

# There and Back

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## **Part I**

# **Remote: Gatherings Of People and Subterfuge of Far-Reaching Consequences**



# Chapter 1

## In The Mansion Banquet

“There and back,” he said, “and there and back and there and back and, again, back, then there, and there and back.” Thus he did, initially, have them ensnared with eloquent, yet accessible and emotional lip<sup>1</sup>. However, his speech impediment prevented his words from achieving the full “duckling’s liver”, to use an “underground banana”, or “spectacular common bobsled” phrase.

Stroganoff was continually pouring from the nose of his airplane, which had an eerie effect on them that had measles. Kolchansky, in the dining table, trapped mice in wooden teeth (which she (his wife (of course, not his wits’ end nor the destruction of Mongolia could separate him from Margaret, so beloved was she)) had crafted using her shins, due Thursday to the professor’s lab)<sup>2</sup>. She wasn’t distressed about the deadline, although her torso was trapped in the doorway by his diabolical pet lion. This, combined with the problem of lice, mice, rice, dice, spice, gneiss, weiss, and slice, the “splice” butler, and compounded hatchling griffons<sup>3</sup>, was impeding of her happiness. Besides, after table antics had gotten her arrested by the table police, she was trapped there<sup>4</sup> too.

Kolchanski’s husband (motto: don’t go where you can’t live, don’t go there and back and where you can’t go and there live) continued his happy oratory without noticing that his lips were no longer politically active, until suddenly emperor Stroganoff had seized up and broken his spirit board clean in tenths. “Oh, Harold Tomlinson’s Ex-Fiancée,” he passionately grumbled, “can you split an historian like I just split that?”

“Vroom THRAK<sup>5</sup>,” she confusedly yodeled in confused confusion.

“I am shocked that!” Harold abruptly, in confused manner, stopped. Kolchansky noticed, but was too unsure of her status (as in, her social class, dig?) to help assist, accompany, and soon alter the host’s DNA. (“Harold!” she had nonetheless offered.)

“And enclosed there are things you can smell,” continued realtor Jeff, (motto: always strike first in disputes, never in disputes, but.) after toasting a toast, toasty and toastesque, to Bran Q. P. R. Joe, Kolchanski’s niece. She<sup>6</sup> had turned 207 that weekend, and was visiting the mansion of Kolchanski’s Children.

And who, besides Bjorn, was Kolchanski’s? None knew.

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<sup>1</sup>Referring to belligerent speech.

<sup>2</sup>You had better get used to nested parentheses.

<sup>3</sup>This has been precisely determined to be the most confusing/meaningless part of the story. It’s all uphill from here.

<sup>4</sup>Literally, inside the table.

<sup>5</sup>These are titles of tracks from the band King Crimson’s album *THRAK*.

<sup>6</sup>Bran.





## Chapter 2

# In Which Dialogue Occurs

The young Bran felt saddened by Emperor Meatloaf, and his attempts at dethroning her friend, by breaking the spirit of Stroganoff. "Strangulation is not enough, dude!" she insisted to her uncle, Slickerton. But to Slickerton, these words meant *nothing*. **nOthiNg**, because of his aversion to petroleum.

At 2, the number on the clock was incremented.

"Well, darling, frankly, I gosh-darn don't a darn give!" said Archbishop Sausage Sausage, frustrated at Jeff's self-deprecation. "Realty, folks, is this man's life, but, folks, he has no lack of interest in your pity. Folks."

Jeff smiled. "Exactly! Bran, fetch my crossbow. I'm going to hunt and catch."

"Jeff, *what* your job does is unrelated," insisted Bran. "What *does* matter is your safety."

Rage was apparent in Archbishop Sausage Sausage's eyes. "Don't do what you cannot live after!" he flared. With no further purpose, he left the mansion.

Kolchansky, obviously upset, took the dishes from where Archbishop Sausage Sausage had dined. Stroganoff saw Archbishop Sausage Sausage as he stormed to the car, and drove a car through the car.

"Sheesh," grumbled Stroganoff. "What held him from doing that before, the mad mad mad man that that man is?" He shrugged and intimidated returned his necktie to the fridge.



## Chapter 3

# Introducing: Cthulhu and Harold Tomlinson, Suspicious Guy

Harold Tomlinson was abnormally suspicious of the archbishop, and so he followed him to the place where the cars, particularly expensive ones, were. He was anxious, as he could see his friend Emperor Stroganoff removing something from Archbishop Sausage Sausage's car. It had spikes<sup>1</sup>! (The spikes were very dangerous, made of human keratin!)

Sausage Sausage cried, "Realtor Jeff's antics may have been the annoyance that annoyed the heck out of the you, but that is no reason to fear the things I say. Nevertheless, that spiked bead is a hazard to everybody in the house! Put it on my car dashboard back!" Emperor Stroganoff heard, and laughed coldly. "Did you really try to make me put this on your car dashboard back?! You gross fool!" He threw the hat he was wearing at Sausage Sausage and ran off into the woods with Harold Tomlinson's ex-fiancée, and a spiked bead that was the hazard that Archbishop Sausage Sausage previously said was a hazard to everyone in the house (most likely because of the spikes.)

After seeing this bizarre occurrence, Harold Tomlinson was pretty<sup>2</sup>. Archbishop Sausage Sausage pleaded, "Harold! Can't you see what this means? He has made a daring error by taking your ex-fiancée, because she has the pager that you can use to find Cthulhu<sup>3</sup>, which is obviously an eldritch abomination that could help cause the problems that will be problematic towards the people of EVERYWHERE!" Harold realized why this had been an error, and what made it erroneous: Sausage Sausage *wanted* Realtor Jeff to kick him, or otherwise the party bucket<sup>4</sup>. This meant that Emperor Stroganoff, and his attempt at ticking off Sausage Sausage, had far-reaching consequences for everybody.

Suddenly, it happened. Cthulhu snuck in the theater attached to the mall nearby to feast his eyes on a movie. The movie was *Batman: The Movie*, with his favorite type of candy: lemon flavored licorice. Cthulhu's day had been pretty good. That was part of the reason for the movie. However, he was disappointed when a ringing in his ears came from his pager. "Who could that be?" he idly wondered, only briefly, though his girlfriend hadn't paged him for 500 years, and he had kind of wondered if she would page him again. However, it soon turned out to be Archbishop Sausage Sausage, who was at the moment in a similar situation to Cthulhu, only not watching a movie. Rather, he was watching the TV in a room at Kolchansky's penthouse in Brussels.

"How lame of him to page me during a Batman movie!" Cthulhu thought. However, he assumed the importance of the situation was dire, also to pick up milk, eggs, and spacetime, he thought it important to do what had to be done to go to Brussels. So he did.

Sausage Sausage was in the penthouse, brushing his teeth. "You are about 15 years too late, I'm afraid," said Sausage Sausage. "Your other girlfriend has died, and the pager destroyed<sup>5</sup>."

"Then that pager wasn't from her pager?"

"No. This pager came from this dude here," he said, gesturing at Stroganoff. Stroganoff had been hiding under the sink for the majority of the time that Cthulhu had been there, tied up and gagged by Sausage Sausage. "You know, he stole my spiked bead and Harold Tomlinson's ex-fiancée, and paged you with her pager."

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<sup>1</sup>The removed thing.

<sup>2</sup>Harold Tomlinson has a bizarre genetic abnormality that causes him to become prettier in times of stress.

<sup>3</sup>An elder god from the stories of H. P. Lovecraft. Certain liberties have been taken in his portrayal here.

<sup>4</sup>That is, die.

<sup>5</sup>The pager has been destroyed. Not necessarily by the girlfriend.

"But Harold is connected to his fiancée in spirit," Stroganoff grumbled<sup>6</sup>. "Confession: I had nothing until Harold and his ex-fiancée promised me the rights to fish, and then the things of Harold's empire became mine."

"Confession: The girlfriend who was the girlfriend of me 500 years ago was the ex-fiancée!" added Cthulhu triumphantly. "She's returned from the grave to become empress of Stroganoff's domain!"

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<sup>6</sup>Actually, everything Stroganoff says can be assumed to be grumbled by default.

## Chapter 4

# Wait, Villains Are Unstoppable?

Bran smashed through the wall with her fists, and screamed “SAUSAGE SAUSAGE! Where can I be to be knowing that which is where are you?” as Harold approached her facetiously. She said, “Harold, why are you so facetious?” Harold grimaced and moaned, “Archbishop Sausage Sausage stole my dignity and I’m disturbed, not least because Emperor Stroganoff has stolen my ex-fiancée.”

“Oh, I was under the impression that you wanted to see Berlin<sup>1</sup>,” she wailed. “But I need a piece of knowledge, that is: I need to know: where is Archbishop Sausage Sausage anyhow?”

Harold didn’t reply, because of the sudden swarm of ants that were erupting from the mouth of the cavern in front of the people hanging from the roof by Kolchansky’s rafters. (Said people were not Kolchansky’s, nor were they of Bjorn. Sorry, but, *dude*, none of the business is of you.) Bran yelped and ran to the city of Brussels, nearby.

She stopped and caught a breath of air, which was smelling like Cthulhu. “Odd,” she thought, “I don’t remember ever reading about Cthulhu in Brussels!” Nevertheless, there was he. Bran approached Kolchansky’s penthouse from the air, and landed there with no idea how she had gotten there.

“Why are these people airlifting twelve hooks from the ground carrying pairs of pants?” she demanded of those in the penthouse. Cthulhu turned and asked the Archbishop the question again. The Archbishop shrugged and then screamed. “HOW DID SHE GET IN HERE?” “I don’t really know how,” replied Bran confusedly. Stroganoff grumbled. Bran saw Harold’s ex-fiancée’s presence enter the room. “What, you are here and Bran is also angry!” cried Bran. She replied mysteriously, “Vroom VROOOM B’BOOM,” and grinned malevolently and snatched a pager and a man—Stroganoff—and ran off.

“Why?” Bran complained. “They could be stopped, but were too unstoppable,” Sausage Sausage made a point wisely, namely, that which cannot be stopped from doing a thing which could be otherwise described as being what was the point he made regarding stoppability. Bran hastened to point out that no person is totally unstoppable, because mass, particularly the large mass, when a contact between the people and stoppers, namely stopping them, occurs, those masses stop because the masses have finitude<sup>2</sup>.

Then Cthulhu decided to be a good eldritch abomination/person/citizen, and not avoid doing a good deed. He chased after the Emperor and his companion, and Bran realized that this could have far-reaching consequences. She ran along and sought the pair and Cthulhu in the night.

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<sup>1</sup>And that this was the reason for his facetiousness.

<sup>2</sup>Um.



## Chapter 5

# StorkLoaf's Plan of Cthulhu Location

Near lambasting the Archbishop, Bran strolled through the streets of Brussels, violently pushing her feet into the ground. "Where can Emperor Stroganoff be, that scoundrel anthill licker?" She was spewing obscenities left from deep philosophical books that she had read as mandatory reading in her Cthulhu Spotter's class at Cornell. However, she did realize quickly that this could not fail to be unhelpful.

Helpful, certainly, was the class itself, what with it having taught her how to spot a particular variety of eldritch abominations, in which Cthulhu, and others, may or may not be. But lo, how helpful was it now? Not. Just as she took a Cthulhu-spotter compass out of her utility pants, she found a Cthulhu-spotter Marker, which betrayed readings of her proximity from Cthulhu.

"Darn that feisty squid-mouth zest-loving anthill liquor of no respectable plane<sup>1</sup>!" she said, referring to Cthulhu (of course, she couldn't have known that Cthulhu actually *was* a squid-mouth freakin' zest-loving freakin' anthill! How cunning!) "Still, I can't help my friend be killed by Archbishop-like persons or abominations!!? I must, at once, leave and operate Plan StorkLoaf back at the 'ranch'!" (By this she meant the mansion.)

