

The Whipping of the Juggalos
by Can Not

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DISCLAIMER:

No one really knows for a fact what is going on in this book. The author assures that every single situation actually has happened, but not always in the way we think they happened. The story happens with 2 time lines that move at different paces. These time lines combine in the middle of the book. All "Conversations" are real, with names and screen-names edited for privacy. The author takes no responsibility for your attempts and/or failures at any abstract or awesome feat you may or may not attempt to try, do, or not do. The author can not be held liable for anything this book may or may not make you do to yourself, others, or both, including, but not limited to: cancer from a second puberty, jumping off high objects repeatedly (until possible or impossible injury or death), loss of sexual organs or sexual reproductive ability by means of over-musculization, uppercut-related deaths, loss of eyesight from the presence of eternal borgirs, and sorrow by means of death. Warranties regarding the book do not cover spontaneous combustion, fusion, abiogenesis, metallic diarrhea, or anti-narcaticia related events. This book is written for historical purposes only. The section of content in which the author claims to loose his virginity has been removed by the editor(s) because of inhuman activities involving (in\sub)human subjects and incomprehensible acts of disturbing sexual violence. If you must know how the sexual intercourse happened, there is a way you can find out what happened. Paul W.S. Anderson took the difficult task of directing a movie based off the sexual experience, although it is an abridged version of the sexual experience. You can goto your local rental or retail store and purchase it, it is rated PG-13 and titled "Alien vs Predator." All the artwork was created by the author. All spelling errors are neither accidental nor done on purpose, but are prophetic. Names of celebrities are for unrealistic and fictionally historic purposes only.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

The author's contact information, identity, and/or gender may not be as accurate as he would want them to be. Although he has only been seen going into the men's bathroom, no one has actually "checked" to make sure. In the unabridged version of Genesis, God created the author on the 1337th day, and on that same day, the author uppercutted God for an entire day, because "No one creates Can Not, but Can Not." After that, they both rested, and while God rested, he pondered for an entire day on what he had just done. While the author was a young child, he had a mother and possibly a father. When the author was about to enter 2nd grade, his mother immedietly got a job for the specific purpose of "getting the hell away" from the author. During this time period, the author is thought to have constantly screamed, but usually when he was alone. The author has never had a girlfriend who didn't dump him within a month, upon realization of his "adversely defective" nature, in which he has coined the term "Madalion" as the word for his problem. The author has never had a psychologist longer than one meeting. The author has been banned from the YMCA and the Geneva Convention. Anything unknown and possibly necessary can be found out from the rest of the book.

CONTACT:
email: madalion@gmail.com
WEB: <http://www.rglad.us/>

This book is for all that believe in the inevitable theory of "Utter Wisdom". For all have capitalized and fallen short of the glory of Stalin, as humans we can still do things that we think we can't. This book will change your life style, friends, family, gender, and possibly even your dog.

"This is more disturbing than anything I have ever written."

-Edgar Allen Poe

"Somebody needs therapy..."

-Francie

"Yeah, here's 5 things where God went wrong
1) platypuses, platypusis? whatever 2) ligers 3) tigons
4) anteaters 5) Can Not"

-Polly

"... HAHA.. You're insane.. Unicorns, LOL. <3Linzy"

-Linzy

"You have too much time on your hands. Crazy. But very nice. ^_ ^"

-Colleen

"where in the heck do u get all these random freakin
crap stories.....none of them make any sense, u like
start out in a real place and then all of a sudden ur in ur
lil fantasy world.....is that what these stories r? ur
fantasy world written down? if so, ur fantasy world is a
lil screwed.....i finally got the x
down.....YES!!!!!!11 hopefully i wont screw it up,
haha.....o just watch me, i probly will, knowing
me.....GAH!!!!!!!!!!!!11"

-Christine

"Remember-Ninjas were the original gangstahs."

-Arun

"Oh yea! You beat that kid up in barnes & nobles! Can Not triumphs yet again!"

-Lacy

"This is nothing but a huge boiling pot of violence.
Every seen is either a fight scene or the set-up for a
fight scene. If this were a movie made without any blood or
gore or bad language, it would be rated R just for the
sheer volume of violence."

-Henry R.

*Dedicated to all those before me,
who have tried, failed, and died...*

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Chapter 1: Initializing Your Core!

Let us suppose that one day you went fishing. You caught a fish that was so big, everyone was like *no way!* They all thought you were utterly superior, totally awesome, and may be even a Pirate! You would collect the phone numbers of many hawt and obese girls, and everyone would love you!

Unfortunately, the next day, no one would care. None of the girls will remember you, and you will eat your fish alone. When you finish reading this book, you won't just catch the big fish... you will catch the biggest fish everyday, and continuously catch the biggest fish until the concept of "biggest fish" fell to the concept of "I'm a totally awesome Madalion surrounded by hawt babes constantly!"

Now, of course, someone will tell you that once you catch the biggest fish, the biggest fish is no longer there, therefor can not be caught again! But that is absolutism! Only Catholics believe in absolutes (and their's are usually made up). The Catholics hate the Juggalos because the Juggalos do not believe in one absolute truth. The Juggalos believe you can goto heaven your way and I will goto my heaven my way, while the Catholics believe you will only goto a heaven their way. I am not here to tell you what is the truth, only the situations that surround them. Most Juggalos are either male prostitutes, clowns, or members of the Dark Carnival (one of their related religions). Some Juggalos are Pirates, and most Pirates have a Juggalo friend.

Juggalo can be pronounced and spelled many ways, but I refer to all with one word in this book. Of course, being friends with Juggalos isn't the only reason that Pirates would be against the Catholics. Pirates cuss like sailors, rape, download mp3s, and steal from ships. All of this in front of their own mother. All of those are against the Latin Bible, which is the Bible that is not in English, therefor I know what it says because I can pretend to know what it says and then I can tell you it says I am cooler than you. Here is a relevant document:

-Translated from Latin to English-

Diary of Volderae Emptialus November 3, 722 AD

Publi, Julius, Marcus, Anthoni, Yurlus and I were about to goto a party, when a Gallic merchant came from nowhere and accosted me. I was bewildered by his lack of steak, so I told him to eat nuggets. He told me that for a small price I could be protected from elephants and snakes of the human kingdom if I payed a tax to the Roman Catholic Church.

I denied this tax and declared war on this fraudulent pyronaut. Indeed, his elites soon came in and disowned my right to live, but I still shock wave corner block misery amplitude*. A few moments later, I found large love for his duck necklace. It was beautiful, yet so deeply sincere. I pulled out my sword and began to cut out his elites. They all screamed and crap, then immediately the Catholics knew I meant business. I hijacked their ship and told their crew to join me or leave. They saw that I was freaking awesome. Some joined me, and some left. Two tried to kill me, but I waffle jack kingpin triple donut barrel*. I collected the friends I mentioned earlier in this entry, and we had a party on my new ship. The Catholics became really mad.

Eventually, they sent more ships, and we had awesome naval battles that I won easily. After figuring out the basics of naval battles, I wailed my harp and started attacking towns. We soon developed cool accents and resistance to sea sickness. With time, my navy loved up to 13 ships, and we have been attacked by stealthy hired assassins. The queer Asian guy says that they are ninjas, but I told him to let the silence go wild.

**No one knows what he was trying to say.*

As you can see the struggle between the Juggalos and the Catholics is an ancient one. One may be asking, why the heck would the ninjas pair up with the Catholics? First off, it is not actually their choice. Second, ninjas do not care. Third, ninjas are hired assassins, and Catholics are manipulatively rich. Fourth, pirates and ninjas are hard core to the end of Earth enemies with only one final dream: total annihilation of the other.

Once, I was at a party at a pizza restaurant because my soccer team just finished opening milk jugs of superiority and spilling it all over the field, then this woman was like "Hey everyone scream happy birthday!" Then we all got mad and told her to shut up. She did not like that, so she got out her cell phone and called in a *ninja*. We laughed at her, thinking she was a complete moron, then like 3 totally sweet ninjas came out of nowhere and entered the front door. They each had 2 girls. They saw us, then

killed the girls and hid the bodies in the plants near the front entrance while running to us. The first one had a ninja sword and cut off some dog's nose because he is totally bad and can do whatever he wants. The second was wailing a guitar and screaming. The third was flying to make it look like he was running upside down. He was equipped with a car door. It was red or pink. Hopefully red, because red is awesome.

The ninjas were closing in really close, but this guy in the back of the restaurant was downloading mp3s, then screamed "Arrrrrrr!!!1" then he transformed into this 12 feet tall pirate warrior thing. The ninjas grew scared, and signaled to the woman to call in for back-up. But the woman was not just any woman, she was a member of the Pope's Elite Guard! She ripped all her clothes off and revealed that she was a hierarchy of the Catholic Church! She pulled out 6 Bibles and the Mormon book of Nephi and created a sword of the spirit, and the 3 ninjas and the elite guard ran to the pirate. The pirate was like "Oh snap!" because he was not strong enough, so he got back to the computer and text messaged like 30 ships to arrive, and then they had a hardcore fight.

Out of nowhere, the band Insane Clown Posse came in because they heard about the party. They wailed guitars and there was massive fight then hundreds of Catholic tanks arrived, but at the same time were bombed by flying pirate ships. That might have worked, but the pirates were being over taken by flying ninjas, and Juggalos were raising money for the pirate's war effort. Eventually the police came, but they were like "Yeah right!" and burst out of there. I do not actually know what happened after that, because I got out of there really quickly.

Chapter 2: Utter Awesomeness

About one year and a half ago, I was in the beginning stages of Madalionity. I was not a player. I was not strong. I was weak from eating nothing over the summer. I talked on line about Runescape, Tetris, paint ball, Pokemon, giant lizard monsters, and Asian fantasies. You probably do the same thing. But one day I thought to myself "...That guy has tons of hawt babes...I have none...What is his secret?" Between different studies of pimping males, I notice that all have common qualities. All players are not the most attractive guy in the entire world. All are not the sexiest. None are significantly athletic. All seem to be missing talents. But there is one talent that they have. They have the girls.

Of course, some made exceptions to the non attractive rule, but there was no correlation between pimpality and attractiveness. After a long period of research, and some actual ground tests, I discovered that the line "You're pretty...stupid!" will get you more phone numbers than any pick-up line I've ever heard of. I have developed a theoretical process that will help you understand why pickup lines will not work and this new strange line is more likely to work.

Conversation

```
HawtBabe: LOLZOR PARTY!!!1
DorkyMan: Hey wassup!
HawtBabe: DUDE LIKE OMG ASL
DorkyMan: *stutter*
*DorkyMan has left the room*
HawtBabe: ROFL NOOB
UltimateGeek: Is there a mirror in your pants?
HawtBabe: LOL NO
HawtBabe: WTC???1
UltimateGeek: I can see myself in your pants!
HawtBabe: I CAN'T LOLZ!!!1
Hitler: Yo, I got a third empire.
HawtBabe: O RLY?
Hitler: MEIN KAMPF!
HawtBabe: JOOB
Hitler: OMG BONES^
HawtBabe: LOL NEXT?
Pirate: ARRR GIMME UR BOOTY
HawtBabe: *gives used napkin*
Pirate: ARRR PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!!!!1
HawtBabe: YEAH RIGHT
HawtBabe: LOLZORZE
*CompleteLoser has entered the chat*
HawtBabe: LOL HE'S GONNA HIT ON ME WHAT A NOOB LOLZ LOLZ
CompleteLoser: You're pretty
HawtBabe: O WRYYYYYLY ????????11
CompleteLoser: ...stupid
HawtBabe: OMG OMG
*HawtBabe's world turns upside down, turns caps lock off*
HawtBabe: You think I'm stupid?
CompleteLoser: Well I'd like to tell you differently, but it seemed to fit better
that "I can smell how bad it is"
HawtBabe: Your a jerk.
CompleteLoser: you're*
HawtBabe: STFU
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CompleteLoser: Ha! *pushes HawtBabe gently*
HawtBabe: You just touched me
CompleteLoser: What are going to do, hit me back?
HawtBabe: well, no...
CompleteLoser: What the heck do you do?
HawtBabe: I work at DryIce at the mall.
CompleteLoser: Really? judging by that shirt I thought you were a bus driver.
HawtBabe: lol really? uh! You meanie!
CompleteLoser: As for me...
CompleteLoser: I'm an intergalactic rock star!
CompleteLoser: I French like 6 girls a week.
CompleteLoser: I bet your mother was one of them.
HawtBabe: No way!
HawtBabe: Your not a rock star!
HawtBabe: Shut up!
CompleteLoser: you're*

```

^(Bones is a list of enemies for a game at www.synthetic-reality.com. Idiots scream "BONES" when they are about to put someone on the list.)

As you can see, by not using a pick-up line, the complete loser was able to achieve a conversation with the hawt babe. Of course, if the girl initially likes you, the pick-up line might actually work. And, of course, some girls will not talk to you no matter what. As soon as you filter through these issues, you will have more control over an issue. This is what they probably hear:

"Your hawt" -> *I want your body for sexual purposes and Frenching.*

"Prepare to be boarded" -> *I'm a complete loser who lives in my dad's basement and has never kissed a girl before in my life.*

"I love your hat" -> *and I have no personality.*

"I lost my phone number can I have yours?" -> *I'm going to divorce you after 2 children and date all your friends and French your grandma. But before then, it will be awesome.*

"You're pretty...stupid" -> *dude he just tricked me whats his problem why doesn't he want me? WAAH WAAH WAZZ*

Conversation

```

Can Not: so u like math?
Chelsie: no i hate math
Can Not: do u ever go out to Wal-mart and buy math video games?
Chelsie: no
Can Not: o rly?
Chelsie: yea rllly
Chelsie: what do u ?
Can Not: no, u just kinda looked like the kind of person that would
Chelsie: o thnks so i look like a geek

```


Chapter 3: The Origins of all groups.

The Catholics, Juggalos, Ninjas, Pirates, and other groups are all totally awesome. But where did they originate? Juggalos, Ninjas, and Pirates have been around forever. Juggalos are like party people, no individual can be pulled forth and said to be the first Juggalo. Juggalos naturally formed from children who will lead the children of the next generation into following example and being even more Juggalative. The Juggalos never associated with each other and formed no social groups until the Roman Empire came around.

The first ninja-integration with humans started when some guy told another guy to kill a third guy, because the first guy will give the second guy something cool. But the second guy was not a real human...he was a ninja! He flipped out of nowhere and killed the third guy, got the first guy's cool thing, then wanted more. He eventually achieved power over the humans, and asked some of his ninja buddies to run wild. Ninjas slowly spread all over the Earth, killing for cool stuff. During this first period, they were greatly outnumbered by humans, and therefor had to develop skills such as flying and magic to survive. Still today, there are few ninjas. But all of them are totally sweet.

Pirates are just criminals. The historical point at which the first "pirate" existed was when gunpowder was created. Before then, you were just a group of criminals on a ship. Criminals on ships have been around for ages, stealing crap. Pirates were never considered important until they discovered flying burning sharks, which is totally awesome.

The Catholics are the group that arrived late and caused trouble everywhere. One day this totally sweet Jew named Jesus was born into the Earth. He was the son of God, and everybody was like "DUDE" when they saw his awesome supernatural events. Millions worshiped him, and all his buddies wrote books about him. He was so hardcore, he would stay in one position for an entire day praying to God! However, his job was to tell all that his father's empire will come from heaven and take over. Everyone would die, and only those who believed in Jesus would live. Everybody was like "HOLY CRAP!" then they quickly told everyone else and soon the entire world was like "DUDE NO WAY!" Some governor under the Roman Emperor was like "LOL UR DAD GONNA DO WHAT? WHATEVAH!" Then some religious leader was like "DUDE KILL HIM" Then the governor was like "LOL WHY?" then the religious leader said "HES A HERETIC LOL" Then the governor was like "O RLY?" then he ordered Jesus killed.

Jesus was betrayed by his buddy Judah, then when he

found out they would nail him to wood and leave him there to die, Jesus was like "YEAH RIGHT!" He was so hardcore, he let them do it. Jesus laughed the entire time while they whipped this guy. Everybody asked "What is this...a new teaching?" When they nailed him to the wood and stood him up like a stop sign, the sky turned dark and he's like "FATHER! FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY'VE DONE!" Then everyone is like "DUDE HOLY CRAP!" and then he dies, zombifies, then floats up to heaven. It was totally awesome.

No matter how cool that was, some guys known as the hierarchy thought "Hey, no one knows how to read. DUDE! OK, you see this? You can't understand, but it says I need to be in charge of you. It also says we need to build fancy churches and collect taxes. You can give me money, and I'll pray your sins away! OK, you know what? The Earth is the center of the universe! Dude, this planet is soooo flat. You! Rich guy! Lets call you a Noble! help me stay in power, and I'll be nice...King! You are given divine right to rule by God himself! That is, if you declare our religion correct and official...*wink*"

Then everyone is like "DUDE LOL HOLY KING!" afterwards, some guy translated the Bible into a common language, then he's like "DUDE! It doesn't say anything about...like...ummm...let me make a really long list." After this part, the Catholic Empire loses it's grip on the world as *I-read-the-Biblism* got popular.

The pirates and Juggalos get angry, because the Catholic Church made laws against the things they do. While the Catholic Church is bending the world in their own favor, more and more people become pirates and jump on ships. This gave direct rise to pirate armies and Juggalo rebellions. The Catholics became aware of this threat before it got out of hand, and quickly seized control of the government to assist them. The local armies were all tough and trained, but could not protect every city from a pirate attack. The Catholics raised taxes and hired ninjas. The ninjas would flip out and kill all the pirates for no reason whatsoever. Except now they had a reason. The Pope gives them cool stuff. The Pope is the leader of the Catholic Church. He changes every few years, but there is something much much darker about him. After the Pope, there are the Bishops, and they are like mini-Popes, acting cool and stuff. Ninjas get mad because the Bishops think they are hardcore, but they are not! But ninjas don't even care!

But that isn't the first conflict between ninjas and pirates...in fact, ninjas might not have signed contracts with the Catholics if they didn't get to kill pirates! A long time ago, there was a totally sweet ninja and he said to his parents "LOL NOOBZ" and ran off. The ninja parents

grew furious, as their ninja son ran away. As soon as they caught up with the child, he was taken by pirates. Before they could get angry, or even think about it, the pirates had already given the ninja child a sex change, raped him, and blasted his toenails with lasers. The ninja mom killed the ninja child for running away, then went home.

As soon as the ninja parents got home, their friend Steve came by and said "Yo!" The ninjas flipped out of their wooden chairs, spilling coffee everywhere, as they landed their feet on the ground and drew their swords in a mega ultima flash of total awesomeness. Then they realized that it was just Steve. The ninja dad told the ninja mom to clean up the mess, but then the ninja mom upper cut him, then the ninja dad cleaned the mess. The ninja mom came to Steve and said "Yo!"

Steve said "I heard some screaming and death last night, what happened?" Suddenly, last night flashed before the ninja mom's eyes. She had killed her son! Quickly, she flew into the 2nd story window, grabbed a chain mail toothbrush, and committed sepuku by brushing a hole in her stomach for 16 hours straight. She made a noise before finishing, then the dad got really mad, flipped out of his recliner while watching the lost episode of the Smurfs, then cut her head off with a freaking huge and awesome ninja sword. Steve said "Yo!" then the ninja replied "Yo?"

As soon as Steve began to speak, the ninja realized that his wife killed their son last night. He began to stab the body refusively, not because he cared about his son, but because he was a totally bad dude and could do whatever he felt like. When the ninja got tired, Steve asked "What happened last night?" The ninja dad looked at Steve and saw that Steve wasn't just any neighbor...Steve was a clown! The ninja dad flipped out and went crazy! But before the ninja dad could kill Steve, Steve pulled out his pirate scimitar and revealed that he was Juggalo pirate! No one really knows who won the fight after that, but many conflicts like that took place around the 350 BC to 250 BC time period in Asia, and the hatred soon spread to Europe by 1000 AD.

Earlier today, I was pimping in my red Mustang GT, then like 30 kangaroos started chasing me. I got confused and scared, so I pressed the pedal to the metal and wailed out of there like a pirate who just stole the booty. Then, the police started chasing me and the kangaroos, and I was like "Oh snap!" but thats when I saw the creatures of my greatest dreams...a unicorn! The unicorn was white, and had majestic wings of unparalleled proportions. The kangaroos became scared and crashed into the police. The unicorn did a quadruple back flip and then carried my Mustang GT into the sky!

I was like "This...is...soooooooooo AWESOME!" The unicorn split into 50 transparent spirit things and became one with my Mustang GT. The words "Mustang GT" morphed into "UniGT" and then the shape of my Mustang pimped out a little more than usual, while the texture became more organic. The whiteness of the unicorn and the redness of my Mustang GT combined pigments and formed a pink skin made of totally awesome titanium steel. The kangaroos and police starred in amazement as I flew away laughing at them. But that wasn't the last I saw of them.

I went to the bank a few days later, and the kangaroos and police officers were waiting for me! I was bestilled and undergarmed! I pressed 7 on my keyboard for my LRM launcher, and killed like 60 kangaroos with one round of long range missiles! But out of no where, a huge robot chicken came out of nowhere! I had no choice but to bust out of there! The police started frisking me with their shot guns while I put the UniGT into reverse and ran over like 6 innocent bystanders. As soon as I turned around, there were 2 giant robot chickens on the other side of me! That means a total of 3 robot chickens! HOLY CRAP!

I knew that there was no way I could get out alive, and all hope was gone. I could attempt to do a barrel roll, but then the helicopter would spot me and shoot me down. I thought once or twice about wailing, but my guitar became a harp when the Mustang GT and unicorn fused! I attempted to wail it anyways, but I failed with lack of harmony! Because the harp was raw, it was out of tune! I whipped out like 14 undead snowmen to distract while I prepared a solar eclipse, but I hit a beached whale and got stuck in it's rolls of whale lard. They approached me, and stuck their shotguns to my face. Slowly, they prepared to say good bye, and I was scared that they would kill me. This would be the end of my life, and all that I had accomplished will be a total waist! My life flashed before my eyes, and I could feel small demons made of white chocolate wearing Hawaiian hula skirts laughing at me straight from hell! This was the end.

Suddenly, all the police officers turned around and saw a dark figure in the horizon. The dark figure performed the secret ninja teleportation technique-without being a ninja! He appeared on the other side of the hoard, then killed them all with his eyebrows! The eyebrows wolfed and keeled and ended all ways of life! It was so amazing, I nearly flipped out of reality! The police all laid on the ground, screaming, because they know what true pain feels like, and they know they are feeling it. The figure just laughed at them. The laughter had an unconscious echo that broke the cedar tails of the kangaroos!

The figure stepped out of the shadows and revealed to

everyone that it was...Someone that has not been seen since long, long ago...It was Doug! No one really knows what happened to Doug, but Doug was attacked by the Catholics long ago and was not seen again.

The whale transformed into a giant robot named Larry of Troy. Larry of Troy whipped out some serious lazer cannons and then the UniGT quickly flew away. I don't know if Doug won or not, but he totally saved my life and rocked the house! As we flew away, I saw on the back of the robot the symbol of one of my greatest enemies...The Magic Train!

Conversation

aGurlOnAIM: hey this is brianna
 Can Not: no way
 Can Not: ur kidding, right?
 aGurlOnAIM: yes way
 Can Not: which one?
 aGurlOnAIM: the one u know
 Can Not: i know like 3
 aGurlOnAIM: good, the hott one
 Can Not: 2 of them are hawt
 aGurlOnAIM: well im hottest
 Can Not: i dunno, ur both rly hawt...
 aGurlOnAIM: thank u
 Can Not: but im pretty sure your the third one
 aGurlOnAIM: i think so
 aGurlOnAIM: no.....im the hottest
 Can Not: how do i know ur not actually some 40 year old man claiming to be a young girl named brianan
 aGurlOnAIM: well for one my name is brianna and for 2 and only 10 years old
 aGurlOnAIM: not really im 72
 aGurlOnAIM: not really im 14
 Can Not: you know, scientific study shows that kids younger than 13 are more likely to pretend to be a girl that adults over 29
 aGurlOnAIM: ok!!!
 aGurlOnAIM: i love u
 Can Not: no u dont
 aGurlOnAIM: yes i do
 Can Not: dont lie
 aGurlOnAIM: im no i love u
 Can Not: if ur brianna, ur either the hawt one with black hair or the hawt one with brown hair
 Can Not: or i have no clue what im talkign about
 aGurlOnAIM: own hair
 aGurlOnAIM: *sorry
 aGurlOnAIM: brown hair
 Can Not: u cant srsly love me
 Can Not: thats insane
 aGurlOnAIM: yyyyyyyyy?
 aGurlOnAIM: look at me leg quickly!
 Can Not: no!
 aGurlOnAIM: that might help
 Can Not: i still dont trust you that you really are a girl
 Can Not: who isn't 40
 Can Not: so like can u proove ur rly that girl?
 aGurlOnAIM: a girl wouldnt be 40...a lady would but that beside the point
 Can Not: ok ill ask u a series of questions...
 Can Not: and that will proove that you are who you say u r or not
 aGurlOnAIM: duh
 Can Not: 1. how many goatees do I have on my chin?
 aGurlOnAIM: 3
 Can Not: wrong
 Can Not: u fail
 aGurlOnAIM: 2
 aGurlOnAIM: then
 Can Not: wrong u fail
 Can Not: again

aGurlOnAIM: 1
aGurlOnAIM: 0
Can Not: yay u got it right
Can Not: good job
aGurlOnAIM: er
Can Not: u'd make a great mexican if u beleived in reincarnation
Can Not: unless u were kidding
aGurlOnAIM: yea what u said
Can Not: ok question 2: who is my best freind in the entire world?
aGurlOnAIM: hey whats
aGurlOnAIM: this
Can Not: this?
Can Not: ok i guess u dont know the answer
Can Not: i didn't know it either, but thats not important
Can Not: 3. are u on some1 else's s\n or is this your s\n?
aGurlOnAIM: ok im on a friends
Can Not: 4. What color is my hair?
aGurlOnAIM: h r
aGurlOnAIM: t is black
aGurlOnAIM: again
aGurlOnAIM: o it
aGurlOnAIM: do idoain
Can Not: no its brown
aGurlOnAIM: i my
Can Not: u loose
aGurlOnAIM: ar
Can Not: r u remotely healthy?
aGurlOnAIM: no\
Can Not: do u feel bad about taking advantage of people in their sleep?
aGurlOnAIM: talking to
aGurlOnAIM: me
Can Not: i dont know the meaning of me
aGurlOnAIM: ok
aGurlOnAIM: i love u
aGurlOnAIM: love me to?
Can Not: i don't beleive u
Can Not: :-(
aGurlOnAIM: *do u love me to?
aGurlOnAIM: f
aGurlOnAIM: e u i lo
aGurlOnAIM: s
aGurlOnAIM: id u were
aGurlOnAIM: iid s
aGurlOnAIM: llehy wo
aGurlOnAIM: lddo
aGurlOnAIM: vthat
aGurlOnAIM: ol
Can Not: ?

Chapter 4: Communism, Canada, and World History

Long after Jesus zombified and rose to heaven, the Catholics took over and abused their ability to hold power. They would gather in temples and wail harps, then suddenly the pirates would bust down the doors and start a fight! The Catholics would be like "Heck no!" Then, ninjas of all sizes would come out of nowhere and start fighting. The Catholic Elite Guard came out of nowhere and fought the pirates! This made the pirates very angry, and they wanted revenge! Eventually, the pirates discovered how to assemble ignitions on sharks and then all the sharks would catch on fire. The chemical burning of shark DNA arranged reverse gravity, which supports the non-Catholic theory of *Intelligent Fall* as opposed to the Catholic theory of *Your a Peasant, Shut Up* and the Atheist theory of *Gravity*. Whenever you mention gravity around a Catholic, they remind you that you are peasant and tell you to shut up. That is why no one really liked arguing back then.

Of course, you would think it was because Juggalos believe in the Dark Carnival and the Catholics believe in what they made up because they can't read what they are suppose to believe in that they would fight, but thats not true!

One day, Juggalos and Pirates were playing with their He-man and Skeletor action figures, then the Catholics were playing with their Hercules and Sigmund Freud action figures, then they got into an argument. The Juggalos and Pirates were like "Yeah, He-man is pretty much the most powerful master of the universe." A Catholic Priest over heard this, and told the Archbishop, Mr. T. Mr. T didn't like this, so he pulled together the A team and they walked over and Mr. T said, "I pity the fool that thinks He-man is better than Hercules." A pirate stood up and replied "Arr, who you be callin' a fool, landlubber?"

Eventually, they accepted their different beliefs in action figures, but then some lame Juggalo had to mess it up! He said that Skeletor was a better bad guy than Sigmund Freud. This made Mr. T very angry. He pitied the fool while he killed him. Mr. T is totally awesome.

One day, Russia was all poor and everybody was all boooooooo. They killed all the nobles and all the Orthodox Church and then Lenin popped open the world's first commie convention. It was so totally awesome, it makes me want to get a lawn mower and over take my neighbor's gardens and guard dogs!

After the party, Lenin died and Stalin wailed the biggest war guitar ever seen at that time. Hitler was like "Yeah right!" and then the US was like "Oh snap". Then

green ducks came out of nowhere and powered multi-core processors for IBM while the Catholic Church decided Hitler had to go. Everyone laughed at him. Man, the Pope is cool.

Earlier today, this girl walked up to me and said "Hey Can Not, what's up?" Then I said "Well, there was this girl, and she walked up to me in the hallway and said *Hey Can Not, what's up?*" She got really freaking pissed so I had to boot-leg her teeth out.

I talked to this chick named Madison today, she's like the hawtess babe in the entire square foot of area she stood in. She talked about about how some guy called her some kind of buar muchne, but I ignored it and pretended to know what she was talking about; so I guessed Jeremy, (or gergy, I forgot which one) and she's like "OH MY WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATING GOD!"

A cool phrase or two:

"I will destroy the last of your kind."

"The new wave in the false response."

Notice that both sound mysterious, totally awesome, and racist, yet neither actually make sense! I wouldn't be surprised if Santa Clause spelled wrong being Satan Lucas is more than a small coincidence!

Amazingly, it is so totally freaking sweet that I want to assault all my friends (in order of telephone number) with baby carrots until my brain explodes from Morman influences! And thats saying something.

Canada is bigger than the US, and they are on top of things. If this were WWF, the US would be pinned down. If Canada were a communist country, then we would all bow down and worship it. **This is my conflict with the Magic Train, holy crap you guys will be astounded!**

This little kid walked up to me. He said "My sun glasses are so tight, your a fag."

I put my tight sunglasses on and said "You calling me a fag?"

He said "Yeah...a p-h-a-g fag."

I said ")MG!!! YOUR GOING DOWN!!!!"

I launched an awesome punch below his eye. He flew straight through 5 walls and outside. I jumped out with him to finish him off. But then the teacher took me to the principle's office for hitting him. I was in school suspended for 2 days. Starting tomorrow. but before tomorrow...

In PE, a huge black guy (The Magic Train) had my TEENAGE MUTANT NINJISTU TURTLE PLAYING CARDS in PE. I wanted them back. He is like all "IM PLAYING WITH UM, YOU POTHETICOR NUBLET!"

I said "gimme or ill call my mommy."

He said "I ain't afraid of yo mommy."

Then some girl took them from him. She went down the

bleachers and played cards in a circle with other girls. I joined the circle but didn't play. His friends threw pencil pieces and paper at me. Maybe he wasn't allowed to throw stuff. He shot paper darts at me with a RUBBUR BAND. I screamingly said "OMG THAT HUGE BLACK GUY SHOT ME!"

Then he hit me with a bottle. Then he snapped me with the RUBBUR BAND.

He was like "WAKKALASKI!" but it didn't seem to hurt. My chain mail watch +1 must have protected me. I told the teacher he WAKKALASKIed me with a RUBBUR BAND. The teacher took the RUBBUR BAND. As she walked from the huge black guy, she lifted a closed fist. She opened it, and everyone screamed "OWNAGE".

He said "I don't like snitches."

I said "Well, if thats so, then you can cry to your mommy. We won't stop you."

He said "WHAT!!!!!!?!?!?!? YOU DARE SHOW ME DISRESPECTORZE?"

He flew down, punched me, then jumped back, and laughed.

I fell down, then slowly got up. The bell rang. I said "Ka...Ma..."

Moses and Germy screamed "OMG WTF YOO KANT DO THATZ!!!!!!!"

I finished "Ha...Ma..."

A huge ball of energy appeared in my hands. "HA!!!!!"

The KaMaHaMaHa wave flew to his stomach, burning his condriate. He screamingly spoke calmly "OMG, NOW YOU'RE GONNA PAY!!!"

I started to run. He flew down with excessively uber force chasing me. He grabbed my shirt and shoved me against a locker. I ripped his hand off my shirt, with blood squirting everywhere, then ran through 2 sets of doors, slamming them in his face. The third set, he was too far back to slam. I burst through running, and a maliciously huge crowd of students carelessly wondered where I was rushing to. I got lost in the crowd. I conjugate this was an awesome day. Later...

I walked around in those OCTAGONS (I refuse to call those circles).

In in-school suspension, I sat at a desk for 4 hours. I ate lunch. They made me clean those tables. They gave me a free milk cartoon. 4 hours later, I met my PAWGS after school, and I was like "WE OWN YOU" like usual, when suddenly...

The huge black guy said "Hey you, where you been, father punker?"

Obviously he noticed I was dressed like a Gothic Pope.

I said "Oh, you nevah saw me, I was invisatable!"

He said "HORSEYKRAPPERZ!!!!!! I dun believe ya. Alright, heres the deal. Beat me in DDR, and I won't can you right now!!!!"

The Police Officer came out and said "No, no, you homy-Gs have to do that in the DDR room." He ran to the DDR room. We went to the big big DDR machine. A huge muscular beanie baby Britney doll stood up and screamed "DANCE DANCE REVOLUTION" in a high pitched man-voice. We did all the arrow and dancing, this guy was good. So I stepped on his pad a few times. He got angry, and I ran. He stood there for a second. Maybe he saw a HAWT SEXORY teacher. Then he chased me. I laughed while running and said "Hey, hey, you ain't ever gonna catch me!!! WEEEEEE!!!!1". I jumped out the window near the front of the school. I saw Alexas. Alexis...? I said "Hello." She said "Hey". I walked home.

In in school suspension, the second day, I sat at a desk for 4 hours(starts at 6:55). I ate lunch. they made me clean those tables. They gave me a free Milk cartoon. 4 hours later, I met my PAWGS after schooled, and I was like "WE OWN YOU" like usual, when suddenly...

The huge black guy came out of the building. He said (nothing). He walked with a tight suit on some hangers to his van and went home. Nicki and I walked around in OCTAGONS talking about how Polly is a deity. Or maybe that she was stupid. Something like that. I had to do make up work in every class. 3rd period is where the real action begins. Some kid pulled my uber notepad from my pocket. When I found out, I said "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

But who did it? Germy and I were walking around discussing how utterly awesome I am, then I found my incoherent notepad. Wh00t. It had a secret message. "YUR SHIRE GONNA GET STOLEN". I told the hawt coach. She said "Coolio!!!!". They had stolen a copy of my schedule and locker combination and virginity and locker number and Neopets account password. The bell rang and the huge black guy (the Magic Train) and 2 of his fwends stood by the door. The Magic Train slowly walked outside the door, as if to intimidate me. He walked slow in front of me. I used my superiority to pass him. He fired three warning bumps at me, pushed me, then ripped the handle on my backpack. I turned around, and kicked him with uber phorce. He used his whale-like hands to sorta block, or something. Hmmm. hmmm... Then he said something about his mommy and a flock of ducks. I ran with immeasurable haste. The Magic Train chased me all the way around the OCTAGON then I opened the door and left. Then he grabbed my neck.

I'm like "D0o0oood don't grab my neck." BOOM! My blood vain pumped his hand off my neck. "ROAR, IM A LION" I said. He was like "woah noah!!" He pushed me then I'm like *no you didn't* and I pushed him back. A magical gap appeared

in the jaded crowd and I escaped through it just before it closed. After English(5th), I went to my locker, collected my shizzle, and went to the Emperor's locker. I said "Hey Emperor, some kidz know my extreme combination, can I put this book, and 2 notebooks in thar?"

He said "Sure thing, PAWG". Now my locker was empty except for 2 rings and no single entity could steal my sacred contentual possessions. The Emperor and I were walking to the next class, and 2 new mysterious kidz came out. One of them unrealistically pointed at me and said "THAR HE IZ!!!!". The kid overwhelmingly punched me across the fraudulent long hall. I said "Oh no, you didn't!" I ran really fast, approached RAMMING SPEED, then screamed "JURISDICTION!" I pushed the kid really far, then the other kid pushed me, then I did like three hard core army rolls, jumped out, and whiplashed my foot into his side, forcing them to be out of Emperor and I's way. Then I did it again. We walked on. The 2 kidz turned around, ready to challenge me in a full metal fist fight, then a teacher came out of nowhere screaming "NOOO, YOU CAN'T FIGHT HIM!!!! ITS NOT WORTH IT!!!"

However, I discovered that the Magic Train has a network of 8 people against me. *Woah!* So I went to my next class, saddened that the teacher stole my kills. After school, I went to the Emperor's locker, we got my crap, stood there talking about our leetness, and how the Magic Train and his followers are going to get wombated. Then I went to the attendance office to get my locker changed. OWNED. Now, my locker is under the Emperor's, and they don't know about it, and they also got OWNED. We went all over to the band room.

Happy tackled Germy. Germy said "OMG WTF how dare you???" but they were rational fwends so it was kewool. I saw a girl, and she walked far to her car or van or scooter or tree and drove away.

The Emperor energized back into existence, Germy sold his soul to like 4 devils (maybe; hes probably drunk at Hardees now), and Happy and I stayed perfectly fine. We walked around saying *hi*, and complaining when the dudes wouldn't say *hi* to us in return for our good gesture. My brother had a VIDEO GAME CLUB meeting and I had to stay with him and the Happy. The Emperor was there for band which started at 5:30, it was currently like 3:30. The Emperor, the Happy, and I left that boring meeting early, and wandered to the C-POD, looking for the "SPIRAL STAIRS". Of course, the spiral stairs were on the opposite side of the building. The Janitors told us the floor was wet, and we got in a fire, paper, scissors throwing contest. They outnumbered and out trashed us, along with that the Happy ran away, so the Emperor and I escaped outside, then walked

outside to the band room.

We entered, sneaked by the guardian drummers, and got into the main lunch room (VIDEO GAME CLUB was in the senior lunch room). We found the Happy. We did some "Running Nazi-Wizard of Oz" thing (you have to see it to believe it's eternal glory). Then we did some break dancing, martial arts, and some DDR. Then 2 girls went into the club meeting (pretending?) acting like they liked the nerdz, and they made fun of them.

