

## **Fan Fiction Submission.**

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Mon walked into the room nervously. He had been waiting for this moment for quite some time, and had tried to make sure everything was perfect.

Even his hair had been labored over. He had spent hours arranging it just perfectly for this occasion. Only the finest imported oils and semen were used in order to help it attain that perfect shine. The pink silk ribbons were crafts of love, and were each tied in a perfect bow around a seemingly random (but painstakingly chosen) lock of hair.

In his hands he carried a box of pictures. Those were what would be taking center stage at the meeting today... if he could make himself be heard.

As he waited for his turn at the podium he noticed the other people around him for the first time. There typically weren't many that attended the annual meeting at the Pen compound, but this year there was more than usual. As he scanned the room for familiar faces he noticed some that hadn't made an appearance in years, and others still that he mentally classified as 'lurkers' due to their unfamiliarity... a holdover from the days when Pen was mostly a website, and the members met randomly and publicly. Oh how things had changed in ten years. Sometimes, while he drank himself into drunken stupor night after night, he yearned for the return of the simple times.

His name being announced returned his thoughts to his immediate surroundings and the problems at hand. He approached the podium confidently and, in the grand pen tradition, dropped his ceremonial pants and tea-bagged a statue of the great Eeee-Oh-Dee before beginning his speech. The crowd was respectfully silent during this moment traditionally reserved for prayer or No Doze (depending on religious affiliation).

He had hoped to catch the attention of the crowd at this point, and it appeared that the plan was working. His under-shorts matched the pink bows in his hair perfectly, and the pasty white legs were blinding the first row of pens with reflected ambient light. The respectful silence continued unabated, however. When faced with something new, most of this crowd didn't know how to respond.

He looked over the crowd once more. It was time to begin.

"In this box," Mon said, "I have proof that the Minister of Pr0nografy has been negotiating behind closed doors with conservative members of the judicial committee."

Still silence. But he had managed to maintain their attention.

He stepped back from the podium for a moment and began to paste pictures from the box he was carrying up on a rolling dry-erase board that had become convenient for his purposes. He had no glue, but at some point the pictures had become soggy and sticky

enough that they were able to stick without any additional preparation. They all smelled faintly of nutmeg.

“Here you see some 8x10 color glossies with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what it was,” explained Mon. “The explanatory paragraph has somehow become um... obscured, so allow me to elaborate on their contents.

"The people in these photos should be known by all of us. On the left we have the Minister of Pr0nography, or, as we know him in our little circle-jer...um, group, 'Weis'." Below him, with only his rear profile showing, is someone my sources believe to be the dreaded 'Vetis', head of the judicial committee's conservative faction.

“Does anyone have any questions at this point? Yes, you in the front, Mr. Dave?”

Dave had been a strong ally in the freedom for pr0nography acts in the past... but he had a way of cutting straight to the point that was a bit annoying.

“Yes. Thank you. OMGPICS?” Dave said.

Mon had been prepared and hopeful for this question. “As a matter of fact, we did acquire these pictures as part of Operation OMG-Pics... **Operation Maintain Girly Pics** was put into place last year in order to help ensure that we had enough quality pr0n to last us quite some time. We have long suspected that Weis and his ties to certain secret societies would eventually use his post as Pr0n-Minister to forward their political agenda. The question we have to ask ourselves is: Is he blackmailing the homophobic-closeted-right-wing faction, or is he sealing a business deal that will affect our pr0n supply?”

At this point Mon noticed a disturbance in the back of the room. It was though a couple of dozen voices had suddenly cried out in pain, and then were silenced. Upon closer examination he noticed that whatever had caused the temporary uproar was quite low to the ground, and very pointy.

He was surprised by what he saw. It appeared to be a battle-bot. It also appeared to have an LCD monitor mounted to a turret on top with a very familiar looking bald head making an appearance on the screen. The bot rolled up to the podium, turned towards Mon, and uttered seven words in an artificial mechanical voice: “Did You Just Get The Illuminati Today?”

Mon dropped to his knees in disbelief.

The bot then continued to speak. “So Mon, you suddenly become an activist once your pr0n supply is threatened. I commend you and your cause.”

Mon finally recognized the face on the screen, and almost fell over in glee “Eod! You have returned to us once more!”