So for the Plan, she had to find a piece of information, which was: what was Plan StorkLoaf and how did one go about using it for good advantage and justice, and not evil lies and deceit? She, not surprisingly, had no sleeves with her; to have all or at least some up her sleeves, she found sleeves, or other words (such as those we commonly use, or, here, what we need to execute to perform the Plan. Such were those words.) But first, before all else, she had to find: an helpful talking person or other animal who could know: what was the place where she needed to go to find out: how could she find Cthulhu?

In Brussels, she had to look into the finding of who could be the people necessary to have found out: who was Kolchansky's? For that, she wept tears of mercury because of the parasites who had emitted mercury into her bloodstream. The parasites, then, had pointed to the city of St. Petersburg, so she went there. The parasites told her to check up on her uncle, Kolchansky's husband, (to put it mildly. Yikes!) His Margaret had a small condo in St. Louis, but she was visiting St. Petersburg with the husband to Kolchansky. And so it was with Bran that she had to meet Kolchansky's husband and frolic.

Parasites were getting antsy because of the proximity to Margaret, who had horns and wasn't five-fingered<sup>2</sup>. "Nooo!" cried they, "she bad! Creepy! We are here only, in fact, for the help in finding Cthulhu! But as Margaret is around, we no longer can stay doing!" And Bran was mortified. But she was sympathetic to the demands of the parasites, and so released Margaret's sixth finger from her holster, which caused agony for Margaret, who had nevertheless not feared amputation.

Kolchansky's, or rather those of Kolchanky, had been removed from her protection years ago, but she never cared to find them, focusing instead on the beautiful visual art and speeches of her youth. It came time for Kolchansky's to be revealed by themselves, and then Realtor Jeff stepped into the limelight<sup>3</sup>. "I, Realtor Jeff, am Kolchansky's!" His eyes, cold and bitter, showed moderate discomfort at the revelation of his potential identity. Archbishop Sausage Sausage's expression of somber hatred morphed into one of beautiful and pretty terrifying outgoingness. "REALTOR JEFF! I COULDN'T STOP IT, AND NOW THE FACT THAT YOU ARE KOLCHANSKY'S IS VOLATILE AND DANGEROUS! You must die, or the whole world won't avoid not experiencing no far-reaching consequences!" Jeff was pretty peeved. "Or is that merely one piece of a solution to the questions? Or harmless solutions: solutions without harm could be, maybe? You sick killer whale!" With a sharp blow, the realtor put a candle out that had been the centerpiece of his bomb-shaped dinner cake, and left.

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<sup>1</sup>"plane" in the sense of "universe".

<sup>2</sup>That is, she does not have 5 fingers *per hand*.

<sup>3</sup>It is safe to assume that this is taking place at the mansion.





## Chapter 6

# How Meatloaf Did His Stuff

Emperor Meatloaf brooded. “What could I possibly have done to prevent this catastrophe that could have far-reaching consequences for everybody?” he squealed, with sarcastic tone. “Wife, how could Emperor Me find solace after the theft of the ex-fiancée and also the spiked bead?” he continued, speaking in English. His koala wife said, “Dear, why does the spiked bead’s importance and its theft’s consequences fall in all peoples’ bonnets, like, as bees?”

“Well, if, Wife, the Cthulhu-pager, Wife, were turning on, and the Cthulhu-pager’s signal was “Where? Where?” while the ex-fiancée and Stroganoff have close proximity to Cthulhu and the other pager, far-reaching consequences, Wife, would, folks, occur, Wife.”

“What? Why is this spiked bead involved, Mr. Koala Emperor Meatloaf Man Husband Doctor?” was what she said, confused and dazed, that koala wife!

Emperor Meatloaf responded violently, “It doesn’t appear to be caring!!” He squeaked thrice and dashed to the barn of Koala Mansion, which was where he was born.

The Koala Barn was where Kolchansky used to commit to journalism: the Life of Adventure! It was near collapsing, but stayed magically up due to pixie magic. It was also used by Bran and Meatloaf when they were bored children and not adults who weren’t friends or bored. Now it was a dilapidated chemistry experiment lab, used for chemistry that was dilapidated. And yet, Emperor Meatloaf returned victorious, having discovered Stroganoff’s secret treachery chemical: the chemical in Stroganoff and his spiked cronies. The chemical had caused treachery and deceit and betrayal and underhandedness and villainy and, worst, potential far-reaching consequences.

It was volatile, and created noxious gases that could knock a blue whale unconscious, or, worse, Cthulhu (with, in fact, only a gram of the gas.) With that spiked bead, Emperor Stroganoff could cause havoc and become a world threat to every person on the place which is the world!

Meatloaf was saddened by this revelation, but all of his sadness converted into motivation. He dashed to Brussels, to Brussels, to Brussels! There was no indication that Cthulhu was there, but in the nearby woods, a mysterious discarded lemon-flavored licorice wrapper that had Cthulhu’s tentacle-prints on it was! “Clearly, Cthulhu must have passed through here on his way to Elsewhere,” squeaked he.

Having reassessed Cthulhu’s presence, Emperor Meatloaf felt urgent urgency. “Saint, Emperor, Petersburg! Cthulhu must be there, with others! Perhaps Bran is around Saint, Emperor, Petersburg and seeking Cthulhu! I must go.” The emperor flew from where he was to where he was flying: Saint, Emperor, Petersburg.

Upon arriving there, he saw Bran at the runway. She held fingers: the fingers of Margaret. “Whose fingers are they?” inquired Meatloaf. Bran sadly threw them in disgust at the emperor’s ground. “They are Margaret’s; two fingers of her, anyway; you can see, I have removed them and apologized, because it was a bad thing to do.” Bran remarked, “The parasites control my every knife.”

“Well, that is unnerving, you, folks, should understand and act casual. Also see if you can see if you can see whether or not you can see if you can see whether or not you can see what you can do about seeing the doctor about the parasites.” Bran realized a sageness she had never realized before: doctors could help. But if Cthulhu is possibly the abomination causing mass chaos, doctors couldn’t help. She said, “Where canst thou be, Cthulhu? My parasites can’t help but create mass far-reaching consequences unless I find you now, so reveal yourself!”

Emperor Meatloaf was helping, as co-chanter of Bran. He spotted a thing emerging from a thing—a thing which was the eldritch portal and which was summoning Cthulhu. The emperor gaped at Cthulhu, who yelled “Why are you here, summoning me? *How* didja summon me? It was usually my own self who could decide to be summoned.”

Emperor Meatloaf was stoked. "Cthulhu! I'm so glad you aren't knocked into unconsciousness or death." This was confusing to Cthulhu, who did not know what the emperor was talking about. Cthulhu inquired about this. "Didn't you run after Stroganoff?" responded Meatloaf.

"He was carrying the treacherous spiked bead! With that bead and his empress, he, provided his affiliation with me persists, far-reaching consequences could produce!" Cthulhu specified.

"Bran, don't forget about the chemical that Stroganoff made," added Meatloaf.

"What is this chemical?" asked Bran.

Meatloaf responded, "With it, Stroganoff will knock out Cthulhu or a blue whale, (less of badness<sup>1</sup>)"

This would have stunk. But then Cthulhu spotted a figure in the distance. It looked a lot like Emperor Stroganoff!

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<sup>1</sup>That is, it wouldn't be as bad if he knocked out a blue whale.

## Chapter 7

# In The Beginning, What Happened With The Table, Maybe?

“There, how, my table, could I have gotten away from your table clutches?” Kolchansky pondered, mad. (She was referring to the time when she had gotten trapped, then mysteriously out, from the table<sup>1</sup>.) Policemen could tell her how they had trapped her *in* the table, but not how she got out.

“And why did you defend yourself from table police?” a wily policeman suggested, playing mind games with Kolchansky, that guy having been suspicious and curious about her table-escaping antics. He swung a round beam at the person responsible for breaking an innocent round whale’s porcelain figurines of The Pope’s superhero-comic-book characters for no apparent reason. This, combined with previous incidences of entering and breaking from this policeman<sup>2</sup>, made his career less illustrious, which upset the policeman chief. Chief demoted the man who did all those crimes to porcelain (and otherwise) peoples’ figurines, so that he could only work in cases from which tables emerged. This was called “tabling”.

Kolchansky treated him<sup>3</sup>, Officer Policeman Granite Jones, with coffee. “I must tell you, I don’t know why.” The chief, Chief Policeman Basalt Steve-Andrew-Steve, nodded sagely. “She is likely correct, Officer PGJ,” he coughed.

“No, sh’ain’t truthful,” doubted Officer PGJ.

The officer who was wily denied Officer PGJ, saying, “José, you have made daring errors in your assumption that she lies!!.”

Kolchansky was happily observing Ramadan at sunset, so she had hunger. As the sun set, she hungered for bran (not, sicko, her niece, Bran! As a grain, I mean, sicko, dig?) So, to sate this hunger, bran was what she ate (keeping sure that you understand that this *isn’t* Bran, sicko, her, sicko, niece, *dig?*) She found the bran, and the policemen wanted some of it. But there was not sympathy for them in Kolchansky’s heart. “Mmmmm, it’s so terrible that I can’t give you some of this delicious bran, guys. There is not truth in what you heard, regarding me and bran, and I am capable of giving you guys no end of bran if I am wanting to do it, but you guys have no decency, so it won’t be headed your way, Officers Doofoons-faces!”

The woman had scorn for them, as she had come this realization to: the bran was so undeserved by these silly policemen, that had no idea of how decency worked, that had no idea of why decency was working, that had no idea of how Kolchansky was out of the table.

Officer PGJ (saddened by this lack of delicious bran) threatened Kolchansky’s life and fortune and happiness. “Your life and fortune and happiness will be no lack of having unpleasantness!” Chief PBS-A-S denied these threats, disturbed by Officer PGJ’s manic impulsiveness. And yet, he was also oddly saddened by the lack of delicious bran. He turned against Officer PGJ, saying “You’re no lack of fired from the force! I regret the necessity, but you, branless, have little to control, you control little of your bit of the temper, little of that which is necessary to any control of a policeman. I’m sorry, but you ain’t good fer police doin’.”

The ex-officer was not pleased, and stormed into the wall and then out into the car, which he saw as a metaphor for petty grudges, and which he had driven a car through before. For a strange fleeting impulse second, he déjà vued—because he was Archbishop Sausage Sausage!!

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<sup>1</sup>In chapter 1, there is no indication of how Kolchansky extricated herself from the table.

<sup>2</sup>Not the one swinging the beam/playing mind games.

<sup>3</sup>The tabled officer.

But Chief PBS-A-S was not aware, nor thoughtful, of Policeman GJ's identity, nor of the vendetta PGJ had against Realtor Jeff. Nobody could know how Officer PGJ actually felt or thought déjà vu, because it only occurred in his mind, occasionally. Therefore, nobody knew that he was Sausage.

## Chapter 8

# Not A Human, But The “Splice” Butler’s Investigation Did Reveal Some Info Regarding The Whereabouts

It had been named, “Best Horse-Racing Horse Race Racing Place of Brussels” three times in the previous year, it had. The policeman who had been questioning others’ motives and abilities, to determine their actions, Policeman Obsidian-Sandstone Wiles-Smythe-Roger-Smiles-Bennett-Rollins, exited the place where horse-racing took place.

