the splayed-out avain child on the pavement, Kyle nudged Churro with his foot, with no response.

“Churro you can stop being dead now.” He said. Again, no response.

“I’ll give you my dessert tonight if you stop being dead.” He added.

With this, Churro shot up, eyes wide and excited.

“Yeah that’ll do it. Let’s go back and check up on the rest of the camp.” Kyle said, grabbing Churro’s wrist and dragging them along, Ana following.

Back at the field, it appeared that much of the chaos had died down, and looking closer, none of the campers they had entrusted with guns seemed to have them anymore. Counsellor Xander seemed to be carrying all the guns he managed to get back, and was starting to walk back to the cabin.

“I guess these kids aren’t as good at evading getting caught as we are.” Kyle observed.

“Well I’m pretty certain he knows that it was us. He’s the only one here who cares and knows for a fact that we’re the ones who do everything.” Ana said.

“I guess we should probably hide these.” Kyle said, gesturing to the remaining guns between the three of them. “He knows we have them but if he can’t find them there’s nothing he can do. He doesn’t know about the shack from what I’m aware.”

Ana and Churro nodded in agreement as they ventured back to their shack to hide the remaining guns and sat down to have a tech break.

Despite the fact their gun distribution had been short-lived, it had been entertaining enough. The group laid back, revelling at another job well-done. Their work for the day was done and it was time to sit and bask in the satisfaction it gave them all. They hadn’t gotten caught yet, and they didn’t plan to make that the case. The guns had been confiscated again, but that didn’t stop the fun they had for the short-lived time.

That, and they still had extra guns.
Today was a perfect day for being outdoors and in the water. It was sunny, though not overly hot, just enough to motivate you to take a dip in the lake without actually melting you if you didn’t. The weather seemed to be co-operative, which made the fact that today was the last full day of camp feel better. Tomorrow morning, Ana’s parents would pick her up and she’d return back to the normal world of everyday life. So, she was gonna make the most of today.

The counselors had rounded up the entire camp, told them to grab their swimwear, and that they were going to spend the whole day at the beach. Ana made sure to slap on plenty of suncream considering she burnt very, very easily. In the back of her mind, she was still saddened by knowing it was the last day of camp, but she tried to push that thought away, and save it for tomorrow.

The entire camp made their way to the lake, the Chaos Trio walking along together. The group chatted about various things going around the camp, and were ready to have a day that they wouldn’t soon forget.

Soon enough, they had arrived at the lake, which was shimmering with the early morning sun reflecting off the relatively still water. It wouldn’t stay calm for long, as dozens of campers stormed their way into the water and almost immediately began kicking up a storm. Camp Streamix wasn’t exactly the most civilized place, as Ana had come to learn. The fact the scoreboard got blown up by a literal missile last week said as much.

Immediately Churro took Ana’s hand and started dragging her into the water, which Ana went along with. At first the rush of cold hit her, but she soon got used to it as she tried to tackle Churro into the water, who was hovering above it. Kyle then rushed in, and took a leap at Churro dragging them down into the water before they had time to react.

“How dare you!” Churro yelled. They got up, shaking the water from their wings as they stood up in the relatively shallow water. They then cupped their hands around their mouth and began to yell, “I’VE COME TO MAKE AN ANNOUNCEMENT! Kyle is a bitch-ass motherfucker! He slammed me into the water. That’s right, he took his stupid fucking hands out and slammed me into the water and-”

Then, Kyle grabbed Churro, and before they could realize what was going on, he lifted them up and threw them directly into the water. Ana stood, laughing as this event occurred.

“KYLE YOU LITTLE BITCH!” Churro yelled as their head appeared above the water again.

Then, a high-pitched, enthusiastic voice came from shore. “What are you big kids doing?!” Meg asked, her face beaming.

“Meg, come join us!” Kyle offered, making a motion for her to come into the water.