“Yes. I’m afraid I had to retreat from the public eye temporarily. I backed up to a server to disperse a fart once too often. It turns out that the poor airflow in one particular server was turning it into a methane holding-tank. Finally enough built up in there for it to become a small bomb. All it needed was a spark... such as one created by a backup tape drive when it begins to run. This explosion wounded me, and I’ve been locked away with only a computer and battle-bot parts for company ever since.”

“Holy shit... for real?”

“No. Actually I let some bills age too long and I’m hiding in Canada, but the other story sounds more believable.”

The mention of Canada brought back some bad memories for Mon. Several years before he had lost the love of his life there... a Peruvian fainting goat named Blair. They had retreated to Canada when their torrid love affair brought them legal threats and unwanted publicity. Unfortunately, in Canada Blair also met TheOnyx, and began to sneak off to be with him when Mon was asleep.

Mon finally caught them together, and in a jealous fit demanded that Blair choose between them. Blair chose... and left Mon.

Deprived of the income from selling fainting goat semen on the black market, Mon was forced to find employment in various escort services around the Yukon. He still had scars from those experiences... and still got postcards from old customers.

Mon hated Canada.

“Whatever you do,” Advised Mon, “avoid the Yukon”.

“Duly noted,” Eod said. “But enough with the fucking pleasantries. We have some pr0n to save. It has come to my attention that the reason for the strange business dealings is actually due to a dark influence. A dark influence that once worked with us, but has since shown his true evil form.”

“This influence, it has many aliases. Some of them I hesitate to say out loud here, but I’m afraid I must. Some of you know him as ‘Goatse’. Some of you know him as ‘Ketchuprat’. Others have even known him as ‘the shit-eater in ep-sample’.”

The once silent group began to protest loudly the naming of these forbidden words out loud. Several of the more experienced members in the group began recounting their own horrid experiences with the evil.

“SILENCE!” yelled out the eod-bot. “This evil, it has one weakness. A weakness it has built all of its power on, to the point that it now cannot exist without it.

“This weakness is social isolation. Yes... he avoids being confronted with people in real life that his brittle mind cannot bring to believe exists outside of his computer machine. If a group of these people surround him, and join hands in a ring around him, then he will not have an escape route and will suffer mental breakdown. Then you can skullfuck him and leave him for the nice young men in the clean white coats.”

A voice called for attention from the audience at this point. Its owner was zippy, a Canadian native that Mon knew mostly for his questionable tastes in pr0n. “Excuse me,” he said, “do we *have* to skullfuck him?”

Eod looked back at him solemnly and replied, “I’m afraid it’s the only way.”

“Sweet!”

“Nice to see your um... enthusiasm in these matters. We must now decide how many of us are to take part in this mission. Do we have any suggestions?”

Most of the crowd all started to shout out numbers at once, with the number ‘Nine’ being heard more often than all the others.

“Nine... how unoriginal. Nine it is then. Who among you is brave enough to face the evil in person?”

Mon felt a surge of panic as he noticed that no one was stepping forward. He knew what would happen next... it always did in awkward situations like this. Either his mouth or his penis was about to get him in trouble again. In fact, he almost imagined his penis and mouth battling for domination when a situation like this came up.

“I’ll do it” he suddenly heard himself saying. Great. His mouth won.

The rest of the selection process went pretty quickly. Mon took careful notes on the eight others were selected among those attending the meeting.

First was Jimbo. He had faced the evil once before while disguised as ‘samurai dad’, and forced him to clean up the floor when he was done vomiting up recently eaten shit.

Second: Clme. He had a talent in making tools or repairs with common household items. He had recently had one of his hands fused to a bottle of Captain Morgan’s Rum in an accident that he refused to talk about. Some say that he did so on purpose... but either way he seemed to be enjoying the situation. There was some speculation on how he kept managing to refill the bottle though.

Third: Tinsloth. The evils natural enemy, he had advantages in speed and dexterity, but couldn’t pass through a metal detector without issues.

Fourth: Bleh. He had an unlimited supply of twink followers at his disposal, which could be a plus. He seemed to have an annoying habit of pointing that fact out at every possible point though. Mon questioned his motives, and secretly thought to himself that he may be allied with the evil.

Fifth: Biggles. He had amassed a small cat-army under the leadership of Mr. Boo at some point in the past. He was going to try and take over the world with their assistance but... being cats... they soon became too aloof with their ability to take over the world to actually do it.

Sixth: Eod's Battle-bot. While eod himself remained in hiding, his battle-bot form could prove to be useful.

Seventh: Doomy. There was some speculation that being female, she was too close to evil to fight it. However, she had proven herself by fighting it once in the past.