PO-SW-S-R-S-B-R had no idea what sorcery this table-antics-committing discussion had to perform in order to reveal the mystery of Kolchansky’s table escape antic. And lo, when he was understanding almost all other things regarding tables, how ironic that what should be a piece of knowledge easily accessible to him was the one piece he didn’t possess.

PO-SW-S-R-S-B-R had enjoyment from watching the horses riding other bicycles that whizzed past the other races of horses on bicycles on unicycles drinking vodka and juggling other unicycles, without seeing. That’s how it had been named what it had been named. PO-SW-S-R-S-B-R marveled at the horses, and tried to forget about the table, and antics, both related to each other. However, he could also not escape remembering the table, chief’s antics, the bran (o, not a niece he knew had relation to Kolchansky, so, you understand, sicko, he meant no human), and the firing of his co-officer. It just wasn’t fair.

Suddenly, the husband of Kolchansky, who *was* the officer and the “splice” butler, arrived at the realization that his co-officer may have been Archbishop Sausage Sausage! Certainly, he had sensed anger similar to Archbishop Sausage Sausage’s, and Sausage Sausage had committed a similar act of driving cars in cars in the past<sup>1</sup>.

Kolchansky’s husband ran an excellent organization devoted to oratory and the twisting of the words of others, which operated in St. Paul’s Cathedral, in St. Paul’s Cathedral’s location, the place called “the city in which St. Paul’s Cathedral resides”. He dashed towards this “the city in which St. Paul’s Cathedral resides” place, in the center of Florida. His suspicions might be correct, but he would have to check.

At noon, Kolchansky’s husband arrived at his “the city in which St. Paul’s Cathedral resides” condo-office, so that he could find out if Archbishop Sausage Sausage was undercover as an officer. His best technology master, Bjorn (Kolchansky’s, that guy was), used the twisting skills he had received under the pedagogy of Kolchansky’s husband’s organization to access information from places containing information regarding Sausage Sausage and the fact that he was an impostor officer. Bjorn found a large database containing records of impostor people dating back 40 minutes.

This was short, but it contained a record for Archbishop Sausage Sausage: he was posing as an officer who was involved with table antics investigations and had driven cars through porcelain cars. “A-ha! That’s just our guy!” Bjorn exclaimed. Kolchansky’s husband also exclaimed, “A-ha! That’s just our dude!” He knew how Archbishop Sausage Sausage would go to hiding from people affiliated with the Anti-Impostor Squad (a powerful hate group that attacked impostors of that kind.) If Sausage Sausage feared this group, he would probably hide with no one in the car industry, posing instead as an used book salesperson in “the city in which Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze resides” (in a side district of Great Great Texas and its northernmost great great provinces, great colonies, and so-named areas.) (Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze was a not insignificant figure in religion, and otherwise philosophical and theological and especially dashing pursuits (in particular the practice of Extreme

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<sup>1</sup>Chapter 2.

Death-Defying Buddhism-Treatise-Track-and-Field-Combo-Destruction (the blandest of all sports, but still concise in title.)) So Sausage Sausage must be somewhere near there.

Kolchansky's husband set Bjorn to the task of locating all bookstores (used and run by Archbishop Sausage Sausage), while consuming his daily intake of yogurt. Kolchansky's husband was soon surprised to find that Bjorn had turned up with no less than 9 used bookstores owned by the Archbishop. "He must be really busy! I'd be glad to purchase from that bloke, what I would purchase from him. He will not hide from me because of our pact to reveal Archbishop Sausage Sausage. As a wise gentleman once removed his scarf, so I will reveal Sausage Sausage, the old codger!" His mind expanded, Kolchansky's husband ran toward "the city in which Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze resides."

## Chapter 9

# Jeff Returns and Unites and Helps and Creates Life For a Plan

Bran watched with Meatloaf as the figure approached. Suddenly, it revealed itself to Cthulhu by removing its mask: REALTOR JEFF! “Cthulhu! How’s it hangin’, bro-homie?” he stuttered. Cthulhu, shocked but relieved, offered Jeff a high five, but Jeff declined, fearing absorption. Instead, cakes were exchanged alongside other greetings. “Why have you traveled here?” inquired Cthulhu, puzzled by Jeff’s sudden masked appearance. Jeff replied, “I feared Archbishop Sausage Sausage might attempt to assassinate me, and so I sought to seek shelter and a cup of joe in Saint, Emperor, Petersburg. What holds your end here?”

“Just arrived, having chased Stroganoff until I was under the impression that far-reaching consequences could result from our pursuit. After that, I returned unwillingly from Copenhagen (a city in the Greatest Great Virginia province 12) when Bran and Meatloaf called me through their portal summon-phone. I groggily stumbled to this place, and was just chatting with them. Have you heard about Emperor Stroganoff and his terrible plot?” replied Cthulhu.

Jeff sagely nodded. “I became under the impression that that plot was in Stroganoff’s agenda when I spotted the spiked bead in Stroganoff’s hands as he bolted past me and left no trace (like a good lead or a thing that would be a useful dead animal<sup>1</sup> (the use of which would be disastrous for the Emperor’s image)). My initial suspicions were confirmed by my pal Harold, who told me that all of the many facts about Stroganoff’s plan were true facts. He is currently not sure of the current plans of Emperor Stroganoff, but one thing is clear: far-reaching consequences may result from these follies.”

Jeff broke off a piece of wood from the wood he broke and set it on the nose of a nearby airplane. “Notice when the airplane takes off, how the wood is thrown thus: it falls swiftly, then cracks on the ground. Such is what these consequences are for all people, period.”

Bran whistled. “Golly. Jiminy Zeus,” spake she. Meatloaf similarly whistled and spake. “But can’t we stop Emperor Stroganoff and replace him with Harold Tomlinson, the rightful ruler of Greatest Nebraska and the fish territories surrounding it<sup>2</sup>?” Bran sagely queried.

Sagely, Realtor Jeff responded, “Stoppability can confuse people, such that you are not aware of how it works, sorry. But perhaps with your assistance, we can change the trajectory of Stroganoff. First, we’ll recruit charismatic folks. Then, we can infiltrate Stroganoff’s castle and pilfer his machinery, whilst others inject volatile parasites into Stroganoff. These parasites will be important, harmless, but, similar to Bran’s, influential towards locating good technology to determine if Stroganoff had implemented bad plots against the people of Great Great Texas. Finally, Stroganoff can go to elsewhere, and no one will be affected by his schemes, villainous and lame, again.”

Bran gazed wistfully at Jeff. She suddenly had an idea: do work towards implementing Jeff’s plan. Determined, she decided to act and deliver to Jeff her own ideas, all related very closely to the plan. “I’ve got a smashing decision suggestion: why don’t we contact people such as Chief PBSAS, who can shoot no wrong when far-reaching consequences are required to not occur. He has frequently used good judgment when facing such opponents, implementing tactics such as those intense tactics that Jeff has schemed.”

Having no other thing to lose, the Jeff-led troupe made their way towards Lincoln Center, the center of the domain that Stroganoff did oversee: Greatest Nebraska.

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<sup>1</sup>A dead animal left behind would be a good way of tracking someone.

<sup>2</sup>In Chapter 3, it was mentioned that Emperor Stroganoff attained his position by usurping it from Harold Tomlinson.





## **Part II**



## Chapter 10

# Woah! A Pretty Swindling Guy Sent a Script, Now Illegal!?

In the hall of the penthouse of Kolchansky, she munched idly on bran (BRAN here means just the grain, not any humanoid, and you are a sicko, sicko.) Pacing back and fro, she idly wondered how Bran (*sicko*, here Bran actually is the niece. Sorry for any inconvenience) was. "How did Bran deal with those table issues?" Kolchansky mumbled, referring to issues experienced by Bran and her uncle when Kolchansky had first encountered antics of table nature.

Suddenly, the pager under the sink was beeping. Kolchansky started toward the sink, startled, and noticed that a page had paged the whole script of *Remote: Batman Lives With Fear Against the Bourgeoisie Kraken Flame: The Space Awakening of the Large Hadron Destroyer II: The Beginning of A Beginning of the Overload Quotient: Maximum Pressure to the Max: The Armageddon Filibuster!* to what she assumed was intended to be Cthulhu's pager. Realization occurred.

"Cthulhu's pager was not taken by Harold Tomlinson's ex-fiancée! Phew! But this is grave nonetheless, as my pager is missing! Now and earlier, and also forevermore. Unless Stroganoff and the dastardly ex-fiancée can not avoid messing up, my pager and its affiliated apps will be public knowledge!" observed Kolchansky with fervor and also passion. She vocalised her distaste until in a penthouse she wasn't, instead wandering through Brussels aimlessly. Kolchansky finally put her all into sports, such as Extreme Skeet Basketball (Without Seeing)<sup>1</sup>. Thinking about who might want to give Cthulhu the script frustrated her profusely, so she checked in with a manufacturer to determine if she could find who had sent the page.

The young pager was advanced technology. It was designed so that one could trace pretty well everyone such that this technology was used by them that had any pager, because all pagers were the technology.

"So, yeah, bro. Looks like this pager received a most unusual page recently and it appears to have been directed by way of pager. This pager belonged to Policeman Policeman Pumice Putrid 'Pencil Pocket' Jeffries Branson, an historian and bad-to-the-bone guy responsible for many a piracy and illegal deed. He was involved with Cthulhu when dinosaurs ruled Great Texas, but once he realized piracy is cool, he and others broke off from Cthulhu's posse and became junkie outlaws of Great Proportions," exposited Jan Phillip-Hopper-Hooper, a repairman of pagers and mercenary of swindling proportions. He was scoping out the clothing on Kolchansky, while he surreptitiously noted the value of these items. Kolchansky noticed that his gaze had drifted and he snapped back.

"So, where can I find this Policeman Policeman Pumice Putrid 'Pencil Pocket' Jeffries Branson, then?" complained Kolchansky loudly.

Timidly, Jan reached an arm out to Kolchansky's hand, and grasped it heartily to his chest. "It isn't easy being aware that he, 'he' here defined as me, knows I have only a month in this business, 'business' here defined to mean pager life," he spoke solemnly<sup>2</sup>.

"Okay, but what relevance to my life does this have?" Kolchansky spake of her conversation-attempting partner's pronouncement of grim tidings.

The Jan snapped a bit of pencil off of his desk, and returned a curt burn, saying, "Your mom ducked to escape from prison!" He spat at the feet of Kolchansky and hid without a "thank-you" underneath his bench. Kolchansky, exasperated, left in style to the nearest place where she could find information pertaining to the pirate and his whereabouts.

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<sup>1</sup>She is attempting to calm down her fervor with sports.

<sup>2</sup>He is apparently terminally ill.

After leaving the factory, Kolchansky headed to wherever the technology took her. She ended up in the office of Meatloaf, which was disturbingly saccharine. It had photographs of cute pink kittens with bows and little to do with the teeth of Kolchansky.

Meatloaf greeted her in holographic ways. A dinosaur made an entrance and announced, "PARTY! EMPEROR AND MRS. MEATLOAF WISH MERRY TIDINGS OF GOODWILL, SUCH AS 'GOOD LUCK AND NO CHOICE BUT GOOD HELP LIFE,' AND 'YO, HOMIE! YOU SURE ARE SWELL TODAY, AND WE LOVE YOUR TOE-NAILS. MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF YOUR PET GIRAFFE, SOFRONIA,'" then stomped out of the doors leading to the very secret that Meatloaf hoped to show Kolchansky: Whereabouts of those dastardly cells of Policeman Policeman P"PPP"JB. So there went a researcher in pursuit as Kolchansky accompanied him.

Bron, the researcher, conversed solemnly with Kolchansky. "Do you know whether the plot to cause the consequences that would be far-reaching has come to fruition?" he solemnly inquired.