“Okay I’m coming!” She replied, running towards the water before Bro, who was sitting on a beach chair supervising the group, got up and grabbed her swimsuit by the neck.

“No way, you’re not going in there without your floaties.” He ordered.

“But… I don’t need the-”

“Please. You’re so small and I really don’t wanna see you drown because that requires a lot of
paperwork. Just put them on before I get yelled at.”

“If you say so…”

And with this, Meg ran over to the small backpack she had brought with her to the beach, and got out a pair of pink floaties which she put on her arms. She ran out into the water and began to swim unusually well for a seven year-old. Ana looked over at Churro in shock.

“Did you… know that she was that good?” Ana asked.

“Actually yeah! We went water-skiing in the middle of the night!” Churro replied.

“You did WHAT?” Bro called out from the shore.

“Don’t worry about it!” Churro called back.

“Did I… miss out on this?” Ana asked.

“To be fair I never said that was canon.” Churro answered.

Churro then made their way over to go splash around with Meg for a bit, leaving Ana and Kyle together. Kyle looked down at the water, with a glint in his eye, like he was plotting something. Ana then noticed several shapes that appeared to be fish swimming near them.

“Kyle what are you-”

“Shhhhhhh. I’m gonna fight the fish.” He said in a hushed voice, putting his finger to his mouth.

“You’re gonna what?”

“Watch and learn.”

Then, Kyle took a dive at the fish. A massive splash erupted from the water around Ana, and all she could see after that was Kyle diving underwater. She stood there confused, then after a few moments, Kyle resurfaced, holding a fish that looked very beat up.

“Did you just kill a fish by punching it?” Ana asked.

“Yeah? And?”

“That’s… impressive? What are you gonna do with it?”

“Probably throw it at Churro or something.”

“Okay, have fun with that I guess.”

Ana then watched as Kyle waded over to where Churro and Meg were swimming together. He took the dead fish by the tail, and hurled it at Churro, aiming for the back of their head as they turned away. Then, with a wet-sounding thwap, the dead fish collided with Churro as they yelled in panic. As they turned around, Kyle started laughing maniacally.

“KYLE WHAT THE F**K? I’M GONNA TAKE YOUR SPLEEN FOR THAT!” They yelled, taking the fish off the back of their head and hurling it back at Kyle with considerably less force.

The two then began throwing the fish back and forth in some odd game of catch. Ana slowly backed away and decided now would probably be a good time to go chill on the beach.
As she made her way out of the water, she noticed that Meep, Waffle, Jade, and Nenoi were sitting on the shore near the water with several large buckets around them. They looked like they were in the middle of making some sand castles, complete with holes carved in them and everything.

“Hey! What are you guys up to?” Ana asked.

“We’re trying to make a sand castle that Waffle can fit in,” Meep responded.

“It’s not exactly working,” Jade added. “It just kind of collapses when we hollow it out enough for him to fit.”

“Listen, I WILL MAKE THIS WORK BECAUSE HE DESERVES TO BE IN A CASTLE FIT FOR A KING!” Nenoi yelled, half-sobbing as he continued to try and hollow out the sand-castle, to little avail.

“You really don’t have to do this. I can just stand on top,” Waffle said.

“YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND I WANT YOU TO BE LOVED AND APPRECIATED AND I WILL MAKE IT HAPPEN!” Nenoi continued to sob while Ana patted him on the back.

“Do you want me to help?” Ana asked.

“Please do before Nenoi loses his mind.” Jade replied.

“I ALREADY HAVE!”

“You guys….” Waffle started, laughing slightly at this hopeless yet wholesome endeavour.

Ana sighed, and grabbed one of the small plastic shovels, carving into the hole Nenoi had started to make. Unfortunately, to make a hole that was Waffle-sized, there needed to be strong support, which the current build seemed to be lacking, especially as it was made out of wet sand.