Eighth: Zippy. He had dedicated his life to educating people on the wonders of animals wearing lingerie. He had found that dogs wearing garters were one of nature's most beautiful things and had to share it with everyone he met. He was also the person that Mon thought he might be able to pawn off the skullfucking to when the time came.

Now all they needed was a plan, and somehow Mon had been selected as their leader. There had been no vote on this. Everyone had just assumed that he would be. Mon didn't mind in this case... leaders were very seldom actually in front, after all.

"Sources say that the evil is in Cleveland." Said Mon. "The Pen Compound has provided us with adequate transportation and a driver. The vehicle is going to be a yellow-bus. Short style. It's the only way that we can transport this particular crew without drawing undue attention to ourselves.

"We're going to do this 'Bangbus' style. We will wait for the evil to leave his residence, drive up beside him, and grab him. Then we'll humiliate him and tell him we'll give him money for se... hey. Wrong notes. Sorry. I was reading the back of the video box.

"We'll grab him, pull him in, surround him, and then Zippy will skullfuck him after he's had a breakdown"

"YES!" squealed Zippy with delight. "Hey. I'll need an hour in advance for the viagra to start working... will that be an issue?"

"Er... we'll discuss that later." Said Mon. "Everyone out to the bus. We can work out specifics on the drive there."

After some problems getting the Battle-bot onto the bus (it didn't have many edges that weren't sharp) Mon turned around to find Clme standing, waiting to speak with him. He

was missing one of his shoes, and smelled strongly of cheap rum. He looked at Mon and began to speak... but then fell over. Mon muttered odes to hopelessness as he hefted Clme into the back of the bus, and then got in himself.

The drive to Cleveland was uneventful except for some arguments and fistfights that started up over religion, politics, sex, food, driving ability, cars, alcohol, drugs, pastries and pets.

Once arriving in Cleveland Mon had the driver (who bore a striking resemblance to Bitchgoddess) park the bus within site of a Quiznos. It was known that the evil preferred toasted subs and bread bowls, and there was rumor of his frequenting this particular restaurant.

They didn't have long to wait. Within an hour Doomy signaled to Mon that the evil was approaching. Mon sent Jimbo and Biggles to apprehend him and told the driver to start up the engine.

However, before Jimbo and Biggles could get out of the vehicle the engine of the bus sprang to life and the driver threw the bus into gear. The bus lurched onto the sidewalk and ran the evil over. Then backed up, and ran it over again. Then backed up, and ran it over again. Then backed up, and ran it over again.

The driver then stopped the bus. She stood up and turned to face Mon who was curled up in the fetal position on the floor.

"I will hear nothing more about skull fucking or earfucking or eyeball fucking of any sort on my bus." She yelled out. "You're fucking evil is dead, now get out and do what you will with the corpse."

Zippy spoke up almost immediately "But its still a half hour until my viagra kicks in. Can we have doomy skullfuck the corpse?"

Doomy started to kick Zippy repeatedly, and for some reason was telling Dave to go to hell, despite the fact he wasn't there. Mon was so busy watching them battle it out that he didn't notice the driver reach behind her seat and pull out a gun.

"I *said*... EVERYONE OFF THE FUCKING BUS!"

35 minutes later, once Zippy had finished his experimentation, Mon called everyone around him for a meeting.

"We have no idea whether anything good will come of this." He said. "But it had to be better than holding hands and singing 'do re mi' with you bastards, and the whole scenario was the most horrible plot I'd ever heard of. Who's up for going to the zoo and watching monkeys fling poo at one another?"

It was unanimous. After a filling and meal at Quiznos they all went to the zoo and enjoyed themselves... until Zippy tried to put a garter belt on a polar bear.

And Clem broke the bottle on his hand and went screaming through the zoo about how his life was over. And Doomy got fed up with the whole show and left. And Jimbo got into an argument with an ATM machine because it was running Windows. And the eod-bot fell in love with a vending machine that was packed with No-Doze and Red Bull and couldn't be separated. And Tinsloth got too close to a display on Magnetism that was being sponsored by a local elementary school. And Mon thought he recognized the love of his life in the petting zoo. And Bleh tried to take over the zoo with his army of twinks. And Biggles fought off the army of twinks with Mr. Boo's help, but was clawed to death in the process by friendly fire.

The moral of the story:

Keep your hands of the pr0n, and don't write while drunk.