"All right, I'd not wager on me knowing what could you know about this fact. What are these plot's consequences and underpinnings and its casualties?"

Bron hesitated, then shrugged. "I pick up cars in lots." (He referred to his hobby, which was picking up cars in cars, which was popular at Meatloaf's facility.) Kolchansky chuckled, but deep down she was disappointed by Bron's failure at answering the question. Similarly, Bron was nervous, because he liked picking up cars in lots of cars in lots, and wanted Kolchansky to succeed in her mission to find that pirate dude.

He nervously reached into his glove and pulled out a hand, the fingers of which had a bunch of fingers holding more keys than fingers. Horrified, Kolchansky looked. "Don't you fret," fingers chanted charismatically, "we fret not for Bron, not for you, not even for ourselves, for everyone!" Bron cried, "Fingers! Behave in the presence of our guest!" He looked at Kolchansky and said, "Don't you fret, these fingers are 100% mutation and not evil, dude. They are used for carrying things such that they won't be seen."

He laid a little key down on the platform, which glowed in the dark. "This key will help access info regarding the whereabouts of your pirate quarry." Kolchansky nodded, and stepped over the place that they stepped over (in Berlin) to a hideout. This was also the location of a pirate. This pirate was the guy whom Kolchansky sought.

"Yo, y'all," PPP"PPP"JB exclaimed, "I've been waiting."

## Chapter 11

# PARTY! Dinosaurs! The Archbishop Raves! The Righteous Posse And Emperor Steak's Conflict!!!

Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze owned a large basilica in the center of the city in which Archbishop Sausage Sausage was, and he owned many many many basilicas in the surrounding county of Great North Texas and its adjoin county, Great El Paso Jr.

Pastrami and Sausage Sandwich, his daughters, oversaw 12 of these basilicas, leaving the rest to the care of various wives of various innkeepers across the principality. It followed from tradition that all who ran to and thither must stay in a hometown basilica for 40 nights before Hanukkah in constant humming, for this was necessary to own enemies' bookstores. (In the days of this tradition's inception, those who would have the enemies' bookstores would battle all who dared approach and frequently broke civil liberty. The days of this tradition's inception were long and far away from now, fortunately. But the tradition still held.)

As Sausage Sausage endured managing his bookstores, he had memories of his enemies, from when he and Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze dueled for all of bookstores in all of places. Now, Sausage Sausage had friendship with Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze, but the enemy they both shared was still at large: Great Scott Powell X III<sup>1</sup>, a owner of many movie rental locations which were replacing their beloved bookstores. (Remember, the Sausage Sausage was at disguise, and so he was known to only Bran and friends. 'Great LiveJournal Telechone<sup>2</sup>' was his pseudonym.) Sausage Sandwich was young, but extremely perceptive, such that she could perceive Sausage from within airtight bookstores. Regardless, even she was fooled by 'Great LiveJournal "Expander" Telechone's' identity.

It came in quite a broad vehicle: "'Monster Truck" With Manly Spikes", a gargantuan monster truck carrying 40 representatives of the dinosaur rights institute called "The Broke Institute Of Dinosaur", who came partying after parties had ensued among many dinosaurs. After the dinosaurs had come to "The City In Which Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze Resides", Sausage Sandwich smiled and shrieked at joy. She greeted them and informed them of her town's imperception of many species. "Imperception is commonplace here, but I am pleased to perceive many species." Dinosaurs nodded sagely. Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze Jr. (known as Pastrami Antifreeze II to her lowlife pals) knew also that the dinosaurs were very perceptive themselves, and Sausage Sandwich loved this fact.

Sausage Sausage (who was not in the city nor in perception of most dinosaurs (saying that dinosaurs didn't perceive him, something that is unfortunate but common because of the tension which pervaded dinosaurs' relations and interactions, essentially obliterating perception between dinosaurs and Sausage Sausage.)) heard about this parade of joyous monster truck dinosaurs and scoffed at the dinosaurs. "What dinosaur would ever stoop so low so as to parade in monster trucks through city squares as important protest? They worth little!" Sausage Sausage belched. He was opposed to dinosaurs while still very respectful towards the daughter, Sausage Sandwich. He actually had a strong feeling of incredible admiration for both dinosaurkind and many of other persecuted species, but he refused to admit his feelings due to a troubled social life he had had. Curious, he returned to the town by way of goat.

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<sup>1</sup>This is pronounced "Great Scott Powell eks three"

<sup>2</sup>Yes, 'Telechone'.

There, he encountered Sausage Sandwich and Pastrami, who were boycotting businesses who refused to serve dinosaurs. “Why don’t we serve dinosaurs?” signs inquired. “Likewise, why aren’t dinosaurs served?” other signs pleaded. No more signs were shown. Sausage Sandwich turned pink at the sight of Archbishop Sausage Sausage, as he was glowering at them.

“You don’t need to come around to glower at us!” complained Sausage Sandwich, (“Sauce,” mumbled Pastrami nervously.) However, the glower did soon subside into a grin. “I love dinosaurs! Finally, my true nature can be revealed! NOT. Yucky dinosaurs, I wish sometimes they would get necrosis and rot.” He quietly slipped out of sanity and started spitting all over a nearby globe, screeching “Hail! I wish you couldn’t do what you have done and continue to do live by where you can’t go, therefore ergo splitting hairs on dinosaurs who don’t have what hair you humans deserve! Reap!<sup>3</sup>”

Suddenly, he was taken by asylum workers to the city police asylum. Chief Splitter-on-Avon Avon Splitter Trombone Ale spoke to the paranoid Archbishop. “Now, son, I am perfectly honest when I go ahead and say that you sure are one heck of a nutcase, and those aren’t easy to crack. But if I crack your nut (his use of a word referring to, metaphorically, his brain) I think I can save your sanity.”

“Leaving behind without knowing that I and you without,” rambled Sausage Sausage, yet a raving spark implied some deliberate sense to his words.

Kolchansky’s, Realtor Jeff was, and the inhabitants of the party of Realtor Jeff’s leadership didn’t have any awareness of this fact. The group was staying at the Comfort Blaster® Inn while preparing to exit towards Lincoln Center (as the current path found the troupe passing through “The City In Which Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze Resides.”)

They were optimistic about their quest, having read up on Emperor Stroganoff and his weaknesses (which, in lieu of the sudden nature he was manifesting, did much towards his demise.) Chief Policeman Basalt Steve-Andrew-Steve had joined their righteous posse (so, that posse was sure to cool themselves, as cool it was not to be absconding outdoors with many villainous articles of clothing<sup>4</sup>.) He, PBSAS, could successfully provide insight into the legal aspects of Stroganoff’s plans and plots and schemes; also he could balance, also juggling tricycles and other horses on bicycles and drinking whiskey, without seeing. This was what some considered pretty smashing, including Bran, Cthulhu, and Jeff, and also Emperor Meatloaf.

“Bran! Haven’t got time, nor inclination to stay with this!” Chief PBSAS and Realtor Jeff were playing a sick, rad, freakin’ game of Pictionary, when they heard a complaint from Emperor Steak, a very disgruntled old emperor, who was emperor of Great Great New Jersey (Mark II), who was on vacation in the land of Great North Texas. He apparently was “fed up with [the racket] produced strongly by those hooligans and [Chief] PBSAS and [them] that had measles” (what was not his complaint was not<sup>5</sup>.)

Bran rolled her eyes and snapped back at Emperor Steak, “Don’t go all there with your complaints! We were pretty quiet, comparatively. Pictionary is not a rabble-rousing speech game.”

“Bah! I don’t get why you made such amplified calls towards your extended party (comprising the party of you and other folks out of your vicinity),” Steak replied harshly. Chief PBSAS shrugged. “We don’t remember hollering towards our extended party cronies. Perhaps others created these shouts elsewhere.” Steak shook his hips, expressing enjoyment of the movie he was watching on Netflix.

“Well, you’re going to turn in soon, I hope, otherwise, I shall have to complain to the police,” he grumbled, boogying extremely funkily but still quietly down “the hall in which Emperor Steak temporarily resides.”

Silent, Realtor Jeff crept to the bed of Jeff and Meatloaf (as they were sharing the bed (as much as you may want, they, sicko, were not partners of a variety known as “non-Platonic”. Keep your mind off PG-13 material, bro. Sicko.) due to entirely unrelated-to-partnership reasons decreed by the party when they divided the beds. Sicko.), and snoozed.

<sup>3</sup>This isn’t supposed to make sense. He’s just gibbering.

<sup>4</sup>This is a roundabout way of saying that it was hot outside.

<sup>5</sup>He complained about everything.

## Chapter 12

# Bacon Perturbs Jeff! The Veganity Is Threatened!

As continental breakfast appeared, guests balked at its generally anti-vegan nature. (Even the fruits were bacon!) "I guess I'll just go off in one minute, because I am famished and vegan, and can't stand seeing this food, or rather this animal product bonanza, in which the milk is saturating others' vegan lives. Instead, I'll visit The Grand Vegan Organic Trendy Café Of Natural Locally Produced Hanukkah Foods down by the bookstore of Great LiveJournal Telechone," Realtor Jeff sheepishly proclaimed, subtly suggesting that he was a vegan.

Cthulhu balked as Jeff, but towards the Realtor and his sudden veganity. "You are a vegan? I baked a ham and many cheeses into a cake for you, and now you are vegan?" Jeff shushed Cthulhu and hustled him into a corner. "I and other people have no reason to consume ham and cheese, although that can occasionally happen," Jeff elucidated guiltily. "I want you and other people to keep doing what you know you know is right for you, and keep yourself and others ("others" meaning me) from not having sole dominion over what you call "what is what I (you) will have for future breakfasts<sup>1</sup>."

Cthulhu stared confusedly.

Jeff left quietly for the vegan café. However, the realtor didn't foresee who could be the owner of the bookstore near the café.

Great LiveJournal Telechone peered across the street from the asylum, which stood inside the used bookstore. "How painful it is to be Kolchansky's! Soon, Jeff will figure out why this must be," Telechone cackled. He swore, slipped on another layer of clothing and bided Jeff's inaccessibility. Then, a guard entered and announced, "PARTY! You get to be released for a short period, so we can test your fitness!" The dinosaur guard was pretty cheerful and friendly, now that rights had been demonstrated by protesters. Telechone grumbled, "rRrrRRr," but left, secretly feeling gleeful. He knew Jeff would go to the café, as he had heard, because the hotel had been operated by carnivorous allies for seven years and three nights, and they didn't fail to keep vegans under a suspicious veil, communicating their findings on said blokes to local bookstore owners. Telechone prepared cunning traps to ensnare Jeff when Jeff exited the café, then stepped into the café nonchalantly. He made an order for 2 vegan doughnuts, then sat next to Jeff.

At once, Kolchansky's great-nephew recognized Jeff and greeted him. "Yo, bro! You look, well, livid. Why?"

"I'm fed up with that stupid Comfort Blaster® Inn and its hijinks of late. They only serve bacon-treated stuff for all carnivores and some non-carnivores, but I am vegan and non-carnivorous."

Bjorn (who was who the great-nephew was) showed concern and sympathy for Jeff's plight. "Do you remember when we went here on a vacation here? We had good fun and went to the other vegan place up near Optimus Prime Avenue. Maybe we should visit there some time."

Great LiveJournal Telechone recognized an opportunity to more dramatically murder Jeff.

Suddenly, a patron of the vegan café entered the café! He, an observer of Archbishop Sausage Sausage and husband of Kolchansky (the "Splice" Butler and boss of Bjorn, Jeff's assistor in many cases.) "'Sup, my homies! Have good days had information today regarding whereabouts of all used bookstore owners in disguise?" the "Splice" Butler inquired, hinting at LiveJournal Telechone's vicinity. The bookstore owner flinched, realizing that Kolchansky's husband knew precisely what 'sup.