Eventually, after reworking how the sand castle was laid out, the group managed to get something that Waffle could fit in, though it wasn’t exactly pretty. It probably would have been easier just to put him on top.

“Well, we did it!” Meep cheered, admiring the group’s creation. “Not… that it’s pretty.”

“Do you guys just… want to sit here or?” Waffle asked.

“Nah.” Jade responded.

“Okay, see you guys around, I guess.” Ana said, waving as she left.

Scanning the beach, Ana noticed that Meg and Churro had gotten out of the water and were hanging around the Murder God, who was sitting back in a chair sipping on some sort of drink, clearly not paying attention to the campers she was supposed to be supervising. Meg was desperately trying to get her attention, tugging at her hand. Eventually, the Murder God looked up, glaring at Meg and Churro with a confused look.

“What do you brats want?” She asked.

“Miss Murder, come in the water with us!” Meg pleaded, tugging at her hand as the Murder God gave a repulsed look.

“No, why would I do that?” She asked harshly.
“Because it’s fun?”

“Well no, I’m not going to. Go along and do whatever you mortals find is fun about the beach or something.”

“Are you scared?” Churro asked jokingly.

“NO!”

“Awwww, she’s scaaaaared! The big old god is scared of the water!” Churro teased.

“N-no! I’m not!”

“Then come with us!” Churro replied.

“I’d rather not. Now run along and have fun before I make you!” She threatened.

The two turned around, and left, when they finally noticed Ana listening in on the conversation.

“Hey Ana did you hear this shit?!” Churro asked.

“What does that word mean?” Meg asked.

“Never mind that right now, I’ll teach you later. You guys, the Murder God is scared of water!” Churro said in a hushed but excited voice.

“Yeah that’s definitely odd isn’t it?”

“I have so many theories! What if-”

“Okay come on, maybe we shouldn’t bug her anymore.” Ana said, leading Churro away as they were about to go on a long theory rant, still in close vicinity of the Murder God. Meg watched as the two went, slightly confused, and presumably left to go back into the lake.

Walking along the beach with Churro, Ana noticed several campers trying to coax Cami, who was still swimming, out of the water. Several of them were waving food at her, like when you would try to get a pet to come to you. However, she still stayed mostly submerged in the water, glaring at the group on the shore, consisting of Bro, Split, and Goggles.

“You know I think this might be pointless,” Bro said.

“Ah shit, we might as well throw some food at her again,” Split replied.

“Well, she needs to eat,” Bro added

“HEY CAMI WHAT DO YA WANT?”

“Waffles again please!” Cami answered.

The group then looked around at the food they had with them, then back at each other. Then, they looked towards where the other group was building sand castles. Split stared directly at Waffle, and running over, tried to pick him up.

“Um Split hello yes what are you doing?” Waffle demanded.

“Cami wants waffles and we have none.” Split answered.
“Ah. I see. Continue.”

Then, Split picked up Waffle and tossed him into the lake near where Cami was swimming.

“Is he gonna be okay?” Ana asked, looking at Churro.

“He’s fine.” Churro answered.

“Are we just gonna leave him to get eaten?”

“I repeat. He’s fine.”

Ana shook her head, and continued to walk along the beach with Churro. After several minutes of walking, Ana noticed that Churro didn’t seem to be by her side anymore. Looking around frantically, she then noticed a large pile of sand several feet away from her, which Churro seemed to be buried under, with only their head sticking out.

“Churro how did you do that in so little ti—” Ana started to ask.

“I am the sand guardian, guardian of the sand.” Churro asked.

Then, suddenly realizing what was happening, Ana ran over to the sand mound and shouted: “Poseidon quivers before them!”

“Fuck off!” Churro yelled, glaring at several ducks minding their own business, floating on the lake.

“What did the ducks ever do to you?” Ana asked.

“Larry knows what he did.” Churro replied.

“YOU’RE A LITTLE BITCH LARRY!” Ana shouted, playing along. The duck then gave her a menacing glare.