I went home, happily knowing that we skowered the Magic Train Network.

The next day, after school, some kid (of the Magic Train Network) was squirting me with water from a bottle. I kicked him. I don't know why he didn't continue. Maybe he was scared. Or maybe he was busy doing something else.

I have to tell you. Being able to avoid the Magic Train was a challenge, and I am one of the few who could do it. The Magic Train has hippo-like strength, and can wail a harp as if it were a guitar! I don't know what is true power, but I know that is something.

Chapter 5: Expanding your skills

When you can roll off concrete, your in the house!
Once there was a girl named Shelly. I talked to her, and this is exactly how it went:

Conversation

Shelly: Who are you?
Can Not: Can Not
Shelly: Seriously, who are you?
Can Not: Can Not
Shelly: What's your real name?
Can Not: Can Not
Shelly: Ok...weirdo
Can Not: Whats you phone number?
Shelly: I'm not telling you, FREAK!!!!
Can Not: DUDE GUESS WHAT?
Shelly: What?
Can Not: WOMBAT!!!!
Can Not: *grabs Shelly's head with one hand and moves finger's weird-like*

Wow, that was freaking awesome! Unfortunately, I can't honestly say she is the hawtess babe around...as much as I'd like to.

It was a hard days night, I was tired. The dust settled in the horizon, and the UniGT settled. It was time. I opened up my can of Red Bull and took all my ex girlfriends out of the trunk. I left them on my neighbor's lawn, then I hit a fire hydrant. I was scared the police were going to get me, but soon a greater threat came. A small minivan drove by and stopped. The mini-van broke open and ten Juggalos came out. They had guitars, chains, and Stargate SG1 DVDs, so I knew they meant business. This was back in time when I had recently assembled my totally awesome clan, the Ghetto Rangers. I screamed "Ghetto Rangers, UNITE!!!!" I floated into the air, and transformed into the Black Ranger or White Ranger. No one could tell which I was, so they just called me the Oreo Ranger. Anyways, the entire rainbow of Ghetto Rangers came in and blasted them with our superior firepower and they all died. But, they weren't through with us. The mini-van driver was the Magic Train himself!

The Magic Train revealed himself as a hard core Juggalo! The Ghetto Rangers and I knew we were in trouble! I kicked him in the face. His head didn't hurt. We were like no, because we knew we were in trouble. Good thing for us, the UniGT repaired itself and we got out of there. It would have been pretty cool if I had more KFC.

Conversation

morbid: who are you??
Can Not: sweet
morbid: you're sweet?
Can Not: well, most people call me totally sweet

It was in the mourning...The awakening of my body occurred. I was awoken. In this amazing display of waking up, I castraighted downstairs to my orchard of cereal. I ate because my stomach roared with angry hunger. While I finished my worthy portions, the shower screamed my name. It was like this:

Conversation

Shower: "My lord, you must let me wet you!"

Me: "Wait...I don't understand this concept."

Shower: "Cooperating with the wetation of your body will allow your body to feel more awoken, agile, ready, moisturous. Your sweat from previous training and battles will wither away, leaving you scentless."

Me: "Interesting...but, what is the catch?"

Shower: "You risk falling and hurting yourself."

Me: "I suppose it is worth the risk...I will do it."

Shower: "Wise choice...hehe"

After the strange sensation of emursing into this "shower" device, I immediately decided to hide my muscular structure to deceive possible enemies. How did I do this? I put on pants that are slightly baggy, but not so baggy that they will fall off and reveal my intense muscular budges(located 4 inches above my ankle). After so, I put a cloth on my upper body. To be sure no one found out, I also equipped my hoodie, which is good for hiding powerful tools, documents, and arm muscles. My slightly baggy pants opened up space for a large variety of items, so into my inventory I put:

>- Money-what if I were to get hungry and needed to trade for some strange edible substance or a magical health potion?

>- Keys-this device allows me to enter my house while keeping unwanted enemies preluding outside.

>- "Mechanical" pencil-this tool can write statements on paper for future reference, I find this highly useful when trying to raise my note-taking level.

>- Folded paper-I use this strange device to record a tale of a brave circuit board and piece of plastic fighting against water and a rat called Luther.

>- Nintendo DS- this holy device allows me to challenge fools and win in battle easily. Wirelessly. I brought Metroid Hunters and Wario WareZ twisted, I left Mr. Driller at home.

After fully equipping myself with some of the most strategically useful items, I ventured forth to the realm of Grissom. There I found a series of warriors who use their powers of pen artistry for evil. They drew a disturbing commando thing. I tried to show it to IOWA, but I "accidentally" lost it because it was sooo disgusting. In the Library...

Then I strategically discussed the inferiority of homework with those female twin chicks. Then I saw Chris King executing his plans for "Mango Soft", which will be an animation site. He had 3 chicks under his control. Soon I will adjoin to his military and Mango Soft will be unstoppable. Then I went to homeroom. It sucked. Phillip was like "*Omg I must raise my First Person Shooter level, let me play your DS*" I watched him play and he sucked. Not a wow he sucks, but like he doesn't know how to play

correctly kinda suck. Ya know?

I went to History, which sucked. Paul likes to talk about his porno fantasies *yawn* and all the Halo 2 fanboys were like "*Omg Zanzibar is an African place just like in Halo 2 woah omg Lol KK lolo!!!!!!111*" and we learned how Africa was invaded by snorty European men. Dunno if women did anything.

Computer Science was awesome. We browsed the internet all the time and the teacher couldn't do anything about it.

PE was the leetz0rze. I was kinda sad but Deon brightened my mood. We sat on the bleachers like all this week. Moses played my DS, then I went to play cards with Emily, Lauralynn, and Amber. Amber wore a red shirt. *Woot!* red. We played "BS". I think that stands for British Salad. That's the game were you try to lie and catch the other kids when they lie. I hate greeeeeeeeen ducks. I lied a lot. Periodically Laura would come over and touch her stuff.

Emily was dealing once, and I asked her "Do you ever give people more cards than they are suppose to have?" and then she started giving Amber and Lauralynn more cards. PWND. We started laughing, and they thought we were laughing at them. Oh how right they were.

Near the end of the period, Deon came over and started singing a rap song. Please don't argue whether he was singing or not. I wouldn't know and I don't care. Emily said "You're not 50 cent." Amber started to giggle a little, then I said "He's more like 49 cent." Then he started talking about how he needs a rubber glove for masturbatory activities. Emily said "Go away, Deon" and everyone was like quiet. Then she said it again. He walked away a little sad. I was going to die of laughter, but good thing I could hold it in. I just didn't expect him to tell 3 girls how he needs to enhance his self-sex with a special glove. It was so wrong. Then lauralynn said "*Omg my locker is right next to his, and he said 'I need to have sex like everyday'* and I waz all errrrrr disgusted. I find him *not* attractive"

What happened at lunch? Find out 30 minutes from now.

Happy and I had the ultimate battle at lunch. I pwnd him twice in Mario 64 DS. Then the "racist lady" came and said thanks. She took our DS's and jumped to a high column above us so she would have a strategic advantage. Quickly Happy broke the column while I jumped to kick her. Racist Lady did a triple back flip and threw 3 chocolate milks at us. Happy received a scratch on his face while I got one on my arm. Grr those choccy milkies...

She ran to the highest fortress. Happy said "I don't hit gurls." Then Chito postulated "She doesn't look like a girl to me." I said "She is highly suctorial" Then Happy exclaimed "Well, I guess I'll have to use *my* masterful

Kong-Fu skillz."

Quickly I gathered *my* mad skillz and we jumped to the fortress to face her. She devouted her arms apart and knocked us down, then took off running. She said "I must escape with these DS's so I can challenge the Principle to a dual and finally gain control of this school which rightfully belongs to me!" Quickly her assistants, the fat waddy guy and the bald guy closed the gates and we were unable to open it. We tried to ram through the door, but the it was made of solid titanium Stalinite. We had to wait until later in the day to win this battle. She gave us a note *"If you ever want to see your DS's again, come by after school for the ultimate face-off"*

I went to math. It sucked. All the nerds there are so nerdy. I'm in Geometry. I saw Yuni. She's Asian. What if I said hi to her...hmmm...?

I saw Katie after math. Math sucked. Katie doesn't. Yay! Then I went to English. I took a vocabulary quiz and pwnt some noobs.

Then I went to Theater I (which sucks). Katie has Theater I, too. We sat in the auditorium holding hands. While mostly everyone was performing on stage, someone named MELISSA yelled "awwww" (like usual). Everyone was like "OMG THATS NONE OF OUR BUSINESS WHAT R U AWWWWWWWING ABOUT?" Then Melissa said "lookie they r holding each other's hands! haha" then they are all like "hehe awww hehe" Katie and I were embarrassed as if we were unexpectedly exposed. I was like "You're annoying, I will slit your throat." I looked at her and shook my head as if suggesting "no..."

I went to science. It sucked. Bryan was there. He was like "omg I pwn" and I was like "hey, me 2!"

After school we went to fight the final battle. Happy and I put on the Fuzion Pants and combined into one unstoppable entity. We blew her up with a wood-pecker. Then we got our DS's and escaped, then stripped ourselves of our Fuzion Pants to separate to 2 normally powerful entities. Then I went to hang out with Katie but she went home on the loozer cruiser.

Now I at home, where Happy and Dragus are playing Mario Party (then Super Mario World) on my Xbox. Now I will play Warhammer 40,000 then work out.
BRUNG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"If any day sucked...It would be everyday. But if I could only choose one day, it would be this day..."

-Can Not

Today in evening church, they had pizza. Yum, yum. That reminds me of how I stole some ovular guy's pizza. Yum, yum. Yup. I didn't eat any of it, though. He came through and was pissed to the extreme, but I was afar and

watched.

In 3rd period PE, we sat on the bleachers and played cards...yeah that is exciting. I played with Emily, Amber, Lauralynn, and Adrienne (uh...I think that's her name). Laura still has urges to walk over to us and touch her stuff, then walk away.

DEON, just had to come over and try to gross the girls out again. I try to be nice to him, even though mostly everyone hates him, but it seems to me that he might have earned this hatred. However, seeing the expression on Amber's face when Deon try to show us the "camel humps" on his back was rather interesting enough for me to say "I'm glad he told us he was going to take his shirt off so I could look a different way before, therefor I avoided seeing all the mysterious entities that his back could possess." That was right before the bell rang.

At 2nd period, Computer Science, I started calling people veeters. In PE, third period, I told some people what a veeter is, and they were like "OMG thats me!" or "OMG thats wrong!" For some reason I had a strange urge to play basket ball and "try" to play, so I joined team with Goggles, Sean, Blake, Toni, and maybe some mysterious demonic entity that I wasn't aware of. I leap-frogged and cattlrelated the enemy with eternal condijury. In basket ball, I pwnd, then the period ended and everyone was like "Wow, playing basket ball sucked and was completely useless."

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

RUN IN FEAR!!!!!!!!!!

I have good news and bad news. First the bad news.

At the time I write this, school is about to end, and the summer is about to start. Thats not bad, but there is a horrible side effect. Millions, I seriously mean MILLIONS of middle schoolers will sign up for Xanga, livejournal, and similar sites. They WILL whine about how bored they are, all the on line journal websites will be slow, and they will read over mysterious people's lives as if being bored was an excuse to read the personal lives of complete strangers. Sadly, most of these "complete strangers" actually want their personal lives exposed, so they post stuff there. If you ask me, it is REALLY REALLY sad. But you still eat your own toenails, so you can't complain.

Roswell!!!! The TV series!!!!!!!!!! BBQ

OK I was watching it, and people are like "Roar we hate Tess, wait until you see what she does!"

I was watching, you know, then I see Max (who is Tess's BF) make Tess pregnant, then kiss his ex-girlfriend (Liz) in the next episode. I'm completely aware that Tess secretly killed Alex, warped several people's minds, tried to turn them all in to the evil Emperor Travarous to be

publicly executed, and went back to their home planet with their unborn son, but...That is still unexcused. Max knew NONE of the bad things Tess did, then he kisses Liz. Later Max finds out Tess did all the bad things, then he acts like *"Oh, well since she's a bad person, it was OK for me to cheat on her and such."*

Does the end really justify the means? No, but in the end, nothing is justified. Roswell is about a bunch of crazy alien teenagers who are more emo than themselves.

OK, now for the good news!!!! YAY!!!!

Usually, I don't do this...but...yo!

The Emperor got a new iPod, new as in he has never had one before, and so he decided to come to my house. I climbed in my tree in the front yard, waiting for him, ready to assault him with flaming paper wasps. While I was waiting, I saw several kids I saw from middle school drive by. Due to my superior nature, and awesome ninjitsu skillz, I was unseen. As I saw this, I realized that people I thought were sorta ugly are really ugly. And some chicks, that I thought were cute, are really cute. I guess this only happens when you haven't seen someone in a long time (1 year?). I won't name these people, because thats just too insanelly sweet for me to handle. Strange, somebody I haven't seen in only month seemed hotter than normal, and I was like *"OK, today is the day that the lord has made and today we will rejoice and be glad in it."* - not that that has anything to do with realizing how ugly ugly people are and how cute cute people are or how hot hot people are, but isn't it still a great quote?

Chapter 6: Beach Freak: 1rst Half

Beach Freak: Saturday, June 18, 2005

At the beginning, I was like "fiddle wid dis foo!!1" and rednut was "LO~ what man G hampster Cat DOG???1" OK that never happened. I almost wished it did.

Not.

I played with the one true cat ("Bandito Burrito" is the best cat name, evar). Then Dragus was like "U LOOK U FOO~!!11 I MOMA NEEDS HER PRETZELS, AND SHE'S GONNA GET HER PRETZEL!!!!!!11" NATURALLY SHE* was was at work. Working. So she wasn't here. I knew only one Ninja could successfully accomplish this task. That was me.

*teeheehee, caps lock joke

Using my Ninja claws, I attached myself to the bottom of my brother's fifth car, and he went to insuspiciously deploy me near Wal-mart. A rock, shaped like a demonic face, hit me in the arm, so I was only able to operate with one arm. Regardless, I still sniped out enemies with my darts, cold blooded murder skillz, and barely escaped alive. In order to recover, they sent me into the hyperbolic time chamber for 2 weeks (which is just 5 minutes in this world). I quickly recovered from my close to fatal wounds, and trained to become strong enough to face my greatest, most powerful enemy ever-phillip's-ps2-needs-to-get-online-MON.

This was a powerful foe. So before facing him, Dragus and I went to Cheeburgercheeburger. Personally, I think that name is racist. I told him to invite Chris. I secretly think they are gay lovers. Or will be. But I'm not serious about that. Dragus didn't even try...Our waitress was like uber hawt. And she gave us food. Whats more important than hawtness and food? Oh yeah money, LOL, silly me. I was talking about how I might buy the new xbox 360. I wasn't going to buy it to mod it. I was going to use it to play my DS online with. I thought it had the ultimate built-in WiFi, so I assumed it can wage war against the unlimited empires of Earth.

We went home, and I had to finish training for that ultimate battle I was talking about. Phillip said that I couldn't come over until like 5 or 6. Well it turns out I had other plans!!!!1. So we canceled that ultimate battle. Seriously, best buy had a deal to get a \$60 router for \$5!(*cough*rebates*cough*) It had built in ultimate WiFi and 4 Ethernet ports!!!!!!!!!!!!11111 OMG!!! I'm so jealous!!!!!!!!!!!!111

After the canceling of this ultimate battle, I decided to take a shower, and Katie came over. Everyone knows that if a girl comes over when your taking a shower, its bad news. Nothing happened. But now I must tell you a different story, to make you understand what is about to

happen.

Let me highlight a point-I never hated a girl because she dumped me. I hated Amanda because she dumps people one day after going out. Wow. Actually, I hate her because she did it twice, then says "I don't want to date someone over the summer" THEN GOES OUT WITH 2 GUYS!!!!1 (over the summer. At least I think she dated 2 guys. She at least dated one) Either way shes full of crap. In fact, I would rather of heard *CAUSE I DON'T LIKE U* then most of her lies. The Emperor asks why I hate Amanda. I say "Well, Amanda is A MAN, DUH!!!!1" OMG, I love that one. So the Emperor acts like I will hate every girl that breaks up with me. Even though clearly they hated me first.

Katie broke up with me. So I hugged her and said "OK whatever!" or something like that. And she went. While she was leaving, I stopped her and asked if she wanted her jacket. She left happily with her jacket. I'm going to miss that jacket. Oh well! I don't plan on telling anyone at church about Katie and I for awhile. Then later, I will be like "WTC????1 We broke up a month ago!!!!1" I've always wanted to do that.

Conversation

Can Not: i missed the first 2 episodes, then never saw anything after the 3rd
 Chelsie: wat wer u watch'n
 Can Not: something about hoes
 Chelsie: lol
 Can Not: horses*
 Chelsie: lol

Beach Freak: Sunday, June 19, 2005

Animally aware of danger, we jumped in the van and headed to Birmingham, to find the traitor Jeremy. It was Zack, Ira, Caleb, Dustin, and I. We were driving at unrealistic speeds. The police started chasing us and our unforgivable power. We had to shake them off, so we went to Jeremy's headquarters. KINGWOOD. We sneaked in, seeing that Jeremy would not detect our presence. It turned out KINGWOOD was a church. So we sneaked into the evening church service and pretended to be casual members. I had previously been to KINGWOOD before, but not under these circumstances. I could look up into the balcony and see the security guards pick up their communication devices, one by one. As soon as they listened in, they began to move.

It seemed that they found our vehicle and began to search for us. The guards would be able to find us and kill us if we were together, but as individuals we looked completely normal, so naturally we split up. My assignment was to watch out for Ira at a distance of 7 meters. Ira was the leader of this operation, and we couldn't loose him to the enemy at this time.

Through a tough struggle to avoid failure by means of them noticing us, Jeremy walked straight to Ira. He told

Ira that our stuff was locked inside a house, and that if we ever wanted to see it again, we would have to goto a mansion at the top of a hill and fight Professor Jake and his band of Mole Ninjas. This would be easy. Of all the things I knew, I happened to know the Mole Ninja form of Ninjitsu, so I could easily counter their moves. Given rides by undercover agents, we went to the mansion at the top of the hill. Immediately I prepared my Ninja claws, katanas, stars, and bombs. As we stepped out of the vehicles, 3 Mole Ninjas flipped out and tried to kill us. However, before they could flip out, I threw 2 stars at 2 Mole Ninjas, then reverse flipped out and made the 3rd crash into the vehicle. I jumped, pulled out my katanas and killed 2 Mole Ninjas before they could recover from the stars. The 3rd was stuck to the car, so the car pilot thrashed the Mole Ninjas body into 3 or 4 telephone poles, ending their struggle.

We quickly checked out supplies, hid the grossly deformed bodies, and headed to the top of the hill. Idiotically, Ira just opened the door as if he had no blatant skillz. Luckily, I was hanging upside down above the door so I could kill all the Mole Ninjas that try to flip out and kill the door opener. Only one tried that. Because of me, he failed. We crawled on the floor into the house, being careful not to stir the Mole Ninjas. They were not well trained in the art of hearing *me* crawl. We found the house owner's were bagged up and thrown down into a closet. Immediately, a hoard of Mole Ninjas flipped into the room. Professor Jake passionately came behind them, and began to speak "Haha, I am amazed that you fools have made it this far. However, you will be incapable of retrieving my key and escaping alive."

I replied "You think your better than us? We'll destroy you, 3 on 5! 3 of us vs you and 4 Mole Ninjas!" He fraudulated "Hehe, hhis is too easy!"

Zack, Caleb, the 4 Mole Ninjas, Professor Jake and I flipped out our Dual Screens and prepared to play the new game, Golden Eye: Roque Agent. It turned out PJ was powerful, but I was more than enough to take him on. Caleb and Zack took on 2 ninjas at a time, while I fought the uber powerful Professor Jake. I was barely able to defeat him in round one. In round 2, The 15 Mole Ninjas that were standing around bored attacked us in real life while we playing the game on our portables. Dustin and Ira fought off most of them, but they out numbered us greatly. I dropped out of the game to destroy the evil ninjas. It turned out we started loosing. Dustin took my DS and brought the score back to a tie. It seems that his Halo 2 rank was unparalleled.

We began round three, and Professor Jake flipped out

his secret weapon...the PSP!!!!11111 Noooo!!!!1 this was bad. He began to shoot freaking razor sharp UMDs at us. Quickly, I responded by taking a dead Mole Ninja's PSP and began to fire back. Armed with both a PSP and DS, PJ and I began to play WipeOut Pure while playing GoldenEye Rogue Agent. Facing an enemy in 2 games at the same time was one of the greatest challenges in my life that I had easily done. Secretly, unknown to PJ, I switched memory sticks and loaded a game save that put me 15 seconds ahead (Wipeout Pure is a racing game).

I beat him in WP, and began to crush his team in GE:RA. We were on the verge of winning, then he declared having unimaginable power and began playing better than normal. I knew immediately that we could not beat him in this map. So I flipped out and killed him in real life. The Mole Ninjas surrendered and gave us money. We looted the house—wait, we are white, so technically we found* stuff in the house, then ate all their pizza, and freed the owners. We called the undercover Agents, and they came to pick us up. I had noticed a bad battle scar on my palm. This would hinder my future performance. We went to the house with all our stuff, after taking the key and Mole Pendant from Professor Jake.

We would have to infiltrate and destroy the enemy to get inside, but how will we do this? We devised a plan.(more later)

**This is a sarcastic reference to an incident where a news article claimed that a brown person was looting, and that a white person was finding.*

Conversation

Western Juggalo: menlove.com is not the best name for a straight online dating service...

Can Not: Why would you be at menlove.com?

Conversation

DarkCarz: I like my women like I like my coffee

DarkCarz: Hot and all over my pants.

Can Not: don't lie

Can Not: you don't like women

Beach Freak: Monday, June 20, 2005

After a ecolodge of detriment firepower, we were able to storm the walls of the fortress and disable most of their artillery cannons and tanks. It was around midnight, and it was a semi-urban neighborhood with trees, so my Ninjitsu would be effective. We covered him, as Dustin "set us up the bomb" and blew up the house wall with C4. We quickly infiltrated the house fortress thing and went to the sacred room of S.L.E.E.P.. Ira decided to sleep there. We quickly secured our valuables and took a short rest. At 2:45, RADAR detected a large air force heading in this direction. It would take about 20 minutes for them to get here, so we began to head out immediately. There seemed to be a hinge or carnival or convoy of buses preparing to

leave. Perhaps they caught the air force on RADAR, too.

We pretended to be with them. They ended up being teenagers of the KINGWOOD church. We got on the bus, and began our trip to escape. It turned out that the injury on my palm was pretty bad, so I put a glove on to protect it. It was dark on the bus, so none of the people would immediately recognized us. Suddenly a chill went down my spine. I could feel my heart beating faster...louder...stronger...I turned my head to seek an evil presence. One of the security guards, out to find us, was walking onto the bus. I would hate to start a battle in front of all the kids, so I stayed low and acted casual. He whipped out his shotgun, and held it ready to fire. Quickly he put 2 bullets in it and caulked it. He was about to blast someone's face. He began to walk slowly and cautiously. It seemed that anyone who made the slightest wrong move was done for. He had bad looking grenades on his belt, all ready to go. I don't know if this battle could be won anymore.

He walked by me and starred at me funny. I began to sweat. He walked past me. Suddenly a girl stood up and said "Hey daddy!" then he hugged her saying "Have fun Lisa, bye!" then made a girly mad-dash outside the bus. By my watch it was 2:58; 7 minutes until the airplanes arrived. The buses freaking started moving, and the security guards began to illegitimately look for us in places outside of the bus. There were 2 main buses, and one smaller bus that carried cargo of some form. We were not searching for any cargo of significance. Later, sources confirmed that the traitor Jeremy was on that bus. So it seems that by accident we will be following him to one of his secondary headquarters... hmmm...

This girl asked me (at 3:20 in the mourning) why I was wearing a glove. I said something like "My hand is mutilated". That answer didn't make her happy. The whole way I had urges to open a bag of ultimate pretzel sticks that without doubt said "RODS" on them in screaming letters.

Conversation

Bob: I don't like your hair

Me: Don't make me open up the RODs, boy (tuff ghetto accent)

Bob: Your lack of education! It's so ghetto and intimidating!

It sounded like a threat at first, but it ended up being the solution to all our problems. *I'm hungry* is solved with *Open up the RODs*. Over time that evolved into utter nonsense. I drew some pictures in Picto-chat. It was cool to have people look over your shoulders and see the bright screen at 4:00 in the mourning.

We arrived at a place of food. So we jumped out and had a choice to raid Burger King, Taco Bell, and Subway. I

raided Subway. After that, we climbed into the bus through the windows and began our journey (around lunch time). Special agents confirmed that we would end up near Panama City...A place called Beach Freak. Very subsiding...indeed.

We slowed down to a stop...to a place known as *The Lord's Chapel*. Obviously Jeremy had some kind of high rank around here...or knew someone who did. We flipped out of the buses and entered the warehouse-like building. It turned out to be an "Orientation" thing...It looked like we were going to garrisonly stay here all week. That was OK. Sources confirmed that I was really hard core. So, in theory, we will be able to survive this imprisonment. We could not get our superior equipment until a later time, so we had to operate with our current supplies. We jumped in the water and unconditionally swam in a swimming pool. The cute girl who questioned the authority of my glove on the bus walked by. With great power (the glove) comes great responsibility (having cute girls question your glove's authority). I believe this covers that situation.

We flipped out, you know, the usual chilling it with a grove... And that night, against our will, we had to goto an ultimate church service. They gave us CD players. WOAH!!!!!!!!!!!!111 (the \$0.99 kind). Yes, they were cheap and stuff, but they were durable and such. They did that *alter call* thing, and a few girls came up to the alter. It was all casual and such, (in fact, I don't know if I'm telling this in the right order, but no one will have solid evidence to question the evidence, and there are no RODS left to open.)

Now remember this important information-Katie dumped me. Yay! So anyways, there was one girl who walked up to the alter. Suddenly the calm church music faded up and some extremely diverse type of unholy *Lord of the Rings* music that was quite and calm, but began to have the dramatic singing of foreign words and scream-like opera hawt babes. I could not believe what I saw-it was unrealistic...like a point in time where 2 parallel universes collide. With the exception of her face (she had some whaling freckles) and hair color (brownish-black)...she looked exactly like Katie, in every way possible...I have seen a lot of things in my life, but this was strange and awkward...and after that, it will only change from awkward to an evolution. Previously my body has gone through an evolution (not specifically puberty, I'm talking about Ninjitsu and other forms of training\exercise\excuses). My mentality has evolved, but now was time for a spiritual evolution. I watched her and watching her seemed endless. In actuality, she looked like a younger version of Katie (and by age she had to be).

I'm not sure how to explain what I felt. But I knew

in my heart, she was just like Katie. Actually, she was slightly different, but thats not remotely important or necessary.

Later that night I began to think...how can I react with her...? this seemed very questionable. So I questioned it. And it was questionable. Well it turned out that I found her talking to a guy hanging out under a tree behind her cabin thing. At like 11:00 at night. I watched them, and pretended to not be paying attention. I made interesting observations and went to my cabin to make plans in the mourning (these plans did not specifically have anything to do with the girl I saw-whose name is "Cody", as I find out later).

I began to organize my thoughts...Caleb, Zack, and Dustin think that I am still going out with Katie...Ira knew differently, but he agreed to keep it "on the low". I mean, if a mass flip-murdering ninja tried to make you keep a secret, wouldn't you? So, the plan was to hit on random chicks just to make a funny inside joke. In reality, I miss the friends I met and I really do care about them.

Conversation

Sir John: i put doom on my calculator
Sir John: ill show you tomorrow
Can Not: i put doom on my watch

(Doom is an old video game)

Here is some more history regarding the arrival of the Catholics, Ninjas, Pirates, and Juggalos. A woman named Grace O'Malley soon rose to power in the armies of Pirates. She was Ireland, and was perhaps one of the most powerful Pirates before Ching Shih. She ascended in power, and soon lead thousands of pirate ships into their business. Her authority was unquestioned, and she was totally awesome. Her core fleet was called "O'Flaherty", and she rocked. Of all the Pirate armies of this time, she was the only Pirate leader recognized. She had formed friendly acquaintances with all the other Pirates on Earth, mostly, and downloaded thousands of mp3s.

However, Mr. T didn't know Pirates were organized. He thought they were stupid and therefor Mr. T got really mad. Mr. T was an Archbishop of the Catholic Church. The Pope and Mr. T were close friends. Mr. T knows the Pope's secret. A dark secret. A secret that can't be known now, for I find out later on my own. The Pope ordered Mr. T to collect navy C16 and destroy all Pirates. C16 was a small part of the entire Catholic navy, and wouldn't be enough to fight Grace O'Malley. Mr. T was about to take on a navy that he wasn't ready for. Mr. T found Grace O'Malley somewhere near the coast of South Africa. Mr. T opened fire on her fleet, and she was stormed by surprised. This was unacceptable! Her fleet retaliated quickly, and soon Mr. T

found out that Grace O'Malley was truly a force to put some effort to. Mr. T suffered a horrible defeat, and returned to the Pope and requested a greater army. Mr. T said "My lord, if you give me C2 and C3, I will pity the fool that stands in our way."

The Pope gave C2 and C3 to Mr. T. C2 and C3 were the 2nd and 3rd most powerful navies in the entire Catholic army. Mr. T took control of C2, and his friend Richard Simmons took control of C3. C2 and C3 headed to the Spanish colony St. Augustine, and waited for Grace O'Malley. Grace O'Malley Arrived, and was sneak attacked by the world's largest navy. Grace O'Malley, Mr. T, and Richard Simmons had the biggest most hardcore navy battle that have ever happened. Grace O'Malley had no choice but to reveal her secret weapon. This weapon was, in fact, retarded. Hundreds of Pirates flew into the sky, riding on burning sharks. No one knows who invented the sharks, but it is factual that Grace O'Malley (who is a girl) was the first Pirate leader to use them in actual combat. The sharks caught the C2 and C3 ships on fire, and most died because of inexperience with shark control. Sometimes the sharks would eat the shark pilot, which was still awesome, none the less.

Greatly overwhelmed by their numbers, Grace O'Malley was short on options. The burning flying sharks proved to be an effective combat weapon, but she was still short on men and fire power. It turned out someone in her army would try to create a burning flying killer whale. A pirate was testing this new technology, and flew to a Catholic ship, but lost control and the burning flying killer whale exploded and destroyed or damaged about a hundred ships. Most were Catholic. This made Mr. T uncomfortable. A few days later, Mr. T got to a point where he could not make much more progress in the battle. Suddenly, Mr. T noticed that some Ninjas boarded his ship. They were freaking awesome. Mr. T immediately knew that he was about to be assassinated. He turned and saw Richard Simmons. Richard said "I'm sorry, Mr. T. Strict orders from the Pope himself."

Mr. T replied "Shut up, fool!"

"I wish this could happen another way."

"No Richard...I have given the Pope my service, and to Jesus my life. To think the fool would betray me makes me pity what I have always been doing."

"I'll tell the Pope you said that."

"You have until I count to ten to call off these ninjas, fool! Otherwise, I'll give you a reason for me to pity you!"

"Don't count, Mr. T... Ninjas, strike!"

Suddenly, Mr. T laughs, and the Ninjas wonder why as they flip out and strike. A huge black guy busts through

the bottom of the ship deck, and all the Ninjas fly away as if it were a cheesy episode of Power Rangers. Richard screamed "NO! Now there are 2 black guys!"

Mr. T replied "Shut up, fool!"

The second black guy came through the floor like a train. This guy was super tough and totally hardcore. However, he was also a Juggalo on a Catholic ship. The Ninjas pondered who it was, and eventually stopped thinking. Richard screamed. The ninjas flipped out and tried to killed Richard, but he somehow escaped to the 80s. Mr. T said "Are you ready, Magic Train?" The Magic Train replied "Yes, muwahahaha."

The Magic Train began to float in the air, then flew over to a ninja and punched it's face in, with only one lonely punch! The ninja choked because it's jaw was stuck in its neck, and fell overboard and died. All the other Ninjas became very angry, and wanted to kill. However, the Magic Train was strong enough to take them all on like they were nothing. Mr. T ordered a retreat, and both C2 and C3 left the battle scene, leaving Grace O'Malley the victor. Mr. T combined C2 and C3 into the Gold Fleet, a fleet of ships ruled by Mr. T. Mr. T was mad that the Pope betrayed him, and now he was mad and wanted revenge. Grace O'Malley offered an alliance, but Mr. T said "No, fool! I pity the fool that thinks He-man is sweet!" Grace O'Malley created a massive frowny face and left. The Gold Fleet was about the size of the Catholic C1, which is a really great number.

The Pope sent a girl named Whitney to destroy Mr. T. Escorting the girl would be C1, C4, C5, and C17. C4 would be lead by the Pope himself, and the others by very power naval strategists. C5 was lead by Jerry Springer, C17 was lead by Martin Luther, and C1 was lead by the world's greatest naval strategist in the entire world, Captain Crunch. The entire Catholic naval fleet and the Golden Fleet met somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean and began the ultimate naval battle. Mr. T used some secret technology stolen from the Catholic scientists shortly before being betrayed. Mr. T had the world's first flying (battle) ships! He did get help from Grace O'Malley's pirates in completing the technology, but he still had the first. The Pope screamed like a girl when he found out that Mr. T's ships could fly! The Pope called in squadrons of flying ninjas, the flying Golden Fleet ships found trouble. However, the bombs falling from the Golden Fleet ships were totally awesome. Mr. T laughed.

Some of the Golden Fleet ships fell into the ocean, but Mr. T and the Magic Train arrived at the Catholic mother ship, where the Pope and the girl Whitney were residing. Mr. T and the Magic Train broke into the control room where the Pope's throne was. The Pope's chair was

turned to where he could not be seen, but could be heard. The Pope said "I am glad you boys could make it. I have been needing to discuss your failures, Mr. T."

"Shut up, fool!" said Mr. T.

"I see you still have hatred in you, T."

"I pity the fool who's about to get hit by the Magic Train."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that."

"What are you trying to put me in, fool? A guilt trip?"

"T...you were always the best. But you know my secret, and your life must be ended."

"Does the girl know your secret? Shouldn't she be killed, too? Hey, girl, if you can hear me, the Pope pretends to die and only transforms into a new being, instead of getting a new one picked!"

"No T... She is my secret."

"What, fool!?"

The girl Whitney popped out of nowhere and punched Mr. T in the face. Mr. T flew across the control room, and the Pope laughed at him. The Magic Train kicked Whitney right in the face, but Whitney is unharmed. This situation is quite unfortunate. The Magic Train and Mr. T could not compare to the true power of this girl named Whitney. They realized this, and burst out of there. Mr. T's entire Golden Fleet was almost destroyed that day, very few ships escaped. The Catholic navy suffered great loses, too, but they still have ten fresh armadas of ships available. This seemed like a "you loose" or "you loose worse" situation, and either way meant one thing: we fail. Mr. T knew of only one warrior in the world powerful enough to destroy Whitney. But not even Mr. T was sure if this warrior would be strong enough.

His name was Doug. Doug wasn't the coolest guy, but as soon as you point that out, he points out how he just killed you. The he laughs. Not because it is funny, but because he always forgets to laugh at jokes, but remembers to laugh when someone dies. Mr. T whipped out his cell phone and called Doug. Doug was like "Tell me to shut up."

"No, you tell me, fool." replied Mr. T.

"What is it?"

"This girl named Whitney is more powerful than the Magic Train and I combined."

"Children on buses!"

"That's what I said!"

"Meet me at Beijing, we'll start from there and take care of it."

"Now shut up, fool!"

Mr. T and the Magic Train went to Beijing, China, then were attacked by thousands of tiny midget warriors.

The midget warriors were weak and died. Doug came out of a ninja cave—without being a ninja! Mr. T freaked out. His bling changed a shade, then returned to normal after the shock. Doug wasn't human...

He wasn't ninja, either. No one really knows what he was, but we do know he was a 16 year old boy in high school. Doug walked and it was awesome. They walked a perilous journey from China to Mongolia to Iraq to Belgium to Libya to the Catholic Imperial Church. The CIC was like the huge palace where the Pope lives and all the hierarchy meets him there. It was huge, and it was awesome. Mr. T, the Magic Train, and Doug walked inside, and burst caps on anyone that tried to stop them. Mr. T rules. They reached the main throne room, and the Pope was there. The Pope was wearing all white, but it appeared white in a dark way. The Pope was totally awesome. He looked at Doug and laughed. Doug laughed back, not because it was funny or awesome, but because the Pope's future death reminded him to laugh at a funny joke. Doug opened his mouth, and massive energy warped out. The Pope just stood there and took it, just like that totally sweet Jew Jesus took the beatings.

The Pope began to laugh at Doug, and Mr. T thought they were in trouble. The Magic Train came behind the Pope and grabbed him. The Pope was in a tight grip, and Mr. T unsheathed a spear gun made of pure gold, with golden chains hanging from all over it. All 4 were not seen again until 3 years later, in which Mr. T and the Magic Train burst out of there barely alive, and Doug was nowhere to be found. The Pope laughed the entire time, and Whitney was never seen. Secretly, however, the Pope was able to hide the fact that he was almost killed. If they persisted for only a few more months, they might have killed him.

Conversation

Caroline: You're an idiot.

Can Not: But I'm your idiot.

A man named Martin Luther came out of no where and showed the German Bible to the people. The people read it, and attempted to break off from the Catholic Church. The rest of the people considered it utter crap, and stayed loyal to the Catholics. Martin was the leader of C17, and he rebelled against the Catholics and brought the entire fleet with him. This fleet was able to protect England from the Catholics long enough for Grace O'Malley to finish refining her army. The first army of fully trained and fully functional flying pirate ships, with burning sharks. However, She was having trouble. Antelopes were flying creatures that wanted to keep the air to themselves. Grace O'Malley had to fight these things to stay in the air, and it soon became a hassle. Ninjas would sometimes ride on Antelopes and commit *dual strikes*.

The power of the Antelopes and the Ninjas combined were great, and Grace O'Malley couldn't handle it. Eventually, she died while fighting Catholics, Antelopes, and Ninjas. A few months after she died, her fleet died. The Catholic Church slowly split into many smaller churches, and the Pope became freaking mad. He pulled out an umbrella, and walked to the mall in the rain. He brought most of his world's armies to the mall, and then began to speak.

"All that are human, subhuman, and ex human are welcome. I will announce the peace and tolerance of all the Juggalos in the world in one month."

Was this the end? The Pope would just simply give up and settle their differences after so much conflict?