Realtor Jeff replied, "Not any great information, but I sure do like this café."

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<sup>1</sup>It's interesting, while reading an alternating words story, to try and guess where the two authors disagreed on what a sentence should say.

Kolchansky's husband was feeling alarmed at Jeff's lack of knowledge regarding the nemesis vicinity. He knew not how Archbishop Sausage Sausage disguised himself so cleverly that not one inhabitant but Kolchansky's favorite pupil did recognize him. Undeterred, the butler dashed over to the other patron who sat on the other seat of the unicycle in another corner of the room and quietly mumbled cryptic suggestions towards her parrot that slowly preened his feathers violently. "Do you realize how Great the LiveJournal man has been acting? Killing appears bad to those who aren't him, but he must be one crazy dude to take action on the required methods of doing what will have far-reaching good consequences. He doesn't kill because he feels sadistic, but because he must for prevention of Stroganoff's ascension!"

Cryptic, indeed, were these words. The message, although vague, was clear to Kolchansky's husband. Jeff also had a fate implied by this cryptic mumbling: death. He was perturbed by the news implied, and yet again kept protesting. "I have beef with that man! LiveJournal Telechone must cease!"

"But I do continue! Let your crony understand: death is required if ceasing of consequences is obligated!" cried the Archbishop—doffing his mask of prosthetics used in bookselling. He pushed a button and ducked, then the Archbishop was no longer there.

"Curses are due against that which is volatile in the situation in our temporal frame and all within it—those dastardly meddling fellows with the masks always pestering Jeff about his impending demise, et cetera!" ejected Kolchansky's hubby. Jeff concurred soberly, then made his escape towards the protection of the Comfort Protection Vault, in the Great North Florida police-controlled station.



## Chapter 13

# Dark Deeds Do Detain Development of Do-Gooders' Designs, Debilitating Kolchansky

Kolchansky awoke in a dim dark dreary dank damp dump of dastardly devices—at which she recoiled. She couldn't fathom how this location, in which pirate thugs pirated, had come to be her place. Her arch-opponent P PPPP"PP"JB had pirated Meatloaf's mp3s and thus accessed illegally his fine mansion (kids, don't pirate things, especially not music or other mansions on the tricycles of two koalas, marsupials in Australia known for their diet of eucalyptus leaves and lazy livin'), but never had purchased a thing, that he used ever.

Now she was forced into thinking how to escape while avoiding leaving the vicinity of pirate goons or P PPPP"PP"JB. P PPPP"PP"JB had vital information regarding the pagers, which were swapped, and thus, vital information regarding far-reaching Stroganoff. But lo, he found Kolchansky first, and Kolchansky was grumpy. She was imprisoned and frequently for hours in jeopardy in P PPPP"PP"JB's for two fortnights—or until events unfolded otherwise (this was not necessarily transpiring).

Soon, P PPPP"PP"JB entered the chamber. "Good afternoon, Kolchansky-sama. I see you are adjusting to your hospitable circumstances."

Kolchansky mumbled, "As well as I want to, despicable pirate of malicious rabble-rousing! What kind of juice do you have available for consumption today, fiend?!"

"Grapefruit-mango, naturally flavored, because we always use natural organic vegan ingredients, Kolchansky, here in P PPPP"PP"JB Town Farms. Anyway, why did you want to find me? How did you find me? Where did you obtain info regarding my whereabouts? Who clued you in? What did you want from me? When—"

Kolchansky cut him.

"OW!" cried P PPPP"PP"JB. "Where were you when the shooting of John F. Lennon occurred? When—"

"Cease! Shut your gob!" growled Kolchansky, brandishing a shard of sharp glass. "Your unending queries end *now!*"

"Sorry," he whimpered. He did not seem perturbed, nor injured. (Obviously he meant to seem stoic, but clearly he had no real sincerity.) "Now, Ms. Kolchanski—why are you stabbing me?"

Kolchansky, perturbed, sat and moped. "I—" P PPPP"PP"JB gave up his attempts at speaking questions, as fruitless they would be, merely because so many had proven unproductive. Also, P PPPP"PP"JB kept parrots, who talked back.

A pirate minion entered the dump and reported, "I have just returned from the vegan café in "the city in which Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze resides", where Realtor Jeff and this other gent and his other great-nephew were dining." She looked at Kolchansky, then added, "I believe they were fooled into thinking that I was a random, parrot-owning citizen. I learned that an alarming archbishop disguises himself in bookseller's regalia, attempting to assassinate Realtor Jeff! I am proud to say that I managed to reveal false ideas to those dudes, preventing Jeff's survival."

Furious, Kolchansky began approaching the pirate, foaming. "Don't go meddling where meddling and other consequences don't stop consequences of far-reaching variety! Jeff is a hope for all blokes, aiding the prevention of aforementioned consequences! You can't just sacrifice all hopes for these funny results!" Pirate cronies P PPPP"PP"JB had were now beginning to surround the foaming Kolchansky and preparing to escort, violently, the

foaming prisoner to the deepest bowels of Meatloaf's usurped mansion.

## Chapter 14

# Snooper

Emperor Stroganoff brooded, scowling. “Why wait, darling? We have most of these spiked beads, and thus can trigger Cthulhu’s far-reaching pager from this hideout, yielding any result of our favorite scheme—to eventually maim the world and cause conquest of all, metaphorically speaking.”

“Strogie, we must be patient in our execution. We shouldn’t be triggering plots until all spiked beads are collected. Otherwise, your life shall be *laaame*,” the ex of Tomlinson and current queen bellowed. She marked a small piece of wood with a large machete absentmindedly. After making her point, she left the room, leaving the wood to rest, as Stroganoff laid back his head to take a siesta. The Empress sighed outside, then marched toward the suitcase where she kept no thing. She stared at its emptiness, feeling sudden pangs of longing, then sought some information regarding spiked beads in the Encyclopedia of Artifact Knowledge.

Every single bead, it was said, had its location not only so widely dispersed through the encyclopedias, but also the lore of the ages, passed down by those in the business of archbishopping. These archbishops knew each one intimately: the special beads and spiked powers of the spiked beads—and how did this affect Stroganoff’s spiked-bead-spiked initiative? Well, Archbishop Sausage Sausage and his coworkers in the Archbishopping circles could HELP find each bead before, but also could help others during, and indeed in times future, based on when the Emperor executed helpless subjects of his brutal regime.

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“Blood.” A friend of no man stated. “Blood.” An additional friend of no man interjected. “We love hanging other citizens on poles with the other dissidents riding unicycles while juggling the dissidents with poles, hanging dissidents like fishhooks on poles, Polish sausages and dead fish,” hissed a mercenary, for the umpteenth time, of Emperor Stroganoff. The thesis of this bloke that hissed, written for Mercenary Corporation Class at U of GNT, had been well-written, and had entailed a graduation with honors and dishonors (because mercenaries aren’t single-crossers). With no experience outside college, idealism seized this mercenary like a policeman seizing a mercenary, and he started applying to jobs with empires. Unfortunately, working jobs under empires such as Greatest New Toronto is disillusioning—a month is a time sufficient for much proof of ability, but even a part-time mercenary opening reveals the disturbing economic secrets of the line of work that it is. These empires gave little help in dire times of need for mercenaries such as these, and it led to unions. This mercenary sat in Brussels now, snooping on Strogie and Ex as a courier of letters.

“I wonder why the Emperor hasn’t tried contacting Archbishops for spiked bead info,” pondered the mercenary, grooming his pointy hair so meticulously in animesque fashion. “Perhaps he has no good friends.”

He realized suddenly that he was not incorrect—Stroganoff sought allies from archbishopper because he had none friends. The Emperor only loved those who he was controlling—none. Perhaps Harold Tomlinson’s Ex-Fiancée sought love also, but couldn’t stand feeling controlled.

The greed these poor tyrants demonstrated might well be their loneliness.

Mercenaries pondered their employers and often bet on how things would turn out. This was one of the many ways they coped with disturbing images of bloody mercenarydom that haunted them nightly since Stroganoff’s first edict: that all mercenaries must view the bloody executions that Stroganoff occasionally ordered. Steve Lane Trufflehorn, purveyor of all mercenary affairs, snooped, purveying snooping materials to other curious snoopers while himself working at Stroganoff’s snoopage.

Stroganoff sensed a aura, but not where such aura’s origin originated. “Strange, that.”

“What?” inquired Ex.

“I sensed a aura, skulking, of snoopage. Mayhaps a snooper is skulking in out-of-sightness, but we’ll be soon

away with spiked bead questing—away from such snoopage.”  
Silently, the mercenary, Steve LT, crept away.

## Chapter 15

# Many Events Unfold, In Which the Protagonist Bunch Isn't Engaged

Bran, meanwhile, was still discussing bacon with the patrons in the Comfort Blaster™ Inn Dining Experience® Chamber Spot.

“Do you think the bacon problem is offensive to vegan diners, Reg?” inquired the chief patron, Emperor Meatloaf. Reginald Steak, an child of Emperor Steak (also, a far more liberal and pro-party personage) responded, “’Tis unfortunate, ain’t it—methinks mayhaps offense results therein.” Bran concurred.

Suddenly, an aural explosion emanated from outside as the black portal to Cthulhu’s hellish domain opened, leaking immense clouds of acrid, inky miasma of dread.

“Hi, guys! Just popping back to my domain to fetch a few toothbrushes. Do you need anything?” inquired Cthulhu.

“Cthulhu, what is the necessity of this life of hygiene, when you secrete eldritch ichor ooze constantly?” articulated Emperor Ham, another emperor guest, also engaged to Harold Bonham, a fugitive unjustly fugitized by the corrupt government of Great Kansas, but innocent, rescued by Ham.

But Cthulhu had no presence, for he had left through his wormhole, leaving behind nothing but the stench of Cthulhu and the other smells (such as those of millions of weeping small furry animals, gnashing their adorable chompers and suffering 100000 trials of discomfort, despite Cthulhu’s actual dislike of such yucky occurrences).

“Oh.” added Ham.

Chief PBS-A-S got many of his tools from the pharmacy, where grisly operations were taking disturbingly long to finish, and where tools were not always available. He now investigated this operation to determine whereabouts of certain perpetrators, namely the one whom many sought: the dreaded adversary, Policeman Granite Jones (actually Archbishop Sausage Sausage—unbeknownst to Chief, who knew only what he knew of knowledge regarding knowing about his loose knowledge of the officer, who had knowledge of the breaking knowledge regarding the act of breaking character to be a Archbishop).

PBS-A-S was convinced that Policeman Granite Jones was a conspirator towards the cause backing Emperor Stroganoff!(...?) Now he intended to track this impostor to his abode and unmask him violently, but first, he had to find the dude at all. The latter was to be quite easily noticeably accomplished not, but trying to do a do of it was something Chief did.

First, he examined local figurine/comic emporia for evidence pertaining to whale collectors’ broken possessions, broken hearts, and other forms of broken criminal stuff. He found a place which seemed like it had fit the bill, and entered.

The shop proprietor was a suspicious woman with a lack of limbs. Her favorite figurines were posed upon the desk in the shop, and she smiled mildly but still in suspicious creepy manner (with a chalice in both hands and a seismograph attached to her prosthetic shoulder, which registered unnervingly accurate measurements of all motion ever.)

“How would you doing?” inquired the shopkeeper, completely unaware of PBS-A-S’s identity. PBS-A-S, confused, withdrew into a dark corner, refusing to elucidate upon how he would doing.