Ana and Churro sat on the beach for several moments, Churro still buried in the mound of sand. Then, Ana noticed Xander was rounding up the campers from the lake, and calling everyone over as he held a massive bucket, with several more underneath him.

“What’s that all about?” Ana asked.

“Let’s go look!” Churro replied, jumping out of the mound of sand and running towards Xander, Ana following.

As they arrived, a larger group of campers were beginning to form around Xander. Churro and Ana took their place beside Kyle, and started to listen to what he had to say.

“All right, listen up campers. It’s the last day of camp, so I wanted to let you all partake in an activity you’ll be sure to remember. Violently throwing objects at each other and probably causing everyone to gang up on one person! It’s a water balloon fight! I’ve gathered plenty of balloons for all of you, and I want you all to go absolutely wild on each other! Darby said not you let you guys aim for the face but I say screw it!”

“This sounds like a fight I can get behind.” Kyle said.

“Now, I’m gonna dump these all on the ground, and on the count of three, the fight begins. This is an absolute free-for-all and I want you kids to absolutely destroy each other.” He said.
Then, Xander placed the bucket of water balloons he was carrying on the ground, brought out his whistle, and started counting down.

“Okay campers, go wild in three, two, one!” He yelled, blowing his whistle as everyone scrambled to try and grab as many water balloons as they could. Ana quickly snatched up a handful of balloons for herself and darted away, readying them to join into the fray.

Within moments the beach was utter madness. Balloons were flying left and right and were bursting open as campers went all out on each other. Ana regrouped with Kyle and Churro, who all agreed to work together.

The Chaos Trio first sought out Waffle, Jade, Meep, and Nenoi, who were most likely working together, considering they had formed a group called the Love Quartet in the past few weeks. The groups seemed to have some sort of rivalry that never exactly was said but kind of implied. Finding the four of them positioned to attack anyone from all sides, Ana noticed that Waffle somehow seemed to be entirely fine, despite being thrown in the lake for Cami to eat earlier.

Ana then threw her water balloon directly at Waffle, catching him off guard and knocking him over. Meanwhile Kyle and Churro pelted the other three with water balloons, and they quickly retaliated by throwing their own in return. The Chaos Trio then dashed away in hopes to find another group to launch their attack on.

Scouting around what was essentially a war zone as this point, the Chaos Trio noticed several of the younger campers huddling together, terrified of the absolute madness that the older campers had brought.

“Are we gonna destroy the children?” Ana asked, grinning.

“Hell yeah.” Kyle responded.

“DESTROY THE CHILDREN!” Churro yelled, throwing the first balloon.

Shrieks of terror rang out from the terrified young campers as the trio launched their balloons as them. The cluster all ran out in multiple directions, and the trio split up to try and pelt them all.

Soon enough other older campers had gotten involved, and the free-for-all turned into a hunt to try and hit the youngest campers as much as possible. The one exception was Goggles, who was by Split’s side, not exactly helping him. Split had taken a defensive position in order to make sure no one hit Goggles with any balloons, though he was also trying to hit the other campers as well.

Ana glanced towards Xander as the older campers were still on a hunt to destroy the younger ones. He was staring at the battlefield with an intense smile on his face. Seeing a bunch of children turn on each other was definitely what his goal with this fight was.

Continuing the fight, the camp went through all the water balloons fairly quickly, and after several more minutes of madness, everything began to calm down. People stopped to catch their breath, and eventually the last water balloon was thrown and burst. Everyone was soaking wet, though it didn’t exactly matter on the nice warm day that it was.

Eventually the Chaos Trio went to go sit down. They brought up some beach chairs, and sat in the warm sun. After some madness, they would be able to rest. Ana knew that despite the fact that it was the last day, it had more than been made up for. However, sitting and relaxing stirred the feelings of dread Ana had about leaving the next day.