Chapter 7: American History

American history is the most weird...or absurd. A group of Puritans were trying to escape the Catholics, and then committed a pilgrimage to a new land. They were assisted by Pirates and many died because they weren't totally hardcore. When they arrived, ninja "savages" attacked, ownd, and chasing the Puritans all over the server. The Pirate friends of the Puritans got super pissed, and an entire continent of Ninjas that knew nothing of Pirates soon learned to hate Pirates. Although Ninjas are totally sweet, they eventually lost because they were savage ninjas, and the Pirates were much higher levels. Later, Juggalos came in and they all had totally awesome parties. The savage ninjas couldn't get the Pirates, Juggalos, and Puritans to leave, so they wailed guitars on the Trail of Tears.

Then, the Puritans declared their independence from England, who just declared their independence from the Catholics, whom just declared their independence from the Bible.

Lawyers. You say they are evil liars, but they are much worse then you could ever imagine. Once, there was a courtroom. It had a judge, a defendant, a fendant, a jury, a bailiff, a prosecutor, and the Lawyers.

The Judges declare the outcome. They are like totally sweet. Once, this guy raped a woman, and the judge let the guy go! That was really nice of him! Well, later, it turned out that that guy was actually a Juggalo! When the woman gave birth to his child, she went home to sleep. But instead of sleeping, the Juggalo and some of his wizzy buddies put on some white face paint and danced outside her house and screamed and wailed rap guitars until she became so mad, she died, and the child became an orphan at the hospital! When the child reached the age of 20, he was given a vision of the past! He realized that 7 guys had killed his mother by screaming, raping, wailing, and dancing wild tiger-like! The kid hated them, and set out his journey to find them. The child went to the temple of light, where the first Juggalo was. The kid's name was Peter Patra. He walked up to the Juggalo, and the Juggalo eyed the young warrior because some Juggalos like to check out other guys, even if they are straight.

Peter Patra asked "Are you my father?"

The Juggalo replied "No, but I'm about to be your step-dad!"

Peter Patra became mad, and stabbed the Juggalo violently until the Juggalo died with a wet butter knife. Peter Patra thought he was awesome. However, ninjas knew he wasn't awesome. They became very angry, and killed Peter

Patra for acting like he was cool when he wasn't. The other 6 guys were already in jail anyways.

The defendant is the guy who is accused of doing something wrong.

The fendant is the guy who is accusing someone of doing something wrong.

The Jury acts like they are cool and hardcore, but they are not! Ninjas are not allowed on Juries because Ninjas don't care! Once, before Ninjas were banned from the Jury, a Jury of Ninjas once decided that some guy was not guilty for drinking and driving, only because he killed more than 16 people! Although the drunk did legally win the trial, the Ninjas flipped out and killed him later. For no reason at all.

The bailiff is a fat guy with a gun.

Once, there was a court case! There was the fendant, who accused the defendant of taking money from the ISALP's bank for personal reasons. The Judge (who is a not a ninja or robot antelope, but just a human), who's name is Mumis, screamed "ORDER YOU RETARDED GITZ!!!!" Everyone choked on their own air and looked at Judge Mumis. Judge Mumis screamed "Will the fendant please state his or her case?" Jason, a man who is 38, stood up. He said "I am the president of ISALP, and I found that the defendant was stealing money from our bank account." Judge Mumis replied "O RLY??????11"

"Yes," said Jason.

"Shut up, you're an idiot!" Judge Mumis looked at the defendant and asked, "What the heck is your problem?"

The defendant, who is 71 years old, said "My name is Larry, and Jason believes I took money from ISALP's bank account, but the money has been used in good interests for the future of ISALP."

"OK...What the crap is this all about?"

The fendant spoke, "Larry bought a three thousand dollar camera. He was not suppose to do this, it is not within ISALP's budget plan to do so, and it is not part of our policy. But he went ahead, and did it anyways."

The defendant defended himself, "Your honor-" Mumis interrupted "SHUT UP YOU ATTENTION WHORE!!!!1"

There was a long silence, and everyone looked around as if without a clue. Jason looked outside a window, and saw beautiful unicorns being mauled to death by freaking huge salamanders. This made him sad.

The defendant whipped out all traces of silence, "Your honor, My uses of the camera were actually quite practical. I am a part of the website team, and I needed a camera to take pictures of our necessary and related subjects."

Judge Mumis said "OK...Now what does ISALP stand

for?"

Jason stood up and said "International Society for the Advancement of Legal-" Mumis interrupted, again, "WHAT THE HELL??????11 Are you a freaking idiot!? There is no F, T or O in there! What kind of idiot are you?"

The bailiff was, at this time, cutting open a live chicken. The chicken screamed, and the bailiff wore 2 KFC shirts.

Judge Mumis continued, "OK, I'll ignore your idiocy...now finish what it stands for."

Jason stood up, again, and said "International Society for the Advancement of Legal Pedophiles" Suddenly, the entire courtroom flipped over. Everyone stared involuntarily, and the silence went wild. A woman, thinking of her poor children, screamed and died of amnesia. The silence broke when someone said, "Why didn't I ever think of that?"

Judge Mumis said, "I think you guys are all idiots. Bring in the Lawyers." Lawyers were pretty much the ultimate power in the courts. The power of your Lawyer determines how likely you are to go wild again. Jason said "We win!" Judge Mumis retaliated "No, no...no you don't. Shut up, fag!"

Larry began to speak "I spent three thousand dollars on the legitimate purchase of a camera for the ISALP to use in their Child Photography Project. Which is copyrighted, by the way."

Judge Mumis conquistadored, "Why is it copyrighted? What use was it?"

Larry pelted, "You see, we named it CPP, and told a programming group to call their new language C Plus Plus, that way we could stage a fake court case, resulting in free publicity for both sides. And then they used their cooler name, C++, as originally intended. The CPP's main purpose is to take photographs of beautiful children."

Jason's Lawyer, Barney, yelled "Objection!"

At this time, the bailiff was eating the freshly killed chicken raw. It was gross.

Judge Mumis screamed "What kind of pyrotechnic exorcist are you suppose to be?"

Barney replied "Uh...The CPP thing is...preventable."

"SHUT UP YOU SINGULAR WORTHLESS SON OF SIX HOE BAGS!!!!!!11"

Barney had a small frown on his face. Judge Mumis smiled when he realized it, and continued. "I find this story about CPP much more exciting than the most exciting thing of your life, Barney. If I had a choice between mad Frenching you and Micheal Jackson, I would pick Micheal Jackson like you were a diseased tumor-infested pirate marmot."

Someone stuck up in the Jury. He had a cool black hat, a freaking sweet scimitar, and a patch. It was a Pirate! He ahrred "Ahrr!!!!!!11 Leave the Pirates out of this, you dirty landlubber!"

Judge Mumis snapped "You are the dirtiest scum from the dirtiest outhouse, from the poorest 3rd world-nay, 4rth world country. Which is probably 10x more supportive of life than your actual homeland."

The Pirate became freaking angry, and pulled a laser gun from his coat thing. He charged it and said "Ya be the sorriest conflictor I've evar met, YAR!"

The bailiff went freaking crazy, and called in a Ninja. The Ninja stormed the doors down. Like ten thousand fists in the air, the Ninja flipped out and attempted to kill the Pirate. The Pirate wouldn't take that, he put his scimitar in the way, and the Ninja and the Pirate flew out a window. The last seen of them was an air duel with the Pirate riding on a totally sweet burning shark.

The Judge smirked "His dad liked to play with other guy's wieners."

Jason's Lawyer, Barney, yelled "Objection!"

The Judge's face turned, but the neck stayed in place, suggesting an unnatural bodily movement that suggests something completely mysterious and evil about it.

Barney continued "This mean crap is really stupid."

The Judge phrases out "Yo, shut up before I hang your family and pets in front of you and their friends. If you make me even madder, I'll put it on live TV, and mail you a DVD of it on all of their birthdays."

Jason's Lawyer, Barney, yelled "Objection!"

"OVERRULED, CAPTAIN VEETER*!!!!!!111"

**Veeter - noun - one who takes pleasure in looking at rather chunky women.*

Barney became sad. Judge Mumis continued "I had sex with your parents last night. They say I have more skills than you."

Suddenly Barney screamed "OBJECTION!"

"OVERRULED, CAT SHORT OF NINE TAILS!!!!1"

Small dust particles rose, and Barney executed unheard sounds in tones that were beyond the clinically possible level of awesomeness, "YOU'RE NOT IMMORTAL!"

Everyone turned their heads and looked. Invisible Ninjas crawling on the ceiling lost their power and are visible. But no body sees them because of the freakishly surprising event. Pirate ship's cores stop working and some even crash violently into the concrete or ocean. The Pope coughed blood, and the entire hierarchy violently turned their heads and looked. They knew this was sign of something wrong. Something more wrong than if the Pope was secretly a young girl. That would be pretty wrong. The white face paint of millions of Juggalos faded and melted

off their faces, but only when others started watching. Antelopes started screaming like mad and like angry. Every Unicorn in existence ripped open a hole in reality with their horns and pulled out of this world. Most never returned. That's why they are so rare today. Mr. T's biggest, most expensive, most sacred bling cracked, then Mr. T spilled his tea all over his bling and shirt in front of his little sister at a tea party. Mr. T was angry.

Nobody interrupts his sister's tea party. This wouldn't go unpunished. Mr. T jumped in the A Team's van and drove straight to the courtroom. Along the way, he punched hundreds of Catholics along the way. Mr. T was very angry. Barney was standing outside, with the entire courtroom destroyed. Mr. T mumbled "...what is this...a new teaching?" Barney overheard and bounced "No. It is the only teaching."

"What did you do, here, Barney?"

"So you remember me, Mr T.. Or should I say, Brother T, hehe."

"Shut up fool, and tell me what is going on here."

"I killed them. All."

"Huh?"

"They weren't immortal. I told them. They were confused. I showed them. I found out they really weren't immortal, just like I said."

"What is wrong with you? You have changed so much since you decided to goto law school. I mean, you not even a girl anymore!"

"They say everything is wrong with me, but they are the ones who are wrong. Law school has changed more than my gender, it has changed my reality. My life is no longer under my control."

"Your life was never under any control. I can't believe I dated you in the second grade, and I can't believe you have become a man now, fool."

"It is pretty disturbing, isn't it? I just killed the top 6 main members of ISALP."

"Good. I hate those guys. They took my lunch money in high school. They deserve it. I came down here to can some serious jerky, but I guess all the jibba-jabba here is done."

"I am disappointed in you...Brother T."

"Don't call me that, fool!"

"So...you think you are still tough, eh T?"

"Yhetti?"

"No, I said "eh", then I said "T", you fruit bat."

"You know, you are a complete fool."

Conversation

Christine: im stuck all alone
 Christine: and ur leaving me
 Happy: Can Not says STFU
 Happy: i had nuthing to do with that
 Christine: well tell him idc what he says cuz hes a freakin butthead and i could say worse but i wont cuz i dont feel like cussing
 Happy: good job
 Christine: thank u
 Christine: thank u for inviting me
 Happy: no problem homie
 Christine: lol
 Christine: hes having fun w/ my stereo lol
 Christine: yeah Can't, my kewl stereo
 Happy: Can't duznt really mean stfu he just says it alot (cuz hes weird)
 Christine: i know hes weird
 Christine: lol
 Christine: i have experienced the weirdness
 Christine: lol
 Happy: CanNot says the stereo hes gunna get is 10billion times better
 Christine: yeah right
 Christine: nuthin is better than mine
 Christine: cuz mine was gotten for me w/ luv
 Christine: and lots of thought
 Christine: plus its freakin awesome
 Christine: so mines always going to be better
 Happy: he says his was given to him w/ communism
 Christine: lol
 Christine: well communism is crap next to luv
 Happy: he says communism is love of all kinds to all people
 Christine: but that isnt ever the same as the luv ur mom and dad have for u
 Christine: the communists wouldnt die for u
 Christine: if it was their life or urs
 Happy: if they did theyd have to die for everyone else
 Christine: the communists would let u die
 Christine: o can not shut up
 Christine: i win
 Happy: he says "no, thats called a dictator"
 Christine: forget it
 Happy: im more of a monarchist
 Christine: at least i can say shut up w/o the f in it CANT
 Christine: lol
 Happy: cant says STFU
 Happy: lol
 Christine: well cvannot, u can just go far far away

**Shortly after this conversation took place, the girl mysteriously died of an uppercut-related death. If you can read this conversation and not instantly hate her, you may need to see a doctor.*

People asking for Love advice on the internet...
 You're all freaking losers, so let me give you tips on how to ask out girls. Here's advice from random people from a horrible world called THE INTERNET:

Put a Steak in her Locker With a Note that Reads:

"This is the meat of Love. If you want to return this love, Eat the steak and meet me at *Insert random place here* at 7:00.

Love, *Insert name here*

Ask her "Do you like frogs?" If she says "Yes," say "That's amazing, I like frogs too!" If she says "No," say "That's amazing, I don't like frogs either!" Regardless of the response, you've started a conversation, and have

something in common.

"When I look at your body I lose my appetite, but after I look at your pizza face it comes back."

Throw eggs at her house then pay some kid to say in front of you and her that he egged the house. Then kick his ass and ask her out.

Buy her a hamburger from Wendy's

"My love for you is like diarrhea, I just can't hold it in." She pretty much did me right there in the hallway.

Conversation

The_Infamous: see i really like this chick
 The_Infamous: and i figure all these pimps on g4 can help me out.
 The_Infamous: i really wanna be with her
 The_Infamous: and i need to know how to go about doing this without having the guy hate me....
 The_Infamous: he's one of my friends.
 Stormy: You don't.
 -Badass-Penguin-: Kill her and blame the government.
 CloudSoul: Fight the dude
 Plasmodium Vivax: Put a sign on the guy's back that Says "I HUMP DUDES"
 HowardMoon: tell your friend that she had sex with a black guy
 BlackPlastic: Kill him and rape her as she cries.
 Acalith: It works. I know from personal experience.
 Ura_lnightstand: 3 words for you:
 Ura_lnightstand: Bros before hoes
 majpain: I show her mah peen.
 Mote: there are more girls in the world.
 MarkofKane: Invite her boyfriend out for drinks, get him drunk, and when he passes out, have some dude get gay with him and snap photos, Show them to his girlfriend.

Those were real samples of actual members of the Internet. Learn from others, do not goto the Internet for advice.

Chapter 8: Beach Freak: 2nd Half

Beach Freak: Tuesday, June 21, 2005

As reckoning beckoned upon the glory of this day-I was yet flattered by my own mortal strength. Today would be the first full day of Beach Freak. At last we will reveal ourselves to Jeremy...At last we will have our revenge. Before awakening, Caleb and Dustin revealed that they had previous knowledge of this desolate waist land. We could use this knowledge to complete the efficiency of this mission. Breakfast was at 9:30 in the morning. However, the general crowd reacted as if *"If I don't stand here at 8:05 waiting to get it, all the food will be gone!!!! OH NOES!!!!!!!!!!"* I was prepared for a perilous journey, so they sent me to scout out the world.

I walked bearily* 15 steps outside our cabin thing, and I saw the prettiest girl ever. EVER. EVER!!!!!! OK I was (and will be) exaggerating. But against my own free will, I walked slowly and stared into her unlimited beauty. Later, I found out she had limits, but no one really cares. In fact, I don't really care. Later it turns out her name is Courtney. I looked at her into her eyes, and she looked back into mine. Anywayz, I proceeded to the Breakfast place. It turned out that they had food. As Happy would say, *"This is unacceptable!"* But I had no choice but to accept this. So I did the dance from Britney Spear's newest music video. After which, I accepted this "foodular" service. The food was placed upon the Earth, and God saw that it was good. But I don't know what he said about taste.

I left, prepared to throw up at the evil entity of this mis-factioned food. I mean, this food was not fit even for one as low as a cannibal! Actually I'm mindlessly complaining and pretending it tasted bad. So we had to venture forth to this mysterious "class" thing... Under normal circumstances, I was unable to fraud my identity-but this was a rare case. Zack, being of a "middle-schooler" nature, had to proceed to the "Junior High" class. At this class, the "teacher" spoke to us about how we are maturing and becoming men. Yes, I know...I'm already more man than the teacher himself and I don't belong in this class-but no one knew but Zack and me.

This guy said something about how some of us have more facial hair than him. I don't know about you, but my goatee had 10x more hair than his entire face, and No one else even had "whiskers". He said that we were not suppose to think sexually about girls because it is wrong. "Think of how you would feel if a guy was thinking that about your sister?" That was clearly the set up for future jokes. I can't specifically remember any one specific time I did

this, but we would be walking around, and I would randomly say "Holy crap she has the sexiest legs I have EVER seen!!!!!!1 WOW- Oh wait, that guy said not to talk like that." Seriously (some guy whose s\n is "Internet Serious" signed on as I typed "Seriously". And he is still signed on and off). Uh...Seriously, there wasn't any girl I was talking about. It was just fun to say that.

So we left, and the high schoolers were far away and eventually stayed in class for about 20 minutes longer. So we got in line for "lunch". Naturally, using my mad ninja skillz, I naturally inherited the first place in line. However, the middle school girls released right at the lunch door, so they could easily cut in line. Please remember this very important note: I was the only high schooler in this large crowd of middle schoolers. I had a goatee, and I was at least 6 inches taller than the tallest one there.

Naturally, I let the girls cut in line. Then when the lunch thing opened, the line began to move, and some little kid yelled "What wimp let these girls cut (in line)?????11". I stopped turned around, deepened my voice (not demoniacally, just to sound a little tuff), and blasted "Whose calling me a wimp?" They all stepped back in fear and started pointing fingers. It was hilarious. Zack and I moved on with the line. Gosh...some people have no respect...I mean, if I let murderers, rapists, and zombies cut in line, no one would have said anything-ooooh but I let girls cut in line, that makes me a wimp! Either way, I was the first male. pwnd. noobs. GG.

As Zack and I left the evil presence of the food thing-I saw Cody hugging her boyfriend in public. OH NOES!!!!!!1 At "orientation", the dark Emperor said something about "We will send you home if you commit PDA." Naturally, I knew that this was the opportunity to strike. They embraced as if to like each other, and I screamed "NO PDA!!!!!! NO Peeeee-Deeeeee-Aaaaaaaaay!!!!!!111" They stopped, giggled, and Cody's friend (Sarina) said "Do you want a hug?" I was on the verge of going to my apartment, and did not feel like turning around. So I said "I'll come back to get it later!" I didn't want her to feel this way, but I think she was thinking "D-neyed!" (.k.a "denied") As I walked to my cabin, I noticed Sarina, Cody, and Cody's BF was walking to the food place-the place that is not the lunch hall, the one that you have to pay to get food (right across from our cabin thing).

I noticed the table they were sitting at when I flipped out to kill someone (ninjas must mindlessly flip out often), then I went into my cabin, opened a window, and left through it to avoid using the door. Four people saw me flip out of the bushes. That's bad. They didn't live much

longer.

I got on the rail road tracks and made a 7 mile journey. I jumped off, removed my mask and turned around. I was right behind one, but to the right. Cody pointed that I was here to Serena and she was like "woah!" I said "I said I would come to you." She stood up and we hugged...PDAed for no reason. Then, she told me her name was Serena. Cody walks up to me and said "Hey, my name is Cody" or something and then she wanted a hug. I told them my name Can Not and then left while saying bye.

Zack saw this, and he was like "Dude ur already making gfs?????!!" lol whatever he thought I was cheating on Katie. Fun stuff. I don't know, I think Cody was cheating on her BF, a little. Pfft I cared. Oh wait, no I didn't!!!!

And now I can barely remember what happened...Oh yeah, it was free time until 6:00!!!! woot. We went swimming, and we went on a party strike. I know that means something. Some guys were throwing boys and girls into the pool. whatever. It just happened that Cody and Serena were swimming-no actually, they were standing and chatting in the pool, but..uhh...OK so they were swimming in the pool, and they were like "Hi Can Not!" Naturally I'd assume that they were talking to me, since I was the coolest guy named Can Not. I jumped in, and we began having intellectual debates. That was the most fun I had ever had (during that one specific moment in time). However, she (Cody) found my factual information to be too much for her to handle, so our (Serena, Cody, some short kid, and I) conversation dwindled down to pure stupidity and poking. She pinched my nipple. I told her not to do that. She did it again.

They decided to leave at 3:00 to watch the "3:00 movie". I didn't watch it. HA!!!! So I went on to do some mysterious activity in which I was not aware of. At 6:00, I thought we were allowed to skip the Teaser. So I did. I left, and I sat around the swimming pool, acting cool like a fool. The Teaser ended, the cute girl from the bus was rushing (like a Russian) to be the first to eat food. You know, because the food is close to none existent, so they must get what little there is. She said "You missed the teaser!!!!!!11 aha" then I jumped up and started running and like totally said "Why are we running???!!" I went inside and got the dinner they were serving. Taco Salad. Yum yum. I ate it, and took the fruit cup to put in the refrigerator in our camp.

After that, I filled a cup with water, and put it in the freezer. Eventually, it would freeze!!!!1 being that the taco thing was pretty light of a meal, The 4 of us went to a local pizza place and had pizza. We had 8 slices, 2 per person, all one large pizza. I ate one and a 5th of one,

and the rest ate 2 and scrambled for what was left of mine. We did have a short conversation about *those girls I was hanging with*. Strange, usually I don't talk to other people about my female friends...I know that stereotypically guys talk about how they *like their women* and their experiences with girls...but I rarely ever do that, and I would feel more comfortable talking to a girl as opposed to a guy about that anyways. I know thats weird. But I'm a bad ninja. So learn from my mistakes before I turn them into yours. Or flip out and burn your castle (no offense intended, He-Man).

Later, they forced us to listen to our CD players, then we went to church. LOL!!!!1 Then I went the wrestling tournament and was like WWF!!!!!!11 sweet!!!!1 The guy next to me said "This looks like gay sex!!!!1" and then I snapped "Of course you'd know, you buy subscriptions to your dad's website."

Ouch.

**Yes, I did walk like a bear*

Conversation

Can Not: im really depressed talk about halo 2
 Can Not: to make me feel better
 Can Not: have u ever captured a flag before?
 Mr. Crow: yes
 Can Not: tell me about it
 Mr. Crow: h/o
 Mr. Crow: icaptured the flag
 Can Not: impressive
 Mr. Crow: mm\
 Can Not: your stories of courage and valor make me feel less depressed
 Mr. Crow: hold on
 Mr. Crow: ill tell another
 Can Not: sweet
 Mr. Crow: yup
 Mr. Crow: brb
 Mr. Crow: ok...so i got a sniper....and i got extra ammo.....and then i sniped 4 people in a row....(kiltacular) and then i used the rest of the ammo to kill like 18 more people
 Can Not: your bravery and agility seems unmatched in that scenario
 Mr. Crow: !!!
 Mr. Crow: yes
 Mr. Crow: but sadly I have to go Can't!

(My good friend is always here for me.)

Beach Freak: Wednesday, June 22, 2005

Some kid started talking about stealing cars and shooting hookers, and I'm thinking "*Thats so exciting!!!!11111 wallalalala BUMI.*"

I woke up from the previous battle. It seems that I had fought something at night, and they left me alive to tell about it. So I decided to get something to eat. I walked the perilous journey to the food place thing. They had lots of food. I grabbed the cereal and made a run for it. 300 well trained ninjas were chasing me. I thought I would be safe, because I am 3x better trained. I am also part Pirate. (Pirate-Ninja!!!!1) They were unable to retrieve my new treasure, due to my Pirate nature and Ninja

abilities. At one point, they couldn't find me. So I sneaked into our cabin through the back window and changed clothes. They will not recognize me anymore. I walked outside and screamed "The Pirate Ninja just gave me this cereal and flipped that way!!!!" All the ninjas collected together and flipped far away. Good...

We did some irrelevant stuff, then after lunch Zack and I were walking back to the cabin...My arm starting glowing and wailing out ultimate energy force X(UAFX). Everyone was like *woah!!!* This hot chick screamed "Oh EM GEE!!!!!!111 ULTIMATE ENERGY FORCE X!!!!!!11" She died when she saw her best friend. Shock + ugly people = not safe. No offense. Even though that was sort of offensive.

There were kids in the pool, so we threw ice at them. Then I quickly began to freeze like 3x more ice than previously.

I quickly escaped and was alone for 2 minutes. During this time period I was able to flip out and kill 3 enemy operatives. I wasn't able to hide one of their bodies, so they raised the terror alert. Groar...I (not you) saw a girl playing a PSP. I walked up and started watching, pretending to be interested in it when I was really interested in talking to her. But you must know...The screen can't be seen unless you are inside and it is 3 inches from your face. The DS has a small problem like that, but the PSP is like a murdering horseman when it comes to screen issues. I mean a man on a horse, not a half horse half man. So we started talking, and we were like "Hi" and my name was Can Not and her name was Amber. Unless she lied to me...

It turned her PSP belonged to a guy named Jeff, and he always tries to take it from her. My umbrella bent down and opened, so I knew it was time to leave. Not only that, but my pinky was vibrating and my left eyebrow was sweating like a headless turtle. I walked with glee to see what I could see and be where I could be in this world of you and me! I ended up coming to my cabin after finding Professor Jane, who is Professors Jake's twin sister. They both had an army of Ninjas, but hers were Albino Rhino Ninjas. That means her soldiers were fat and pale, for the most part. I thought they knew Ninjitsu, but their technique resembled more like a donkey drinking water. And they weren't good at that, either. She screamed and cried that she lost, and I was just desperate to escape that freak.

On my escape to the cabin, I got pulled into a dark alley. A girl whom was like 6 inches shorter than me was like "I have seen you flip out way too much, whats your name?" I said "My name is Can Not-Whats yours?" She was like *arg mooo* "My name is Katie," and then we flipped our separate paths. I don't think she was a Ninja. Maybe half-

Ninja, but...not important. A few seconds later, a Morman came to me. He told me that Mormans were the most powerful defense against giant salamanders. I totally told him thank you for this information.

Suddenly, a giant salamander was on a picture on the wall. I liked it. It was a picture. It was a nice picture. I proceeded to my trajectory, and chilled it with Cody and Serena. Chilled what? "It."

Suddenly, an army of uber evil malicious arcane mega robot drones came and gave me my mail. The letter said something like this "Dear Can Not, we love you!!!!!!!!!! signed, all your adoring fans!!!"

Immediately, I knew it was fake, due to the lack of ones behind the exclamation marks. Professor Jake had sent me a self destructing bomb message after I left, but before he was fully dead. It blew up, and nothing happened because I am cold blooded and hardcore. You didn't see that coming. Oh yeah, one child and two men were killed on accident. I hid their insignificant bodies, just to be safe or awesome. After dinner, they demanded we listen to that arcane CD players, so I ran far out and had a blastZ0RZ3!!!1 I saw Serena sitting alone or by herself, listening to her or his CD player, so I sat with her and enjoyed her presence. Two minutes later, I realized that I should have killed Professor Jane.

She rebuilt Professor Jake's body into a cyborg demon monster muffin fox. Using fox instincts to build the nerve system, PJ could easily use a modified form of Ninjitsu that was similar to mine. Not only that, but being punched by spiked metal hurts. He seemed to have fire abilities, so it must have been a fire fox, so I looked outmatched. Quickly, I flipped out and killed him, but he didn't die! I was like maybe another! I flipped out a few more times, yet that attack seemed useless. He blasted me with flames, but I flipped to the side and threw shurikens and burst his left leg joint into 4 halves. He roller-grabbed me, picked me up and said "I *HATE* you, Madalion!"

Obviously he hated me. I Subjectively kicked him in a part of his body that was still human, and the force created pressure and massive implosion. While he was extreme-weak and his shields were down, I flipped out and killed him. He wasn't dead, but his battle systems were off line, and he was in no shape to fight. I flipped out and exclusively killed Professor Jane. She passionately died. I would assume Professor Jake woke up later to find his twin sister dead, but that would be later.

We had to goto church service. We as in, anyone who had less authority than me. However, I simply choose to go. At the end, when they pray, Cody and Serena came over to hold hands with me (in prayer, not romantic passion). It

was really freakishly cool.

After service, I flipped out and killed 2 people (they were arguing over which hand held was better-I'm sick of that crap). Later, all the guys (except the superior one, until now) were pushing unsuspecting fools into the pool. I joined in, and then got bored and decided to watch. These three girls ganged up on me and tried to throw me in. I was about to flip out and leave nothing but a 6 mile crater-but one was really pretty-no, she was freaking hawtZ0RZ3-so I willingly let them attempt it. When I flipped out of the pool with one arm (the other has a damaged hand.) I had three energy auroras around me. The girls became engrossly scared. One said that the blond haired girl had planned it. Dun dun dun....She was poxilion. Like, holy moly beautiful. If that even means something! She had blond hair, a face or two faces, eyes and other cool accessories. In the water, her hair became unrealistically curly. Just like curly fries. They are unrealistically curly.

I grabbed her arms with my war-torn hands and passively pretended to try to pull her in. She kept grabbing walls or trees and stuff because she didn't want to get wet or damaged. And she already was wet. She said that previously someone pushed her in and she wambammed against a wall of the poolZ0RZ3, and she vigorously doesn't want to risk getting hurt again. She asked what my name was and I told her what it is. Can Not. Her name was Shelly. She looked a little like a girl from Roswell named Tess, but she also kind of looked like Amber (from schoolZ0RZE).

She's currently a girl. I have like 200 pictures of Amber, but I don't feel like putting one in the book right now.

OK now you know what she casually looks like. Actually, she looks more like the girl in that picture than I originally thought. Oh, Tess is wearing red. We hanged out like homies or whatever or friends. It turns out she was a vigilant redneck, liked horses and hunting and crap and bear combat or crap like that. Her accent was really cute.

It was 12:00, then everyone started screaming "OH NOES!!!! NINJA ATTACKS AT 12:00!!!!!!11" So I said bye to Shelly and her friends and hugged her. Then everyone scrambled to their cabin thing while ninjas appeared on the roof tops, laughing and watching. They were so evil. That night, there was a wrestling tournament. Me, being a ninja, would not be very good against a sumo type person in a wrestling competition. So I pretended to be good and used my Ninja like skills to play around. I clearly did not have the fat body structure required to wrestle. So I did not win. So I slept, dreaming that "when my hand heals, I'll be

able to do 50 push ups again." The glove didn't help me do push ups, either.

Conversation

Can Not: You know who's fault it is, right?

Nacho: Bob Marley's?

Can Not: no

Nacho: Hitler?

Can Not: no...

Nacho: you mean...him?

Can Not: Yes.

Nacho: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!11

Beach Freak Thursday, June 23, 2005

Today would be the one day of days that lead to the eternal borgir of pure awesome. I collected the polygamy of my breakfast, then eventually destroyed like 30 battle cats. The eclipse of destruction was completely meaningless. I hung out with Shelly, she and her redneck friends wailed ~~guitars~~ banjos, and I wailed, too. I transformed into a freaking huge bear, and killed like 10 people!

Everyone suddenly and violently noticed that I just clawed up a table full of rednecks, and began to run. The more I killed, the more bear like my body became. I went the the concession stand, which was only a few feet away, and asked for nacho cheese and chips. The woman in the stand was like "Yo!" but I just roared and clawed her violently until she died. I crawled inside through the window, and began to stuff my fur with money from the cash register. Then I went to the hawt babe that was cooking hamburgers and started hitting on her. She was like "Hey sexy", then realized that I was freaking huge bear, then she slapped me. I got angry, then started to claw her violently until she died. The entire wall of the concession stand (which was titanium steel concrete) burst down, and I jumped over a plastic fence into the swimming pool. Everyone was like "Ten! Yo!" for my sweet splash, then they started screaming because a freaking huge bear just landed in the pool with them.

This kid was like "Dude, you're a bear!" I clawed him violently until he died. I swam to the deep end, then there was this 11 year old girl who couldn't get out of the pool. I swam over and helped her out. She said "Thank you, Madalion Bear." We had a really cute bear hug, then I clawed her violently until she died. A guy walked towards me with a bat. He hit a freaking huge bear in the face. I bit his nose, and he screamed. I pulled him off the ground and he died like he were hung. I clawed out his wallet and took his money and credit cards. I began to walk like a bear to the next open area of people. I saw Amber, and she was with her friend named Courtney. I waved, and they said "Yo! Madalion Bear!" and I walked until I got to the Yu-gi-

oh table. Someone's monster just died, so I crawled on the table and clawed a huge blue eyed white dragon thing violently until it died. Some kid asked "Where did the bear come from?"

I stared at the girl next to him for a minute. She was hawt. Then I lunged the guy. He was on the ground, screaming. I started drooling on him. He choked to death, because freaking huge bears drool a lot of drool. I stood up and clawed the girl violently until she died. I crawled my way to the volleyball court. I stood up, and roared. Some kid thought he was hardcore, so he threw the ball at me. All the kids laughed. I shed a tear. They were all laughing at me! Was I not cool? Why can't I be accepted? I fell to my knees, then to my side, and started crying. They all came and said they were sorry, and we had a big group hug.

The girl named Katie came, and we went to Amber's whatever. We watched her play Jeff's PSP and talked about how awesome me being a bear is. This girl came walking by and said "Haha, a freaking huge bear!" I screamed in anger, then clawed her violently until she died. I had to goto lunch. I went, and ate like a bear. Some kid asked me "Why are you a freaking huge bear, Madalion?" I clawed him violently until he died. I ate like a bear, and Zack was like "Wow! You are awesome!". I roared and screamed like a maniac in agreement. However, it turned out that I would have a small problem. A problem that would destroy me, if not taken care of at this time. I used the bathroom, then I jumped out of the lunch room. This woman was looking at me funny, then I clawed her violently until she died.

I was bearing out and bearing awesome, then this guy came out of nowhere and laughed at me. I clawed him violently, but he only laughed, and didn't die. I became confused. He transformed into a freaking huge salamander. We had a freaking huge monster fight right there, and everyone watched because it was a pure display of utter awesome. I clawed the salamander violently until it died. It wasn't working... Then, I remembered what I was told... *He told me that Mormans were the most powerful defense against giant salamanders.* Ah! I could defeat him by summoning a Morman! A Morman came out after I did the secret ninja Morman summoning technique-while being a bear! The salamander squealed in confusion, then I clawed it violently until it died. **Everyone started cheering, and young children started crying, because only children could truly see how beautiful a freaking huge bear clawing a freaking huge salamander to death was.**

Suddenly, I heard a crying donkey. I was like "what? NO!" Just in case you don't know, the song of a crying donkey is heard whenever you are about to transform from a

freaking huge bear to whatever you use to be. This was OK, because I was getting bored of it anyways. I looked straight up, and saw a fisher man falling down to the ground. He was about to do a totally sweet ninja roll and then try to flip out and kill me, but he messed up and shattered his leg and spine on the ground. I laughed at him and left him there. I know that was mean, but what could I do? He was gross.

We went to the service thing, and listened to the guy talk about how awesome he truly was. He warned us of the ultimate contest, and how awesome he was. This sounded like a challenge. I went to the freezer, where tons of ice was. The entire thing was filled with cups and cups of ice. I tried to take the cups off, but they refused. I got out an amphibious knife and began to cut the cups off, making the ice pure. Some ice blocks had air/water pockets in the center. I screamed when I realized this. We had also filled up a Pringles can, Mountain Dew cans, bowls, and even froze a wet sock. We never froze a wet sock again, let's just say. I took a block to the "challenge." Several churches would battle for superiority. Our church was fused with KINGWOOD, and this would be our only chance. No one was there, and it would start in thirty minutes, so people started coming. I stood at the front door touching mostly cute girls with a huge block of ice. They would totally freak out and get scared, then surrender to my eternal beauty.

I did this for like an hour, then they got to the part for the belching contest. They switched out the kid on my church for me. I ran up there, touching people with the block of ice all the way. I was there, and the aurora of my energy wailed a new kind of wind. I touched the cute girl that was also on my team, and everyone else who looked like they needed to be touched. We had like 2 or 3 tries. I failed the first 2, and everyone screamed at me because I sucked. But then, near the end, I wailed the freaking most powerful belch in the entire world. Chainsaws and headless horsemen ran a muck in the sanctuary, hand in hand. They were of many cultures, and only I could stop them. As my belching became more powerful, they screamed louder and became more, more, and even more crazy. The world began to vibrate, and I could no longer control myself. I grabbed a guitar and started wailing as hard as I could. The entire audience stood up and screamed.

Ninjas of all sizes joined my wailing, and as we wailed together, the wailing became stronger and stronger. Eventually the colors of light began changing, and frequencies of reality began bending. Several ninjas transformed into freaking huge bears, and several audience members caught on fire and screamed. Everything was crazy,

The floor turned into a pink slime, and the headless horsemen started talking trash about zombies. Zombies crawled from the ground and got really angry. There was a massive zombie and headless horseman fight, and everyone else was dying and partying-at the same time! The sky of the entire earth turned dark, and disco lights flashed everywhere near the party. Anyone who acted like they were awesome, but weren't instantly dying, were instantly cross-living. I watched in awe, as I could not stop the belching. The belching was so loud and superior, it no longer sounded human. It sounded like a demon and an angel fighting over who had the sexiest butt.

God saw that this was happening, and he saw that this was bad. He helped me to stop, and then all systems broke down into a big confusion. Everyone was like "What the heck? That was awesome!" Unsure of what just happened, I was declared the winner of that part of the contest. I was switched back, and I continued to touch people with the ice. It was totally awesome. They could see inside me the bread dough was rising.

Later, after partying constantly, there was a convert thing. Courtney, Amber, and I sat together. While pretending to care the entire time, I was thinking about how hawt Courtney was. Anyways, I went to sleep later and forgot because I lacked care. I hugged Courtney and Amber before sleeping, and left, to never see them again.

My friend told me this awesome story TELL OR SEND THIS STORY TO 4 PEOPLE OR YOU WILL BE FORCED TO WRESTLE A SUPER ANTELOPE!!!!11

*This is kinda messed up but it is also very funny. 100% true "okay so i get on the train, i sit in a 3 seater by the window...there are a bunch of other seats open or whatever and this family of 4 comes and 2 of them sit with me and 2 sit next to them in the 2 seater...which boggles my mind because they could have easily taken 2 2 seaters and left an open space on the 3 seater with me but no, they had to be jerks....so anyway, this guy gets in and spills his coke all over my pants and shirt....so i go "what the *****" not even in a threatening way or anything, just by surprise because my head was facing the other way....so the guy goes "apologize" and i go "excuse me?" and he goes "apologize for cursing in front of my two kids or I'll get the train conductor to kick you off the train" and i go "well buddy, maybe if you were paying attention to where you were putting your ***** coke, i would have said ***** in front of your ***** children"*

At this point the guy is basically in my face and his girl screams "daddy make the stupid boy leave" and i go "yeah, make me leave daddy" and he was like "come on kids, lets get out of here" and as they were walking away the guy

tells me to learn some manners and i see his daughter is holding a harry potter book in her hand i go "tell your daughter that Dumbledore dies on page 606" and immediately this like....13 year old girl burst into tears and soon after her older looking brother did too"

Beach Freak Friday, June 24, 2005

This was the one day delicate enough to make it or break it! We awoke from the sound of breaking dams, then suddenly we all realized that someone of great power had gotten hold of weapons of great power.