“Heck, I was just wondering what you had going doing, sir,” she articulated apologetically. PBS-A-S cautiously curled away into a fetal position, whimpering quietly and pressing his back against a soft figurine of a hero among whales: Brinesucker MacJoth, the captain of all starships in the comic series, “Star Nomad: The Legend of Whales: Colons, Duodena and Other Digestive Anatomy Explored”. This figurine was life-size and similarly was of distinctly similar nature to whales as a real baleen-totin’ species: the humpback whale. PBS-A-S looked up at the creepy shopkeeper, and raised his head, staring as if he were about to speak.

He, in confusion, raised a light, tremulous and yet in a constant state of policemanly vicissitude betwixt crimson and cerulean, taken by his assumption that the shopkeeper *was* Policeman Granite Jones, an idea which was incorrect, but nevertheless based on the educated observation of the policeman (that Sagan would be enthused of) that this shopkeeper had a bunch of whale-related figurines, some smashed and/or defaced in the fashion of Policeman Granite Jones.

“Ma’am, I’m afraid I must impart to that police recipient station and the you news of potential arrest. I have reason to suspect that you, though seemingly feminine, are in fact the rogue perpetrator of vile, unwarranted destruction of a large round number of things, among which are figurines belonging to a round whale and other possessions of other round whales, and the perpetrator of such threats that implied threat to many lives. Though you are seemingly a shopkeeper, we know people who know people who know people that know people; these people claim that you are possibly actually the mysterious Policeman Granite Jones.”

The shopkeeper reacted alarmingly calmly, articulating, “I may have seemed suspicious, but I don’t know anything regarding what this thing of stuff you refer to is. Why, I have not inflicted any damage upon figurines. They are sold, repaired, and customized at this very shop, but never would I damage one, sicko.”

PBS-A-S, determined to pursue the truth of this case, asked, “But then whence did these broken whale figures appear?”

“I have no intention of displaying sellers’ items with my repair skills having not been demonstrated well. These rarities are, though seemingly broken, undergoing transfiguration.”

Now was PBS-A-S’s epiphany. How, then, could such figurines appear in this shop? Transfiguration would seem to be an only explanation. Transfiguration was the occurrence of metamorphosis—occurring when rare figurines, as if out of a cocoon, changed into beautiful metallic orbs. These crystalline spheres acted as alternative energy sources, and worked to better the environment. PBS-A-S profusely apologized for his misconduct in the line of duty. The shopkeeper smiled and asked, “May you please want to have a bite of eat at a vegan dining experience with me? I sure would love to experience vegan dining, and you could be explaining some facts relating to this rogue policeman. I also think you should know some thing: I think this might relate to the guy who was flipping.” Flipping was something that PBS-A-S didn’t know about, so he merely inquired, “What do that mean?”

“All inhabitants... no, just wait. I shall demonstrate over lunch.”

## Chapter 16

# Sweet Nothings: Introduction of a Professor Who Crashes Through Windows. Freaking Spectacular

Now was the dark time for Jeff. Returning to his place of residence temporary at the Comfort Blaster© Inn, he carefully, tactfully, and succinctly informed the posse of his dire situation.

"I fear that Archbishop Sausage Sausage sent a patron to seem as though they were simply making a creepy ambiguous ominosity, when they in the café were actually to suggest that I inevitably would be executed as a destiny in preventing Stroganoff's ascension. Then is the truth of it all really clear? How can I avoid this apparent disaster?" lamented Jeff.

Bran, her eyebrows no longer furrowed, looked contemplatively at Jeff. "How... do you think this statement's veracity would stand going against the contrary of itself? Personally, I think you might be finding more veracity in the assertion opposite that which you relayed—you shouldn't assume that your soothsayer encounter was accurate, dearie." She slyly withdrew her pager and dialed her uncle, the "Splice" Butler. The "Splice" Butler, also concerned, was quick to respond.

``Splice``: Have you recieved word of Jeff's trouble?

Bran: Only through his tortured, terse verbalization. WTF.

``Splice``: The two others at the vegan café, soothsayer and parrot, suggested that fate would dictate the demise of Jeff, rather, that if Jeff didn't undergo death, then Stroganoff would CAUSE the CONSEQUENCES of WIDE INFLUENCE. LOL

Bran: Gosh. That's sharply problematic. I wonder not if Jeff can separate himself from this notion, but rather whether he can avoid the notion that this situation is inescapably real fast. I believe that some perpetrator couldn't, and wouldn't, actually foretell truth in this matter (I think, therefore I be considering no other possibility, so be open-minded, and suggest other interpretations.)

Splice: I agree that Jeff is misled by our prognosticative subject ruffian, but plots may arise revealing danger, and far-reaching significance for all, including the realtor. It behooves one to treat this interaction with caution.

Jeff, shaking with shakiness, retreated. "Aw, shucks. I wish I could know more things about everything, but dang, I'd wager there's no time for contemplation." Bran, nodding with agreement at Jeff's lack of knowledge, dashed quietly up and around to her favorite closet. Jeff, meanwhile, furthered his despair, but not stopping contemplation. He, confused, now became disoriented and uncertain of the truth.

He slowly walked through the possibilities while this same angsty situation afflicted Sausage Sandwich, in the other place where Archbishop Sausage Sausage held bigoted views against dinosaurs. "party. we have seen better days, my friend of many eggs. The worst of all anti-dinosaur 'activists' has spoken again at The Very Real Convention of Pro Footballers. Like, he didn't even talk about football! Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze must act," said Tabitha Meltron, a Maiasaurus, to the eldest daughter of Pastrami Antifreeze. Immersed in thought, Sausage Sandwich did nothing initially, but soon placed a hand on her desk. "Tab, I am working so hard to advance your causes *and* football, together. This proves that difficult, but hopefully we can show that sports need understanding and appreciation for teams composed of dinosaurs." The ornithopod nodded dourly.

Suddenly, a loud, gun-toting hooligan crashed through the window. It was some sort of hunter theropod, who, though appearing menacing, greeted Meltron warmly. "What brings news, Professor Brogoth?" inquired Tabitha.

"Another. Party! The newsbearer is on his way with important items of value to many dinosaur and human agendas. How has you doing, Sauce?" he rumbled. Professor Brogoth was a key participator in underground dinosaur resistance, but still worked as a tender teacher in the underground Dinosaur University engineering/baking department of applied liberal artistic sciences. He, seen rarely by overworlders, was viewed as a caring yet strict mentor to his children and as an incredibly accomplished sportsman. Now, for the rights of dinosaurkind, he bravely challenged his oppressors boldly: with his go-get-'em attitude, he stirred patriotism up among the working folk class, both with words charismatic and actions inspiring.

Sausage Sandwich smiled, responding, "I am going to doing most favorably, Professor. How goes your own person?"

The professor chuckled. "Well, I haven't been arrested in 3 months. The culture is more tolerant of late in this province. Now bills are being passed relating to dinosaurs and humans coexisting amicably."

As the Professor extrapolated, a other figure stepped through the broken window, carrying news and a spiked bead which suspiciously resembled what the emperor sought: the means of controlling all lifeforms of the dinosauric variety sure! "Party! I arrive bringing the news of a new development in our quest. A supporter of the cause, Policeman Muhammad Shale-Shane Shabe Sheeb, has started to petition for a general equal rights bill covering voting, service, and many, many more!!!!!!"

At this, Brogoth smiled playfully. "Well, at first I thought PMSSSS would not be a helper. See, he is sometimes a cautious politician regarding touchy legislation, and in other matters also, but his passion for equality makes me ebullient. Now, his petition, stemming from his aforementioned heart, should take a bit of work to promote, but I have every hope. All of hope. Yeah. Whoo-eee." Turning his glance angularly to every spiked bead in the room, Brogoth furrowed his brow. "Is... is that a authentic spiked artifact?! I don't recall you saying anything about knowing about the artifacts of spikedness and beadiness—artifacts which are potentially extremely far-reaching in their potent power. Wowza. With that, our hands would do great potential work against Archbishop Sausage Sausage, but at what price? Lots." He paced nervously to the room's far corner, where at once everyone gasped. "Destroy it. This item cannot remain doing here less than harm."



## Chapter 17

# Dinos Make a Visit And Jeff Too

When Chief PBS-A-S and Shopkeeper Elizabeth Prime-Hyphen arrived at the vegan establishment, a commotion presented itself outside. Officers of Emperor Stroganoff were huddled near a box, on which stood a realtor—the Realtor who is named Jeff. (His clothes flapped, torn, in the wind.) “Help!” cried Jeff, his voice strained. PBS-A-S gasped, flinging his hand away and dashing towards the scene. But before he could arrive, Jeff was already being pretty much really very confrontational with his assailants. Using the martial box as a bludgeon, the realtor desperately knocked down each of Stroganoff’s employees with deft craft, and greeted the Chief wearily, with his dour expression. “I left, bereft, the inn, to see if one—the one whose very troubling news might stink—had stayed, and with her parrot offered more, explaining that which she so weirdly spoke. But unfortunately, when I came here, I saw that the Emperor had laid a trap for me, and as I stood upon this box, his despicable minions activated their Box of Violent Entrapment. Now I must live on with my fear of the Archbishop and additional fear of the nemesis.”

Chief was pained, and hugged Realtor. “Here, we are going to the café to lunch and discuss “flipping” conspiracies. You should proceed to the accompaniment of us.”

Together, the three sauntered tentatively through the heavily trafficked entrance. Within, none dared to accuse no newcomer of the incident, turning heads to their victuals veganically and voraciously vacuuming voluptuous victuals. Elizabeth approached a waiter and asked, “Excuse me, sir, could you accommodate a party?”

“Bet you boots, we sure as Schwitters can!” Dinosaurs suddenly began appearing and excitedly entered the café with forks and knives (as for the salad served, they required utensils). Elizabeth made a very delighted expression and began high-fiving the dinosaurian dudes. “PARTY!” all said. It was a jubilant salad gathering. Elizabeth’s companions were surprised at the relief felt by all voluminously, and celebration erupted, like a vegan who is imitating a volcano. “Well, I NEVER expected this large number of dinosaurs to appear! What type of salad have you come, lately, to appreciate?” asked Elizabeth. She hugged the dinosaur in a trenchcoat. Jeff, puzzled, inquired, “Why are so many dinosaurs around?” Professor Brogoth stopped the hug to turn and face the questioner: Realtor Jeff. “Well, friend, we are dinosaur freedom activists, convening for a lunch to eat and digest salads for lunch. I am Professor Brogoth, leader of this branch of the National Dinosaur Underground Liberation Delivery Collective Order of Rights Promotion, or: NDULDCORP. And we were visiting here in hopes of salad and interesting information. But now, I’m finding myself wanting to interrogate: who are you, who seems capable of battling corrupt officers of the authority alone?”

Jeff was flattered by Brogoth’s description: an hard-hitting assessment of character and cool fighting bits. “I, Jeff, have the quest, with four friends in my righteous friends group, to thwart the Emperor Stroganoff of Greatest Nebraska, who plans to intend to win control of the people and implement far-reaching consequence implementations, implicating ichor-oozing interdimensional buddies, in particular the buddy of mine, Cthulhu being his name. Using a spiked object: the—”

“BEAD??” interjected Brogoth, agitated to extremes such that his teeth, mouth, and face were conveying extreme (for a theropod) emotions—surprising, agitating, aggravating, and disgusting were words that implied characteristics associated with the reaction previously exhibited by the subject upon which the emotions were inflicted. “That *bead* is a *serious* goner,” he proudly asserted, seemingly oblivious to Realtor’s awareness of a secondary bead, whose whereabouts were unknown to him. “I fear the worst would and could occur, had this spiked bead endured.”