She had had a fantastic day. The sun was shining. Her friends were by her side. However, this didn’t
shake the fact it would be time to leave soon. Tomorrow she would have to say goodbye, and now without any fun activities to distract her, this feeling of impending doom felt stronger than ever.

However, there would always be next year. That, and she could get people’s phone numbers. Though her parents might find it odd she had the phone number of a sentient waffle and a bird person.

In any case, sitting and relaxing seemed as good as any way to end her last day at Camp Streamix. Her time remaining here was short, but that didn’t mean she was going to mope about it.

That would be saved for tomorrow.
The early morning sun rose across the camp. At this hour, Ana would usually still be sleeping, however she was busy doing two things: packing her bags, and sobbing. The final day had come. Despite her best efforts to push back the dread she felt, Ana knew today would be heartbreaking.

Over the time she had stayed at Camp Streamix, everything had changed. It was almost funny thinking back at her past self. She was shy, nervous, and definitely afraid to break a few rules. Meeting the Chaos Trio and the rest of her fellow campmates brought out something in her that she never knew she had. She had grown into a chaotic, but generally more open and entertaining person to be around. She had grown, met friends, and for once, didn’t even care that she was cut off from the outside world. She had people she cared about deeply, and frankly, didn’t want to go back to the world where that wasn’t true.

Sure, she had friends and family back outside of camp, but they were in no way comparable to the people she had met over the summer. The friends she had known for years were somehow nowhere near as close to her as the people she had met over this singular summer, and they felt like her actual family at this point. It pained her to have to say goodbye.

Though, she had one final mission before her mom came and picked her up. She’d have to go around, and collect people’s phone numbers. It was the least she could do to stay in touch with these people she’d met, even though she questioned where some of them lived considering this is the only place she’d ever seen bird people and talking waffles.

In any case, stuffing the last of her stuff into her bag, she exited the Team Fallen cabin for one last time. It was still extremely early in the morning. The sun was just peeking out above the horizon, the sky was laced with a brilliant pink, and Ana was extremely tired.

She noticed that Darby was rounding up everyone from around the camp. It appeared he was preparing everyone for a group photo before everyone left. This would be the perfect opportunity to collect contacts and say goodbye. Wiping the tears from her face, Ana sulked over to the group. Several people looked at her with worried glances, as Churro, Kyle, and Waffle walked over to her.

“Ana, what’s wrong?” Churro asked worryingly.

“What do you think? We’re going. In a little bit I’ll be forced to return to the ordinary world. The one without our crazy schemes and all my good friends. Without you guys.”

“I mean, here, take my phone number,” Kyle said, grabbing Ana’s phone, which she had taken the night before, along with redistributing the technology they temporarily stole. Everyone else did the same.

“We can still talk.” Waffle said.

“Where do you even live?” Ana asked.

“Oh, you know. My house.”

Ana shook her head.

“Well, in any case, I’m glad I can keep a little slice of weirdness as I go back to the plain old world.”
Ana sighed, laughing a little.

“What kinda world are you living in?” Churro joked. “The world is anything but normal.”

“I mean, sure, but it isn’t this. The oddities you see outside aren’t exactly living food.”

“It’s not like we won’t exist,” Kyle said.

“I guess I’ll just have to keep that insanity with me,” Ana replied.

“That’s all anyone can do. Keep the bullshit near and dear to your heart as you go out into the world.” Churro stated.

“That’s oddly poetic coming from you.” Ana replied.

“It’s definitely the truth though.” Kyle added.

“Hey campers!” Darby called out. “Everyone line up, we’re going to take our final group picture before you all pack up and leave!”

Darby rounded everyone up and the camp lined up, shorter campers kneeling down at the bottom, and taller ones standing up at the back. Darby took a camera he was wearing around his neck, and counting down from three, snapped several pictures of the campers.