The Rods.

This was unacceptable! Jeremy would use this power to destroy everything that our lives meant to us! I confronted him, and said "Drop the Rods, or else!"

Jeremy looked at me, then said "Yeah right!"

I knew he meant business, "You stand no chance, just drop the Rods."

"No...come here and make me!"

Zack came out of freaking nowhere and started screaming like an immature two year old. I started screaming, too. It was wild. Everybody was like "What the heck? Why are they screaming? What is this? A new teaching?"

We slammed our fore heads together until the loudest crackling noise ever heard before the sound declared itself to be God himself. No one knows if it really was God, but it was freaking awesome. Zack and I slowly mutated into huge super muscular animae guys with freaking huge hair doos. Mine was bigger, so I was the main one. We flew, chasing down Jeremy. Jeremy saw what we were, and flouted "Heck no! No way!" Jeremy puled out some egg thing, then threw it in front of him. It burst open, and like 600 tiny spiders attacked Zack and me. We got super angry, and wailed massive guitars. The spiders died from the excitement. Jeremy had bought himself enough time to get inside the van and take off. The van drove to the end of Earth, and we had to chase it. Soon, the van would run low on gas, and that's when we would make our strike.

But the van did not run low on gas. We broke down the road, and then the van crashed into a crater. Suddenly, I noticed that many Juggalos, Antelopes, and the Magic Train were waiting for me. This would not be acceptable. We had some serious trouble. I leaned back, then my back broke while leaning itself back, then broke until it shattered! With a shattered spine, my back could move in almost any position! I screamed the loudest scream ever! It was louder than the loudest communistic scream ever. Everyone hid in fear. Thousands of bystanders screamed "What the crap?" Some died before finishing their sentences or relationships. All the clouds of the Earth crammed

themselves into my muscles and let out the biggest wave of totally awesome broken light ever. Thousands of Orangutans crawled all over me and stabbed me with razor sharp bananas, but I laughed in my screams, and they all burst out of there. The sky broke open, and a Unicorn came flying down from another world.

The Unicorn was screaming, and red gases were coming from every single hair of the Unicorn's beautiful white fur. It flew straight to me, showing off it's unlimited majestic beauty. Before the break in reality closed, I could see Stalin smiling at me. I knew this meant that the communism was with me. I did a totally sweet flip into the sky, and the Unicorn came under me as if I were destined to land on her. But I wasn't without a gift! I found \$5 on the Unicorn's horn! Today was my day!

Jeremy screamed "That's pathetic. You are a Unicorn loving pedofag."

The Unicorn spoke as if it knew how to speak. She said "You are the fool, Jeremy! **I am Faith, the Flame Unicorn of Communism!**"

During this time, I thought "Wow, this is freaking sweet", but Jeremy said "So? I'm totally hardcore and I'll beat the crap out of you with my crews! No Unicorn stands a chance against me!"

An abnormally muscular and totally evil Antelope came out of nowhere and Jeremy jumped on it. I was like "What is he doing?" Then he pulled a sword from his sheath, and proceeded to charge us. In case you don't know, or you have forgotten, Unicorns and Antelopes have hated each other since time began. They fight and kill each other all the time! The only difference now is that they have a human companion! I pulled out my ninja sword, and we began to slash at each other violently. Jeremy said "I will kill you, and the Rods will be mine forever!"

I reagitated "o rly?"

Jeremy became super mad, and summoned the Magic Train to join him. The Magic Train got on an Antelope and was about to charge in, but Faith flew away. I asked "Where are we going?"

Faith replied "To safety!"

"But...they have The Rods!"

"So? They don't know how to use them."

"You're right!"

"Yes, I am."

"Where is this safe place?"

"A gas station ran by Mexicans."

"The Mexican Mafia?"

"Yes"

"But they'll kill us!"

"Not if we buy something."

"Will that work?"

"More than you could ever imagine." We landed near the entrance of a gas station, walked in, and then bought some orange drink thing. It was pretty good. I also like pineapple orange, but they didn't have it. We walked home, and Beach Freak had ended for this year.

Conversation

Wife: Honey, do you think my butt looks fat?

Husband: Wait, let me back up so I can get a full view...

I woke up this mourning and a huge Italian man started slapping me. I said "What the heck do you want?" and he said "It's a time for the school!" Then I gradiently ran uber fast into my ultimate closet, screamed Revolution, and *freaked-out* in my awesome clothes. Awesome as in the red *Master of the Obvious* shirt. I put my hand forth and a shower of power came upon me. So I had to dry myself off with a towel. Violently dry my self off with a towel. I jumped on a random Super Antelope and rode to school, ready to be cool, and then the police started chasing me. The Super Antelope got beside a police car. I pressed X, boarded, then meleed until he died. I rode the police car into the school parking lot and left it there.

I met Chris, the Happy, and the Emperor before school, and we talked about multiple manipulative systems. OK we didn't actually talk about that. The bell rung, then everyone screamed and like 6 people died. Wow, this is kinda sad. People dying... First we went to homeroom where I was awesome. First period, I had to yell things in the hall with the Emperor until the police beat us done with their night sticks. Ouch.

In Driver's Ed, I drew a CommieFly (Butterfly with commie symbols on the wings). I went to Biology. Jessica was in there! OMG!!!!111 (the Emperor's gf) they used that partner system (2 people per a table) And I sneaked to her and said Hi and scared her. then I sat next to her. I said something like "I'll move if you'd rather someone else sit with you" But few people she knew came in that were interesting to her so whatever. Then we got attacked by a massive seating chart.

History I have with the Happy, Micheal, Hawaii, and other dudes. Next I have psychology with Happy, Donuts, some random cool people, and yeah. Mrs. Meek is athletic.

Chapter 9: Tensions Rising

So I played a soccer game like now today a few minutes ago YES! six to 0. They fail. I also got 4 kills. Normally you'd think Joe would pwn me, but I don't even think he got one kill. And Austin almost killed the goalie. Almost red carded, too. For you're information; killing means like knocking down. So if I trip you and you fell down, that would be a kill.

Akran and his 2 friends got into a fight... like, something about making out then making out with someone else... I'm so lost and confused... So I catapulted ultimate power into legendary monocles. Most exciting day of my life! Maggie is bored, and so are the Super Antelopes... You know where thats going. Strangely, I haven't seen the Magic Train or his budZ0RZ3, maybe they have better things to do, but as unnecessarily important as that is. Happy, got a schedule change and now is in my Latin 1 class, although that happened last week. So now Rachael is not cooperating with reality. Maggie and I discussed the significance of Rachael's awkward reactions, yet untold secrets are still to be unfolded.

IOWA still wishes he could join the cool club, but he's too mundane, even to break his own heart. Lenseless forms of ninjas attack Linsey, but she says she can handle them all on her own. The other linzey, is a furry. So I must make furry jokes about her multivially. Erika is excited that Micheal gets out of the Mental Hospital Friday, but how does she know, does she go there often? Hmmm? hmmm? Francie got a new dirt bike, and the Emperor said he would come over today, but I still have no cell phone and the Emperors not here so we'll have to arrange the tranquil setting of 2. Speaking of people having things, Amber can't seem to get a battle bracelet, and I haven't touched her hair at all this school year. I see a direct correlation in these 2 significant facts. So I was shaving and I messed up but you wouldn't notice because I have LAVALAMP-SHADE INSURANCE.

I saw 2 dueling llamas, then I jumped on a trash can and played tag with a pro midget. On the note of midgets, 42 were killed by a ninja lion... from Zion. I heard Phillip was dating Amanda (I heard), which is bad news for the Iraqi economy, but Jimmy didn't crack corn this time.

After school, I saw Mongolians.. No one saw that coming. Good thing I saw Moses coming. He have his ferocious stick, and I fatally wounded his hand. My hand was wounded once, but I had the gloves, RODS, and that cute girl.

So anyways, the end has come. I just told you a random string of todays events after chopping and

scrambling it. ENJOY THE TRASH!

I heard that the Emperor is going out with a girl named linzey, I know like 6, which one is it? I hope its the one in my Latin class (which later I find out she is not). She reads Stephen King novels. What a freaking nerd. But not Chris King! Yay unicorns! I believe that there will be unicorns in heaven! No one else believes it, but...

I went to Christine's church last night! Wow, her preacher reminded me of some kind of evil Gothic Catholic Pope dude. But thats silly. Super Antelopes came out of nowhere and challenged me to a duel, so I had to fight them. They were tuff, but not as tough as the Golden Super Antelope. So we got caught in a curdled lard storm, and the battle got really fat, so we gave up and called it a tie. But thats not even the beginning.

As I walked 5000 miles to my hostile abode, 300 Ninjas flipped out of no where and tried to kill me. I saw the symbol on their Hirojima's and knew immediately that Professor Jake was still out there. We fought to the death, and I won easily. Seriously, PJ, if your reading this, stop sending mole ninjas...They are not a challenge. So anyways, I sold the bodies to an old guy who lives in a junk yard. He didn't like most of them, but I agreed on a few discounts. After all, I didn't need the money. But how wrong I was...

A few hours later, the Rastafarian Natives attacked me and stole my money. I was like "MALOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!111" Then I proceeded to strategize an uber attack strategy that would strategically destroy them efficiently. However, that plan would have to violently wait. Ryan told me about his secret love for oranges and grasshoppers. I was like woah! Don't come back, jack, no more, no more... This called for an imminent evacuation of the premises. I left. Then I was at the mall, when two freaking Caterpillars wearing Sombreros saw me. They immediately swung their tails and I did 2 back flips, killed a 2 month year old baby on accident, then tripped on a banana. I noticed that they had set that up for me to fall onto. As I looked around, I noticed many more accidents waiting to happen. They appear to be smarter than a diseased marmot partially fused with a headless horseman. The caterpillars knew Chi very well, so I knew I'd have to use some myself.

They came charging at me with their slimy slimers and I punched a hole straight through one while yelling "JURISDICTION!!!!!!!!11". Then, the other one screamed no in Vietnamese, and shot 30 Chi energy blasts at me. I did a quad triple back flip and caught a spoon from the cafeteria and threw in his eye. He screamed like a legless leg-pit. Then, I shoved it's arm into its own belly-button and force-fed his buddy to him. After a few minutes, I got

bored, then laid down the MC hammer and blasted them into oblivion with a Canadian boomerang. Suddenly, I noticed a laser pointer at my head!!! HOLY CRAP!

I flipped out my sniper rifle and saw that Tupac was trying to snipe me. He just doesn't learn...I flipped behind 3 cow statues and into a barrel roll over 6 tables, accidentally killing like 7 tall people. One of them shout, let it all out, and told us about the things he could do without. Then I said "Come on...", but no one knew I was talking to them. Immediately Tupac whipped out his katana and tried to slash me, but I did a flash jump and back rolled, then ghost jumped to the side while upside down, then did a turbo spin on the ground and knocked him down with a break dance move. He got really made, then threw a grenade and broke my shield. I cut his arm off, and then his heart began to scream..."WHY AM I STILL STUCK IN MYSELF?!?!?!1//1" Then immediately I stomp-dashed forward and ended him. I saw the **</LIFE>** above his head. That means that they will never come back.

I noticed that a donut parlor was on the side of the road. I wanted to buy a donut, but the Rastafarian Natives stole my money. I began to scream, then I flipped out and killed like 40 innocent civilians. However, the Super Antelopes did not like that. Not only that, but on one of the Super Antelopes, like a man riding his steed, the Magic Train seemed to be unhappy with them. It was the Magic Train... one of my few real challenges. Immediately he called me a fag, then I called him a fagmo, then he said that I was gay, then I told him that he likes fat guys, then he told my mom is something bad, then I cussed at him in the Zulu's African tribal language, then he got mad and called me a Nintendo fanboy, then I told him he was jealous because I had smaller nipples, then he got so mad, he told me that I was fat. And that was the last rod...

I began to power up, and he began powering up, and then I noticed he was screaming louder than me, so I started to scream louder, and then he noticed I was screaming louder, so he got louder, and eventually we got so loud and so powerful that the auroras and sound waves alone destroyed half of the parking lot. The Super Antelopes ran away in fear, and the one that the Magic Train was riding on transformed into a Golden Super Antelope and became a powerful steed to match his powerful master. I realized that my power would not be enough against both, so I brought out my Holy Pantrs and put them on. The massive loads of energy output was astounding. It seemed that he was screaming just a little louder than me, and I just couldn't gather the life force to follow up. But then I remembered...Jurisdiction has no limits...I could take this up to the next level! I began to scream with less

amplitude on purpose, then he noticed and said "So, you can't handle being at my level of power?"

Suddenly, I started heavy breathing, and my aurora turned from white to red. Neither of us have ever seen this before, or experienced it, so we were both at surprise. I could feel my heart beginning to collapse over the strain on my body. I pulled my upper body back, stretching the heart, then had a quick implosion of my entire physical body into one point in space, then collapsed back into an archaic structure of something that could be called my *unknown self*. The time was ready, and I yelled *Jurisdiction* like a headless horseman, a massive shock wave of energy crushed all life within a two mile radius, and then my red aurora brightened. A massive energy blast naturally condensed in my hand, so I molded it into shape and shot him with it.

The blast wiped out all of his Golden Super Antelope and knocked him to the ground instantly. He got up and said "NO! This is impossible!" Then I said "You have met your end, Magic Train!" Then he said "No, no, no, we have only begun!" The Magic Train then used his chi to lift the dead antelope into the air, then absorbed all of its power, then said "You see, I can do that too!" Then he whips out the red aurora as if he casually could. Not even the slightest sign of struggling. My chance at victory seemed less likely. I quickly lunge attacked and then we engaged in an uber fast fist fight. He seemed able to maintain his power better than me, and I began to have trouble. I shot a humongous brutish blast at him, then he appeared behind me and knocked me to the ground. That wouldn't have worked. He began to laugh at me, because he knew I stood no chance. I would have to think of a much more powerful strategy, now. But then I figured it out!

I decided to see how loud I could scream in this form, then he quickly began to follow so he would not be behind. I screamed as loud as I could, and he still screamed louder. He has been toying with me the entire time! This is bad. This is not good. This is unacceptable! He struck me down again, then waited for me to struggle to get up. He was at least 200x more powerful than me at this time. Not even the Happy is that strong. I knew we were in trouble. But then, Doug came out of nowhere and pwned him in one hit!

What the crap? Well, I thanked Doug for saving me with his awesome skills, and then I proceeded to the Rastafarian Native villages. Their Psuedanato (Dark Emperor) saw me and said "So, you have returned for the money?" I killed 30 of them instantly, with my deep voice alone, as I screamed "Jurisdiction!" Suddenly the Psuedanato got very angry, and began to punch me. It didn't

hurt. I killed him instantly with my breathe, and and all of his inferior family died from the shock wave alone. And I didn't even think twice... To my own power... I've become so numb. I grabbed my money and took it, while the survivors crawled away in pathetic terror. My presence alone disrupts their ability to stand up. I am that powerful.

I returned to the donut parlor and asked for a donut. The guy said that he was all out. I casually walked behind a bush, then flipped out from behind a bush and killed him. The next day, I went to school and hung out with all my friends. Then Happy and I killed barbarians and then went to totally sweet dance lessons.

So yesterday, I played soccer... stupid rocket whores made me goalie. Then I changed Brent forever... muwahahaha. Later, I went to puppetry *OMGLOLNAACP*. I saw the Emperor, then tried to follow him. I ended up at Wal-mart in the complete wrong direction. He was at his house. Then I pwnd him in Junior Monopoly. Thats sad...When a communist beats you in a capitalistic board game, that is really sad. I'm so sorry.

It turns out that everything I know has been flipped outside down and through the roof with binocular forces. So leave me alone, pedestrians. **lifts self from within**

Last night, I pirated Burnout 4: REVENGE to my xbox, and I haven't even played it yet. Oh, the Emperor had a party filled with tons of hawt babes, drinks, food, birthdays, and crows. It was totally sweet. Everyone saw that I have massive amounts of garbage on my xbox.

The next day, I did not goto the Emperor's party.

I went to Evan's house! It was so totally awesome, it makes me want to dance naked in front of 3 year old CYBORG WARRIORS!!!!!!111 He showed me his sweet rig (which is like sum kind of an omega computer), and I showed him OMG emo rangers. After that I went to his house and totally forgot what was going on. Suddenly, 200 members of the Mexican mafia told me that I had to scadatal or something.

So I did like 40 purely sweet massive quad tracks and bomb-shelled them with my totally awesome steel bracelet. Their plan backfired and they ran like scared little Mexican Mafians. But then the big boss Mexican was like "Yeah right! I'm not afraid of your quad tracks or bomb-shells!" Then he whipped out a huge barracuda and proceeded to beat me with it.

I screamed NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO because I *FREAKING HATE BARRACUDAS!!!!!!11* Quickly I jumped into a tree and the barracuda died because it was a sea creature on the asphalt road. The big boss Mexican **frexed** his muscles, and his arms and chest and muscles all grew like 3x the size of my self. I was like "Uh!" 'cuz I didn't like that. I thought that

would be it, but he diffused into like 6 of himself, all as powerful as the original, and I was like "OH SNAP!" We had a fist fight, and then they split even more, and I was screwed, then they summoned their Super Antelopes, and I was like *Oh ma oh ma oh ma* but suddenly Doug came out of nowhere and snapped his finger. All the super antelopes quickly melted into vanilla chocolate cherry Dr. Pepper, and several ninjas flipped out of nowhere to have a quick drink. It was diet, so they got pissed and flipped out and killed the Big boss Mexicans. But they didn't die, cuz most of them were pirates! I walked away and don't have clue about what happened after that.

My friend and I were discussing how online gfs suck (I should get like 6), then somehow the following line popped from his mouth: *"I had an internet relationship with a girl once, it was a hot and steamy one. Until one day while chatting, I went to the fridge and on the way saw my mom on her computer typing my girlfriend's part of the conversation."*

I live with total recalescence. Recalescence is a pretty cool word.

There was this girl, and she was like *LOL IMA FAGMO* then she pored all my chocolate milk on my tray for no reason what-so-ever, but still on purpose. Immediately, I slogged her with whatever was left of the chocolate milk, then I thought that was awesome! Why didn't I think of that? Getting milk on her was a great idea, I did it without even thinking about it and it was totally sweet. She got mad because I'm better than her in every way, then she wanted to make herself look cool, so she said something about my anger problem (which is clearly *her problem*, not mine), and then I called her gay, then someone else was like "gay?" that was weak, then I said a *weak insult is necessary for the weak mind*. After telling her what she is (a whore) after she makes random strange negative remarks about me, she decides to hit me.

Which is pretty awesome, because she probably thought I won't hit her back, but then I wail her arm out like an acoustic guitar, then she whined, then I tell her that next time she should think about what she is doing. I continued to sit next to her for almost 15 seconds, but she seemed unable to do anything, so I became bored and declared myself the winner. Then I pulled this one totally awesome line out of a big bag of crap.

"No one messes with the Madalion!"

Oh my, that was one freaking awesome exit line. For those of you who don't know, I am considered *"One True Madalion,"* and my name is *"Can Not."*

That is why I win and she fails.

Then out of nowhere, I made this totally sweet sheet

of paper. On one side, it said "Can you keep a secret?" and on the other, it said "YOUR HAWT LOLZ!!!!" and I was flipping it around it was totally awesome. After the prep-rally, I jumped down an entire empty flight of stairs, then through some window thing, it was superior. I loved it!

For those of you who don't know, I jump. I love jumping. I jump all the time! Constant jumping is my style. After school, I gave the rods to some subjectively hawt babe named Lindsay and all her subjectively hawt friends. It was so subjectively freaking awesome, I had to get out a lawn-mower and run over my neighbor's gardens and lawn gnomes!

Conversation

Shake: y do you like my girl?

Shake: you should be affraid i dont want to hear of you talking to her any more

Can Not: i talk to who i want to talk to

Shake: well dont talk to chelsie

Can Not: why/

Shake: because I said you cant

Can Not: you have no authority

Shake: dont make me laff and dont talk to her

Shake: I dont care if your one of her friends

Can Not: you're too inferior to give me command so i suggest you shutting up

Shake: ohh mr.bigg words im so scared leave her alone

Can Not: scared of what? im not trying to intimidate

Can Not: im simply trying to make you leave me alone

Shake: LEAVE HER ALONE

Can Not: alright im done talking to you

Shake: im not finished with you dotn talk her

Can Not: what if she im's me? whcihc is wut happens 9 out of 10 times

Shake: you act like she likes you

Can Not: no i meant that in a sense that i rarely start im conversations

Can Not: i usually wait for others to im me

Shake: and she dont shes my girl and if she ims you just tell her to leave you alone

Can Not: yea right

Shake: **just shut up and leave her alone**

Shake: **now dont mention any of this to her cuz shes on**

Can Not: **ohhh bold**

Shake: are you jokeing me i hate jokers

Can Not: but srsly...ur the only joke

Can Not: if you really want chelsie...u can have her

Shake: o really funny

Can Not: im not romantically involved with her

Shake: i already have her thats why im telling you to leave her alone

Can Not: dont make me open up the rods

Shake: just leave her alone

Can Not: dude u know tony?

Shake: who is Tony ?

Can Not: ehhe...i guess u dont know him, hey there is this guy name zack

Can Not: and hes going out with this guy named tony

Shake: i dont care

Can Not: it is rly gross

Shake: i dont care

Can Not: well, i could just tel you that i wont stop talking to her because...

Can Not: i dont care

Shake: back off

Can Not: dude im freaking 34 years old

Shake: then she dont need to be talking to you

Can Not: shes my neice u retarded git

Shake: i dont think so loser, back off ok

Can Not: dude i have a wife and have sex everyday and ur some retarded middle-schooler calling me a loser?

Can Not: I bet you've never seen a non-anima girl naked

Chapter 10: Holy freaking crap! Learn how to transform into an Asian!

I have to tell you guys the new exciting news!

I was chillin' at Rosie's, then this huge black guy came out of nowhere and said "I am Kirk Franklin". I almost wet our pants! We jumped in his totally awesome SUV, and then we wailed guitars while screaming Shout lyrics. It was the most beautiful thing in the entire world! Eventually, late night grew in power, and in the sky was a ship. Not just any ship. A Pirate ship. The ship was big enough to crash into like 60 whales and still survive, and could easily crush anyone who was beyond normal human recognition. We soon found that we were their ultimate target. Our genius theory was based on the positions of the bombs they were dropping. Kirk freaking got out his cell phone and called Tupac, and immidietly Tupac came out of cow-tipping nowhere and screamed "What the heck is going on?"

A freaking huge bomb fell out of nowhere and was about to hit Tupac straight in the freaking forehead, but suddenly Tupac pushed it away and the bomb explodZ0RZ3. After the explosion and smoke cleared out, Tupac was untouched! All at one freaking time, the Pirates screamed "What the French correlation?"

Tupac raised his arms, and 400 hairs came off his arms and transformed into Nanobot War Warriors! The Nanobot War Warriors have flying wings, so they flew to the sky until the world wonders why, then they attach to the Pirate ship and begin tearing it massively apart. The Pirates got super pissed, and start dropping rotting cheese cakes. Tupac started to get uncomfortable, so the Ninjas hiding in the shadow make their move. But shouldn't the Ninjas be on our side? I whipped out a totally sweet blade saber PRO and cut their faces out. The Ninjas didn't like that, so I called my Unicorn friend Faith to come and help me. She came flaming out of the sky, and I jumped on her back. I got my sword, and we went up to the Pirate ship, dodging bomb shells and cannon fire. The Pirates were like "Arrrrr, You will pay!"

I didn't think so. I flew up to the side, cut my sword in, and dragged it across the hull, wiping out whatever was keeping the ship in the sky, because I heard some parts clanking and then the ship's engine made a loud violent clank inside itself and the ship began to fall. Faith laughed, and I soon saw something in the horizon. It wasn't what I'd like it to have been...it was some Antelopes. In case you didn't know, Antelopes and Unicorns are like the ultimate enemies. They are light and dark, and hate each other forever. They always have hated each other,

and always will. It turns out I was put on the Unicorn's side because of my friendship with Faith. Riding the biggest Antelope of the pack was the Magic Train. The Magic Train is one of my most powerful adversary. He usually attacks me, and I usually barely escape alive. Now he is out to kill me. But now I have Faith.

Faith screams at the top of her lungs, and then Magic Train gets mad. The Magic Train whips out a totally sweet plasma cannon, and charges a totally sweet energy shell. I am about to get freaking killed by a shell of freaking sweet energy, so Faith moves out of the way. I wail a guitar, and then the Magic Train (who is a black guy) gets mad, drops the gun, and jumps straight to Faith and grabs her by her one true horn. Faith gets mad, and totally gets super pissed and performs in flight 360s. The Magic Train does not let go. I get my sword, and try to slash at him. He blocks with a small dagger, but the dagger breaks on his sword, and he kicks Faith in the face and falls below. An Antelope catches him, and they fly behind us. I can't let them do that. Suddenly, all the Antelopes transform into Super Antelopes, all at the same time. Then, they transform into Golden Super Antelopes. Wow, I have never seen such a display of power before. However, Mr. T didn't like Golden Super Antelopes.

Antelopes were fine. But when they start acting *tuff* and glow gold, that just makes Mr. T mad. Mr. T pitied me for having to see such posers, and killed all the Golden Super Antelopes with one true swift wave of awesome hand motion. The Magic Train fell, and then he fought Mr. T. Kirk and I got in the SUV and slammed out of there!

Last week, the GHS dance girls danced. And to imagine that I paid \$3 for it. WOW! I left a little early because I kinda sat alone. Got bored near the end. Some of it was freaking sweet, however. "Your dance performance was like watching oil rigs doing three point turns in the English channel"

Everyday, millions and millions of people ask me:
"Madalion, how do you become an Asian?"

I tell them that it is simple. Follow these instructions.

1. Find a really expensive car. It has to be so freaking expensive, that it makes orifices appear in your knuckles.

2. Hijack it and drive away. Get to a point where there is a straight road to a beach.

3. For 5 or more minutes straight, drive at 128 MPH and slam into a beached whale as hard as you can.

4. If a fairy pops out and tells you that you suck, grab it and eat it. If not, the whale was not alive, and you must find a new one. Go back to step one.

5. You are now an Asian. Go do some Kong-Fu.*

**The International Congress for the Ethical Treatment of Asians told me that this line was offensive. I replied by sending them a big can of coke, mixed with radiator fluid, of course.*

Conversation

ostukarage: OMFG!! this is brought to you thru the internet capability of me PSP! weeeeeee!

Can Not: How the heck did you IM using Paint Shop Pro?

ostukarage: wtf? playstation portable retard!

Can Not: Meh, I actually thought you meant "Progressive Supranuclear Palsy",

Can Not: which more can be found on at www.psp.org

Can Not: It's a disease.

Once, I was pimping with like 6 hawt babes, then some super hawt babe came out of nowhere. She didn't get my attention, because I saw straight through her. She was actually a innate man called "The Crossing". I'm not aware of the meaning of this name, but he is one of the most powerful Juggalos in the world. She said "Hey, you wanna... go over there?"

I looked at her wild carnage-like and said "Holy freaking crap no!"

There was a pause. Everyone looked at me and the girl who was secretly a Juggalo. After a pause, I screamed "Nein!" and the entire building shook wildly like a headless horseman. I harshly pimped slapped her, and then I burst out of there. The Crossing exploded, revealing to everyone else what he really was, then he was hot on my tail, and I was super fast on the run. In front of me was Faith, my beautiful Unicorn friend. I jumped on her back, and she flew out of there. However, it turned out that this Juggalo was a black guy! This meant that he could fly, but only when in possession of an abnormally large golf ball. Which he just happened to have. No one knows if this is genetic or magic or both, but only black people are able to do this.

We were totally flying through the air being chased by The Crossing, when suddenly a freaking huge salamander came out of nowhere! This is the brother of the one I killed as a freaking huge bear! The freaking huge salamander looked at me and wanted to kill me for the embarrassment I gave his brother when I was a freaking huge bear. I was stuck between two powerful foes, while on a totally sweet Unicorn. This next part was the most important part of my escape. I hadn't planned for this. While in thought, suddenly, a Pirate ship fell from the sky to my altitude, and I heard one of the most evil "Ahrrs" that I have ever heard. It echoed, and was freaking awesome. I looked at The Crossing, then I told him he was fat. He became mad, then made some fists. Faith shot the abnormally large golf ball out of his hand with her flaming pink laser eyes. The Crossing fell all the way near the ground, then was caught by a totally sweet Pirate riding a

burning shark. I don't even know why the Pirates were here.

Suddenly, the sacred mortal enemy of black people came out of darkness...*Pedofiles!* Pedofiles and Black people hate each other, and they fight constantly! Pedofiles use to lynch and be mean to Black people around the Civil War days, but now most Pedofiles either like Black people, or were killed because Black people are better than them. The Pedofiles were driving a totally crappy inexpensive car, and screamed "Yo! The Crossing! I hate you because you're Black!" The Crossing got super pissed, and then the Pirates flew down to strike. The Pedofiles drove off, and The Crossing and the Pirates chased them. Faith and I still had to face the freaking huge salamander. This looked good for us. We flew away, with the freaking huge salamander chasing us. I became mad, so I told the Unicorn to break us out of this world. Faith used her titanium steel horn to rip a hole in reality. We passed through the gap, and it closed on the freaking huge salamander's arm, cutting it off.

Faith and I laughed because we are totally hardcore. In front of me I saw Stalin. Joseph Stalin! He was the guy I have worshiped my entire life! If he were still alive, I would turn gay only for him! We would get married and live in South Africa! But he's dead, and this was just a totally sweet hologram. Faith said "Madalion!" I replied "What is it?"

"The Pope is about to announce tolerance with the Juggalos!"

"What the-? Are you serious?"

"Yes, should we go?"

"Heck yeah! Someone might need us!"

"Alright, we'll go." We went to a blue area in an indescribable area outside of normal reality, then Faith broke open a hole straight to the mall where the Pope was hosting the conference. The Pope was getting ready for the beginning of his speech from the 2nd story, while millions of Juggalos were on the lower level of the mall. This was cool. It was like a world peace conference. Soon, the Catholics and Juggalos would never fight again, and the casualties of Ninjas and Pirates would go down maybe 75%. It was like a world wide change for the better. Nothing would ever be sweeter. The Pope rose to the wireless Xbox Live headset, and began to speak.

"There are times in our lives where we no longer have choice. The nations tell us we have choice, but the truth is, the choices have us. In times of trouble, and perhaps a possible future of this time's trouble collapsing into total chaos, it may be necessary for groups of people that once separated, now be joined back together. The cause of the initial separation need not to be relevant, but only a

reminder of what should be prevented in our harmonious future. We may soon find ourselves with little to no choices, and when this time comes, we must all be able to make this choice together. The choice in itself would not be difficult, but is in fact totally awesome. When I tell you that we can all be awesome in our own individual ways, I mean that love and passion fits all shoes and gloves."

Several thousand million billion Juggalos started screaming wildly for no reason. A few people clapped.

"Thank you. Now, as I would like you all to know, there will, from this moment forward, be eternal peace between the Catholics and the Juggalos. Here is General Ackbar, current president of the Juggalo Confederation Union, here to talk to you about crap."

I saw General Ackbar walk up to the headset, then I noticed the Pope walk away quickly and speak to some Catholic Elites. This didn't look good. "Faith! Can you hear them?"

"No, but he is transmitting a digital signal, and it says something about Return One Thousand Seven."

"Return 1007?"

"Yes...It is a code for something."

I looked around. I suddenly noticed that hundreds of Catholic Elites were adjusting their position. This didn't look good. General Ackbar screamed into the headset "It's a trap!"

Suddenly, all the Catholic Elites went wild. Several million Juggalos died instantly, and many more suffered the conflict. The Catholic Elites were equipped with prototypes of some kind of new laser whip weapon. It was horrible. Juggalos screamed and cried all over. Unrealistic pain could be felt radiating from the dying Juggalos, and all hope seemed lost. The Catholic Elites were equipped with superior weapons, and an unfortunate number of Juggalos died. Faith and I's position was in the sky, and we were pretty safe, but we escaped through the ceiling. However, in the sky, thousands and thousands of Pirate ships were picking up escaped Juggalos and preparing to attack on very short notice.

The evacuation procedure might not have been worth it. Catholic cannons and boarding Ninjas were taking down pirates like a five year old Unreal Tournament Expert with a head-shot aimbot. After an epic battle, one that started a huge chain of battles all across the globes, everything eventually settled down. Areas of control were locally established, and Catholic supporters and Juggalo supporters were slaughtered all over the Earth.

Chapter 11: The Whipping of the Juggalos

I looked in the horizon as thousands of stars passed me by. Night seemed to go by as if I were not naturally a part of this world. To me, this was acceptable, because I can feel millions of leagues of pure sweetness expelling my cold red heart like any lost emotion. Decadence was the asylum of the glory that kept what we thought we were alive. Little by little, without our own thought, concern, or consent, we became less and less as we thought of ourselves as more and more. The realistic concern was that we were dying in our souls. I was the first to realize this, and perhaps the only. I alternated my misconception of reality to a form that is greater to the sync of reality. More deeply magnificent than possibly the greatest of all your minds... Combined.

Smiling at my accomplishment in approaching grand schemes above all of my inferior peers, something was coming. I sensed it. But it had already sensed me. I felt little concern for such a pathetic force, but I would soon find myself mistaken and forsaken. The Psuedanato, a Rastafarian Emperor, was approaching. I remember leaving him in the fields of Africa to die, bleeding quickly and painfully. His survival method is completely unknown to me, but I honestly couldn't imagine him being much of a challenge. The Psuedanato approached me, and stood his ground. I turned to make my body perpendicular to his, to show that I'm giving him my full attention. He speaks "Foolish Madalion! You should have let me keep the money! You should have killed me. You had all the arms. You had everything. Why did you make yourself vulnerable to my return?"

I replied, "Your return? Don't make me laugh. I can destroy you well too quickly with one hand permanently molded to my back."

"Then why don't you?"

"You're not worth the effort."

"You continue to underestimate me, Madalion!"

"You underestimate my estimates on your own time. I happen to need to do the things the world needs done."

"What is this...a new teaching? And with authority!"

"Shut up, before I freaking upper-cut you."

"Meh! Do it."

My arm came back, and 6 layers of reality came back with me. I looked at him deeply into the eye, but he didn't seem concerned. I punched him right in the face, and I could hear the shattering of his skull, the screaming fap of his cheek, and the pop noises made by disturbances in fluids. The Psuedanato flew back perhaps 30 feet, and his

hand was above him, slowly twitching. My fist was red with blood. Not his blood. My own blood. I squinted my left eye. What happened to him? This isn't likely... I slumped down to one knee, and looked at him. He slowly crawled up to his feet. I could see parts of his skull sticking out of the frame, and my arm began to twitch. I would have to finish this quickly.

I only had one fist left. I lunged at him, and kicked him in the side of the head, mashing fractures and small pieces of bones deep into his brain finishing him forever. He fell dead, and I laughed. He had become interestingly more powerful, yet was still insignificant. I remembered that I was totally sweet. I walked down a straight path until I reached a point where I could feel no return. It was a point of crises for me. That is where I saw the most hated thing ever imaginable in this world. Green Ducks...They roam around, acting all cool, but they are not! I kicked the duck. It quacked as it flew into the omnipotent horizon.

Suddenly, I realized that I was surrounded by them! Millions and millions of green ducks eclipsing everywhere around me! What could I do? I guess I had no choice. I will fight them to the end. I grabbed a really close one, and threw it next to me. She hit the ground super hard, and slammed into more green ducks. These green ducks weren't just normal green ducks... they were Wabbas! Wabbas are the ultimate evil of bird-mammal duck species. I jumped and slammed my body on like ten at the same time. I could feel their hearts stop beating, and their razor sharp beaks piercing my skin.

I performed a break-dance like move, and thousands ran to strike me, but were lost in their cause. In a circular motion, they all fell, one by one. Soon, I was feeling that I was getting tired. I couldn't do this forever! Their numbers filled the omnipotent horizons, and more were coming. I did a totally sweet back flip and killed like five. One jumped to hit my face with it's chubby body. I pumped it, it being the size of my fist. This battle would take forever, if I would live through it. I pulled out a totally sweet ninja smoke bomb out of my toolkit and propelled it into the distance. All movement stopped. All the Wabbas slowly looked at where the ninja smoke bomb would land. They all screamed in panic, and ran straight to it.

They rushed through and around me, and I ran the opposite way. I don't know why they would behave like this, but it was a mustard gas ninja smoke bomb, and thats bad. They will be killed as soon as it goes off. I kicked in high gear and then got out of their. I stopped running when I got close to school, and I entered the building.

I talked to a small amount of my totally sweet friends, such as the Emperor, the Happy, Daniel, JJ, Marie, Katie, Meredith, and that deranged pedo guy. The house was rocked, and all life ended in ways that I wanted it to. I found a hat on the ground. I screamed as loud as I could. The terminal velocity of my rising pitched soon hit red hot, and freaking sweet Ninjas spontaneous generated out of nothing, wailing huge guitars. The shades of light in the school changed from whitish clear to a totally awesome and dark red. Everyone looked at me, then screamed wildly. It wasn't because the most awesome thing ever was happening, it's because divine interventions by Stalin himself caused them to.

They couldn't control themselves! Many students flipped out and went totally wild, screaming and punching and kicking everything. Holes were made in the walls by entire desks. I was in the center of it all, wearing the one true hat. This wasn't the beginning or the end. It was hardcore. I walked on, and left the chaos in the hallway. It was so awesome, the power of out eternal unity broke the bells. Everyone in the entire world had a huge freaking party. We all burst out our massive guitars and amps and turned all the knobs to max.

All of us got a partner, and we rubbed the strings together, all in sync, creating an eerie, yet freaking awesome heavy violin effect. It was so freaking sweet, the principle came in and gave us massive bars of candy. I hated candy, so I did a barrel roll into his spine. He freaking screamed like mad, not because it hurt, but because I was awesome. Before he finished screaming, I joined in, screaming ten times louder, and ten times more awesome! The heavy violin effect multiplied the sweetness of our screaming by the millions! And that was a brief description of my day.

Conversation

Pippin: We can all learn more from your ninja moves
 Can Not: Yeah right! Like you could begin to comprehend this!
 Pippin: Are you a ginger?
 Can Not: Not yet.
 Pippin: ?
 Can Not: I freaking told you, now shut up before I cattelate* you!