“Has anything happened to it?” asked Realtor, patronizingly. At once, Brogoth and his bros were erupting in confusion and mockery. “Did you not *hear*? Upon its arrival at our collective meeting, we destroyed it by destruction using multiple steps and processes, culminating in its passage to the Obliteration Annex.”

“Whhhhoooooooooooooaa, ” responded Realtor Jeff, “Are you suuuuuure about the nonexistence notion? Where did you think the bead came? Emperor Stroganoff pilfered another. Could be that there are more beads than the one that is atomized.” Now everyone was surprised. Elizabeth was quizzical, confused by this chatter and kerfuffle, hoping that she would return to being a lone shopkeeper with no one bothering her about anything like *beads*. But gosh, it wasn’t a reality. As the shopkeeper became consumed with idle restlessness, she began noticing two mysterious aspects emerging: Brogoth was not watching anyone by conversing, and little spider-like bits were presenting themselves all around everyone. Suddenly, these critters attached themselves to the members of the dinosaur collective and those who sympathized, including our heroes! All of them began to drag down the posses towards underground passages. Everything was black.

## Chapter 18

# A Predicament Happens

Kolchansky frothed diminishingly, and stared into the far reaches of the cell. She banged fists. PPPP“PP”JB yelled from above “at once, cease! You’ll sooner break your fists than these cells! Now silence—” But Kolchansky blocked his commands, recalling how words were once exchanged: “Always at first strike in disagreements, and never when disputing, and.” She continued “striking first” with furor, until enough sound was filtering through the reverberating walls that she bothered the pirate guard enough that he opened the sunroof and looked bemused. When that hatch opened, voices were audible—dinosaur voices and human voices. Kolchansky looked up and caught a glimpse of some dinosaurs and Realtor Jeff!

“Holy mother Day of Night and Evening! It is apparent that we’ve ended up in a same situation!” both Kolchansky and Realtor Jeff screamed loud simultaneously. The loudness startled the guard, who swiftly triggered a beacon, which was to raise attention to uprisings amongst cells. But Jeff had fast movements, normally to the end of realty, but applicable now to stopping the guard. He tackled the guard, then incapacitated him. Looking around, Jeff spotted the pirate beacon burbling away, and flashing words such as “DAMNATION”, “BAD VIBES”, and “BREACH SCENARIO OCCASION DETECTED”. Swiftly, Brogoth headbutted the beacon, rattling its circuits and glitching such aspects as the text, color, tone, volume, mass, angular velocity, and amplitude.

However, one pirate still showed knowledge of the alert. “Darn,” said Brogoth unflappably, removing his laser pistol-gun from his sheath-knapsack. Unfortunately, the approaching pirate, PPPP“PP”JB, had reflective poetry which brought new angles to modern piracy. This gave Brogoth pause. “I wish, Renaissance man that I am, that I could know your poetry,” expressed the dinosaur eagerly, seeing the possibility of negotiation.

The pirate illuminated the face of himself, while rifling through his sheath-knapsack and digging out some papers on theoretical queries in modern computer philosophy. Realtor Jeff attempted to strike, but dinosaurs restrained him. “Que?” inquired Jeff in Spanish, frustrated with his prevention from ruthless striking first. “Wait. All this will be, in time, past, but pandering to the poetical aggressor is strategic,” mumbled Brogoth’s aide, Pamela “Pachycephalosaurus” Karbinax, who had a shocking tattoo of Gondwana on her tail. Kolchansky wondered what this could mean, and gasped, yelling “Gondwana! Tattoo! Wow! Jeff, even thought he suggests that negotiation wouldn’t hurt, could you please brandish forceful implications at the pirate enemies? I’m feeling skeptical and non-dialectical, intimidated and eliminated from strategy discussion and battery repercussion.” Jeff leapt out from the location where he was being held, intending vengeance. Using the bony punches that had been fundamental to his realty success, Jeff knocked over the guard who, taken aback by this very sudden act, failed to retaliate because he thought his opponent wasn’t trying to be striking maliciously. “Oof! Clocked!” cried he who had been hit, crawling affably to shake the hand of Jeff, respecting his aggressor’s high-level punching capabilities, but mildly disappointed by his abilities’ use and motivation. Brogoth was exasperated by this impulsive, disrespectful approach to negotiation, wherein one punched the bajeepers out of one’s conversational partner. “C’mon, Realtor, subtlety has no equal. The plan was to treat Mr. Guard with respect, not disrespect, but respect. You understand?” But Jeff was on a roll, sprinting, rolling, and everything else related to motion of Jeff. No force could stop this mad rampage. Jeff advanced swiftly to his foe, placing a tremendous hand on Pencil Pocket with disturbing velocity.

“Impressive,” drawled PPPP“PP”JB unflinchingly. “But you have neglected to account for my favorite tactic—the ‘ol’ Throsh Deception,’ named after the renowned war scout Gope Throsh, wherein one deceives one’s opponent into neglecting to account for nonviolent means of conducting honest fights. Note, as you are raging, how your attacks strike holograms. I am not actually a physical adversary.”

With no further enemies present, physical combat was pointless. Jeff’s first fury subsided, giving way to introspection. Brogoth observed Jeff’s defeat, and considered the changed viewpoint. Meanwhile, so surprised

was Kolchansky that she exclaimed, "Wow!"

Anyway, PPPP"PP"JB wasn't there, and seemingly nowhere. Lacking positive evidence to support that they weren't able to leave, they moved to the leaving position and searched for an excellent exit, left, of course, from Meatloaf's hallway, arrived at the dead forest within Meatloaf's basement (right next to the living prisoners room) and encountered a bunch of people wandering toward them, people with visages confused regarding their situation.

"Hail, friends!" announced the leader of the group, a tiny woman with electrical arms. "Are you, too, here under oppression by Stroganoff's minions?"

Jeff was perturbed. "Stroganoff? What's he to do with this despicable kidnapping?" The realtor had negative opinions on the concept of the Emperor being responsible for their rude situation. Kolchansky, similarly, had assumed disgust at this, believing no one belief but that PPPP"PP"JB was alone in his fiendish scheme. However, the pirate captive silently gestured, implying that Stroganoff had, in fact, been lurking lots behind many of the misfortunes of the posse. "The filthy pirate was Stroganoff's subservient stooge! Now, are we going to escape like true pacifists, or stand around and gab?"

"Gab!" cried other members of the party behind Jeff, sarcastically. Everyone laughed.

Footsteps echoing through the chamber gave everyone pause. Loud rumbling footsteps. Brogoth froze in his tracks. The electrical clique looked between Brogoth and their surroundings, uncertain and unnerved. Loud, rumbling, and getting closer, the footsteps were resonant, but metallic. Soon, a dinosaur cried, "Party! Is it him?"

Brogoth whimpered, his visor remaining still fixated on the doorway of the dead forest.

"It's party time!" Stroganoff yelled from the doorframe, riding a gigantic sauropod.

## Chapter 19

Back in the City in Which Pastrami Antifreeze Resides, worry blossomed gradually amongst the remaining Righteous Friends Collective members in the very nice location where Pastrami Antifreeze lives. As each of these three, Meatloaf, Bran, and Cthulhu, they returned books that concerned spiked beads and potential world knowledge regarding potential information regarding consequences of the loss of such spiked beads to the villains library to vegan cafés' owners<sup>1</sup>. However, no lead was uncovered for these purposes. Meanwhile, the Chief began investigating potential misdeeds, which seemed to be revelatory, but were unreported due to his disappearance. "Where have they gotten to?" inquired all of the posse members, after individually noting that Jeff and Policeman Basalt Steve-Andrew-Steve were unaccounted for despite having Archbishop Pastrami Antifreeze's instigation of a search for them.

Cthulhu expressed fear particularly related to his bestie bud Realtor. Cthulhu's experience dictated caution, but a problem like this Sausage Sausage character further exacerbated existing urgency—Jeff needed oversight. "Jeff needs oversight," he observed. Bran concurred vigorously. "I agree, but where do we focus? Pastrami's watchmen have secured no trace of him, we know he has no current contact with any other people in this Archbishop's hamlet, and no sighting of him or Sausage Sausage has been recorded ever. Our best option now is simply to page the jeepers out of Jeff's pager and cross our hearts."

Gazing that direction, Meatloaf idly contorted his limbs, saying syllables. "I may want to check something." He raced to the bedroom, babbling "the location! The emperors' beads..." Bran, looking thoughtfully at where Meatloaf had dashed, pondered what his motivation was, and if he might be knowledgeable regarding Jeff's location. "'Emperors'... does Meatloaf mean that Stroganoff and he might have once communicated?" she considered. Cthulhu was undulating in the corner, but, intrigued, looked at Bran quizzically. "You mean, Meatloaf was once Stroganoff's collaborator?" He emanated miasma goo, shocked. Meatloaf returned, stone-faced. "My friends, Stroganoff and his current minion lover Ex were not long deliberating. I regret that I didn't sooner tell you, but I knew Stroganoff well once." Meatloaf winced, then continued, "I met him at youth emperor camp when he, although troubled, seemed kind to me. He, Steak, and I learned many secrets, valuable information bits, and important legends regarding spiked beads there... forgive my silence heretofore. Jeff could be located in a house where Stroganoff has owned a property with me long ago. If you would drive, we could see if Stroganoff harbors nostalgia, thereby taking Jeff to hostage in there." WILL

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<sup>1</sup>This is a terrible sentence.



## Appendix A

# A Day With Cthulhu And Realtor Jeff For Any Kids Ages 64.

Cthulhu awoke, bright and early, in anticipation of the fun day ahead. He exited his abyss to rise into the world, leaving his hellish abode of fear, dripping with ichor and the toothpaste of Cthulhu.

On his way to the house of Realtor Jeff, he picked up a bagel with cream cheese and spacetime for breakfast to sate his voracious thirst. He picked out a nice-looking cake for Realtor Jeff, as this was their way of greeting one another. Cthulhu liked the tradition, as he could thank the host of his bud's house: his friend and comrade and compatriot and bro and pal and bestie, and his bud Realtor Jeff.

Realtor Jeff was likewise excited, because he had not failed to prepare for the visit with Cthulhu, with his own cake, flavored with lemon-flavored licorice. Cthulhu hadn't seen Realtor Jeff in a long long time. Today was a special day for them, because Cthulhu's and Jeff's friendship became 20 metric tonnes of friendship that was expanding outwards, all 20 tonnes of friendship, at high velocity. (This was metaphorical.)

Cthulhu arrived and high-fived passers-by. However, this only frightened them, so Cthulhu ceased. He was approaching Realtor Jeff's home. He suddenly got a idea—what could he do to make Jeff happier? He thought, and decided to exhume Realtor Jeff's cat, Policeman Realtor Marble, and bring it and its frail spirit to Jeff's house, where they would hold a séance.

When Cthulhu arrived at Jeff's home, he knocked on Realtor Jeff's door, knocking with all of his ghastly eldritch horrific ichor-oozing limb-like tentacles. When Realtor Jeff answered, Cthulhu jumped out, for his joy included Realtor Jeff's joy.

"I love exhuming your pets!" he exclaimed.

Jeff was like, "O, me gusta! Coincidentally, I also exhumed my friend and coworker and fellow pet Davison Policeman Hartnell (Davison being his giraffe-bestowed name.)"

"So, let's hold shovels over the mantelpiece, which encloses your things such that your pets, (at the least, Policeman Realtor Marble) and your previously dead pets can reside in the room where we hold our séances," said Cthulhu.