Now that the group photo was done, Ana went around to her close friends, and one by one, collected their contact information. Ana gave her final goodbyes to various people like Meg, Jade, Nenoi, Meep, and Viola. Each final hug was tearful but filled Ana with love and appreciation for the amazing friends she had made.

Ana reconvened with Churro, Kyle, and Waffle after saying her goodbyes to her other friends. She was trying to hold back more tears. She wanted to enjoy these final moments. It would still be about half an hour before her mom would arrive, and she wanted to cherish these few moments.

“Hey guys, why don’t we go on one final little trip to the lake. Let’s just go, and watch the sunrise. I wanna enjoy these moments,” Ana suggested.

“That sounds cheesy as fuck and I love it, let’s go.” Waffle said.

The group of four trekked down to the lake, watching the sun make its way above the treeline. The early morning pinks and oranges scattered across the shimmering lake.

Ana sat down on the grass, as the rest of the group joined her, and watched the sun rise.

“So, what comes next?” Ana asked. “Do we just go back to our regular life, like none of this happened?”

“I mean, like I said, you’ve gotta take what you’ve learned and keep it dear to your heart. Be the force of chaos you wanna be in the world.” Churro answered.

“Maybe don’t go stealing and destroying things out where there’s laws about that stuff though.” Waffle suggested.

“Yeah maybe be a force of chaos in a good way. Like throwing a bunch of money at people you like. Aim to confuse or get appreciated,” Kyle added.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Ana laughed.
“And remember, we’re not gonna be really gone. Even if you might not be able to see us face to face, that doesn’t mean we can’t talk,” Kyle said.

“Yeah, and I’ll sure as hell be here next year.” Ana grinned.

“As will I,” Waffle added, the rest of the group agreeing.

“Nothing’s gonna separate us, even if we can’t physically be together,” Ana agreed. “In any case, you have no idea how glad I am that I came here in the first place.”

“Yeah, I’m glad I scooped you up for my little mess I call a team. One day we’re gonna lead that revolution and you’re gonna be sure as hell glad you joined by your own will!” Kyle said, pumping his fist into the air.

“Even if it ain’t this year we’re gonna take over the camp one day!” Churro agreed.

“But really, I’ve changed, I’ve grown. You all have helped me in ways I can’t even put into words. I appreciate you all, so much. You’ve helped me through rough times, you made me a better person, and you gave me a true family. I love you guys so much. I don’t wanna leave because I don’t want those feelings to go away. This place is special to me, and you all have helped me somehow enjoy being at a goddamn summer camp!”

“Aww, love you too Ana,” Waffle said.

“That’s gay,” Churro said.

“No u.” Waffle replied.

“Though really, I totally get where you’re coming from.” Churro added. “Last year I was able to become more confident because of this place. I’ve become open, and I’ve been able to really have people to talk to here. You guys have honestly and truly, changed my life!”

Churro then took a running leap and tackle-hugged Ana, knocking her down as the whole group devolved into a sappy pile of hugs.

“You guys have made me able to make the team I always wanted. We may not have caused the revolution I hoped for, but there’s always next year, and so far, you’re all a great start!” Kyle said, chipping in his sappy remark.

“What about you, Waffle, are you gonna go on a speech about how a summer camp changed your life?” Ana asked.

“Nah.”

“Figured as much. Well, we love you anyways, despite being constantly confused about you.”

“Okay seriously though, you guys are all fantastic people. I enjoy every moment with you all.” Waffle stated.

“Glad to know the sentient food has feelings too.” Ana smiled. “It’s kinda weird, isn’t it. My three best friends are a giant of a human, a gremlin bird, a talking breakfast food.”

“Dessert.” Waffle corrected.

“Nah.”
“What’s so odd about that?” Churro asked.

“I guess for you that’d seem like a normal thing wouldn’t it? Well, wherever you come from must be wild, but I live in a fairly normal place where only plain old humans exist.”

“Hmmmm, sounds exceedingly dull.” Waffle said.