*verb - to process, to prepare for eating, based off the general concept of turning cattle into hamburger.

Not just freaking sweet. Freaking child support sweet. Here is my theory on abortion. Instead of a woman choosing life or death for a child, she chooses to keep or reject it. The child then decides whether or not to abort itself. If a child aborts himself when the mother wanted him, he is replaced by a pro life child from a woman who didn't want him. The possibilities are endless. This will solve 99% of our problems, and keep our individualistic rights.

However, on the contrary... If a parent chooses to abort her child, why should the child be aborted then? I think that if we abort, we should be allowed to abort children of any age until they are 18. The child was to die anyways. Why not do it when they can scream the most enjoyably? On second thought, why not have a tax on abortion? After all, We pay money to watch football, why not pay a federal tax to enjoy watching a child abortion? I heard James Brown loves to get high on burning baby fetuses. I can't give any official word about it, but one more reason to be excited about the new Xbox 360!

Hopefully by now, you all realize I do not seriously support these odd forms of child murder. After a conversation like that, and people thinking I was serious with those disturbing false views, I had to practice my Ninjitsu skills. There was some kid near the wall, and he thought he was totally hardcore. I jumped over the bushes. He heard a noise and said "What was that? Must be a gopher... I love gopher nipples." I did a totally sweet ghost jump, put my hand at the top of the wall, then launched myself over with superior mad skills. As soon as I landed, he turned around and saw me in the sweetest most hardcore stance ever known to man. It was hard core enough to make the Pope himself jealous. That is pretty hardcore. The kid got scared, and wet himself and all his friends. I laughed at him, and then a lawyer laughed right next to me. I didn't like lawyers acting cool by laughing with me, so I told him to shut up. He pointed at me and screamed "YOU'RE NOT IMMORTAL!!!!!!11"

The skies of the Earth turned dark and a small Earthquake knocked us all down, including the lawyer. He smiled, I laughed, and I walked away to find some gold. It turns out that the brick wall was made of bricks, and I hurt my hand on it. Not significant. I'd still do it again. And again. And once more. I jumped on Faith, my totally sweet Unicorn, and we rode to Wal-mart. Her eternal beauty glissened throughout the blue tinted moonlight. I went inside Wal-mart, and found the Emperor. He had with him a puny slave, and was shopping diligently. He was totally sweet.

But then, the Emperor had to leave, so he left. I saw Jill, Jillian, and Jill's mom! It was totally awesome! I talked to Jillian, and Jill pretended to be friendly to me just because her mom was there. I think she hates me. But either way I went home with Faith and stepped in a rotting burrito!!!! It was the grossest thing ever! I was like "JURISDICTION" and kicked the burrito right into the face of an angry marmot. The marmot was mad, and I had to freaking pimp slap him. I went home, and called Katie like 5 million times until she got so mad she blocked me with

caller ID. It was the coolest thing ever. After that, I got on my computer and started typing this!

Conversation

iloveyou: whats stfu?
Can Not: its what you do

A world wide convention was called. All leaders who wanted to unite or support the union against the Catholics were welcome to come. The following groups attended: Antelopes, Pirates, Juggalos, Unicorns, Rastafarian Natives, Mr. T, The Magic Train, The Crossing, a few Archbishops, the Mexican Mafia, the Emperor, "Red Ninjas" and Madalions. That means I was invited, too. The main speaker involved was Sir John Michealotte. He wasn't just a popular speaker-He was a Pirate! He downloads mp3s and music videos constantly. All the time! He even records music straight from the radio! He spoke out, "We are all gathered here today to discuss this tragic event, known as the *Whipping of the Juggalos*. Our friends, and in some cases, enemies, were mercilessly slaughtered by the Catholic church. Rumor has it that this was a plan personally designed by the Pope himself. This crime will not go unpunished. We must unite and dominate the enemy!"

Thousands of Ninjas world wide wailed guitars instantly, not because they heard this speech, but because the speech happened. Sir John continued, "Now, I would like each group to report their claims and what they can bring to the table."

The leader of the alliance of Pirates, Ching Shih, who is Chinese, stood up and began to speak. Her eternal beauty was pretty cool. She said "The Pirates will prepare all resources for a full scale war."

A random Antelope flew up, and yelled, "Our friends, the Juggalos, have been mercilessly assaulted. We will protect the remaining Juggalos at all costs."

The Magic Train stood up and said, "I will lead the Juggalos into a few underground missions, and hopefully stir up great help for the greater war effort."

An Antelope objected "No! We can't risk losing any more of you."

Sir John interrupted, "Juggalos shall have their own individual free will. Some will go, some will stay. I guarantee you, there will be enough to survive this war."

A group of 6 Unicorns said "We will fight, we were disturbed by the mindless violence. Punishment is due."

The Mexican Mafia leader spoke about not actually caring about what the Catholics did. "Uh...hello. We just want to steal crap. That's cool, right?"

At that seconds, millions of Pirates screamed "Arrr!!!1" as loud as they could. The epoch of the holy word made hundreds of cardboard soda advertisements loose

their virginities. Several Archbishops were there, and one began to speak. "I hate the Pope. Why is he so backwards? It is standard situation to molest little boys, and then he hangs out with a little girl all day. What is this? This is heresy against all Catholic teachings! We will not let this continue! Oh, and uh...Genocides are also against our teachings, too."

The Red Ninjas became angry, and their leader spoke. "Yo?" The Ninja's eyes looked diligently from side to side, as if assuming a massive pork rhind would come out and assault him. He then continued "These guys called the Catholics. They did something totally sweet. But, they aren't sweet. This is like ourselves, an ultimate paradox. We find this to be heresy against our sacred code of honor, and all who do not admit their leader's fault must have the crap beat out of them. All who survive goto round 2." Because of the Red Ninja's hard-coreness, all the Ninjas danced and made pigeon cooting noises.

Mr. T yelled "Fools! Those Catholic punks are going to get it where it hurts me the worst! In the bling! I'll strip them of all their mortal value." The A team stood behind him, acting all cool. Probably because they were cool.

Suddenly, before they spoke, I noticed that the Rastafarian Natives were here! Holy crap! One stepped up, and declared that he was the new Psuedanato (Rastafarian Emperor). He approached me and said "I am sorry for all previous hostilities in the past. A new friendship will be forged." I look at him, and give him the *you know it* look. He continues, "The Rastafarian Natives will provide bases and supplies in Africa. Several defensive fortresses are already prepared to defend against all Catholic threats."

Sir John smiled "Good... Madalions, you have not spoken yet."

Robbie Banatoarou, the leader of the organization of Madalions, stands up. Our organization has no name, and I am actually not involved with other Madalions. I know a few, however, soon I will be a key member of their chain. Banatoarou said, "Our missions will go along the borders of releasing prisoners, and searching out facilities for technology, plans, and our long lost leader... Master Exon."

Mr. T screamed "Fool, Master Exon is dead! The Catholics killed him long ago, and you will never find-"

"**NO!!!1**" interrupted Sir John, "We will not have any internal fighting. The Madalions only have 7 in number, not including Exon, who hasn't been seen for a long time. He may be dead, I don't know, don't care. I assure you that in their search they will find many things to aid us, despite specifically wanting to find Exon."

The Magic Train smiled. "I agree to the no internal

conflict, with one exception. I will kill Madalion Can Not." My fist twitched when hearing this. Banatoarou looked at me and shook his head. A voice came into my head. It sounded metallic in nature, so I liked it. The voice said "You must not give in to him. There will be a Rastafarian Native of great power. Just stand your ground, and keep a great distance whenever possible." I looked at my fist, and realized that of the 6 other Madalions, I was the weakest and newest. I would be a burden to the team. No matter. Our group will benefit the group effort of the world.

Sir John said "Our first organized attack will occur in approximately one month. Be prepared."

Suddenly, a huge Shark burst out of the ground. It wasn't just any huge shark, it was a freaking huge Robot Catholic Shark! Madalion Banatoarou laughed at it. Everyone looked. Madalion Banatoarou pulled a totally sweet sword out of a sheath, and then jumped straight through the shark. The shark's internal parts were broken, but still had many functional weapons. Everyone else joined in, and finished it, with very few casualties on our parts. We all departed, and prepared for future battles.

It turns out that we know nothing about the Pope's full army. We might outnumber him a thousand to one, or he may outnumber us a thousand to one. We have no idea what we are up against, only that we are totally sweet.

Conversation

Laura: Who was that girl you were holding hands with?
Can Not: God.

After the month of planning and preparation, Ching Shih, the Pirate leader, lead thousands of coastal attacks on Catholic cities and fortresses. All battles ended with a quick occupation, except for Rome. before they could navigate to the coast near the city Rome, a small number of Catholic warships were seen. A laughable army, of course. Ching Shih found the greatest joy in laughing. However, her overwhelming laughter foreshadowed a dark future. She commanded a direct assault, and the fight was going heavily in her favor. However, suddenly, abnormally large squids came from the sea, and attacked. They seemed indestructible. Some were destroyed, but mostly Ching Shih was the one who suffered the casualties in this battle. The other leaders became aware, and would plan future attacks near Rome, assuming more clues about the Catholic's main headquarters may be found.

Sir John screamed and went wild. Hundreds of orangutans came out from behind bushes and trees and bubonic plagues then attacked Sir John. The fight was long and the fighting was obesely passionate. Suddenly, the face of the one who would say "I love, I'll kill you, but I'll love you forever" came out. No one really knows what this

person is, but theoretically, this person of of great power. He might even compare to Doug! Which is unrealistic. Sir John screamed "FACE!" All the orangutans turned, and looked at the face of the one. The face made a signal. The orangutans cleared a pathway for the face, and scattered away from Sir John. Sir John got off the ground and out of a fighting stance, and stood straight up to look at the face. The face looked at Sir John, and smiled. It said "I am proud of you, Sir John. Your work can gain for us many marvels of untold fortune. I need you to divert the armies to a place other than Rome."

"Why? We might end this war very quickly," Sir John replied.

"No, that isn't the point. I have priorities, and they are vastly important. You are the one to call them off."

"How will I do this?"

"You don't."

"Who will?"

"Grace Amadeus. She is my assistant on this mission."

"Amadeus? How did you get a Madalion?"

"She was foolish. The opportunity could not be passed. I need to find Exon, he knows what happened to our father."

"Stop saying that. Your father is dead, and so is your second self."

"No! They are alive, and when I find them, my power will be divine."

"Alright... All will be prepared, my lord." John prepared a broadcast to all allies, "Hold off the attack on Rome. Grace Amadeus will investigate." Hundreds of return signals came back, confirming that all parties understood.

Deep in the dungeons of Rome, an Archbishop came to a throne room of the Pope. He spook "My lord, the enemy has called off the attacks, and is now sending in Grace Amadeus."

The Pope stood up like omega-hamrack fast, and the throne chair flew straight to a wall, breaking in a hole. A dog on the other side of the wall died. The Pope said "We have to kill her. I know what she is coming for."

"Is she here for Exon?"

"Yes. If they get Exon, we will be doomed. So far, we are winning. We must keep Exon under guard at all times."

"I understand."

Deep in Africa, huge armies of Catholics are storming Rastafarian fortresses. The Rastafarians were not prepared for war. However, they still have the Rastah Elites. A Rastah Elite alone could defend a fortress against limitless numbers of Catholics. Unfortunately, they are few in number.

Meanwhile, the Madalions were in Beijing, China. The seven of us walked down the street because we awesome. We wondered what we would find, and it turned out that there seemed to be nothing in the city. It was sad, yet I was still happy to get to know the other Madalions better. Robbie was the most powerful, and was the only one who really knew Master Exon. Grace Amadeus was very interesting. She seemed like a sweet innocent girl, and she loved horsies. Sonixunite was an odd one. He was very quiet, and perhaps the wisest. Avacored was possibly the fastest, and had a habit of bringing Nazis into every discussion we had. The SolarQuake was pretty cool. His hair was spiked back and made me feel solace for Satan. Which is bad, by the way. Yerkon had a mouth full of words. She would talk. Constantly. ALL THE TIME. She needed me to freaking uppercot her. She also dresses like a total slut, which is pretty awesome.

I was the seventh Madalion. I was awesome. I am Can Not.

Conversation

Jeffless: i'll probly be a virgin t'ill im like 23 or somthing i dont know
Can Not: don't worry about it, those 13 years will go really fast.
Jeffless: im not 10 years old!
Can Not: Yeah you are, shut up!
Can Not: POOP!

Some of you may be wondering, why is it that some pirates live in oceans on ships, while others sit in their dad's basement and type in the dark while stealing mp3s? The truth is, one day, some pirates decided to land on land one day. They were freaking awesome. However, as they developed their cool little land skills, downloading mp3s was the only skill that helped them reproduce more successfully, so after the first 3 or 4 generations of living on land, almost all land pirates had the download mp3 gene. However, ocean Pirates do not benefit from mp3 downloading, so that gene is randomly tossed around. Pirates are freaking awesome. I will tell you right now. Get on the Internet and download a song. Make old red beard proud. Not because he is a totally sweet (dead) Pirate, but because his beard was red.

Unfortunately, the recording industry wants the land Pirates dead. And so do Ninjas. So Ninjas and members of the recording industry constantly attack Pirates! Once, I was minding my own business, downloading Britney Spears, because she is freaking hawt. I had counted all the way up to 77 mp3s, which is awesome, because 7 is really close to 8, and 8 is a cool number. Then there are 2 of them! I was excited about it, and everything was freaking sweet! But unknownst to me, Ninjas were crawling outside my wall! I was about to finish my last song, then my power went out. I stood up, turned around, and saw a Ninja standing outside

my window! He had just cut my power! I punched straight through the window, and hit the Ninja. The Ninja slipped his tentacles through the openings of my recently broken window, and I became all wrapped out. The rest of the window shattered everywhere, and both of us were bleeding tons of hardcore blood. I bled more, but it was still awesome.

We fell outside the window, and began wrestling in the cold rain. Lightning went completely wild and killed millions of cute little squirrels and holy butterflies. I put a rock in his mouth, and he said with a deep voice, "Yo! that's not cool!" We were bleeding, and our blood bled all over each other, and when the fight was over, we had shared enough that I would soon become a full blooded Ninja! For the next few weeks, I developed strange habits. Once, I was clipping my toenails, and then, I was about to clip the big one, because I save the best for last, and instead of clipping it, I screamed and cut it with a sword. It was completely involuntary! Then, I sat for an hour wondering what I was...then I realized the truth...I am awesome! The next day, I went to the garage, to feed my Dad's ex-wife, and as I stood there, I had in my hands her food. I was in front of a chained up suffering, tortured woman. I ate the food in front of her. Her slight, unstable and weak smile became a frown.

I laughed at her. She began to cry. I felt sorry for her. I punched her in the face. Now she was bleeding. I didn't want to hurt her. It just...happened. After a few more rounds of sweet laughter, the new Ninja blood in me forced me to pummel her violently to death. As much as I wanted to-It was physically impossible for me to care. All my movements-so strong and precise. Yet, as I did them, I didn't even care. I didn't even think about it. She just laid there, dead, in a bloody heap. How could I become this? Someone who kills. Constantly. I became sad. I was never sad before, so immediately I went to pirate some emotionally depressing mp3s. During this, my Ninja blood began to have conflicts. It began to speak to me, "We are a Pirate! Ninjas kill Pirates! Kill yourself!"

"No! I am not a Ninja!" I said in denial.

"Yes you are! Kill the Pirate!"

"No! Pirates and Ninjas can live in peace!"

"Ninjas and Pirates can not live in peace! Kill yourself!"

"You shut up! What are you doing to me?"

"I am making you awesome! I am your blood from the Ninja! Together we will be totally sweet!"

"Why can't I just be half-Ninja, half-Pirate?"

"..."

"Like...a Pirate-Ninja! Or a Ninja-Pirate!"

"This won't work. Both Pirates and Ninjas will be out to kill you."

"So? I can fight them off."

"No! Even you are out to kill yourself! The Schizophrenia you will possess will be greater than any mental problem known to man!"

"Who said Schizophrenia is a bad thing?"

"It is bad. You can no longer operate in society."

"I don't have Schizophrenia. I don't. I"

"-YOU DO! AND IT WILL KILL YOU, UNLESS YOU KILL YOURSELF!"

"No!"

"THE PIRATE HAS GOT TO GO! FINISH HIM!"

In a blast of confusion, I had to make a choice. I could kill myself right now, and save myself the dishonor of being both a Pirate and a Ninja. But, I could also commit seppuku, and be honored by all the Ninjas in the world. My last choice would be to download more mp3s, and eventually have the Ninja blood in me die. I had to make this choice very soon. The end was near, for me. Suddenly, a song that just finished being pirated, started playing. My recently acquired Ninja reflexes told me that it was no threat, so I didn't look. It sounded like someone tapping on some drum cymbals, then suddenly guitars broke out. The Pirate nature in me became sad, my Ninja reflexes went wild, and then a guitar materialized into my arms, and I wailed it hard. I was awesome. The first lyrics screamed was the word "Shout!" I kind of liked this song. They repeated the word, and it was awesome. It seemed like the Pirate nature in me would surely die, and I would be a Ninja for life. The next line was "Let it all out!"

Yeah, like what the heck was I doing! I looked out my window. I saw a dog. My Ninja blood pinched me and screamed "KILL IT!!! YOU WILL KILL IT NOW!" I feel the last piece of Pirate in me dying, as I reached for my sword. But my hand stopped. It wouldn't go all the way. It physically could, it just didn't want to. The Ninja blood replied "What are we waiting for? Kill the dog!" Instead of the sword, my arm reached for a musket. It was a Pirate weapon, and the Ninja blood would not approve of this. The next lyric of the song was "These are the things I can do without!" Approval? Who needs the Ninja blood's approval? Not me! I killed the dog with the Pirate musket. The dog was dead, and my window completely shattered because I shot it with a freaking musket. In my mind, it was like the Pirate stood up, and stole the Ninja's booty! The Ninja blood became super pissed. The next lyric was "Come on, I'm talking to you, so come on." I (mentally) looked at the Ninja blood in my mind.

I told it "You better shut up and get friendly with

your new Pirate friend. I'm not taking this trash." And from that day forth, the Ninja blood never tried to kill the Pirate in me.

The next day in school, I walked down the hallways, and everyone looked at me like I had become a deity. The local school Ninjas, who would try to beat the crap out of me every once in a while, starred at me. Their jaws dropped. As soon as they dropped, I drop kicked the fallen jaws. All of them, with one kick. They knew who was serious business. They knew it was me. I went to class, and the teacher looked at me for 5 minutes straight. He wouldn't talk. I stood up, super fast. The teacher became scared, and grabbed his lunch bag and ran out the door. The girl sitting next to me said "That wasn't very nice!" I looked at her. She looked at me. I stopped looking at her. I kicked the desk, and it knocked her head off. The fat kid in the class caught the girl's head, then ran to put it in his locker before the teacher came back. The principal came in, and said "Everyone calm down, the teacher had a small bathroom accident, and will be back next period. So you guys can go to recess." We all chanted our yays and crap.

One kid tried to give me a high-five. I flipped back, landed like a handstand with my back facing him, then kicked him in the face. The principal saw it on his way out of the room, and as he did, he just walked faster. Faster and faster. Eventually he got out, and everyone could hear him sigh. I smiled. School would now be one of my favorite events.

Chapter 12: The Face

Grace Amadeus broke into the Central Cathedral in Rome. She burst through 700 floors all the way to bottom level of the basement. She looked up, and saw all the way to the sky. She had an evil grin on her face. She walked forward, into a great hallway. After a few minutes, she reached the front door to the throne room. She kicked it in, and it shattered 14 times. She smiled. The Pope stood up, and looked at her. He said to the Archbishops, "Leave. I will handle her." They all left quickly. The Pope looked at Grace. "What is it that you are here for, Grace?"

"Where is Master Exon?"

"Master Exon? Why he died long ago."

"No he didn't. He is alive, and able to kill you right now."

"I find myself... oddly able to disagree to your claim. After all... I am the one who killed him."

"I'll find him when I have finished you." Grace jumped, pulled back her fist, and disappeared. The Pope said "I am well aware of your silly *Madalion* tricks." The Pope stuck out his hand, and closed his fist. Grace fell from the ceiling, and crashed on the floor. She grunted, "What the? How?"

"You see Grace... I killed Exon. I will now kill you. All Madalions will be killed by me, one by one." The Pope walked slowly to Grace. He grabbed her chest, and his hands went inside her body, and began to strangle her heart. Grace couldn't resist. She would soon die. No one within a million miles could come in quick enough to save her. Not even the Pope himself could save her. A priest, packing his bag, watched. He stopped watching and packed his bag even faster, then quickly burst out of there. He was in such a hurry, he didn't even molest the alter boy on his way out! Grace soon stopped thinking. The Popes power was great. Maybe they did stand no chance against them. Maybe the war was completely hopeless. Would all of us die? Did we have a choice? The room began to darken.

Suddenly, there was a huge crash. Out of a crater, crawled out a dark figure. The Dark figure pulled Grace and the Pope apart, without even touching them. Grace gained back her consciousness. She recognized the man. It was Doug! She fell to the floor, trying to catch her breath. Doug flew forward, and punched the Pope right in the face. Grace lost her consciousness. It came back to her the next day. She woke up, and looked at her watch. 22 hours had passed! She looked around. She saw that Doug was still fighting. But Doug was not fighting the Pope. He was fighting the little girl named Whitney! Grace yelled "Where is the Pope?" Doug looked at Grace. He said "I don't know."

He ran away. But this Whitney girl is much much more powerful!" Whitney was the girl that they accused the Pope of molesting, as opposed to molesting a boy. The girl is the one sole reason many Archbishops and followers are now rebelling against the Pope. One simply does not molest a girl! A young boy is their duty.

Doug became caught in a strangle hold, and Whitney laughed. Doug screamed "Grace, get out of here! I will finish her!" Grace understood, and burst out. She ran all the way out of the Cathedral, and yelled for a helicopter. One piloted by Red Ninjas found her, and they carried her to a local base.

Meanwhile, in another part of the world, the Madalions and I were in a fancy restaurant. Sonixunite said "Grace is not in a position to accomplish such a mission. Why was she sent?"

"Who cares, I need more Coke!" replied Yerkon.

"Wow, you are quite wild, aren't you?" I embillicated.

"You see this fist?" Yerkon yailed.

"Hey, put that down. At any moment, we could be attacked by a **streaming** wild pack of wolves," interrupted Robbie.

"Yeah, I'd hate to see you guys miss out on that, hehe," added The SolarQuake.

Suddenly, our transmitter beepZORZEd. The LCD screen deployed, and we looked. Sir John appeared on the screen. He said, "Hello. Grace Amadeus was unable to find Exon. She fought the Pope, and had to escape. She is currently being checked, in case of a problem. She will be with you shortly after your next mission."

All of us cheered.

A few minutes after our dinner, Mr. T drove the A-Team van into London. Mr. T's speed's were greatly above the speed limit. He did not get arrested. Mary I, the Queen of England, was attempting to convert England back to Catholicism. Mr. T had to take care of this before it went out of hand. Mary I ordered the execution of non-Catholic leaders. Mary I was sitting in her court yard, when suddenly the A-Team van flew over her head and burst into a wall of her castle. Mr. T landed in front of her. She then realized that Mr. T wasn't actually black. The sun was just too scared to shine on him. Mr. T grabbed her, and violently pummeled her to death right there. She was known as Bloody Mary not because she killed Protestants while trying to convert England back to Catholicism. She had been given that name from the Janitors who spent 6 years trying to clean the blood from over 6,000 square feet of walls, floors, and ceilings in a castle. Mr. T was later pitying the Janitors. They were paid overtime, and paid overtime

good. Winning England back to the Alliance was an awesome part of the war.

A long time ago, I was stubborn. Stubborn in my own fear. Fear of what? things? people? Yes. I would fear some of the silliest things. I would be the kid who, if challenged, would stutter, try to back out, sound whiny, and get the crap beaten out of me. But the Ninja blood changed that. If a teacher took my game boy, I'd cry. If a girl talked to me, I would turn more red than a cute puppy being brutally murdered by that teenage guy you think is hawt. If a kid threatened to beat the crap out of me, I would probably beg him not to, then get a sex change and wear a mask to school. In the 5th grade, I was playing my game boy, like I was the coolest kid in the world, because it was a new game boy, then suddenly the teacher came out of nowhere and said "Give it to me." I looked at her and said nothing. The Ninja blood said to me "Don't talk. Just stare into her eyes." She reached out to grab it. The Ninja blood commanded "Do not let go. Show the fire in your eyes. But stay silent!"

She held the game boy, and tried to take it. It stayed in my hand, and she continued to pull. She put her second hand on it, and began to pull harder. She said "If you don't give it right now, you'll never get it back." The Ninja blood said "Make your eye twitch! Then, continue to refuse to let go!" My eye twitched, and she got angry. She put her back into it. Being that she was in her 40s or 50s, and I was 11, I probably didn't weigh enough to continue. The Ninja blood said "We'll have to change plans now. When she gets to a point where she exerts maximum force, lunge forward." I was sitting on the side of the hallway, Indian style. I lunged forward as she pulled. She moved backward quickly, but caught herself so she wouldn't fall. She lost her grip on the game boy, and I flew into the wall on the other side of hall. I flew to the floor, then prepared to get up. When I stood up, I noticed that everyone was looking at me. I became nervous. Someone said "Haha, he's in serious trouble now!"

The teacher turned around, as I was now behind her, and she said "Look, you're not allowed to have electronics in school!" I was on the verge of failing. The Ninja blood took over my vocal abilities and forced me to say "That's nice and all, but you're not allowed to have my game boy in school. That is called stealing. School hasn't even started yet. You are harassing me, and if my dad finds out, he won't be happy. He just got out of jail, and he's ready to go back." She was speechless for a minute. I stared her deep in the eye, then put my game boy in my pocket, and walked away. She never made eye contact with me the rest of the year. My dad has never actually been in jail. The Ninja

blood just made that up. I felt that the Ninja blood would be one of my most powerful allies.

I stood in the hallway (5th grade). A girl walked up to me. She said "My friend thinks you're cute." I looked at her. I was *about* to say "OK". Really long pause..."Who is she?" Instead, the Ninja blood told me to say "You think I freaking care? I date 6th graders all the time. Why would I take a step down to her level?" The girl's mouth dropped. She must of been thinking "Holy crap! a Ninja!" So naturally, she became my first girlfriend, and not the girl who thinks I'm cute. I dumped her a week later. She wasn't awesome enough for me. I was standing there, minding my own business, when suddenly a freaking huge kid was in front of me. I looked at him. I smiled. He grabbed my shirt and said "Give me your lunch money." I looked at him funny, and said "Why?" The Ninja blood smiled, and began to influence the things I would say without telling me to say it. The kid said "'cuz I'll beat you up if you don't!" I looked at him funny again. "How are you going to do *that*?" The kid didn't like that.

He put me against a wall and began cussing me out. The Ninja blood spoke to me "There is a critical point on his forearm. I believe that if you squeeze the *flexor carpi radialis*, or something near that body part super hard, the pain will cause him to let go of you." The Ninja blood pointed out the spot to attack in my mind, and I proceeded. He said "What the heck? I'm double jointed, thats not even a pressure point!" This wasn't working. The Ninja blood told me "Do not be worried about what he thinks does not hurt. Add just a little more pressure." I added a little more. The kid said "You're an idiot. I should beat the crap out of you right now." I had been squeezing the section of his arm for about 30 seconds, then suddenly he let go and jerked his forearm away. He screamed "What the hell?" Afterwards, he proceeded to walk away, holding the arm as if it were deeply in pain. After lunch, which was about 30 minutes long, the kid walked up to me. He said "What did you do?"

I looked at him. "I did whatever I wanted to." He replied "You know it still hurts?" I looked at him. I said "Yes," then walked away.

The Ninja blood spoke to me one night, and reminded me of these events. He said "You have great power. Your potential is even greater. With me, I can make you the greatest power in the world." I replied "I can make myself a great power without you." The Ninja blood argued "...but, I am you." We smiled and laughed evilly. Three years later, the Ninja blood informed me "Can Not...I'm changing."

"What do you mean?"

"Well...you were a Pirate, and I came from a Ninja."

"And...?"

"The Pirate and I...from in you...are no longer a Pirate and a Ninja."

"What are you trying to tell me?"

"We have evolved, multiplied...and crossed."

"So I'm no longer a Pirate-Ninja?"

"No. I think we are becoming something much more significant."

"But what?"

"We don't know. It might be something completely new."

I smiled. This made me interested. When I meditated deeper, I realized that we have changed. *Perhaps what I would become is a Madalion?*

Before any future fighting, Sir John called together a meeting of leaders. At this meeting, they had a special guest. Sir John spoke "I would like to congratulate all of you on our war efforts. However, we seem to have a small problem. Here is Doug, to discuss this with us." A dark shadow came from behind a curtain. Everyone adjusted their eyes. He came out into the light, and then everyone realized it was Doug! Doug said "We have a great problem. The Pope is not a challenge. He is someone that I can defeat. I defeated him, but at the last second his ally came. The girl Whitney. She is more powerful than me. If you guys are going to destroy the Catholics, you will need someone much more powerful than me. Maybe even more powerful than Master Exon. This is impossible. I know. I'm not really joining your army. I'm just helping you guys out. I do kill Catholics in my free time, if that makes you feel better."

Everyone clapped. Doug is pretty powerful. But no one is more powerful than Master Exon. Exon would have to be found if he is still alive. If we could find him, could we still defeat Whitney? Is Whitney really a girl? Sir John returned to his speaking position. He gave an update "It seems that Mr. T has restored the thrown of England back to a Protestant or an Alliance leader. The attack on Rome was completely unnecessary. There is a large attack force sitting outside of Mongolia on the Chinese border. We need to get a squad of Elite commandos to get in, save some allied warriors, and get out. To our knowledge, Bob Marley and several Rastafarian Elites need a quick transport out of there. Robbie, I would like you, Can Not, and The SolarQuake to handle this case. The Magic Train and The Crossing have recently been trained or refined in piloting skills. They will pilot and copilot your helicopter."

My entire body twitched. The Crossing and The Magic Train were smiling. What the heck was this? Yeah, uh, I just assigned you to go on a rescue mission with some

Juggalos that want to kill you. Whatever! How could I prevent myself from going? Or, what if I were strong enough to finally end the conflict? Well, definitely not against both of them. However, I do have 2 allies. Robbie seemed disgruntled about this. I don't know why he would care. Robbie spook forth "I have Can Not assigned on another assignment. I'll take the ex-assassin Happykilla5 with me."

"Just Happy," said a dark figure. The figure walked into the light. He had a freaking sweet Rastah hat, and his dreadlocks were god-like and as hard as titanium steel stone. But he wasn't just any Rastafarian assassin! He was a huge Jamaican Asian! Happy's best battle was went he drove Italy's tanks and machine gunners out of Ethiopia with his superior hand to hand combat. Happy and I were friends in middle school. I screamed "Hi Happy!" and he looked at me and nodded. Robbie also had interest. He asked "Happy, were you born with superior martial arts?"

Happy replied "Some were born with skills. Some learn them. But only I do both."

I inferred, "Only Sith Lords deal in absolutes."

Everyone looked at me, then looked at Happy. "Improbable. Can Not will go with us," said The Crossing. Sir John tried to stay neutral "As much as you guys need Can Not's skills, I am sure Happy can do a wonderful job in this assignment, too." The Magic Train, The Crossing, and Sir John had a conversation of mumbling and whispers. Sir John began to stutter as he said "Can Not will go with the transport, and Happy will handle Can Not's old assignment." The two Juggalos started chuckling. This would be bad. They will kill me. We got on the helicopter and went to Mongolia. However, there was a small tweak in the plan. The Happy came with us. There was no way that 2 Juggalos could kill a Madalion and an elite assassin. The Magic Train seemed angry that this happened. I smiled.

As we flew over Russia, we saw a school bus. The war probably means nothing to them, although we are fighting for their right to religion. Then we saw a school. The bus slowed down. A grown man came off, grabZ0RZ3 a boy and a girl, and forcefully put them on the bus. What the crap? Happy saw this, too. He said, "Hey, we have some kidnappers down there." The Crossing looked, and said "I was kidnapped when I was child! We're going down there to teach them a lesson!" Robbie said "Alright, I will maintain a sniper position while Can't uses his Ninja skills. When the bus stops, Happy will hand out his hand to hand combat, and then the The Crossing will come down in style and pop some caps." The Magic Train brought me low enough to land on the bus. I leaped, and a made a sweet dent in the top. I flipped over the side and burst through a window, kicking a preppy 8 year old girl in the face. Her bleeding became

projectile and shot everywhere.

All the kids looked, then started screaming. The helicopter was now ridding side by side with the bus. I walked toward the front. Two guards walked towards me. One of them had a rocket launcher, and the other had a steering wheel from a non commercial fishing boat. The one with the rocket raised the barrel. Suddenly, a huge sniper shot flew straight through his head, then he dropped the launcher. The launcher misfired, and went towards my legs. I jumped over it and in front of me, hoping to escape the explosion when it hit the back of the bus. The second guy hit me in the face with the wheel, then I hit the floor. I rolled back, then I lunged high and kicked him in the face. He grabbed a kid and threw her at me. I grabbed another kid and threw it at his kid. The two kids collided in mid air and hit some seats with other kids. I put my foot in a position to kick him in the groin, but I stopped, which left him in a protective state that left his face vulnerable. I kned him in the face, and broke his chin.

His chin cyborgly mutated into a laser gun and began firing. I grabbed a child who looked like he had been abused and used him to block. Another sniper bullet broke the bus window and killed the guy. Towards the front of the bus were some more of the kidnapper bad guys. I saw one of those weird emergency holes in the ceiling right above me. They walked towards me, and then I jumped straight through it. I landed on the roof of the bus. 2 guys climbed to the top on the other side. They just stood there smiling. I got confused. I looked behind me and saw that they had allies in cars. One was aiming a sniper rifle at me. When I noticed this, the guys on the bus started running at me. I grabbed the emergency exit hatch and chunked it into one of their faces. It was fatal, and killed one of them instantly. If not, falling off the side and getting stuck under a 6 car pile-up was fatal. I quickly fell down flat, and a sniper bullet almost hit me. I bounced back up as soon as I hit the floor.

Then I did a back flip off the bus to an enemy car. The driver swerved to avoid me so I would be far behind, but I barely grabbed the side. I twisted my waist and broke into the back seat window. Glass was everywhere and cut the driver and side seat gunner. He fired a pistol near my face, but I was moving and he missed, then I kicked him in the face and broke his neck. I grabbed his gun quickly and scored 6 head-shots on the guy with the broken neck. I kicked him in the face to make sure he was dead. The driver pulled out a knife and tried to stab me. I shot the knife with the pistol, then placed a dent in his forehead with the pistol's handle. I broke the back window, then jumped out and stood on the hood of the trunk. The driver crashed

into a light poll, the car turned around, putting the back in front, then I jumped onto another car. When I got a better grip, then I ran up the front and jumped onto the back of another car in the lane beside us. I crawled to the front and jumped into the window of the bus.

The kids, who were screaming and acting wild, became even more unsettled when I flew in. Mainly because I landed on one and probably crushed him to death. I put my hand forward, and fatally knocked down the rest of the bad guys with merely my mind. Only one remained. He had a cigar. He smiled. Then the bus turned into a parking lot enclosed by a security fence. The helicopter ascended up and over the fence, but did not descend down. It followed the bus. I didn't think it was safe to go near the building at the end of the parking lot, so I leaped forward, shoved the guy with the cigar straight through the wind shield, then kneed the bus driver at lightning fast speeds in the face, completely warping it. His face fell apart like a mix between sludge and a smashed tomato. I ripped the steering wheel off. The bus immediately turned a sharp left and moved in circles. I ripped some chairs off the floor and threw them outside the bus. Some hit the guy with the cigar. Some killed some children. Some had children on them.

I ripped a metal bar from the front and began whacking at the walls of the bus. The walls eventually began to break down, and I broke the bus into 8 main pieces just by making a final strike on the floor. The pieces fell apart and the bus stopped moving. The remaining children ran in fear. When I stepped out, The Magic Train and The Crossing were pummeling the guy with the cigar. A figure walked outside of the building. The figure walked slowly and cool-like. I looked to my right, and saw several destroyed humvees and a few tanks. Then I noticed Happy sitting on one. There was no doubt that Happy defeated Italy's armies with his hand to hand combat. Happy saw me looking and said "What?" I looked at the figure. Who was it? Robbie stood behind me. He said "I think that's an Archbishop." I looked at him, and asked "Why are Archbishops collecting children?"

"Well...it's part of their religion. You know, molesting little boys."

"Are they gay?"

"Yeah, they are."

The figure walked forward more, and we saw who it was. It was Hitler! He said "No, you have it all wrong."

I looked at him in astonishment. How was he still alive? He continued "A large majority of Archbishops are actually straight. Molesting little boys is only one of our duties. To be honest, I wish it wasn't."

Our mouths seemed to drop. Everything we thought about the Catholics was wrong. Robbie declared "If you do not surrender and join the Alliance, I will be forced to kill you." Hitler looked at Robbie funny. He laughed "Hahaha, I am sorry, but you are the one who must die."

I interrupted "Didn't you commit suicide in World War II?"

"No, actually, the Soviet Union captured me and brought me here. I'm lucky to be alive. Stalin is a pretty bad man. But he's dead now."

"OK, that's cool. Robbie, I'll take it from here. You guys go on to Mongolia." Robbie and the others left the cigar guy on the concrete bleeding to death, and got in the helicopter and left. I kicked Hitler in the face. Hitler almost dodged, but still got hit. I reeled my arm then uppercutted him 6 times in a row. Hitler retaliated by doing 6 back flips in the air, then shooting at my face with a pistol. My totally awesome goatee deflected all 4 bullets, then I threw a piece of metal from the bus at him and he got hurt. I jump kicked him while he was trying to recuperate. He ducked, stood on his hands, and kicked me from under, which threw me off balance. I landed on the ground and did some ninja rolls, then lunged at him. He fell to the ground, with me on top. I jumped up like super fast, then stomped on his face. He stood up and punched me in the face. I freaking uppercutted him. He was about to punch again, but then I uppercutted him again. He tried to catch his breathe, and that's when I uppercutted him again.

His nose broke off. I kicked him in the face. Then I uppercutted him. Then I did it again. I uppercutted him like 20 more times. Then I jumped in the air, grabbed his head with my feet, then did a back flip off his shoulders, throwing him overhead and behind me. I looked around. I walked away. I got bored.

There was once a man named Dragus. No one really knows who he was, but he was pretty cool. He wore green. A good kind of green. I hate green. Dragus is like a powerful wizard dude. His advantage in battle is having a minion called Vin Diesel. Vin Diesel's main advantage in battle was having muscles bigger than his own head. Which is pretty awesome.