Previous séances had been successful, fun, and pretty. (They were usually almost entirely as effective and helpful and, as everybody knew, pretty beyond Harold and Tomlinson's prettiness at the time of prettiness.)

Now was the time to hold the séance. Realtor Jeff brought incense and other supplies to the séance table.

"Golly!" exclaimed Jeff, lighting the incense as Cthulhu and Jeff began to feel ghosts and specters deep inside of the soul of them. Suddenly, Policeman Realtor Marble's body twinged, leaping out of the box in Cthulhu's bud's arms. His limbs remained stiff, but flailed in circles. His mouth moved, and his vocal chords screeched.

"Golly! This sure is exciting!" exclaimed Cthulhu, despite wondering why the cat's spirit hadn't been ejected.

"I wonder why the cat's spirit hasn't been ejected," said Realtor Jeff. The other time that they had held a séance, the deceased pet had not taken new shape and started moving, like this cat; rather, their ghost had exited through the face with force.

Then the cat expelled lightning from his pores, and radio waves from his ears. "Policeman Realtor Marble sure is one odd cat!" stated both pals and other spirits in the room. It was becoming a bit gratuitous, the cat's antics (which didn't fail to involve tables.)

Realtor Jeff said "I think Policeman Realtor Marble may be sent by Beelzebub as a zombie cat." This caused alarm in Jeff and Cthulhu, who had strictly forbidden zombie minions of Beelzebub from entering their households. "Let's oust this despicable abomination (for the cat, no more,)" cried Jeff, activating the laser anti-zombie-cat cannon.

The cannon destroyed Policeman Realtor Marble's spirit-possession and body, and left nothing but some ghosts and wispy steam.

"Gosh. Let's clean it up." So Cthulhu and Jeff did. They did scrub, they scrubbed, they washed, they finally did. Eventually they had finished removing all the cat ectoplasm remains from the walls and ceiling and floor.

"What should we do now?" inquired both pals simultaneously. They decided to hit up Johnnie Johnson B. Jason Joshua Jones Joe Jerry Jorj Fredrickson V, a king of Great Texas and its affiliated provinces, and also an itty-bitsy painter who enjoyed gardening and writing and especially pathology. (Affiliated in part due to having control by monetary dominance over pretty much the whole, dig?) They asked King JJBJJJJFV if they could borrow his van full of electrical hippies, in the event of hippies being problematic (the other hippies, not the ones who were electrical (that were fond of electrocution because they found insight through it, dig?))

The King was initially confused and bemused, as he did not want to lend a van to just any old realtor or eldritch abomination.

"Why do you want this van anyways? The hippies are troublesome stoners who don't observe Ramadan. I am puzzled and befuzzled, as they are quick to electrocute any person who negotiates trade with them" (the king, already having seen the damage dealt, was wary and scary) he bemoaned.

Realtor Jeff explained, "Please understand that we only intend to seek more aid in negotiating ransoms with electrical hippies and similar subcultures. We're understanding that the hippies might be electrocutional, unruly, brazen, and very wily (See, like the wily policeman who's actually Kolchansky's domestic partner, hm?), but we require them and the wiles in order to communicate and negotiate and successfully have good fun at the movies (with lemon-flavored licorice, and if possible, other concessions such as orange-flavored spacetime (for Cthulhu)) and around 50 other people."

Then King JJBJJJJFV was calmed and unqualmed and gave the buds the keys to the hippies' van, and the key to the special "hippies' box", which was containing materials necessary to Cthulhu's attempts to control the hippies. Then the buds set out on a voyage to the movie theater, where they were going to feast their eyes on a movie, with lemon-flavored licorice. Perhaps they would find that the movie appealed to hippies.

The movie was *Remote: Batman Lives With Fear Against The Bourgeoisie Kraken Flame: The Space Awakening Of The Large Hadron Destroyer*, which was popular among realtors, hippies, and Cthulhu, (the Batman being very popular among old-timers such as Cthulhu.) However, the crew was dismayed by the lack of lemon-flavored licorice in the concessions stand.

"How could we have enjoyment of a Batman film without lemon-flavored licorice?" one hippie screeched. Realtor Jeff shushed the hippie and went, "Don't be fretting! We brought our dispensers for lemon-flavored licorice, and they don't require refilling now or soon, even much more after, such, that is, as time ending." A dispenser was powered by Cthulhu's supernatural aura of dark forces. When this party heard that which was said, he screamed "Hurrah! My thirst-quenching dispenser has appeased me." All the hippies cried, "Hip hippity doo-dah hip-hop huzzah! We are pretty pleased by this notion." So they lined up to fetch tickets, which were very expensive. But the ticket-seller saw the unlimited potential of the dispensers, and instead asked, "Can I have one of those doozies, instead of the money?" "Understand that Cthulhu's power wanes when he walks away, with each step, from the lair. But if you are willing to give us your tickets, sure." The booth clerk guy bloke man dude chap fellow chum operator person worker member of the ticket-sellers' union exchanged the tickets for the dispenser. The guy thanked them, and cried, "Good hip day. My best pelvic bone is wishing you luck." It wasn't hard for Jeff and Cthulhu to tell the man's true nature—a swindler and a cad of monstrous variety. But he had little to battle, so he left and went quietly on a trek of swindling proportions.

Jeff's hair bristled, and he went into the theater, along the dangerous walkway of Peril. The hair of Jeff, having intelligence and a political agenda like unto Kolchansky's domestic partner's lips, continued to bristle. "What is it about this movie that makes my hair agitated?" Jeff pondered. Hippies teetered on the walkway, but all kept on balance. Cthulhu guided them with his tentacles, because he himself had designed this walkway—in no way had he intended harm toward patrons of the theater, he merely liked promoting perilous instinct in 21st century Great Texan provinces architecture. When all had crossed, the walkway ceased to exist. The movie began.

As time passed, hippies grew restless. The hippies didn't like movies where capitalism reigned, and preferred trippy communist flicks with rainbows and shiny boy choirs, such as the film *Dart, the Lafe Escapee—Dash To Periliberty!*, which they had enjoyment towards, as it was very great in length and importance to the electrical artistic movement, involved in such works as *Massive Lafe Outbreak*, and *The Massive Epidemic of Lafe*, and *No Lafe Was Harmed by Bits*. (Lafe being an important center of this underground movement, characterized by famous outbreaks, such as the Lafe Bit Outbreak Profusion of '96, when bits of people started drifting like dust, but brave stoppers of those unstoppable bits made the bits stop.)

Suddenly, the pager of a hippie chirped. Everybody stared at her, as she had left it on and recieved a page, inter-



rupting the most gripping, touching, climactic, romantic, action-packed, heartfelt, explosion-illuminated scene in the history of film. The hippie skulked, ashamed, but not so ashamed that she didn't crave knowledge of the Lufe Underground Subculture. (The page, of which interruption occurred, carried urgent artistic dispatches of news, such as news regarding news about upcoming Lufe info. But it also brought disturbing dispatches regarding a swindling ticket-seller. For this ticket-seller had had plans previous to the deal which exchanged finally illegal material for freedom from the fuzz—the result eventually resulting in swindling.)



## Appendix B

# Questions That Remain

Many questions remain to be answered, such as:

- What are two emperors and an archbishop doing at Bran's birthday party, anyways?
- How exactly did Kolchansky get out of the dining table/lion-trapped doorway?
- Besides Bjorn, who is Kolchansky's? (Partially resolved: none of the people hanging from her roof are. Realtor Jeff is.)
- *How* did the ex-fiancée return from the grave? Can she just do that, or what?
- Why did Cthulhu need milk, eggs, and spacetime? Why could he only get them in Brussels?
- If Cthulhu could *only* get these items in Brussels, how come Bran had never read about his presence there?
- What the heck were Bran and Sausage Sausage talking about in the penthouse?
- Why were people airlifting hooks and pants?
- Why did *Batman: The Movie* have lemon-flavored licorice in it?
- Does Emperor Stroganoff actually have such a powerful knockout gas, or is Emperor Meatloaf merely out of his cotton-pickin' gourd?
- Is Emperor Meatloaf a koala, like his wife?
- What is Plan StorkLoaf? What does Kolchansky have to do with it?
- Margaret seems oddly calm about having her sixth finger removed. Why? What was it doing in a holster in the first place?
- What is so volatile about Realtor Jeff's status as Kolchansky's?
- How did Bran and Meatloaf summon Cthulhu? Does it have to do with Plan StorkLoaf?



## Appendix C

### Quotes

“If she knew about his villainous ways, she might *not* have invited him to her birthday party.”



# Appendix D

## List of Characters

Here are all the characters whose existence has been suggested in the story, along with brief descriptions.

- Kolchansky Kolchanski, the hostess of the big birthday bash at her childrens' mansion. None know who is hers, apart from Realtor Jeff.
- Kolchansky's husband (name unknown), a man of eloquent words and sage advice. Is having an affair with Margaret, and lives in St. Petersburg.
- Margaret, Kolchansky's husband's lover. Little is known about her, but she has horns and until recently had six fingers on each hand.
- Bran Q. P. R. Joe, Kolchansky's niece. Is celebrating her 207th birthday at Kolchansky's children's mansion. A friend of Emperor Stroganoff and Realtor Jeff, both guests at the party. Went to Cornell and took a class on Cthulhu-spotting there.
- Emperor Stroganoff, one of the two emperors at Bran's birthday party. Seized his empire from Harold Tomlinson. Is in conflict with Archbishop Sausage Sausage and Emperor Meatloaf, who believe he is up to no good. Has an eerie effect on them that have measles.
- Emperor Meatloaf, Emperor Stroganoff's rival. Stark raving loony. Old playmate, current acrimonious ally of Bran. Believes that Emperor Stroganoff has discovered a supernaturally powerful knockout gas and plans to use it to produce far-reaching consequences.
- Emperor Meatloaf's wife. Also a few filaments short of a bulb. Is probably a koala.
- Harold Tomlinson. Ex-emperor, who gave Stroganoff fish, leading to Stroganoff seizing power over his domain. Becomes pretty and/or facetious when in distress.
- Harold Tomlinson's ex-fiancée (name unknown). Also Cthulhu's ex-girlfriend, and in possession of his pager. Has died and returned from the grave. Is now in cahoots with Emperor Stroganoff.
- Cthulhu. Horrific, tentacled abomination from dimensions incomprehensible to the human mind. Used to date Harold Tomlinson's ex-fiancée. Likes lemon-flavored licorice. Is sought by Emperor Stroganoff and Harold Tomlinson's ex-fiancée.
- Archbishop Sausage Sausage. An Archbishop, and guest at Bran's party, with anger management issues. Is trying to hinder Emperor Stroganoff in whatever he is doing. Also wants to kill Realtor Jeff, due to fearing the information that he is Kolchansky's. Masqueraded as a police officer named Policeman Granite Jones.
- Realtor Jeff. A realtor, who also is interested in things you can smell. One of only two people known to be Kolchansky's. Is hunted by Archbishop Sausage Sausage.
- Chief Policeman Basalt Steve-Andrew-Steve. Chief of police in Brussels. Likes bran (the food).
- Officer Policeman Obsidian-Sandstone Wiles-Smythe-Roger-Smiles-Bennett-Rollins. Aiding Chief Policeman Basalt Steve-Andrew-Steve in the investigation of how Kolchansky got out of her table.

- Slickerton, Bran's other uncle. Has an aversion to petroleum.
- The Professor (name unknown). Wants Kolchansky's wooden teeth, which she uses to catch mice.
- The Splice Butler. May or may not be named "Slice". Has caused problems for Kolchansky in the past.
- Bjorn. One of only two people known to be Kolchansky's.