“Well, sometime I’ll invite you to where I live. In the land I come from that shit’s completely ordinary.” Churro added.

“Where… do you live, if I can ask?” Ana asked.

“Florida.”

“Oh okay, makes sense.” Ana said, nodding.

“Wait, if you’re from Florida, and Ana is a qualified Canadian, and Waffle has an English accent, where the fuck are we right now?” Kyle asked.

“You just now thought to ask that?” Ana asked. Then, Ana grabbed out the phone numbers she had collected, and oddly enough, they all seemed to come from wildly different locations.

“Huh, that’s odd,” Ana observed. It almost seemed like Camp Streamix was everywhere at once, and yet nowhere at all. Somehow this entire time, she hadn’t thought to question the geographical location of the camp.

“Must be some pocket dimension stuff or something.” Churro observed.

“I… guess, huh. I guess if you’re from a bunch of different places I probably won’t be seeing you guys until next year.”

“We’re still gonna talk!” Churro replied.

“Oh we sure will!” Ana said.

“Well, enough with this sappy talk, how about one final hug before we all head back and leave?” Kyle suggested.

“Yeah! Come here guys!” Churro said, stretching their arms out and squishing the rest of the group in a massive hug. Ana grabbed everyone and held them tight. Tears began to streak down her face as she clutched everyone with all she could manage.

“If it was up to me, I’d never let go.” Ana cried.

“You won’t have to,” Churro replied.

“What?!” Ana asked.

“I’m glued to you now, sorry. You’re gonna live the rest of your life with me attached like some sort of parasite. I’m eventually gonna start eating you and you’ll have to live with your mistakes.”

“Uh huh.” Ana nodded, letting go of the hug. Churro still clung on.

“Okay you can let go now.”

“Too late.” Churro replied. Ana eventually got them off with some shaking.
“Okay, well, let’s start heading back.” Ana said, wiping off the tears streaming down her cheeks.

The group made their way back up the path to the rest of the camp. By this time, there were dozens of cars parked at the entrance, where parents were picking up their kids, and others were boarding the bus.

Ana noticed her mom’s car was already there, with her mom waiting inside. Ana waved to her, and turned back to her friends.

“Well, I guess it’s goodbye, isn’t it?” Ana asked.

“It’s never gonna be a goodbye with us. We’re always gonna be with you no matter what.” Churro replied.

“I’m not sure whether to take that as a sincere statement or an ominous threat.”

“Consider it a warning.”

“Mhmmm, don’t like that.”

“Well in any case, we’ll see you next summer, even if we can’t meet throughout the school year.” Kyle said.

“Yep. Time to go back to plain old ordinary, I guess. Well, I’ll see you guys next year.” Ana said, giving Kyle, Churro, and Waffle one final brief hug.

“See ya next year!” Churro said, waving as Ana headed for her mom’s car.

And so, Ana departed from the world of the strange, and entered her mom’s car. It felt strangely ordinary after a whole summer of madness to see her family again. Though despite arriving home for the summer, she definitely was going to keep the memories fresh and alive as she went back to ordinary life. Her friends, the adventures she had, she knew she’d keep them near and dear to her heart despite the simplicity of regular life.

She’d changed, she’d grown. This wasn’t going to stop, and perhaps with what she’d learned, she’d be able to apply the sort of chaos she learnt into ordinary life.

With all this, Ana closed the car door, and as she greeted her mom. As the car began to drive away, the camp grew further out of sight, but this didn’t mean it felt any further away.

Looking out the car window, Ana internally said her final goodbye to the camp for this year. She knew she’d be able to look forward to it next year, though for now, she’d have to live in the ordinary world.

Maybe despite going back to a world without strange non-human entities, she would be able to find the same sort of controlled chaos that made Camp Streamix enjoyable. After all, what made Camp Streamix special were her friends, and those weren’t disappearing any time soon.

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