A common phrase heard by people shortly before death goes somewhat like this "Roses are red, Vin Diesel is blue, he'll eat your children, and he'll eat you, too." No one knows why, but it almost seems like a normal thing. What is weird, is that Vin usually doesn't eat children. Probably the most significant thing to know is that Vin Diesel invented manwich using meat he found in plastic bags behind Abortion clinics. When he found out what it was, he laughed, and finished his manwich.

I found myself running to Mongolia. I could fly, but running is much faster for me. When I got there, I noticed that there was a fight, and they had already left. I looked around. I saw a few dreadlocks laying around, some priests, but only one character from our helicopter group. I buried his body. I put a large rock on top just in case he came back from the dead. This was only half of my job.

I stood on a rock. This rock is the grave of The Magic Train. He is dead. How he died bothers me. I was the one who was suppose to kill him. I should have murdered him. I must find the killer, and take revenge for stealing my duty. I crawled through the ventilation shafts of the local Federal Outpost, and saw six men with dark evil eyes. Two were guarding a door. A third man was screaming like a maniac, and the other 3 were standing and acting cool. I would have to be totally sweet for this to work. I reeled my fist back like a bowl of spaghetti, and punched the shaft. It exploded, and the entire vent shattered all over the room. I fell down, landed low with 2 legs and a hand on the ground. I looked awesome. Pieces of metal stuck to everyone's faces but mine, and the screaming guy choked and died on sharp metal. I pulled my sword from my sheath and cut some guys head off at the throat.

The two guarding the door just stood there, as if they didn't care. The other two pulled out a macro ionic pulse cannon and a large 2x4 from their pockets. I said "crap" out loud. They pointed their weapons at me and prepared to shoot, but then I moved super fast and shoved my fist into the guy with the 2x4's stomach. I could feel the individual cells in his body breaking open and ripping apart. My fist turned super red hot and burnt into his body, and broke his spine. I pulled out a piece of spine and threw it straight into the other guy's face. He was impaled, dropped the macro ionic pulse cannon, and screamed. His words sounded something like "UuuuuuuaaAAAHHhhh my face!!!!!!!!!!!!111"

He bounced around the room screaming and crying. The guy with the broken spine had fallen to the floor. He spontaneously combusted and regenerated his body back to normal. He stuck his hand near me, and the fire made me uncomfortable. I stabbed him right in the face with my sword, and he died. It was pretty cool, because he was burning on fire. The screaming guy with the spine stabbed in his face finally stopped screaming. I waited for him to get over the pain. Right as he reached for the macro ionic pulse cannon, I cut his arms off and kicked him in like 4 groins. I saw he was about to projectile vomit acid all over me, so I kicked him in the side. He involuntarily turned, and vomited all over his buddy who choked on sharp metal while screaming.

I looked at the other 2 guys. I asked "Do you know who killed the Magic Train?"

One true guard responded "It's on the desk."

I looked to my left, and there was a desk. Who had killed the Magic Train? Through fear of me, it said out loud "The Magic Train was allegedly killed by Bob Marley." I thought to myself. This isn't right... why would he do it... He's not a Rastafarian Native anymore. Or is he? I went deep deep into Mongolia, where some Rastafarian Natives lived. I found his son, Damian. I asked "Did Bob kill the Magic Train?" Damian replied "He shot the sheriff, but he didn't shoot the deputy."

I pondered for a second, yet had little understanding. Then, suddenly, I got it! Bob shot Mr. T, but the bullet must have reflected off the bling and hit The Magic Train! Suddenly, Mr. T came out of no place and yelled "I pity the fool that thinks he can fight Bob Marley."

"Whatever are you saying, Mr. T?"

"I'm saying that you need to live on with life and forget this jibba jabba!"

"I will kill Bob Marley."

"You can't. He is much too strong."

"When I reach him, it won't matter." As I walked away, about to head out to Bob Marley's first possible position, which was at the Alliance headquarters. But I felt a gift from a higher power. I don't know what this was, but something gave me the power to see Bob Marley, no matter how far away he was. A voice spoke to me "This is a power you will need, and when you see me, you will thank me." I couldn't recognize the voice, but the voice was watching me. I looked at Bob Marley, and walked straight to him. A few hours later, I reached his location. I had no idea where he was according to a map, but I was with him. I spoke my threat "How dare you kill The Magic Train."

"I assure you it was a mistake," replied Bob.

"There are no mistakes here."

"You can't accept reality, can you?"

"You can't define reality."

"Don't fool with me, boy."

"No. I am no boy. I am no man. I am no human. I am One True Madalion."

"Your Madalion religion will betray you. I assure you."

"No. Mine will not betray. Mine will survive."

"Just look at Exon. He was betrayed."

"Madalionity isn't a religion."

"Exon said the same thing."

"Exon is still alive!"

"No he's not! Robbie has tricked your mind!"

"No! I can feel his life." I saw the shadow of a face in an opening of the forest we were in. It was nighttime, with a full moon. When I looked to see the source of the face shadow, there was nothing to make the shadow.

"More of Robbie's mind games! Look! Only Grace knows the truth. Just ask her, and she will assure you."

"Grace? What do you mean?"

"Exon never existed. She knows it. She is the only one willing to admit it."

"But that's not possible! All the things that he has done!"

"No. That is only a factor of fear created to keep those out of the loop in line. If you don't accept that Exon never existed, we will have some trouble. But if anyone asks, you must go ahead and say he does."

"Bob... are you telling me the truth?" Before I could expect an answer, I punched Bob in the face, and then threw a rock into his stomach. Bob looked up at me. He said "Can Not! You are making a mistake!" I looked at him and kicked him in the face. Then I smiled. All the voices smiled with me. But something was frowning. And it wasn't a voice. It was the shadow of a face. It worried me, and all of my voices. To be quick, I punched a hole straight through Bob's chest, then uppercutted him. Then I uppercutted him again. Bob flew back. On the shadow of the face, the eyes became angry. I stared a stun of death onto Bob, and Bob fell unconscious, possibly dead. I walked up to him and laughed. The voices echoed my laugh like no echo I had ever heard before. Even if Bob was telling the truth, I was freaking awesome. The face of the shadow showed itself, and I saw that it had no body. I looked at it puzzled. I asked "What are you?"

The face looked at me. "I'm the one who lead you here. And now you will thank me."

"Thank you? For what? The sight to see Bob Marley?" In my mind, there was an eruption of disagreement among the voices. "You didn't give me the vision."

"Yes I did." replied the face. "I wanted you to come here, so Marley could tell you the truth."

"I already discussed this. Exon is real."

"No, he isn't. OK. If he is real, then why don't you search for him? I'll join you."

This is odd... searching for a long lost man of great power with the assistance of a face that claims the man does not exist. But I guess it's better than nothing. I agreed to it. He asked me "Would you like to hear some of the things I've heard about him?"

I replied "Sure," and we began walking towards Europe.

"Master Exon is supposedly the most powerful man in

existence. He could kill us all before thinking about it simply by thinking about it. It seems paradoxal, but they say it has happened before."

"That is quite... amazing. If I found him, could he teach me this power?"

"Maybe... depends if he chooses to die."

"Does he have any children?"

"No. He trained constantly early in his life, and acquired nuberty before he settled."

"What's nuberty?"

"Nuberty - noun - The stage of adolescence in which a powerful individual becomes physiologically incapable of sexual reproduction because of their own overwhelming strength."

"That is... somewhat amazing."

"Master Exon is the only man to ever defeat a brick wall in a game of tennis."

"Wow!"

"It took five women 2 years to give birth to him."

"Oh my..."

"He once said *I don't screw in light bulbs. I hold them in place while the room spins around me in fear.*"

"That's oddly convenient."

"In an average living room there are 1,337 objects Master Exon could use to kill you, including yourself."

"I find it amazing that I am alive to this day."

"I'm surprised that I am alive, being that someone like him once roamed the earth."

"Yeah..."

"Now doesn't it seem like him being alive is... fictional?"

"What? No. I'm talking to a face. A freaking floating, talking, face. Then you try to tell me—ahh..."

"I guess that seems so. The world can be different from the way it should be."

"But the world is never different from the way it is."

"But is that the way the world should be?" The face definitely wasn't here to help me. Or was he? He might have been placing true logic in a misplaced way. Which would be pretty cool. I received a communication on my communications toy thing. I listen to it. It said "All Madalions come to Rome. Special assignment."

"I'm sorry... face... I have to go."

"Good luck."

Chapter 13: No Other Power Could Be Forged From Hell

I found Rome, and the other 6 Madalions also stood there. Robbie spoke out "We have to team up and kill the Pope right now. Sir John says that the Pope is suppose to be in a vulnerable state right now." We understood, and moved out. We walked down a long road, all side by side, for a few hours. Just to be awesome. It was the brightest time of the day, when, a person stood in the foreground. Who was this person? We looked, and it seemed to be a Ninja. A Ninja with a freakishly long sword. As we got closer, he seemed less and less like a Ninja. He had long white hair. He wore all black. He was awesome. I couldn't really tell who he was. His eyes...were weird looking. Inhuman. Was he human? Possibly. Robbie asked "Who are you?"

"I am the virus that sweeps and destroys your dreams."

"No virus will sweep my dream. My dreams are pure, and of unreal gold. Impenetrable."

"You feel strong, don't you?"

"There is no feeling, only reality."

"What is reality? Please define reality."

"Reality is what it is, as to what it can be, and always what it could have been."

"So what does that make time?"

"A physical property of matter."

"Good. Do you know what that means?"

"Somewhat...what are you trying to tell me?"

"Think of the Big Bang. All matter shoot from everywhere in every direction. Like the dimensions x, y, and z, time is also a dimension. And, like all matter, the beginning of matter created motion of half of all matter moving forward in time, and the other half moving backward, from the central point of 0 in time."

"How is this relevant?"

"If I win, you will die, but return to life from the other time zone to kill me. If I loose, I will come here from the other time zone and kill you. Either way, we both die."

"I don't trust you."

"But what I say might be true. I do not know the truth, I only take orders from *Mother*, who takes orders from the one who does."

"OK. Let's just fight, and see who wins. End of story?"

"Sounds fair."

Robbie jumped, then slammed his fist into the guy. The guy flew back, then drew his sword. They then engaged

into a fist vs sword battle. Robbie could deflect the sword's blade with the muscles in his fist. We watched the battle because it was awesome. The Pope walked out of the ground or rubble and found us. Instead of chatting, he prepared to attack us. While our strongest member, Robbie, fought the other guy, all 6 of the remaining Madalions fought the Pope at the same time. We seemed to have a slight lead on the Pope, but he might be able to take us out in time. Especially with that other guy. Our fists were flying everywhere, and some serious bruises were getting handed out like free money. While fighting, the Pope said "Hehe... it might surprise you that I have one of the world's strongest legends of darkness on my side. The strong Madalion is fighting Sephiroth." I thought to myself who the crap, but continued the awesome combat.

After maybe 45 minutes of straight hardcore hand to hand combat, we all became tired. The Pope began to knock us unconscious or unwilling to fight, one by one. I fell down onto a street, too tired to continue. The SolarQuake was the last to continue fighting. Suddenly, Grace jumped into the sky and grabbed him. Grace seemed to have had a full energy recovery. Or, perhaps, she was never hurt by the Pope in the first place. Hooked onto The SolarQuake, she held him still as he tried to struggle, while the Pope attacked him violently. Soon, The SolarQuake would die, then we would be killed one by one. This was horrible. Sir John contacted us. His message was "OH MY GOD!!!! Hurry up and make the Pope surrender! He has his forces surrounding and pounding every fortress known to the Alliance! I don't know where he got this army from, but we can't defend ourselves much longer! Our armies have dwindled down to half their size, and they greatly outnumber us!"

This was unfortunate. His message continued "We also have Doug taking out what he can, but he seems to be getting tired!" The Pope heard this, and laughed, as he continued to hurt The SolarQuake. GRRR!!!! This made me so angry. The world was about to fall to the Catholic Empire, and we were about to die. Wow, this sucked. The face came out, and he said to me "Can Not. Where is your savior now?"

"I...don't know where he is."

"That's because he isn't anywhere at all. He is fictional. Kill all of your Madalion "friends", and you will be spared the wrath of their heresy." The other Madalions looked at me. Unable to speak. I was strong enough to kill them, while they were weak. But I could hear the voices in my head "If you kill the Madalions, start with yourself." Another voice said "If you refuse the face, you will survive." The next voice said "Betray your friends. Then kill the face." Another voice said "You must believe. Exon is real. The face is not." A girl voice said

"Yerkon is pretty hawt. You should ra—"

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH" I screamed like super loud. "EXON WILL KILL YOU, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BECOME HIM!" My muscles went super tense, and the face frowned. He said "I am disappointed in your choice. What are you doing? Blind belief will not change reality. You can't believe something and make it become real through faith. Reality doesn't work like that."

"Who are you to define reality? Reality is only defined by itself!"

"Fool! You will perish! Pope! Finish The SolarQuake!"

The Pope responded "Yes, I will!"

I looked. The Pope prepared to make a final fatal move. Shortly before he executed it, I screamed "JURISDICTION!!!", and a shadow of myself came from inside me and utterly destroyed the Pope's train of thought. The Pope flew far away. The shadow laughed. The face became uncomfortable. The shadow slowly materialized into a full color body. It smiled. He looked at Sephiroth. He said unto Sephiroth "Your time without me is over." Sephiroth looked puzzled. Sephiroth had never seen this strange man before. A man of shadow. The shadow extended from the man, grabbed Sephiroth, and vaporized and recycled Sephiroth into the body of the man. Who was the man? Robbie fell, because he was so tired of fighting. Grace looked at the man. She threw the weak and tired The SolarQuake at the ground. She said "Did he lie to me?" The face responded "I do not lie. He is not real. Simply kill him." The man looked at Grace Amadeus. He said "You see me before you, yet you still question my existence? Your life is a waist to live."

The man stuck out his hand. Robbie exclaimed "It's him!!!! Master Exon! I never thought I'd see you again!"

The face said "Can Not, do not be a fool, he is not real!"

Master Exon, who is who the man is suppose to be, made his stuck out hand into a tight fist. Exon said "Grace, when you were young in high school, you had an abortion. You were suppose to give birth to me. But you listened to the face. The face of all demons. He says he loves you, he'll kill you, but he'll love you forever. But love is not reality to him the same way reality is not him to us. For this, every aborted child to had ever died will now spontaneously be impregnated into you." Exon's fist tightened even more. Grace's stomach grew, and her womb filled. The babies all grew to the point were they needed to be born, and all came out at the same time. The pain of giving birth to millions of full sized babies was an immense pain. Some came out her nose, mouth, and ears. Her clothes and flesh ripped apart instantaneously. The babies flew in every direction. Most died on impact with the

ground, the rest would die of pain, starvation, and birth defects. This event scared the hell out of me.

The Pope came back, and looked at Exon. His face was disgusted. The Pope said "How did you come back?"

"It matters not how," replied Exon.

"You're one tuff cookie. Alright. I can still kick your butt." The Pope lunged and attacked Exon. They engaged into a huge fist fight, and went totally wild. Over time, their combat became fiercer and fiercer. I was almost tempted to help, but the battle became too intense for me to join in anyways. I felt normal. As in, not tired at all. But the Pope just kicked my butt. All of our butts. Everyone else was still hurt. Did Exon heal me while he came out of me? An external voice said "No Can Not, I healed you." I looked, and saw the face. It continued, "Pope is only playing with him. The Pope will wait until this Exon becomes tired, then he will destroy Exon. As if he were nothing." While fighting, Master Exon suddenly stopped, stepped back, and paused. The Pope looked at him in confusion. Master Exon yelled something that sounded Japanese, then punched the Pope so freaking hard, the Pope flew away. The Pope returned quickly. Exon did the same thing. Several times in a row, he punched the Pope thousands of feet away.

Then, the Pope did not come close enough to be punched. Instead, he kept his distance, and smiled. Then, he prepared for a change. An insane change. I looked at him and saw that this wasn't good. The face said "See that power? The Pope is about to transform. He will then kill Exon." I frowned in disgust. Like the Pope could kill Exon! Some fancy effects came from the Pope, then a huge explosion, then some antelopes spontaneously generated from the Pope. They came out as Golden Super Antelopes, then fell dead, but stayed Super and Golden. The Pope's body became pure white. His size shrank, and his arms spread out and the dead Antelopes floated. They adjoined his body, and then a huge flash of light ended the transformation. A huge cloud of dust and smoke slowly cleared, soon to reveal what the new Pope looked like. He no longer had a hat, his hair grew 13 or 15 inches. He acquired glasses, is wearing all black, has no physical resemblance to his previous self, and seems to be some kind of goth or animae nerd.

Exon seemed to inspect, and didn't seemed concerned. But this new form... was actually a girl! I totally freaked out. Exon smiled. What, was he going to rape her or something? Yeah, it looked like that kind of smile. Exon did that super punch thing, but the Pope, in her "Whitney" form, didn't even budge. She must be like super powerful or something. Master Exon punched her again, and again, and again, increasing in speed and strength given to each move,

eventually becoming too fast to see. Whitney stood there, as if not caring. As if unaffected. Then she kicked Exon, and he flew far away. What was this? With one transformation, she could flip the fight upside down? Or does Exon have more tricks up his sleeve? Whitney spoke "Exon... you do realize that you can't possibly beat me now?"

Exon looked at Whitney, and said "I can beat you anywhere, anyplace."

"So what were you doing all this time, anyways?"

"Recreating the garden."

"The... what?"

"My garden... The Garden of Exon."

"Wait... why were you making a stupid garden?"

"No, Whitney... it's a garden of life."

"Wow, you're such a loser."

"And this is why I'll win." Exon kicked her in the face, making no effect. Whitney smiled. That's bad. Whitney punched Exon, and Exon flew into the dirt. Exon stood up. He said "Stop holding back! I've fought chickens stronger than you!" Whitney became like super angry. In fact, so angry, she kicked him twice as hard as the hardest kick in the entire world. Then she kicked him harder, before he could fully fly away from the impact. Exon went through 6 buildings, then broke an entire highway. It was pretty cool. Exon stood back up, slouched over. He pointed his palm at Whitney. The air in front of his hand began to blur. An electrical wire from Rome's electrical system created lightning and gave energy to the blur. Whitney saw the blur, then laughed. She claimed "Wow, that's a pretty old trick." Master Exon laughed. Whitney thought Exon would try to shoot her with it. Exon suddenly appeared behind Whitney, like instantly, then grabbed her arms and legs and crap. The blur was still where Exon left it, floating.

Whitney said "What the heck are you doing?" Exon replied "Whatever wants to be done will be done by me." Then blur became Exon, and Exon became the blur. Not switching places, but a transformation. The blur was now attached to Whitney, which was something pretty lethal to be attached to. Whitney screamed in agony as the blur burned her flesh. Exon smiled, but did not laugh. I looked to my left, and saw that The SolarQuake was walking away. This was odd. I felt that I had to stay and watch the fight. So I did. A few minutes later, Whitney yelled "What the heck was that? I hate you, whore!" Suddenly the skies turned dark. Wind violently twisted around Whitney, and she began to conduct lightning all throughout her body. She created a black hole in her hands. The black hole grew in size, until eventually it seemed heavy enough to suck up the Earth. The collapsed air pulled more air into it, and

eventually pulled solid particles. Whitney's voice transformed into a violent demonic scream.

"I hate you! I will destroy the Earth! WE WILL ALL DIE!!!!!!11"

Exon watched her as she threw it at the Earth. Exon moved super fast, and then kicked it at Whitney. Whitney gained a surprised look on her face, then got scared. But before the hole could reach her, it stabilized and exploded wind. For a few seconds, the wind speed from the origin was over a thousand meters per second. The wind burn hurt all of us, just not a lot, because we're awesome. The fight scene was pretty awesome, there were lightning storms, darkness, ruins of a great city, and freshly born dead babies scattered everywhere. Whitney and Exon went totally wild and killed each other in an ultimate display of total awesomeness. Their abilities to fight were obviously above ours, and we wouldn't have stood a chance anyways. But then came a problem. The Crossing. He walked to me, and I could clearly see Bob Marley inside of him. An aurora of dreadlocks came from The Crossing's head, and only I could see them. I asked "What happened?"

The Crossing responded "I may not have shot the deputy, but I assure you the sheriff is gone." I was puzzled by his words. However, they became clear when he followed up with "The Face can not be mistaken; for it loves you, and wants to protect you. When Exon dies, he wants you to live. Please accept life." Life? Was he a fool! He was with the face! therefor an enemy! I stood up, then said "No!" very solidly. It was, in fact, so solid, I kicked his face. He became sad, so I started pummeling his face with fists. Last I recall, The Crossing was stronger than The Magic Train, who in turn, was stronger than me. Hopefully something changed. He punched back, and it hurt, but I was still hurting him, so we both seemed almost evenly matched. I guess it would end up being one of those *until your tired* things. Our combat continued for hours and stayed intense, when suddenly slime or time slowed down and the voices spoke to me, "Can Not!"

"What?" I replied.

"Finish him."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"No seriously, I don't."

"Do what can't be done."

"But I can't do that."

"He doesn't know you can't."

"What, are you crazy?"

"No, I'm the better side of your future self."

"Oh, yeah... so can you give me some more specific instructions? Or something?"

"You fool of little will!"

"Gaaaaaaah I don't understand."

"No! They don't understand."

"Am I they?"

"No! They do not understand."

"The Crossing does not understand. I do not understand."

"No, you do understand, you're just not thinking."

"I do think."

"He doesn't. Now get to work."

"But-"

"THE BUTT IS SACRED!"

"Yeah I know, and, uh..."

"OK. Just go back to punching and kicking. Doing what you've always done, seeing the results you've always seen, and being in the same place you've always been."

"Ah! I understand, now. I think."

"Yes, but only because we made you think."

"Oh yeah, but 'we' are me..."

The Crossing was about to punch, then I dodged with fast speeds, then smacked his nose so freaking hard with my forehead, he nearly exploded. I pulled a metal bar off the ground, and began beating the crap out of him with it. I bet it broke something. He got mad, then I summer salted into his face, then shoved 4 fingers up his nose, then bunted his chest with my knee, then finished his thigh with a shift beating at unparalleled speeds. But he caught on. It turned out that his dreadlocks were alive, and they began to attack me. They bit me and burnt me and hurt my feelings and said hateful things to me. Luckily, I could bite them and hear them scream. So I bit them some more. Then I tried ripping them out. Unfortunately, I got tangled, and he had trapped me. I was in a position that was hard to get out of. He put my face near his, and said "Now you will-" and of course, he stopped right there, probably because I projectile vomited into his face. Or her. He could have been a girl at the moment.

He was disgusted by the acids and sandwiches, so naturally I kicked him freaking hard in the stomach, then grabbed all his dreads while they were loose, then swung him around and threw him into a partially destroyed skyscraper. Some windows broke. I smiled. Would I actually defeat him? It seems as if one by one, everyone stronger than me would die, and I would be among the top. Which would be cool. During The Crossing's recovery, I saw that Exon was totally kicking Whitney's butt! She seemed to be in a state of escape or panic, and Exon just wouldn't let her go! Whitney broke loose of Exon's encagement, then went to a distance, but stopped. She raised her arms, and screamed "You made me do this!" and indefinitely, she

screamed and seemed to be doing something. Whether or not Exon was really involved didn't really seem to be relevant, though. But this wasn't cool.

A strange wind came from nowhere, and hardened the chloris. Something evil, as if relevant to *slow loris*. Something as revolutionary as the revolutionary Morris, it seemed that the earth cracked open and demons played out a satanic chorus, as up came from hell, the unknown power of Chuck Norris. Who the heck is Chuck Norris? He seemed to have a beard, somewhat muscular. I'd assume he was an average cowboy, if he didn't just come from hell or whatever. Whitney seemed to be laughing like a witch, in which she slowly mutated and kind of melted as blurs from the crack of the Earth pulled her in and closed the crack. The Crossing stood next to me and said "That was super cool." I dropped the metal thing I had. That was freaky. Chuck looked around, and noticed all three of us. When he noticed Exon, a super creepy smile went on his face. That scared me. Even though he just came out from hell, I'm pretty sure that Chuck Norris will get his butt kicked. That will be freaking sweet.

Master Exon looked at Chuck. Chuck picked up 2 babies from the ground. The first one, he melted it in his hand. It cried as it died. The second, he bit the head off, and spit it near one of Grace's eyes. Ewww. Chuck looked at Exon, then his smile became even creepier. It wasn't even a natural looking motion. Maybe Chuck wasn't as we thought he would be. Maybe he just isn't, and that's the way it is. Exon came to Chuck, and said "If you choose the choice of peace, I'll choose the choice of life."

Chuck, who's mouth seems to move without motion, replied "So if I fight you, even if you win, you will die?"

"I suppose I'd eventually die either way, but yes."

I thought creepy smiles went to their max, but Chuck just chucked the richter scale on this one. A huge explosion came from them, and they began fighting. Chuck seemed to be at least one hundred times more powerful than Whitney, and thus a challenge. Their fighting was almost too fast to see, and seemed quite repetitive. That's when I punched a hole straight through The Crossing. I didn't actually want to, it just kind of happened. The Crossing didn't like this. He tried to react, but the voices told me to kill him. kill him... he will die. You will kill him. He'll die. He'll be dead. Soon, everyone will die, and you will be the best. I didn't do anything. He struggled. I thought about him being dead. The more I thought, the more faint his strength became. He'll be dead. He'll be dead, yes! The Juggalos will no longer stand a formidable chance against me! I'll end it! I bit his nose, and attempted to rip it off with my teeth, but that didn't really work.

I kicked The Crossing in all his groins, one by one. The pain, the pain. OH YEAH, give him the pain! I dwell great love in knowing his pain. He thought he knew what it meant to be hurting, but I showed him differently! I kicked him off my arm which was inside him, and then he fell to the ground, breathing hard and moaning. I put my leg on his chest, super hard, and then used my arms to rip his arm out of socket. I heard it snap, and I laughed. Not because I ripped the insides of his arm apart, but because I was awesome. I kicked his arm, ripping and finishing any nerve cell connections left in him. Then, I picked him up, and threw him over a ledge. I jumped down, and landed on top of him. I yelled "Yeah you know what I am! You know who I am! I'm the one you and your dead friend use to chase around in the halls! That's right! And now I'm on top of you, laughing at you! How does that feel? I was better than you then, and now I still am!"

I stepped my foot into his face and forced the side of his face into a mix of concrete, rocks, and mud. Exon yelled at me "Can Not! Stop! Get out of here! Leave him there! He knows you're better, give him another chance!" I looked at Exon. The man I had dreamed of returning. The man everyone wanted to see. The Big Kahuna! Yeah right! I pulled a sharp metal piece from a damaged structure of some sort, then I stabbed The Crossing in the heart. I could hear it violently stop. And when it stopped, I began. I picked up the weak, hurt Madalions, who were barely conscious, and I left. I picked up Robbie, Sonixunite, Avacored, but couldn't find Yerkon. I'd return if we couldn't find her later, I was loaded anyways. Watching the Exon vs. Chuck fight over my shoulder, I could barely comprehend what kind of weird advanced fighting they were doing. It was like a chess stalemate at the first turn but moving ten times the speed of light. Neither could get anywhere without risking fatal vulnerability.

I reached a headquarters, and Sir John happened to be there. He came out to the great hall we were in, and said "Why hello, how interesting of you to arrive so tired and unexpectedly." He seemed nervous in nature, and I didn't understand why. I reported "These four need to rest, and may need to be healed."

"Was the Pope defeated?"

"Well... I don't know. He either died or escaped only to return."

"I'm sorry to here that. Well, however, there seemed to be a problem with the Catholic army's internal organization, because instead of killing us, they killed 95% of everyone."

"Wow. I'm somewhat surprised. Is the war over?"

"Eh? Well, no one really has much of an army left."

But we have the Madalions, and that may be all we need."

"Only 2 of us can fight, I believe."

"Who are they?"

"Me and him." At that moment, Sir John fell back, then touched his head at a specific spot. This was odd. I asked "What happened?"

"Nothing, I just had, uh... I don't really know what it was. I'll go retreat to my room, and you take care of the Madalions." Take care of the Madalions. Take care. Of the Madalions. Yeah. Yeah... I looked at Robbie. Most powerful Madalion after Exon? Yeah right! I brought Robbie into a closet. There, I ripped his teeth out one by one. Then I uppercutted his jaw so hard that it broke in half. After that, I forced the left side into his neck, where he would choke to death. But if he didn't choke, the internal bleeding would fill his lungs. I locked the closet, and left him in it. I took care of the Madalions. My Madalions. Sir John had retired to a room. I remembered where he went. I burst the wall down, and rushed in at super fast speeds. I kicked him, and he flew all the way to a wall! That's when the demonic face was in my face. I punched it, and it went to the wall with John. I yelled "Sir John, why are you talking to a demonic face?" He looked at me as he recovered from the kicking. He said "I can-j"

That's when I interrupted by saying "No! I'm Can Not," then kicking a chair straight into his face, which non fatally cracked his skull and broke the wood of the chair. He shortly became unconscious. The face approached me. He asked "Why do you persist? The more you hurt me, the more powerful I become." I looked at the face funny. That is when I grabbed it, and bit it so hard, the piece I bit came off, and I chewed it. Then I spit it on John. I ripped the face in half, and the face cried. I smashed it into it's self, then I stomped on it. I threw it into a fireplace. It burned. Then I thought a greater thought. I raised my arm, and attempted what the Pope did, and screamed. Indefinitely, I screamed and I seemed to be doing something. This was cool. It seemed that the earth cracked open and demons played out a satanic chorus, as flames burst out. I threw the entire fireplace into hell. As the face went in, the blurs grabbed it and pulled it in against the face's will. Hell seemed to stare at me.

That's when I realized that it wants me to ask for something, because I gave it a soul. What could I ask for? I would become everything I wanted, but I didn't want what I thought I wanted, so I was puzzled. I told to hell "I'll return to collect the debt." Hell closed itself, and the room was massively damaged. I walked through a small hole in a wall, and was outside. I smiled. It was 4:00 pm, and was completely dark. I loved it. I traveled far, far, very far.

I didn't really care about the war anymore. I was truly happy. However, I seemed to have walked into a battle. I only saw Catholics fighting, no Alliance members or anything. It was weird. It was awesome. One ran to me, then said "Will you help us, Madalion?" I looked at him. My stare made him explode. He died. I killed him. If I could, I'd do it again. I walked into the battlefield. There were tanks and crap everywhere. Tanks? *Hurt me?* The Madalion? YEAH RIGHT!

I walked, and proceeded not to care as everyone freaking died. I could kill most of them just with my presence. But that's when I thought, *hey, why not train?* so I did. I began to rip soldiers' flesh apart with my bare hands. Everyone was dying, except for me, because I was killing. I saw a cruise missile. It was about to destroy a small group of Alliance people who were scared. I guess they were prisoners or something. I ran really fast. In fact, so fast, I outran the cruise missile. I jumped in the air, then delivered a kick that could shatter steel into a cylinder which became a wheel. The missile's inside made a violent clanking, then exploded into 3 small explosions, each incomparitive to the full power of the missile. All the Alliance prisoners looked at me. They were happy! I was happy, too! They cheered, and began to try to break from their bondage. Then I yelled "Sike!" and proceeded to rip their legs off like frogs about to be cooked. Then, I piled them on top of each other, just to be funny.

Walking away, laughing, while everyone from the Alliance was crying, I saw the Psuedanato. He asked me "What did you just do?" behind him was the Happy, who's best battle was went he drove Italy's tanks and machine gunners out of Ethiopia with his superior hand to hand combat, was with the Psuedanato. He continued "You just killed like 50 comrades!"

"Well. Yeah. So?" I replied, wanting them to go away.

"No, that's treason! Betrayal!"

"What? Yeah right, who says I'm part of this Alliance?"

"You choose to join."

"The voices say differently."

"What voices?"

I smiled. At that moment, the voices inside of me expelled out, and went into the mind of the Psuedanato. All of them. It was quiet. I looked into the sky. It was so beautiful. The Emperor of Rastafaria didn't look as pleased as I was. He was on the ground screaming. I wasn't sure why. I asked, but no one responded. Did they plan to leave me forever? Now, I felt lonely. I miss them. I wish they were back. I became very passionately angry. I kicked the Psuedanato on the ground in the face. Happy just realized

what was happening, and attacked me. His superior hand to hand combat hit me and I fell back and broke 6 trees on impact. I tried to punch him, but I fell to the ground. I looked at my hand. It was pale. The world's colors were changing. They were no longer the normal colors, but morphed into colors that are perhaps not colors at all. I could barely hear anything, and began to hear things that weren't sounds. I could hear the stars. I could hear the chemical composition of my inner ear.

Happy looked at me weird. He thought that he may have been next, so he got out of there. If he stayed, my voices would have attacked him after they finished the Psuedanato. I wasn't doing well without my voices. I felt pain. Not like a *your body is damaged pain*, but actually more of a the thought of happiness corresponding unrelatively. Perhaps without the voices, my body was mixing senses. It hurt, it was euphoric, it was right, but I was wrong. The voices came back to me. I stood up and brushed the dirt off. My paleness had gone, and I felt like nothing had happened. The Psuedanato didn't look very alive. In fact, I was disturbed by what I saw.

Huge chunks of sharp wood speared out from every direction of his stomach area. Two of his fingers were in his nose, detached from his hands. A huge branch was cracked from it's tree and pointed downward. It went into the Psuedanato's mouth, stretching it so much that the mouth ripped. The other side of the branch came out of his upper back with his spine partially outside his body and bent to the left. If I helped him now, he might live. I went back to my house. My town wasn't really effected much by the war. I decided I'd stay for awhile. The voices agreed. I wondered when the next time I'd see Exon would be. Would it be soon? Would it fatal? Would it be wrong? Would it be right?

Chapter 14: The War Ends

Deep, deep in the dark dungeons of the greatest, biggest Catholic Cathedral in the entire world, a few Catholic Elites remained. These weren't you average hoe-hum Elites, these were the Elites of the Elites. Above them, the top layers of the Cathedral lay in ruins, along with the rest of the once great city of Rome. After the seemingly long, ultimate world battle, Sir John found himself in a position to find out what is left. After calling all factions of the Alliance, Sir John confirms his report. Ching Shih, the great Pirate leader, was taken under the sea, and possibly drowned. Her ships are currently trying to get away from Rome. The robots from the sea seemed to have died for the most part, floating at the top of the ocean, while a few continue to attack. Mr. T accepted a contract for a TV show, called the A-Team. He's out of the war. All Juggalo leaders are dead. It is best to assume the remaining Juggalos are hiding. The Mexican Mafia? They stole crap and dissolved in their own greed.

The 6 Unicorns? No one really knows how to contact them. The Antelopes? Massive casualties, units are small and scrambled everywhere. No organization. War torn. Red Ninjas? John was too scared of getting beat up to talk to them. He's sure they are fine. The Rastafarians? They've lost their Psuedanato, and their quick replacement has pulled out of the war, being unable to maintain order in their own homeland. Robbie Banatoarou... No response from him, no body found... He's dead in a closet, and no one will find him until they decide to rebuild the building he was in 16 years later. Grace Amadeus? No signal, no body found. They won't find her body, it's pieces are too small. Sonixunite and Avacored were with Sir John, having a decent recovery from the fight with the Pope. The SolarQuake has been contacted, and he says that he quit the war. Yerkon was contacted, and she says that she is in a hospital in an undisclosed location. Can Not? Well, only Robbie knew where I lived, and only Can Not knows where Robbie died.

Sir John looked over this report. He had a major headache from something he couldn't remember. The war had fallen apart. Everyone was extremely tired, or dead. John went to a place of privacy, and yelled "Face? FACE!!!1 WHERE ARE YOU???1" and in his speech, he began to cry, "Why have you forsaken me?"

Quickly, a mirage appeared in front of him. It was of the Face. It spoke "John." The voice echoed all over the terrain, and John responded "Your here! I'm so relieved!"

The Face assured him, "I told you I would take care of you. Now, we must get back to work. It seems we have 2 foes in which we can not defeat under these circumstances."

"Who are they?"

"Exon and Can Not. Their power is far greater than we could have ever imagined. We must kill Can Not before he reaches Exon's level of strength. First, we will obtain power from Dragus."

"Dragus?"

"Yes, he is wise and intellegent. We must obtain this power. I'll send you to him right now."

"I'm ready."

"Wait no, you're not. We'll have to fix that injury. Dragus will fix it." The terrain around Sir John changed. He closed his eyes, and felt the world around him morphing. He was in front of his house. He knocked on a door, and Dragus opened it. Dragus said "Who are you?"

Sir John responded, "A victim of war, one who needs healing."

"I can heal."

"Please do so."

Dragus accumulated some power and magic of some sort, and the wound of Sir John was healed. As Sir John was healed, the sky darkened. This wasn't good. Suddenly, a huge bald guy came out of Dragus's house. He said "Dragus! A bad omen. This butterfly died, just a few seconds ago!"

Dragus gave the bald man a firm look. "What do you mean?"

"Dude. I just told you. It died."

"Hmmm..."

Sir John looked at the bald man. He thought the bald man was kind of cute. But it wasn't any bald man, it was Vin Diesel! Dragus looked at Sir John and said "Vin, kill him."

Suddenly, hundreds of sweet guitars wailed in the background. As the guitars climaxed, the greatest fist ever thrown hit Sir John in the face. As an old woman crossed the street, John flew straight into her and absorbed her into his blood stream as a freaking sweet result of being demonically controlled and punched too hard. The woman's body content was dissolved and increased his strength by 0.06%, while his age by 0.11%. Sir John stood up. He took the old woman's wig off his shoulder, then threw it to the ground. He walked across the street to begin the true fight against Vin. A super fast speeding car hit Sir John. The car bounced off and hit a house, as if not even touching John. Vin saw this and knew that John meant business. The Face said to John "This morning, Vin hurt his ankle falling from six trees. Strike there." Sir John nodded, and continued forward. Vin looked at Sir John. Merely by stare, Vin made John violently explode, but John kept walking. This would get serious.

Sir John and Vin engaged in the ultimate fist fight

to end all fist fights. Soon, John got tired, and invited the Face to use demonic powers. Vin became aware of flames and other strange things, so Vin addressed to Dragus to advance Vin's normal combat. Soon, Vin and John were battling completely spiritually. The Face loved it, but didn't see a direct route to victory, so decided pulling out would be a good plan. Shortly before being able to tell John of this decision, Dragus detected it and informed Vin silently. Vin broke the spiritual connection and put John in a headlock. John woke up and screamed "What the?" The Face became alert and baffled. Dragus could not spiritually be an entity of greater power! The Face was out of luck, and looking for a new choice. Something new would have to come to the table. Chuck Norris is busy. Shaq was in Australia. Wesley Snipes was searching for Can Not, so he wasn't available. Ah! one is available. Before Dragus could counter, the Face prepared a conjuring.

A strange wind came from nowhere, and created a cyclone. Something evil, as if could make life postpone. Something more revolutionary than the telephone, it seemed that the earth cracked open and ascended an entity evil enough to shatter bones, up came from hell, the irrational body of Sylvester Stallone. He landed on concrete, a car fell into the crack, then then crack closed. Dragus looked in surprise. It was the good kind of surprise. Vin looked at Stallone and saw nothing special. But would he be wrong? Stallone punched Vin directly in the face. Vin stepped back, then threw John aside. Vin stared at Stallone until Stallone exploded violently. It didn't happen. What? This was crazy! Vin and Stallone got into an intense fist fight. Dragus and the Face used their magic like powers to assist the 2 great powers, and soon John jumped in the fight. However, John wasn't helping much, and could barely keep up. Eventually he quit. The Face told him to leave, and find something called the Dark Symbol.

Stallone and Vin both saw John escape, and neither cared. Dragus sensed the term Dark Symbol in their invisible dialog, and will remember it for his evil purpose. It will be grand.

Conversation

Emily: kk im back

John: i missed u so much

Emily: sry i left you earlier, i had to go to the meeting

Emily: i know... cuz im sexy

John: yeah

Emily: rofl

Emily: i can't go anywhere but school or church or use the phone for 3 days

Emily: :(

John: why?

Emily: i got grounded

John: u better have done something freakign sweet

Emily: i hit my sister

John: lol

John: thats all?
Emily: yep
Emily: she hits me 1ce and gets grounded 4 2weeks
Emily: im glad i only got 3 days
Emily: but then again
Emily: im the favorite
Emily: so i knew i would\
John: why did u hit her?
Emily: cuz she poked me
John: was it about cleavage again?
Emily: really hard
Emily: yes
Emily: actually no
Emily: it was that when itook off my jacket
Emily: she saw my stomache
John: lol
Emily: yep
John: she's jealous
Emily: she does it evbery day
John: i wish i had a stomach like yours
John: :(
Emily: rofl
Emily: so does everyone else
John: yeah
John: except Sarah
Emily: yep
Emily: she just wishes her wouldn't wail
John: lol
Emily: lol
Emily: our avatars should go out, cuz they're to hott for their lemurs
John: yeah totally
Emily: heck yes
Emily: they need name
Emily: *names
John: mine's name is uh...
John: john?
Emily: lol ok
Emily: and mine can be....
Emily: um...
Emily: (help me think)
John: emily is a hawt name
Emily: ok, she can be emily
Emily: *emily thinks about how hawt john's name is*
John: *john thinks about sex, emily and other girls, but thinks about emily more than the other girls, and sex more than emily*
Emily: *she concludes that it's not sexy enough and renames him as <insert hawt name here>*
Emily: *emily thinks about other girls and sex too*
Emily: rofl
John: *john thinks about her thinking about other girls*
Emily: *Emily watches John thinking about her thinking about other girls*
John: *john thinks about watching some wrestling*
Emily: *Emily tries to think of hawter name than John to rename him as*
John: hmmm
Emily: *Emily can't think of a hawter guy's name right now, so decides not to change it yet*
John: *john wants cake, stereotypically wants a woman to bake it*
John: hey emily
Emily: hey John
John: so, u wanna hang out?
Emily: I want some cake
Emily: will you bake one for me?
John: really?
John: I'll bake anythign fro you
Emily: mabey
Emily: no, I lie
John: OH SNAP
Emily: fro?
Emily: fro me?
Emily: OMHBFM!!!!!!
John: fro u

Emily: KELIES!
 Emily: ok, yeah, lets go hang out
 John: lets goto walmart!
 Emily: uber awesome!
 Emily: *they go to Walmart*
 Emily: ok, so
 Emily: ...
 Emily: yeah
 John: lets freakign french hard
 Emily: ok!
 John: *john grossly slobbers lips with emily*
 Emily: *Emily rapes John*
 Emily: bwahahahahaha
 John: *john wants more*
 Emily: *Emily gives it to him*
 John: *johns gets it*
 Emily: *Emily dies*
 John: *johns takes advantage of her unconsciousness*
 Emily: *Emily decides she is too uber sexy for death, comes back to life, and give John more*
 Emily: **gives
 John: *john cant get enough*
 Emily: *Emily can't give enough so decides it doesn't matter*
 John: *john gets tired*
 Emily: *Emily does too*
 Emily: *Goes to sleep*
 John: *john gets more tired*
 John: *john checks out emily's butt pervertedly during her sleep*
 Emily: *Emily wakes up and slaps John out of conciousness, then goes back to sleep*
 John: oh mama mia
 John: That was fun, I'm going home now bye
 John: *john prepares to leave*
 Emily: *italian guy walks up and says "you 2 do know you're in the middle of wal-mart right?"*
 Emily: so?
 John: *john looks at him, and becomes super pissed*
 Emily: (italian guy) well that kinda gross
 Emily: so?
 John: *john kicks italian man in face*
 John: *then he does it again*
 Emily: *emily hugs John*
 John: *then he does it while hugging emily*
 Emily: *and kicks the italian guy too*
 John: *john makes italian man explode just by looking at him*
 Emily: *italian guy dies*
 Emily: that's sexy
 John: *john makes him explode agian*
 Emily: that is too
 John: *even though neither are ninjas, John trie to have hawt ninja sex with emily*
 Emily: *Emily secretly is a ninja, but John didn't know it, so she calls him a no0b and teaches him to do it right*
 John: *john is embarrassed*
 Emily: it's ok, it happened to me too
 John: really, baby?
 Emily: heck yes!
 John: *john whistles, and a unicorn comes out. John jumps on top of it*
 John: Lets go, baby!
 Emily: *Emily does too* lets ride a unicorn away!
 John: *secretly, in the evil layer of an old guy who's daughter lives in a basement, An evil maulant butterfly prepares an evil plan*
 Emily: its lair not layer
 John: no, its the evil layer, as in, layer, like a place between 2 parallel planes
 Emily: no0b
 John: :(
 Emily: im sorry.*makes out with John*
 John: *rudely returns kiss with eyes open*
 John: *the maulant butterfly comes into the air, where emily and john and the unicorn has ascended*
 Emily: why are you so rude?
 John: uh...
 Emily: oh my gawd

Emily: !
 John: I'm sry?
 Emily: ok
 John: OH MAH GAWS, WHATS DAT?
 Emily: exactly
 John: *teh maulant butterfly had a cyborge armchair, and was sitting in it while flying*
 Emily: o em geez!
 John: *john kicks the maulant butterfly in liek 6 nuts, and the butterfly doesn't budge, as if compeltely unhurt*
 John: WHAT TEH?
 Emily: yet again, o em geez!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
 John: *The unicorn dreams about how it would be cool to have a hamburger*
 John: *John throws emily at the maulant butterfly, permanently damaging the arm chair's fuel supply*
 Emily: *emily slaps the unicorn and say don't think of food, think of killing butterflies!!!!
 Emily: *emily is unhurt because she s sexy
 John: *John remembers a vision of an old man saying "butterflies are the most sacred and holy life in existance"*
 Emily: that man was a fag
 John: *then he remembers the old man transforming into a dragon and and makign out with other male dragons*
 John: what a fag
 Emily: yeah see? I told you
 John: *The maulant butterfly bites john*
 John: *john cries*
 John: Where my woman???
 Emily: *emily bites the butterfly, then makes out with john*
 John: *john tastes the bug guts fromher mouth, and only frenches harder*
 John: *the maulant butterfly dies from massvies bowl movements such as texas and laura croft, so he fals tot he ground and slowly bleeding to deaht.*
 John: *John is happy*
 Emily: *Emily kicks the dying butterfly in like, 7 groins and keeps frenching John*
 John: *john frenches her until he gets tired*
 John: *then he goes to the ultimate home*
 Emily: *Emily never gets tired, she just sleeps because it makes john happy*
 Emily: *she follows him*
 Emily: kk, *Emily kisses John*

Approximately 6 days after the battle began, the battle will end. Master Exon and Chuck Norris have been in the longest constant super fist fight ever known to man, and possibly even God himself. However, Chuck showed the first signs of becoming tired. It seemed that his side of the fight would decline, and Exon would finish him. Chuck got tired, more and more, then, before he could get anymore tired, Master Exon declared "I had quite some fun with this fight. However, what you don't know, is that I could have killed you at any second."

Chuck Responded "You are the most powerful. Don't stop with me. Kill all of us." A few seconds after that, Exon choose to spare him. Chuck lost against the most powerful warrior in the universe.

While in the womb, Master Exon heard a English school boy back talking his mother. He then proceeded to leave the womb and strangle the English school boy with his own umbilical cord. He then went back in the womb to continue developing. This all happened within 3 seconds. The boy learned his lesson, survived, and grew up to be an Archbishop. Archbishop Mr. T.

Once, a child walked up to Master Exon and said,

"Master, how do you feel about the Japanese having all the fancy gadgets, and the US being capitalized by them?" Master Exon replied, "Although it 'tis true that they have a scarier form of capitalistic evil than the US, I rest securely every night knowing that half of their country is a nuclear waist land." Even with these small facts about him, none of you can truly understand just how great and powerful of a man he really is. The 7th day was about to begin and on this day, Exon would rest.

I, Can Not, had returned to my home city, to all my friends, and soon all would return to normal. Everyone asked a question. Can Not's eyes do not tear at the presence of onions. But, "Why does he cry at the sight of them?" This was the end. But with no beginning, it could not end. This is why:

I stood majestically in the courageous fluent structure of my room. I looked out the window, and saw the ever eternal beauty of a world that could not exist. It couldn't, but it did. Not because it could have happened, but because it choose to happen. I pondered. What if the cause of the big bang was 2 membranes colliding? That would have been sweet. I saluted the solvent thought, and thus began my journey with the Emperor. The Emperor was a magnificent figure with unparalleled proportions. Only I could stop that. I choose not to.

In this, we ascended to Wal-mart, a place of great choice. The prices were amazingly low. I obtained a metallic name tag with my name and title engraved upon it. A stunningly well hand-crafted necklace, and on it a medallion that said:

<p>Can Not One True Madalion.</p>

It was freaking sweet. As to all I appear the best. The best of all. In fact, so much better than all, I lost my solution, which encased me to a problem beyond what I thought I could understand. And that's when it hit me—A big man in an onion suit! He said "You are no longer the cause, but now the weakness." I looked at him funny. He looked funny. I said "I am only your weakness." At that time, I proceeded to kick him totally in 3 groins. I did a cranial combat flip and used unrealistically powerful hand to hand combat on his chest area, which soon broke down into the seven layers until I reached the last layer, which revealed to be a layer of pure gundanium, the strongest alloy of the colonies!

He laughed, and said "Now that you know my secret, my secret will kill you!"

He transmuformatted into a mobile onion suit! His robotic layers switched and exchanged within themselves

into a robotic onion suit of great power. I didn't like this. The mobile onion suit punched it's fist straight into my face. I fell back and rolled around on the ground. I stood up. It tried to strike again, but I dodged, then jumped on top of the arm as it returned. I jumped on the chassis, then I counterstruck it and broke the cockpit window with a titanium steel watch that was on my arm. I pulled the glass pieces away, then climbed in.

I ripped the mask off the man in the onion suit and saw a horrifying truth: He was the same man! The man, who, as I was a child, molested me. And he molested me good. At this sight, I became so angry, I looked weird. Some of his skin cells got scared and ran away. The man saw me, and crap filled his pants instantaneously. But that wasn't enough. He crapped his pants again. Then again. Then he did it again! He just wouldn't stop crapping his pants! How could we get him to stop? It was starting to smell bad! I uppercuted him until he started bleeding, then I walked away. Far away. People walked by him, and said "Ewww! That onion robot smells like poop!"

Soon, the Janitors went totally mad and cleaned the mess. As I walked out, I saw 2 girls. They were of gothic nature, had their arms crossed, and had their heads down, like typical emos. I crossed my arms as I passed and said "Man, I'm so depressed!" It was euphorically symbolic. Utterly beautiful. Deeply detergent.

And I choose it that way.

It was a stormy day, and Can Not was minding his own business, climbing up a mountain that was, in fact, so steep, you couldn't walk up it. Can Not climbed and climbed for hours. Suddenly, a freaking long bus popped out of the sky above him and fell below him. He didn't see or hear it. Instead, he felt the fear in all the children that would soon die. Without looking, Can Not leaped out, and attached to the bus without even thinking about it. The children wondered what I would do. Quickly, to prevent them from dying when the bus hit the ground, I ignited the bus's fuselage, in which ignited the tank, and the entire bus quickly ignited into blue flames. All the children were killed very quickly, unless they survived, in that case they died pretty slowly. I broke the bus in half, so that the children and flames inside the bus could get more oxygen, and I jumped back to the cliff. I am hardcore, so I didn't set up any ropes to latch onto. I had to grab the cliff with my bare hands.

Friction played it's insignificant role on my hands, then I decided it would be fun to slide all the way down the cliff-side with my hands dug into the cliff wall. A few minutes later, I got to the bottom and stopped. I kicked the cliff to show it who's boss, then I turned around. The

one child who survived from the bus was crawling, missing a leg, and partially on fire. He was really hardcore. However, due to a direct effect of me kicking the cliff, a boulder landed on the child and killed it. I laughed. I walked home, happily knowing that I stopped 50 kids from falling to their death. I'm not the boastful type, so I decided that I'd keep this to myself.

I was on the streets one day. I was tired of working out all by myself. I saw a nice young man on the sidewalk, and I asked him, "Sir, could you tell me how to get to a gym?" The boy, enthusiastic that he could help someone, because in church their task this week was to help a complete stranger, was quite willing to comply. He said, "You just have to goto Martin Street, and take a left. That's where my favorite gym is." I looked at him weird. He noticed me looking at him weird. I quickly said "What did you just tell me to do?" I uppercutted him in the face, and he flew into a speeding sports car. As the sports car turned on Martin Street, the kid impaled on the car fell off and hit a wall. His leg was still in the car. I finished the conflict by saying "Nobody tells Can Not what to do!" I was very angry. Why did this *nut-case* think he could tell me what to do? I dare him to come back. I stopped.

I walked to his body, where he was still conscious, and said "What are you going to tell me to do next, tell me how much the gym costs?" I kicked the kid in the face. "Yeah! Come on punk!" I spit in his eyeballs. "Haha, you deserve it. But guess what? You didn't deserve this!" I kicked him in the fourth groin lightning fast, then ran away, giggling.

I am deathly afraid of dogs. Well. Not really. But I don't like them. They always jump all over you, and it's annoying. Then they poop, pee, and have sex in your front yard. Even worse, is when you try to get a closer view, they won't let you watch! But anyways, my cousin took me to see the 101 dalmatians this weekend, and it wasn't too bad. But it was a special showing. After the movie, we'd get to see 101 real dalmatians! That was cool! I pet one, and it was cool. But the other dogs sensed me petting one, and they all wanted to be petted. Then looked at me diligently, and I knew I needed to get out of here. With no other choice, I began to uppercut the first dalmatian that got in my face. I uppercutted it to get it out of my way, but soon I realized that I had no choice but to uppercut them until they die. One by one, they all fell. I killed around 20, when the security got on to my case. Unfortunately, they had to fight through 80 dogs to reach me.

I continued to brutally uppercut all the dalmatians I could, and soon they were close enough. I jumped up, then

wall jumped off the ceiling into a guard, who I killed upon impact. The 2nd and 3rd guards looked at me, then each other, then me, then each other, then pulled out their guns. As they fired, I pulled a dalmatian between the guns and me. While they reloaded, I kicked 7 large dalmatians into the second guard, who was overwhelmed and injured. The third guard lost site of me, and shortly after he felt my fist snapping his neck. Shortly after, he fell dead. I took his recently loaded gun, and shot the remaining guard to death. Just to be sure, I kicked his skull in. With the remaining bullets, I shot some dalmatians, as they needed to leave me alone. I continued to kill them, one by one, strangling them to death with my bare hands. After about 5 minutes, only one was left. He looked at me. He knew I would kill him. He ran. I let him run. I had naturally selected dogs to be a living species.

Just in case you didn't know, there is no theory of Natural Selection, only a list of animals that I allow to live. After this conflict, a bystander asked me "Why did you just kill 100 Dalmations?" I replied "Because Disney movies are for morons."

Conversation

Girl: i feel sorry for poor kayla
 Girl: but i don't know what to do for her.
 Girl: chase says he really likes her
 Girl: but he refuses to sit next to her and such its weird.
 Can Not: Find a gay guy, and tell the gay guy to
 Can Not: make moves on chase if chase won't sit next to the girl.
 Can Not: If chase is in the closet,
 Can Not: then we'll have solved 2 problems with one fag.

There I was. Outside Washington, DC. Standing. I don't really remember what I was doing, maybe it was Labor-dependance Day or something. Anyways, President Franklyn D. Roosevelt walked up to me and said "Hello, youth of America, what is your name?" I looked at him, and he could see a voice inside me fidgiting through my eye. This made him lean back, but slowly, as if to avoid making me aware of his awarision. I said "Those with life call me Can Not. Those without call me *Death*." FDR looked at me funny, and said "Well, Can, uh. Let's just keep this between you and me for a second. I am in need of \$20. If you trust me that I will repay you, I will return to you greater reward in return." I accepted his deal, and forged a 20 straight from my pocket. He took it, then gave me his phone number, so I may repay him.

For six months, I asked of nothing in return. On the seventh month, I asked for my money. "Repay me, FDR. You have until the end of the seventh month." During the seventh month, I rested. When the eve of the 8th month came, I grew weary. I called him again, and asked "You have until midnight to return it to me." He responded with "Can

Not, I need more time!" Midnight came, and his time was up. I walked in on the White House. Some guards said "Hey, you can't do that!" I looked at them. The voices in my head departed. I lost consciousness, then slowly woke up with them laying on the ground, choking with either other's arms down their own throats. The guns were broken in halve, and their legs tied with rope to trees, although they weren't hanging. A few of their fingers were amputated and put on concrete, positioned conveniently with a chessboard drawn in blood. I walked on.

To the elevator I went, then straight to FDR's office. FDR said "Ah, Can Not, how convenient, I have the money right here. Also, I bought you a car, for your trouble." I looked at him, and said "That's nice and all, but it's now the 8th month. I can't accept it." He looked at me and said "Are you insane?" I smiled. I stretched out my arm, and pointed my hand at him. The fear came upon him like a plaque over Europe, and I quickly flexed my arm and created a tight fist. The shock of this site made him collapse. I laughed, knowing that I let him off easy. I walked home, and sat on the couch, about to sleep. Suddenly, a freaking sweet ninja came out of nowhere and said "DUDE! The President can't walk anymore! He reportedly collapsed in his office." I asked the Ninja "Why must I know? Did I ask you to tell me?" At that moment, I grabbed the Ninja's chest and uppercutted him or her until it died. Then I just left it on the floor.

There was once a form of intelligence greater than of a communist's. At first this entity was laughed upon, but soon would prevail. I first encountered this guy at Barnes and Nobles, and this guy was hella smart. Most people would spew out mindless profanity, but this one... he was without profane. Yet his words were all the same. And yet they felt so different. He said to me "By what my ears have heard, I understand you are known as the Can Not?"

I looked at him funny. I asked "Known as? There is no known as, there is only an is. I am Can Not. Can Not, is me." He perked his ear and looked at me like I was a challenge. Then he said "Play me in a game of chess. I guarantee you won't win." We walked over to a chess board. I sat down, and he sat down across from me. As he prepared the chess pieces, I kicked the table over, then laid a finishing uppercut to his face. "Nobody tells Can Not what to do. Not even smart people." I walked up to his body, then stepped on his face. I pulled out a \$60 Wal-mart gift card from his pocket, and walked away. This left him to clean the mess, and me the clear victor. I win. Again. And I choose it that way.

Chapter 15: Perspective?

Shortly before school started, I was in the hospital, and there I met a young boy. He was a cancer patient. I asked this boy "Do you know that Can Not does not speak to boys?" The boy gave a frightened look. I kicked his face, and he flew out an open window. He possibly died. I sensed a lack of fear, which was odd. I turned around to investigate. A girl was behind me. She said "So, do you speak to girls?"

I looked at her. Then I smiled "What is a girl? Please define "girl"." This was a pretty sneaky thing to say. She asked me "So, I guess you are an intellectual type, eh?"

"I'm smarter than anything you would ever be able to comprehend."

"Good. I need a man of great wisdom."

"And by great, you mean...?"

"Uh...Utter? Utter Wisdom?"

"Yes. Now that you truly know what I know, tell me your question."

"When people run around and around in circles we say they are crazy. When planets do it we say they are orbiting. What is the correlation?"

"The correlation is irrelevant, it is a matter of perspective. We say they are crazy, but they think they are normal. A third party will assume they are having fun, and fourth party will take offense to the circulation and attempt to have it banned. as to the planets, our perspective is that it is orbiting, but a deity's perspective is that it's decaying, and God's perspective is that is has already been there, already was there, and already is there."

"Water freezes at 32 degrees and boils at 212 degrees. There are 180 degrees between freezing and boiling because there are 180 degrees between north and south."

"A circle created between any two points will always measure 180 degrees from point A and point B. The phrase is broken, because Fahrenheit isn't the only perspective used. In fact, not all perspectives make 180 degrees an arc equal to half a circle."

"There are 26 vitamins in all, but some of the letters are yet to be discovered. Finding them all means living forever."

"This is on the basis of a lack of understanding. There are letter vitamins, and 26 letters, therefor 26 vitamins. But when a 27th letter is found, our perspective is broken and another vitamin is assumed to exist. Just like in Pokemon, how there were 150, then 151. Of course, there could not be more, could there? Now there are over

300! Poor people are born on poor islands in the middle of the ocean, only knowing of themselves, and they are unaware of the rich world around them, which isn't even rich in the first place. But in their minds, they have all that they need. At all times in the world, there will be a common belief, and that belief will commonly be proven wrong, only to be proven wrong by another belief. This gives us the constant perspective of being right while always being wrong." And am I right when I say that we are all wrong, and always will be? Or will there be a time when I will be wrong, and the world will for once be right?

The girl spoke again, "There is a tremendous weight pushing down on the center of the Earth because of so much population stomping around up there these days. Will they stomp until the Earth is destroyed, or will they die from the stomping?"

"What? Have you not heard of natural selection? Those who can not feed themselves, die. The population will rise, competition will bring it back down as fast as it went up. Like in all times before the 1900th century, human population was constant, and the human population will breach it's carrying capacity, go down, then stay relatively constant. And you will say, *oh, that's mean*, but I will tell you that I would support a world wide birth control program by the governments of Earth. Even if it does something as inhuman as neutering or spading all the people but of one race. And when you tell me that is inhuman, and prefer it differently, I will ask you, *what is more inhuman, ending reproduction of around 5(+/-) billion people (unnaturally selecting one race) resulting in a 1 or 2 billion population in 4 generations, or having a population of 10 billion people, who will, in fact, starve, suffer racism, and struggle to share the wealth of the world?*"

I smiled firmly, and looked around. We had gathered quite an odd crowd, people amazed that I am, in fact, probably the most open-minded person in existence, or something. Then I continued, "Also, what is inhumane? The opposite of humane? What is humane? Everything that sounds nice? It's used as if it were worth anything, yet it's such a hollow perspective. Everyone is born surrounded by their surroundings, and when their surrounding change, they get agitated. The parents of the Beatles era of time totally freak out about this rock crap, the parents of the disco era freak out about disco, the parents of the next era will freak about about anything that comes out after their surrounding becomes remotely concrete with their perspective. Unfortunately, a side can't be taken on an issue without having a perspective, but I hope that one day, all ignorant perspectives will be removed from the

world. And unfortunately, the one who has that perspective knows it won't happen, and even himself will fail on occasion."

She told me her next statement, "Clouds are high flying fogs, and only that."

"Only the liars and deities can give you absolutes. But do not consider my statement an absolute, for exceptions and variations can be found everywhere, can be found nowhere, and everywhere in between."

Everyone was amazed, and kinda wondered what the heck this was. I said "Now go." The girl looked at me. Out of fear, she left. The fear could almost be seen emitting from her body. The crowd's head exploded out of sheer sweetness.

Conversation

Caroline: Hey
 John: hi
 John: ur avatar is so hawt
 Caroline: I know right?
 John: u'd know
 John: lol
 Caroline: Well I want an avatar conversation!!!!....I feel like such a dork
 John: rofl
 Caroline: :(
 John: why?
 Caroline: idk
 John: these aren't the kind of things that you can ask for
 John: they just happen
 John: but anyways what's ur ava's name?
 Caroline: Emma
 John: eww
 John: chanfe it to emily
 John: but thats already taken
 John: emma sounds like an old grandma
 John: and john doesn't talk to those
 Caroline: fine then. You think of a name for her
 John: Caroline?
 John: Meredith
 John: ???
 Caroline: Fine....its Caroline
 John: yay
 John: Hey Caroline...what's up?
 Caroline: Nm you?
 John: I was just chilling at my house with freaking beer and crap
 John: Just playing Gamecube and chillin' with the bros
 John: wow, emily is one hawtdog
 Caroline: Ya right
 John: Don't tell her we said that
 John: I said that*
 Caroline: ok whatever
 Caroline: soooo....
 John: Emily, is infact, so freakign hawt, I'd french her super hardcore at a collossium in midieval Rome
 John: During a lion fight
 Caroline: Im hotter than her
 Caroline: and you know it
 John: woah, are you trying to say something caroline?
 John: I know im not the most open minded person, but
 John: still
 John: wow, thats a hawt dress
 Caroline: Made it myself
 John: This girl told me I was hairy today, when she saw my arm, but I corrected her and told her that it was titanium steel wool
 John: For the next 6 minutes, she rubbed her face on my arm
 John: cause steel is sweet

Caroline: intresting
 John: I bet u'd like some of that, wouldn't you?
 Caroline: actually
 Caroline: no
 John: dont be silly, steel wool arm hair is greater than somethign really great, even more important than Emily herself
 John: which is saying something
 Caroline: Thats really saying something
 John: I know
 Caroline: yup
 John: I love your hair
 John: its all brown and crap
 Caroline: Its better than any other girls hairstyle
 John: Oh rly?
 John: even emily's?
 Caroline: oh ya
 John: Maybe I should get closer, to check it out
 Caroline: maybe you should
 John: *John approaches like a predator, stalking it's prey*
 Caroline: *Caroline looks at John* you know. Youre pretty hawt yourself.
 John: *John attempts to put arms around Caroline. John's beast-like breathing blows her hair to the side, where his hand can better play with it*
 John: I know I am
 Caroline: *Caroline kisses John*
 John: John returns passionatly
 John: Just uh, keep this a secret from Emily, eh?
 Caroline: ok
 Caroline: I promise
 John: *John starts another passionate kiss, better than the ones from those fancy movies*
 John: *John likes it*
 Caroline: *Caroline likes it*
 John: *John suspects Caroline of payign too much for auto insurance, but keeps it to himself, during the long passionate kiss*
 Caroline: *Caroline breaks away from the kiss* This is wrong
 John: But Caroline!
 John: It feels so right
 John: I guess your right
 Caroline: You know im right
 John: Well, I might know you're right
 John: I guess I should really go home, before anythng else happens
 John: bye
 Caroline: no dont go
 John: But I have to!
 John: *John walks near a door*
 Caroline: you cant leave me here
 John: I suppose not, but what else could I do?
 Caroline: I....I dont know
 John: I can do this *John hugs Caroline, then walks slwoly out the door*
 John: bye Caroline!
 Caroline: fine whatever. Leave me hanging. See if I care ass hole
 John: Wow, quite fiesty there, aren't we?
 John: *The person who is playing john will seriously get body-slammed against a brick wall if he doesn't goto sleep, even if he has to be the one to do it*
 John: bye Caroline
 Caroline: bye

I walked toward the exit of the hospital, and out the front door. Here, I would leave. Here, I would exit. Here, I would be gone. But that wasn't going to happen the way I wanted it to. Wesley Snipes stood at the entrance of the door, as if waiting for me. But I didn't know who he was at the time, and he said "Are you Can Not?" I replied "Have I ever not been?" He said "I have always been Wesley Snipes. I am here to kill you." I looked at him. He would kill me? Yeah right! I wall jumped and kicked him in the face with uber force. He was unhappy with the situation, so he

retaliated. He punched me in the chest, which made me fall back into a back roll and land on my feet in awesome style. We both lunged and punched each other in the faces with our fists! We made a short twist around each other, then bounced off the superior forces from within us. He broke through the glass wall into the hospital. I hit a really expensive looking sports car, and broke every spinner on it.

The people in the hospital noticed, and then they began to worry. I didn't know who this guy was, so I was kind of worried, too. I was getting bored of this, so I took the fight to the next level. I threw the driver from inside the sports car and hit Snipes with it. He blocked with his arms, then broke off some of the metal from the wall, and proceeded to smack me with it. Lucky for me, I could walk out of the way. But he started moving faster, and that's when the problem started. I quickly ripped a bumper from a parked car and used it to deflect huge metal bar with broken glass coming from the sides. The mother of 3 children came out of the hospital screaming "WOOHOO!!!!!!11 I can go home!" Snipes accidentally hit her with the bar, and she was literally snapped in halve from the impact alone. I bet she died or something. I threw a tire rim at Snipes, and he batted it into the wall of another building. Part of the wall broke down, and an office cubicle fell into the street.

I looked around, and it seemed that there was a traffic jam caused by a few accidents indirectly related to our fight. I snuck up on Snipe, and uppercutted him. He got it good, and he got it hard. He was on the ground, and didn't get up as quickly as he wanted to. I asked "Why are you here to kill me?" Snipes responded "The Face of the one sent me." I inquired "What one is he of?" Snipes had no choice but to explain in detail: "I have no freaking clue. This guy is like a total face. That's all he is. Just a face. I wanted to get a job from some corporate rich guy, but noooooo! All that's available is some demon face thing! I mean, is this a joke? Why not a full demon? Ahhh, I hate life. Chuck Norris! Get over here." Chuck Norris seemed to appear quickly, but didn't appear as solid as he should have. Chuck was covered head to toe in his own blood. Chuck asked "What?" Wesley Snipes said "Will you kill me? I'm sick of this." Chuck looked at Snipes "Are you sure?"

Snipes face looked up at Chuck's face. He sighed, and said "Just give me the biggest kick to the face ever." Chuck smiled, and he reeled his leg back. As it stretched farther and farther back, the sky slowly turned slightly dark. The hospital's power broke instantly, and thousands of patients, with tubes clearly ripped out of their body's or apart, spontaneously jumped out of every visible window,

flying into the sky by flapping their arms as if they were ducks. Some woke up in the middle of surgery when they began to fly away. A doctor looked out the window in a fury of confusion, and then he saw Chuck Norris. Immediately, the doctor committed suicide right there, fell out the window and splattered on top of a wrecked car. I inspected the direction of the flying patients, and they didn't seem to be going anywhere specific. Then, at once, they all violently swirled into a pattern. The pattern transmuted all the patients into a gel like goo, and the colors became pretty.

Chuck Norris saw the goo in the sky, and smiled, because it was pretty cool. Then, he forced his leg forward into the ultimate roundhouse kick to end all roundhouse kicks. Snipes flew into the sky. Almost too fast to be possible, the goo transmuted into a person wearing all black and having white hair. The person had a long sword, and cut Snipes' body in half as he flew by in the sky. The character seemed familiar, like I had seen before, and recently. The guy landed from the sky, and walked toward Chuck Norris and I. He asked "Where is Exon?" Chuck and I both knew who Exon was, and I replied "I don't know, I haven't seen him since he fought Chuck." Chuck looked at me, then the guy in black, and said "I left him in Rome. He beat me in a fight. So who are you?"

The guy in black smiled. He responded "I am Sephiroth." Then it hit me! Sephiroth said that if he were killed, he would come from another world and kill his killer! But Exon is of deity strength, there is no way! Chuck looked at Sephiroth and laughed "You're going to fight him, aren't you? DUDE! I just fought him and lost, there is no way you could kill him!" Sephiroth smiled and replied "Don't be a fool. I'll take care of him." Sephiroth walked away. Then I began talking to Chuck Norris "Dude, how powerful is Exon?"

"Dude, he is the most powerful enemy I have ever had! Oh my God! There is no comparison!" We talked for hours about just how cool Exon is, and how powerful he is, and how there was no way Sephiroth could kill him, let alone want to. We both walked our separate paths, and I smiled that he didn't kill me, because soon I will be strong enough to kill him, and when I am, I will.

Conversation

Can Not: What the crap? Don't you mean a printer "cartridge"? "Carcass" is a dead body.

Wendy: Dude, yeah, cartridge! But a freaking dead body is like a "cork"

Can Not: "Cork"? You mean "corpse," right?

Wendy: Uh, yeah.

Anyways, I had to get a physical done, just in case I secretly have a horrible disease. They did a blood test, and all my white blood cells had a strange black ring

around them. None of the doctors knew what is was, so they informed me of it. That's when I explain to them that my blood cells are black belts in every form of field combat and martial arts known and unknown to man, and I will never be sick because my blood cells kick some serious membrane proteins. The doctor got really mad, so he injected me with AIDs, and to his surprise, the needle wouldn't even go into my skin, because the white blood cells are just that powerful. Afterwards, I uppercutted the doctor so freaking hard, he flew into the sky and might have gone into space or the sky.

It was close to night. All was quiet. An antelope landed in the center of Rome. Off the Antelope unmounted Sephiroth. He looked around. He was sure that Exon had left already. Sephiroth saw a group of people crawl or run out of the rubble. Of all Catholic Elites, theses were the Elite of the Elite. Whoever fought them would be a fool. Sephiroth laughed, and remounted onto the antelope. Then, they flew away. The fresh Elites were ready to kill in the war they missed out on.

Conversation

Sarah: I had a strange dream where you were killing children in their sleep and you tried to kill me.

Can Not: Yeah, that was a dream. If it weren't, the word *try* wouldn't be there.

Chapter 16: Crossing, Breaking, and Forging

One day in New York, New York, in streets, the Happy was just walking, minding his own business. Cars were driving by, in their own world of confusion and urgency. The Happy saw this in them, and laughed. The Happy stopped. He looked across the street. And, from across the street, a figure looked at him. Happy realized who this figure was. Using his superior hand to hand combat, the Happy smashed his way across the street, leaving a clear pathway between 2 rows of debris. When he reached the other side, the figure said "Why did you come all the way to this side of the street just to see me?" The Happy responded "I came here to beat the crap out of you."

The character laughed. He didn't think Happy would do it. Happy used hand to hand combat all over the guys face, and the guy hit a building and bounced across the street. The Happy said "It has been a long time since the last time we met, Ashton Kutcher." Ashton Kutcher and Happy fought against each other in Italy. Ashton said "Ah, but you see, this time I will win!" Ashton fought Happy's hand to hand combat with druid magic, but seemed to be failing miserably. Ashton then thought that he should reveal some hand to hand combat of his own. Ashton put his arms in a combat stance. Next, he flexed his muscles. All the skin on his arms shed off, and new, moist, powerful arms were now in place of the old ones. Ashton and Happy engaged into combat, hand to hand, and went on for a few minutes. Happy introduced Ashton to his foot, and Ashton flew through six buildings. Happy jumped through the holes and chased him. Before Happy could reach the final hole, Ashton lead a wailing fist into Happy's face.

Happy didn't like that. But, of course, who would? Happy took his hand to hand combat to the next level, and mauled Ashton's face until the face melted into Ashton's stomach and lungs where, shortly after, Ashton died. Happy smiled, because he had rid the world of another idiot.

Alrictus and Iurus were walking upon the path of the world, and found another in front of them. His name was Vercus. Alrictus asked "What brings you here, Vercus?" Vercus responded "I just wanted to know if you guys wanted to come down with me. Come on, it'll be awesome."

Iurus intervened "Uh, no. We already discussed this."

Vercus accepted this fate, and went on his way. Alrictus said "Why do the Angels of Hell want us so bad?"

"Eh, I don't know. They collect souls for some reason, I'm not sure why. I have 2 souls, and I don't want them to have it." said Iurus.

"Only 2? I have 6. You know they'll get it anyways,

right?"

"Well no, not always. One of them I keep reincarnating. He's on his seventh life, right now. But the others have gone to hell, that's true."

"You ever wonder if Heaven still exists?"

"I do sometimes. I think it was destroyed or something. It was so perfect."

"Yeah, that crazy Lucifer guy started a fight, and I just got scared and ran away. I knew God was almighty and all, but I didn't want Lucifer to destroy me."

"Oh yeah, that. I got in a few mangled situations, threw a few blows, saw some angles get demolished, but I never really did any significant damage. I, too, ran away in fear."

"Like before the fight, an angel asked me to rebel against God. I didn't want to, really. Like, a whole third of heaven joined Lucifer, and a whole third stayed at least 90% loyal to God. The last third was probably more loyal to God than not, but didn't really want to get involved."

"That was a cool war, though, even though I never really got involved. Even if Heaven is still around or won, for sure God would have us destroyed for being cowards!"

"Indeed. Maybe if we could find Micheal, I personally saw him slay 6 Angels of Hell at the same time. That was freaking sweet."

Alrictus saw an Angle moving at a rather high-speed. Alrictus stopped the Angel, and asked "Is God still in existence?"

The Angel responded "Angels of Hell? Wondering if God is still alive?"

Iurus argued "No, we are not of Hell! We're wanderers."

The Angel looked at him funny, then spoke "Ah, I've heard of your kind. You should really come back to Heaven. I know it's been over 9,000 ages, but still."

Alrictus inquired "What has changed?"

"Ah! Well, our free wills have been limited, so we can no longer do some fancy things."

"Like reincarnate a soul?" replied Alrictus

"What, you can do that?" wondered the Angel of Heaven.

"I've done it." said Iurus.

The Angel of Heaven continued "That's pretty cool. We never try it in Heaven, because if we send a soul back to Earth, the Angels of Hell can still try to take it."

"Take us to Heaven so we may reunite with God." said Alrictus.

And after that day, 8 people were saved, and 2 Angels began to work for God again.

Conversation

The Block: Pain is just a feeling that reminds you your alive

Can Not: Are you saying I'm not alive?

Can Not and his friends were once playing a game of chutes and ladder. His friend reached a ladder, and limbed up. Can Not was behind for over an hour, and the game was about to end. His friend was scared, because he knows what happens if Can Not does not win. Can Not reached the bottom of a chute, and climbed up. His friend said "But Can Not, you can't do that!" Can Not replied "What? I'm not some wussy who can't climb a plastic slide! You can't tell me what I can and can't do! Don't you know who I am?" Before the friend could open his mouth, he was cast out into the street, where many cars impaled him until he died.

Then, before I went inside, Master Exon walked to my door. I asked "Master Exon? Have you returned?" Exon responded "Yes. I've spent time with all the remaining Madalions in order, and your the last. Afterwards, I will depart again." My entire body melted just a little, and the scale of awesomeness just broke the richter scale and conceived the inevitable theory of inscalable sweetness. It was that awesome. I said "Come in, you're welcome here." He looked at me funny. A colossal fist went into my face so fast, it had to of happened 6 times in a row. He said "You will come with me."

He walked to the street, expecting me to follow. And, of course, I did. As we walked, I asked him "Exon, how did you do the shadow thing?"

"What do you mean, Can Not?"

"You know, where you projected out of my mouth, then absorbed Sephiroth, then became super awesome."

"Ah, that. I developed that technique in my garden. It's like all that you should know in life. Do what the opponent does not expect. Like in a fist fight. Your opponent expects you to punch him. He does not expect you to bite into the side of his forehead, then pinch his individual blood veins until they brake in his body. No, he thinks you'll punch him. This is halve the basis of the entire Madalion Code of Battle."

"What is the other half, master?"

"Do what your opponent thinks can not be done. For example, in my youth, before I was a Madalion of true strength, the older kids would chase me to a concrete edge with a 20 feet drop. As I would approach it, they would slow down and surround me. Then they would proceed to beat the crap out of me. One day, that changed. I looked, and all time seemed to slow down in front of me. I lost my perspective of being an idiot 14 year old, and for the first time, saw the perspective of a Madalion. When I considered jumping over the ledge, the thoughts used to be

"DUDE YOUR ABOUT TO FREAKING DIE," but now they were *I'll have to sacrifice energy on the drop. Also, to greatly reduce impact, I'll have to use my feet to convert downward force to sideways force. Upon impact, sliding will damage body, so we'll have to roll.* This lead to me jumping, scaring the crap out of the older kids, and being sweet. When the older kids looked over to find me, they couldn't see me anywhere. I also learned the Ninja Roll. Fast."

"Did you freaking kill them?"

"Heck yeah. After I learned that simple move, I learned a few other moves. I acquired a knife blade, and began to stalk them at night. One by one, they all dropped out of high school, *if you know what I mean.* The rest of Madalion combat is based partially off Sun Tzu's The Art of War and Ninjitsu. To the point, one true Madalion would stand on the grave of his recently killed enemy and say *I know you won the battle, but I'm still alive.*"

"The Magic Train..."

"Yes. How could he have died by another hand? But you stood on his grave, and you were the one still alive, even though he always won. You are a Madalion. I see potential in you. Soon, you will be greater than the remaining Madalions: Sonixunite, Avacored, The SolarQuake, and Yerkon. You'll be the most powerful. After passing them, you'll pass me. I know it. It's what the matter of the world screams at me. I know what will happen after you pass me, but I can't tell you. However, you must know, it will be great."

"How interesting... Where are we heading?"

"No. Where we are going is coming to us."

"Where is coming to us?"

Suddenly, *where* came to us... literally. The motion of the Earth moved beneath us, and the world seemed to blur and break, then all settled. Sir John and the Face were in front of us. The Face yelled "What the heck? John, embrace for combat." John looked at Exon for a split second, only long enough to see a freaking huge fist maul whatever was left of John's face. The debris of John's face landed on the Face's face, and it was gross. After all was done, I realized that John's entire head was over 100 feet away, and rolling on the ground, like a recently smashed tomato. Sir John's body slowly leaned back, then Exon kicked the torso off, leaving only legs, which fell over. The torso exploded in mid-air as a direct effect of the kick, and fell completely apart. The legs had smoke come from them. The Face looked at Exon in fear. I watched in awe.

That's when I decided to get a piece of the action. I jump kicked, about to hit the face, and then got blocked by Shaq! Shaq grabbed my foot, and threw me into a building. I jumped to my feet lightning fast, then rapidly punched into

his stomach, where he literally puked all over my shirt. Not because he wanted to, but because my fist's made him do it. He stepped back, bent over, holding his stomach, being sad. I lunged forward, kneed him in the stomach, then pinched his jugular vein. He spook slowly "Can Not... don't be a fool. Let me live." I looked at him. Let go. If I held his jugular any longer, it would have snapped and internally bled himself to death. With this act of mercy, I felt good about myself. Because of this new found happiness, I uppercutted Shaq's jaw so hard, it went through and out the back of his head, along with his brain, which hit the Face in the face.

Laughing, I kicked Shaq and Shaq's dads in the gonads. Then I did it again. That's when it hit me. Isn't Shaq just as strong as Chuck Norris, or at least close? Chuck would have kicked my butt easily! Then isn't right. Exon then spook to me "You were always capable of killing Chuck Norris. You just didn't think you were, you were afraid. You've never used the great strength you truly possess. Now that you are winning, you are building your confidence. Now, kill the Face." I looked at the Face. Did he really deserve to die? The Face said "Can Not... I love you." I threw a rock straight up the Face's nose, then I shifted behind it super fast. I wanted to do the shadow thing. Exon felt this, and guided me. I made the shadow project from my body. It engulfed the Face, before anything could be done. I absorbed the Face, and broke the Face's spiritual and physical composition to the simplest possible materials, then absorbed it into my body.

The Emperor walked into his house one day. He sat on a leather couch, made of 100% ex-girlfriend, and enjoyed the evening watching TV. Everything seemed to be OK. Then, the Emperor walked into the kitchen. He smelt an odd smell. He sniffed. Then again. That's when the Emperor knew what it was... He said "Fish sticks... DAMN YOU SPIDERMAN!!!!!!11" Shortly after hearing this, there was a ruffle, and an open window was suddenly noticed. This angered the Emperor greatly.

Conversation

John: *john sees caroline, then runs up and totally hugs her*

John: hi!

Caroline: You know Emily knows about us right?

John: we aren't going out

John: she found out about what happened?

Caroline: yes

John: how?

Caroline: thats what I mean

Caroline: ...

Caroline: well

Caroline: it might have slipped

Caroline: when I was talking to her

John: how could you?

Caroline: ummmm.....sorry?

John: now emily will hate me forever!

Caroline: listen im sorry!!! Anyways I know that we are not going out!!! Why would I want to go out with you?
 John: I don't know, why would you?
 Caroline: I didn't mean to. We were talking about hott guys and it just came out.
 John: Is Emily like super pissed?
 Caroline: yes
 Caroline: but she will get over it. I promise
 John: Of course, of course, I mean, who could hate this?
 John: *flexes like a tank*
 John: *or gun*
 Caroline: some people would hate that*crosses arms*
 John: Only because they're jealous
 John: *wink*
 Caroline: or because the sight of a wimpy guy thinking hes tough makes them want to throw up
 John: Yeah, I'd want to throw up at that, too.
 Caroline: well never mind for making you feel as worse as I do
 John: Don't feel bad about it
 John: Sometimes things must change...
 John: *plays with caroline's elbow gently*
 Caroline: *moves closer to John*
 John: *puts arms around caroline*
 Caroline: *Kisses Johns cheek*
 John: *john kisses caroline's cheek, and embraces for like a minute or something*
 Caroline: *Thinks about taking off Johns shirt, but dosent*
 John: *moves in for the ultimate making out*
 Caroline: *starts making out with John*
 John: *smiles*
 John: *john moves his hand really close to caroline;s butt, infact, he's touching it. naughty naughty john*
 Caroline: ((lol)) *Caroline starts kissing harder*
 John: *john gets his tonge involved*
 John: (is that hot or what?)
 Caroline: (Thats very hot....for some reason, I feel like Paris Hilton saying that)

God spoke to me. He said "Can Not, do not goto school today!" I looked at him. I agreed. Of course, although I technically did not goto school, school came to me. I flexed my eternal borgir of abnormally dense muscles. They were so powerful, they made cracking and whistling noises. Where I should have gone had come to me, and I was in the Senior lunchroom. Seniors? YEAH RIGHT! Of course, none cared that I was there, because they know that I can go anywhere I want. I had to protect the Emperor. He was with an unusual crowd. I was right in the need for his defense. A woman stole his hat. In a shock wave heard around the world, I powered up my battle systems to optimal power. To the woman's side was a kid named DJ. The woman ran away with it. After telling her that she runs like a three year old, I watched the Emperor corner her, and she slipped it to DJ. They passed it back and forth as a strategic advantage against the Emperor. With a table between them, there was no advantage for the Emperor.

Except that I was there. Quickly, I wall jumped over the table to where DJ was. He became scared like a broken Rastafarian, then threw it. In this state of confusion, the Emperor was able to obtain it. He was caught by the woman, then passed it to me when DJ came to assist. I put a trashcan between me and the DJ. He tried to go through, but failed. I gave the Emperor his hat when he could take it. Then I disassembled DJ and the girl piece by piece, and

they died.

In a class, a kid refused to give Can Not his paper. All was silent, then Can Not said "I'm going to roundhouse kick you in the face." loud enough to be clearly heard by the entire class, and God saw that it was good.

I asked Exon during the days that he would be with us "What about the history of the Madalions?"

Exon replied "Our history isn't important right now. Destroying our enemies is what is important. Ah, here comes your friend."

I looked into the sky. Faith descended from the sky. She spoke "What the heck happened?"

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"All 6 Unicorns are dead!"

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. And the ones who are still alive, they are gone. I don't know where they are."

This was an oddity beyond me. I don't remember any combat between any Unicorns. Exon interrupted "I know the war has ended, but Can Not and I must continue the fight. You're invited to join."

Faith asked "What is left to fight? Not even my enemies in a good mood!"

Exon continued "I know. We recently took care of Sir John and the Face. Ching Shih is still alive, I talked to her a few days ago, We'll have to check on her later to see if she really is as OK as she says she is. Whitney escaped us, and we'll have to chase her down until we can kill her. She won't escape the next time we can finish her. Mr. T? Who knows what he's doing. Chuck Norris is OK to let live, he is doing his own personal business, whatever that is. We need to gather the remaining Madalions and prepare to finish and find the remains of our enemies. Even the ones we haven't met yet."

I smiled, and added "Also, I actually don't know the other Madalions very well. Of the ones that are still alive, I may be able to get to know them better."

Exon said "Sonixunite just got out of the hospital yesterday, and is waiting for us. Let us ride you, Faith."

Faith nodded. All two of us jumped super awesome-like on her back, and she burst out of there because she was an abomination of pure awesomeness. We went to a hospital, and at the front entrance, Sonixunite waited. He asked "What took so long?" We all laughed, he jumped on Faith's rear section, and we flew off to where Avacored is. When we got to him, we gathered him, and went to find The SolarQuake, then Yerkon. All of us rode on Faith, and we landed at Rome. Here must be an enemy. Here would be the battle, if one at all.

Dragus and Vin Diesel looked into the sunset. Vin

said "Did you feel that? What was it?"

Dragus responded with an answer greater than any answer that any mere mortal could give "It was the Face of demons. The young Madalion has eaten it or something. He might take whatever power the Face has or knows of with him, assuring his dominance." And that is when Mr. T showed up. With a few scratches, Mr. T had obviously fought a somewhat challenging battle. Mr. T said "Vin, I'm here to end your jibba-jabba."

Vin smiled. Vin walked from the edge of a forest from which he stood. There was a huge plain, and the sun just finished setting. Vin said "I've canned bigger freaks than you."

Mr. T chuckled and responded "I pity the fool who thinks he can stand a chance against me."

"Yeah, I wouldn't doubt that. But honestly, I don't need any of your pity, Mr. T. It can all goto Hercules, the action figure you still blindly believe is better than He-man. He-man is better in every way possible, and you know it."

"Oh, leave the toys out of this, fool!"

Vin smiled, then laid the greatest punch known to man straight into Mr. T's central core chain. Mr. T's frohawk moved forward on it's own and cut Vin Diesel's fists until they *freaking* bled. Vin didn't like this. Vin threw six more punches and a grenade. Mr. T's gold bling deflected or absorbed all of them. Mr. T's frohawk prepared for an aerial assault, but Vin shot it down with his pistol. Vin put Mr. T in a headlock, but Mr. T flexed his brain muscles and the raw power of milk infused with his pure awesomeness made Vin explode off Mr. T. Vin was almost hurt, but his muscles embraced the explosive impact and slowed down the explosion's expansion rate. Mr. T tried to make Vin die on his gold cross, but Vin grew three more arms and blasted Mr. T's iron shell with armor piercing punches.

At this time, it was revealed that Mr. T is not black. For a few seconds, the sun didn't fear shining on Mr. T. But, when Mr. T got his hand back on the situation, the sun became scared again, and was in fact too scared to shine on Mr. T, so Mr. T looked black again. Vin ripped some trees out of the forest, then threw them at Mr. T. Mr. T used his awesome projectile crapping skill to deflect them in mid-air. Seriously, other than Mr. T, who could deflect entire trees by launching their own crap?

Vin Diesel and Mr. T fought for hours and hours, and the battle never reached a climax. Eventually, they both got bored, and Mr. T said "Fool! I guess you have the strength to back up your jibba-jabba. I no longer pity you."

"I am honored." Vin kneeled for Mr. T, which is

similar to a knight kneeling for a queen, but more like a one half god kneeling to a two thirds god. Dragus asked "What the heck was that?" after Mr. T left. Vin could not speak for the next 6 days.

Conversation

John: *john is like totally in the middle of making out with caroline*
 Caroline: *Caroline pulls away* who do you love more?Me or Emily?
 John: you, Caroline
 John: I was getting annoyed by her anyways, u know what I mean?
 Caroline: ya *starts making out with John again*
 John: *(where are they anyways?)*
 Caroline: (I have no clue)
 John: (lol)
 Caroline: *Caroline starts stroking Johns hair*
 Caroline: ((Lets just say they had sex. This is getting to detailed.))
 John: (ok)
 John: (but it was passionate)
 Caroline: (ok)
 John: (lol)
 Caroline: *Caroline and John had sex, and then out of nowhere Orlando Bloom pops up*
 John: *John asks* What are you doing here? Im naked!
 Caroline: *Caroline puts on her clothes as fast as she can and gos toward Orlando Bloom* Hey*blushes*
 John: *John puts his underwear on real slowly, as if to catch orlando's attention*
 Caroline: *Caroline and Orlando start making out, and Caroline pulls away* Im sorry
 John *Starts making out with Orlando again*
 John: *John finds a small rat, and starts making out with it* This was planned before orlando bloom came
 Caroline: *Caroline looks at John with discust.* That is so nasty
 John: *John laughs* You know what's nastier?
 Caroline: what?
 John: *John goes to his trunk, opens it up and reveals that his children have been in it for the past 6 years*
 Caroline: and I had sex with you?This is really nasty
 John: Yeah, but how about next week?
 Caroline: no
 John: no caroline, I love you!
 Caroline: and now that you showed me how weird you truly are I dont love you. Im in love with Orlando
 John: but he would rather go out with me!
 Caroline: no he would not!!
 John: Yes he would!
 Caroline: no he would not!!!
 Caroline: !!!!!
 John: oh, i guess you don't know him that well...
 Caroline: what make you say that?
 John: because...back in the civil war, he was my bf
 Caroline: you wernt even alive in the civil war
 John: No! In the schools, they lie to you
 Caroline: anyways. You arnt bi. I only have sex with guys who are straight. I can tell when guys are bi.
 John: *John cries because he is secretly a mental retard and he knows it*
 Caroline: *Caroline goes over to John* Whats wrong?Was I really that mean?
 John: yeahz *crying*
 Caroline: Man youre a cry baby
 Caroline: I mean....ummmmm.....im sorry?
 John: *john compares caroline's sex skills to the girls at the retirement home* I guess it'll be ok
 Caroline: good. Friends?
 John: yay
 John: I need to go. Orlando says he has something to show me.
 Caroline: bye

I looked into horizon. What would be here? I looked, and saw a figure. It was dark. I couldn't see who was. The figure got closer, and closer. Hmmm... Oh! It was Doug!

Doug said "Madalions! Now you will die." What the heck? Was he waiting here for us? We have Exon, and numbers, he can't win... Does he really think he stands a chance? Exon said "Sonixunite, you fight him."

Sonixunite nodded, and walked forward. Sonixunite was quiet and wise, but thought he could defeat Doug. Honestly, he couldn't. This is their fight. First, Sonix laid a sweet punch to Doug's face, then Doug ripped Sonixunite's arm off, then smacked Sonixunite with his own arm. This was embarrassing. Before Sonix could recuperate, Doug moved his eyebrows. The extortion force wiped Sonixunite completely out of physical composition. It was pretty safe to say he is dead.

The SolarQuake stood up and said "What the heck? I'm going to rip you apart!" He jumped into the air, then attempted to jump kick Doug in the face. Doug grabbed The SolarQuake by the foot, and simply threw him away. This made The SolarQuake mad. Doug laughed. His laughed impaired The SolarQuake's vision. The pain in his eyes were too much to handle. The SolarQuake fell to the ground crying. Doug asked "Who's next?"

Yerkon totally flipped out in anger. Avacored did so, too. They had fought together in their youth, and they will fight again to the death, if that was what would come. It turned out Yerkon and Avacored were far more powerful than the two before them. They engaged Doug in a fist fight. The biggest challenge was fighting against two people at the same time. Doug almost made a fatal strike to Avacored, but instead was blocked by a strange Nazi symbol shaped energy thing. Doug was confused. In this confusion, Doug was grabbed from behind by Yerkon, then Avacored pounded him with the swatiskas. Doug broke free, then hit Yerkon with one hit that took her straight to the ground, and kept her there for a while, too. Then, Doug grabbed one of Avacored's swatiskas, and chunked it into Avacored's face, causing him to fall to his feet, unable to stand, but still alive.

I looked at Exon. Exon looked at me. We knew I was ready to fight side by side. Would we live or would we die? This was, of course, unknown to even Exon, but we weren't afraid to die. This was our destiny. *Manifest Destiny*.

The Emperor looked at his watch. It wasn't on his hand. The Emperor pondered. What was this? Why was there no watch on his hand? Then he realized it. He said "DAMN YOU SPIDERMAN!!!!!!!" Shortly after hearing this, there was a ruffle, and an open window was suddenly noticed. This angered the Emperor greatly.

Dragus was busy in his meditation. To find the *Dark Symbol* seemed to be a greater than expected challenge. Vin Diesel couldn't help much in this situation, either. What

the Face said was a Dark Symbol could have been a code-name or metaphor of some type, too. The entire thought process behind knowing what it is could be broken. This is not acceptable. Either way, this seemed hopeless anyways.

Dragus's door warned Dragus that a man of mystery was at the door. Dragus opened the door and saw an average citizen. The citizen spoke "Dragus, the butterflies... they die. All of them. Why do they die?"

Dragus responded "I don't know..."

Vin walked out. He asked "Is this about the butterflies?"

The citizen said "Yes."

"Butterflies are the holiest of all life. When they die, that means something evil is happening."

"What does this mean?"

"I don't know, but judging by context clues and complex metaphors, I'd say something evil might actually be happening."

"Is that bad?"

"Not as bad as this." The citizen didn't know what true pain felt like. Vin fixed that with one of his fists.

Everything was quiet. Doug stood at the edge of a great cliff, and we stood away from it. Master Exon and I would fight the fight against whom we thought would be our strongest adversary ever. Exon and I ran side by side until we reached Doug, then we lunged in unity and knocked Doug over the edge of the cliff. We went down with him, and all the way to the ground, we had a somewhat balanced fist fight. All punches were deflected under all conditions. Not one kick hit anybody. Our speeds crossed too fast to make consistent contact. Not only that, but Doug was taking on the two most powerful Madalions in the world.

Doug took it up a notch and performed the same fatal move that made Yerkon fall the ground on both of us, and it seemed like any average punch. This suggested to us that we were more powerful than them by far. Doug moved his eyebrows. The extortion force almost wiped us completely out of physical composition, but our sheer strength laughed at it. We roundhouse kicked both sides of his face at the same time, and he didn't like that. He threw-up acid all over us, and it burned. Then the three of us hit the ground and created a few dents in the concrete.

I stood up first, then Exon, then Doug. Doug smiled, then Exon, then me. Our smiles created a field of energy that collided and caused tension. Exon and I moved forward, and Doug tried to hold his ground, but moved back one step. Afterwards, neither of us could approach. Doug smiled bigger and creepier, then frowned. His field collapsed and we flew into him. He grabbed us by our necks and smashed us together. Then he did a back-flip kick and I broke through

several layers of glass and brick wall before loosing momentum.

When I crawled out with all my scratches and stuff, I saw Exon and Doug fighting. I became a shadow and disappeared. Shortly after, I was in the place of Doug's shadow, and hit him in the back super hard. Exon created a massive blur or energy, and shot it at Doug's body, as Doug laid on the ground. Doug leaped straight through the beam of blur like it was nothing. Exon couldn't see Doug because of his own energetic blur. Doug came through punched Exon in the face so hard that Exon broke six brick walls. I tried to absorb Doug with the freaking awesome shadow thing, but Doug beamed light from his eyes, and I took the form of Exon's shadow, then phased back to humanity.

Exon said "He is very powerful. Can you goto the next level with me?"

"I can go anywhere with you, Exon."

"Good," Exon tightened his fist. Exon's hair grew violently long, then violently created a perfect set of real dreadlocks. I asked "Why dreadlocks?" Exon said "No, not dreadlocks. **Nukelocks.**" I looked at him adversely, then was like *yeah whatever*. Doug jumped over a wall, then attempted to punch Exon. I blocked and pushed him, then Exon kicked him super hard. Harder than a kick strong enough to fatally wound Chuck Norris. I stayed on par with Exon's usage of strength, hopping that I wouldn't reach my unknown limit. I punched Doug six times, leaving the first noticed bruise on his face. He didn't like that. He burst a storm all over my face, and my face was bleeding wildly. This was true power.

Exon blasted Doug far away with a blur of sweet energy. Exon said "I don't know if we can do this." I replied "I don't know if you can do this." This made Exon mad. Exon jumped over Doug to attack him while over Doug, but Doug moved faster than Exon around Exon, over Exon, then laid a fist through Exon's back, forcing Exon all the way to the ground. Seeing Exon broken in half disturbed me. I smashed Doug's forehead with my own, then Doug fell down, wailing in pain. I turned into Exon's shadow, then He turned into shadow, then we combined into one shadow. Afterwards, our shadow tried to absorb Doug, but Doug kicked us.

We attempted to phase into human form as one shadow, but failed. Shadows were not good for general fighting. We tried again, and failed, again. Doug tried to beam us with the light of his eyes, but we moved out of the way beforehand. We tried to phase into human form again, and it worked. However, the creation of one powerful being from 2 powerful beings created an explosion that destroyed almost all of Rome, and hurt Doug a little. Doug saw us, and saw

we were a new kind of strong.

The SolarQuake was blind. But only his eyesight was blind. He prophesied "And now, Doug will be dead." Doug looked, then we looked. The SolarQuake had an insignificant amount of energy in a blur in his hands. We pondered, watch the heck? Suddenly, from behind Doug, came the largest beam of blur that would ever be seem. It came directly from the sun and seemed to destroy Doug and The SolarQuake in the same blow. Of course, the beam had an arc shape because the sun had already set. after the beam faded, The SolarQuake's arm was the only remains of him, and Doug was unhappy, yet severely hurt.

We smiled. Then we punched Doug so freaking hard, he exploded 6 times before contact, and 17 after impalement. We don't know if he was dead yet, but we retook shadow form and absorbed him. He was destroyed, and we separated to our separate forms.

We walked to Yerkon and Avacored. All of us were greatly wounded, and we smiled. Yerkon said "I love you Can Not!" Then she hugged me. Afterwards, she said "I love you, too!" to Exon, but hugged me again because I'm cooler. Faith came around, and said "I think we should get out of here, who knows what else will be here." We agreed, and left. Exon was getting hungry. I was getting more than hungry.

The Emperor stood in his kitchen. He reached for a box of Captain Crunch, then poured it into a bowl. However, He only got 12 crunchy things, and tons of that disgusting dust at the button of every cereal box. *What the heck?* This was wrong! In a desperate cry he said "DAMN YOU SPIDERMAN!!!!!!11" Shortly after hearing this, there was a ruffle, and an open window was suddenly noticed. This angered the Emperor greatly.

A few months later, I was at home, minding my own business. Then I left. I got on Faith the **Flame Unicorn of Communism** to visit Exon, perhaps for further training or something. I got to his garden, and admired it's eternal beauty. I heard a noise. The noise of more than one sword. Faith galloped deep into the orchid and we found Exon, dueling a figure wearing all black. Suddenly, the figure stabbed Exon, and Exon fell forward. A shadow came from Exon's body and joined with the man. The man was Sephiroth. Then it hit me. Sephiroth was absorbed by Exon, and the other Sephiroth that was prophesied about had return to kill the other's killer. So, is he going to go away now? Sephiroth used the shadow technique to absorb Exon's body, then escape. I wet my pants, and every pants that I would ever wear in the future.

Sephiroth left, and Faith began to chase him. I said "No Faith. That was destiny. Our destiny isn't to kill him.

Let's leave." Faith accepted this, and we went to Avacored to share the news. It turned out that Avacored lived in the same house as Yerkon. Were they gay lovers? Yerkon, a red-headed hacker girl, and Avacored, a highly athletic male Nazi, made somewhat of a cute couple. Yerkon was sad, and showed us a red butterfly. She asked "What kind of evil could kill a red butterfly?"

I didn't know the answer. I didn't know what to say. I didn't tell them that Exon died. I only told them that everything would be OK.

Slowly the world recovered from the great war, known as *The Whipping of the Juggalos*. The war seemed to have ended world wide, but secretly, I was the last one who continued to fight.

I don't know how, but later, Yerkon and Avacored died. This meant that I was the last Madalion. My power was far greater than anything known to anyone. I am probably more powerful than Exon himself, and I am the new Madalion of this century. Before I began my violent transformation, I was a loser, desperate, a failure, possibly stupid, and not very attractive. I use to be pessimistic. But I choose differently. I choose optimism. There are those of you who think there are things you can't do. If there is anything you can't do, it's believe that you can do.

If you do what they say you couldn't do, you may be a Madalion like me, or Madalion-like. You can change your life. I changed mine, which in turn, has changed those around me. I have more friends than I have ever had before, and I've never been happier. I wrote this to change others, when in fact, writing this has only *completed* me. Please, if something is wrong in your life, don't make resolutions, don't tell anyone that you're going to do it. Just grab it and destroy it, like a real Madalion would. It's OK to ask God or the voices in your mind to help you. Don't think anything wrong of it. Even if you're an Atheist.

This is the end. I am the most powerful of all. Nothing compares to me. I am no longer human. Of all the others, only I am One True Madalion.

Glossary: Array of Definitions

A

About - a better way of saying "about"
Absolutism - The ideal that something can not be different, or a variation of what it is thought to be
Albino Rhinoe Ninja - fat and pale; their technique is like a donkey drinking water, and they weren't good at that
Alien vs Predator - a movie based off Can Not's first sexual experience
Alliance - something fancy for friends you fight with
Angel - an entity originally created as a messenger by God
Angel of Heaven - an angel that lives in Heaven and holds it's loyalties to God
Angel of Hell - an angel that lives in Hell and holds it's loyalties to Lucifer
Antelopes - a race of four legged mammals that can fly; males have antlers
Archbishops - the ones who assist the Pope, but are not as cool as him
Artificial puberty - an unnatural puberty that happens by mutation or modification
Art of War, The - a book written by Sun Tzu, the first Chinese guy with an attitude
A Team - a TV show from the 1980s

B

Back flip - something Can Not does; constantly
Bailiff - a police officer who can't handle real police activities; usually hides in a courtroom
Barracuda - a super fierce unrealistically powerful fish
Beach Freak - a place near a totally freaking awesome beach
Bearly - like a bear
Beijing - a city in China that was demolished by orphans
Bible - a book that gets read; Holy Bible; the book of Jesus
Big Bang - a moment in time when Can Not took advantage of Mother Nature
Bishops - like Archbishops, but not as cool sounding
Bloggings - something that isn't cool
Butterfly - the most pure, holy, and beautiful organism in existence

C

Camel Humps - the mysterious entities on Deon's back
Capitalism - when a company ruled by one man pays you to make himself rich
Carta - Homo cartus; human-like with blue skin, horns on forehead and back, and is cool
Catholic - a religion that does not believe in reading the Bible
chloris - tufted or perennial or annual grasses having runners: finger grass; windmill grass
Civil War - a war fought to keep the pirates from running the offices of the United States
CommieFly - a butterfly with the hammer and sickle on it's wings
Communism - an economic system commonly confused with dictatorships because a previous communist state was also a dictatorship

D

Dalmation - a race of dogs that Can Not didn't want to kill 100 of, but enjoyed every second of it
Dark Carnival - the most common Juggalo religion
Dark Symbol - something bad
Defendant - someone who has been caught in a courtroom and is trying to escape
Deitile - like a deity
Demon - an angel that has fallen from Heaven
DNA - something Can Not doesn't have a lot of
Doom - a video game based loosely around the time Can Not went through his first puberty
Dreadlocks - something freaking sweet; a hairstyle
Dog - something that dies in books; 103 die in this book
DS - something with 2 screens

E

Earth - Can Not's other home
Equilibrium - something that is a fancy word for me about to pummel you to death

F

Fag, Fagmo, Faghui - a noun used in reference as a insult, -mo and -hui extensions measure the degree of injury
Faster and Faster - usually expressed as 2(faster)
Fendant - like in football, the one that is offensive, but in the courtroom
Flexor Carpi Radialis - you on the floor dead
French - to make passionate oral love with two or more tongues
Frohawk - the crusade weapon of Mr. T that will one day rise and crush all mullets
Fuzion Pants - pants used to fuse 2 separate entities into one until the pants are off

G

Ghetto Rangers - a battle unit, lead by Oreo, who can't figure out if he's black or white
Golden Fleet - the fleet of Catholic ships overtaken and controlled by Mr. T
Golden Super Antelopes - the most powerful stage of Antelope muscular development
Gravity - the theory that things fall just because they are suppose to
Grissom - a schoolZORZE
Guitars - an instrument of war and sweetness used by Ninjas

H

Hale`mon Solid - I don't know what this is
Hampter Dance - the religious dancing of hamsters (there is no spelling mistake)
Hardees - where I just bought a freaking awesome Angus Steak Burger for \$3.29
Hawt Babe - something Can Not is never seen without
Headless Horseman - a man that sits on a horse, but has no head

<p>High-five - this is how Can Not tricks you into letting him break your fingers off</p> <p>Hirojima - something Asian people <i>might</i> wear</p> <p>Holy Pantrs - a pair of pants that protects the wearer(s) from magic, instant death, claims, and telemarketers; defense against other things are only slightly better than normal pants</p>
<p>I</p> <p>I-read-the-Biblim - a group of religions that believe in reading the Bible</p> <p>IBM - acronym for "I Bust Muscles"</p> <p>Innocent Bystander - someone who dies</p> <p>Intelligent Design - when something smart creates something too complex to have accidentally occurred</p> <p>Intelligent Fall - the theory that objects fall because an intelligent system caused it too</p> <p>Internet - the entity that forged Can Not from Hell</p> <p>iPod - something Can Not thinks looks suspiciously too cool</p> <p>Iraqi Economy - something Can Not destroyed by writing a book then placing the term in the glossary</p> <p>ISALP - acronym for <i>International Society for the Advancement of Legal Pedophiles</i></p>
<p>J</p> <p>Jamaican - the last word in the <i>Book of Raw Energy</i>, the only one that could describe Bob Marley</p> <p>Jew - something that is better than everything else, but made fun of because he/she/it can't prove it</p> <p>Jibba-Jabba - something that Mr. T doesn't mess with</p> <p>Juggalo - a prostitute, clown, or member of the Dark Carnival</p> <p>Jurisdiction - the great end to a pathetic beginning</p> <p>Jury - the people who watch the defendant and fendant duke it out live in a courtroom</p>
<p>K</p> <p>Kangaroo - a marsupial that will soon meet it's maker's maker</p> <p>Katanas - a sword that freaking sweet Ninjas use</p> <p>KFC - where I go to piss off PETA</p> <p>KINGWOOD - the evil headquarters of Jeremy</p>
<p>L</p> <p>LAVALAMP-SHADE INSURANCE - who the heck put this here?</p> <p>Lawyer - an organism that dwells in courtrooms; usually eats the remains of all those who don't escape the courtroom; synonymous with immortal.</p> <p>Leet (1337) - Can Not's primary language</p> <p>Livejournal - a website; full of fail and suck</p> <p>LRM - an acronym for something</p>
<p>M</p> <p>Madalion - a type of martial arts variation/super powers</p> <p>Madalion Bear - the bear form that a Madalion can transform into just to be cool</p> <p>Manwich - Vin Diesel invented manwich using meat he found in plastic bags behind Abortion clinics; when he found out what it was, he laughed, and finished his manwich</p> <p>Mary I - also known as Bloody Mary not because she killed Protestants while trying to convert England back to Catholicism; she had been given that name from the Janitors who spent 6 years trying to clean the blood from over 6,000 square feet of walls, floors, and ceilings in a castle; Mr. T was later pitying the Janitors</p> <p>Meat of Love - a steak used by sexual predators to trap their prey</p> <p>Middle schooler - something Can Not deeply hates</p> <p>Mole Ninja - Can Not killed all of them before they could be classified</p> <p>Monotheism - the belief of only one god</p> <p>Mordor - a place with freaking huge gates</p> <p>Morman - the greatest defense against freaking huge salamanders</p> <p>MP3 - something you download, <i>right now!</i></p> <p>Musket - the main Pirate projectile weapon, other than cannons, lasers, and sword shooting laser swords</p>
<p>N</p> <p>Ninja - something cooler than Pirates</p> <p>Ninja Blood - blood cells that modify the DNA of the brain and blood, and eventually the rest of the body</p> <p>Ninja claws - something Ninjas use to climb walls and tall people</p> <p>Nintendo - a company that makes game discs and cubes</p> <p>Nuberty - the stage of adolescence in which an powerful individual becomes physiologically incapable of sexual reproduction because of their own overwhelming strength</p> <p>Nukelocks - dreadlocks that are, in fact, so awesome, they are too awesome to be called dreadlocks</p>
<p>O</p> <p>O RLY - YA RLY!</p> <p>O'Flaherty - Grace O'Malley's fleet of Pirate ships</p> <p>Orangutans - a primate that freaking kills you until you die</p> <p>Oreo - the Ghetto Ranger who can't tell if he is white or black</p> <p>Orthodox - a church that rebelled against the Catholic Church, but is just like it in every way.</p>
<p>P</p> <p>Paint Shop Pro - the software I just pirated right now</p> <p>PDA - you know what it is</p> <p>Pedofag, -mo, -hui - just like fag, but worse; see fag</p> <p>Pedofiles - the ultimate enemy of black people; most prefer children in their sexual desires</p> <p>Phonophobic - the fear of telephones</p> <p>Pimpality - the ability to pimp; measurement of the ability to pimp</p> <p>Pity - something Mr. T does; feel sorry for</p> <p>Pirate - something better than Ninjas</p> <p>Progressive Supranuclear Palsy - a disease</p>

PSP - acronym for many things; Progressive Supranuclear Palsy; Paint Shop Pro; PlayStation Portable
Psuedanato - Dark Emperor of Rastafaria

R

Rastafarian Natives - something greater than you
Rebates - the personification of abortion
Recorder - an instrument of war
Red card - something Can Not gets in every game of soccer, even when he's not playing
Refrigerator - where Can Not puts his children and wives
Revolution - anything relevant to Can Not
Rods - the ultimate power in the universe
Rome - destroyed; in Italy
Roswell - a TV show
Roundhouse Kick - something Chuck Norris does; fast; fatal
Runescape - a place to find tons of runefags
Running Nazi-Wizard of Oz - what the hell?

S

Schizophrenia - having more than one voice in your head
Sepuku - the honorable awesome suicide
Sharks - things that burn, then Pirates ride them as they fly
Skowered - perfectly changed to a range of better outcomes
Slow loris - stocky lemur of southeastern Asia
Stalinite - the most powerful material in the world
StarGate SGI - a TV show with a small budget
Strategy - everything a Madalion does
Suicide - everything emos want to do, but fail trying
Super Antelope - an Antelope's second level of power
Superiority - being better than others; see *Madalion*

T

Tetris - a game created by a Soviet guy
Thermodynamics - a big fancy word

U

Uber - super, but closer to 2(super)
Uber Evil Malicious Arcane Mega Robot Drones - something killed by Can Not
Ultimate energy force X (UEFX) - the metaphysical equivalent to Happy's hand to hand combat
Unicorns - a magic flying horse with one horn
Unreal Tournament - a video game where the point of the game is to blow people's heads off with violence
Uppercut - something Can Not does to people
Utter Wisdom - greater wisdom than the wisest

V

Veeter - someone who finds joy in checking out rather chunky women
Voice - something that speaks to you and others in your head
Vulnerability - something Can Not does not have

W

Wabba - a green duck, bird-mammal
Wail - to create the greatest possible sound on a guitar
Whore - something that is obsessed with something; makes a job of something strange; rocket whore, sex whore, pink whore
WiFi - wireless communication protocol between 2 sweet things
Wombat - the idea of using a hand to grab someone's head with a hand personifying a bat, then saying "wombat"
WWF - acronym for "World Wrestling Federation"

X

Xanga - a website

Y

Your A Peasant, Shut Up - the Catholic theory that you should leave science to the "experts"
Yu-gi-oh - POWER HAS BEEN WITHDRAWN FROM MY ACCOUNT

Websites: Array of External Virtual Substances

<http://www.rglad.us/>
<http://cannot.rglad.us/>
<http://www.menlove.com/>
<http://www.pandora.com/>
<http://www.doubleyourdating.com/>
<http://www.deviantart.com/>
<http://www.synthetic-reality.com/>
<http://www.comunist-party.ca/>
<http://www.dahv.com/>
<http://www.photobucket.com/>
<http://www.rhymezone.com/>
<http://www.realultimatepower.net/>
<http://www.talklikeapirate.com/>
<http://www.somethingawful.com/>
<http://www.boycott-riaa.com/>
<http://www.google.com/>

My website
The other website of this book (my "blog")
A straight on line dating service
A music website
A dating advice website
An art website
The only computer game worth playing
The Communist Party of Canada
The greatest singer of the entire world
Something better than imageshack
Tells you rhymes and crap, yo?
Learn more about Ninjas
Learn more about Pirates
Greatest comedy portal ever
Learn why the RIAA should be boycotted
The greatest search engine alive (and it is alive)

A new voice came to my head and
said "I am no normal voice,
I am now the face of you."

