

The Lord of the TWINKs
Part 1:
The Fellowship of the Pen
by
m0n and TheOnyx

"Today is going to be a great day...light cloud cover and an ocean breeze which will be keeping temperatures in the low 80s. This is Tim Degan for the channel with Lex and Terry in the morning and seven-song classic-rock blocks all day, Jacksonville's Rock 105."

"Great day', my ass," Onyx muttered to himself. He sighed heavily as he turned into the Danforth Apartment complex. On most days, he took the time to appreciate the scenery of this place: the palm trees that towered over the automobiles, two-stories tall; the retention pond that, while meant for preventing the flooding of nearby areas, was more a nice place to sit, have a beer, chat with a friends, or just reflect.

While today should have been a time of reflection, it was not the day for idle appreciation of things that didn't really matter anymore. He'd likely not come back to this place for quite some time. The thought tightened Onyx's stomach in a way that made him wish it weren't already agitated due to lack of food. Those feelings never felt good concurrently.

Onyx pulled in to park his car, and quite abruptly stopped, due to his having hit the concrete stopper. He sighed again. Little annoyances turned into big annoyances quickly at times like these. He made a conscious effort to take a few deep breaths in an attempt to wash away the stress.

"Power animal..." he breathed out, "Cave of Solitude..." he breathed in, "focus...come on...I can see you...come here Mr. Boo...there you are!"

Stepping out of his car, Onyx stretched for a few seconds before closing the door. He headed towards apartment 612, mulling over how the next few days and weeks would play out. He was always one to plan several weeks into the future when it came to big things, and because of this, the details of his everyday life were somewhat sporadic. He liked this arrangement.

As Onyx approached the door to apartment 612, he could hear muffled music emanating, not just from the apartment, but seemingly from the apartment building itself. Knowing the door would be unlocked upon his arrival, he quietly let himself in.

Not that there was much need to be quiet. There before him, his back turned, stood m0n, in the middle of his living room floor, clad only in plaid boxers and white socks. The stereo was practically bursting with noise. m0n was hunched over and seemed to be holding something, microphone-like, close to his mouth, and was somehow singing above the incredible din:

"...TUUUUUUURN AROUND (BRIGHT EYES)

EVERY NOW AND THEN I FALL APAAAAART---

he clutched his chest and fell to his knees here ---

"AND I NEED YOU NOW TONIGHT

AND I NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER---

he fell down on his side and began nearly writhing ---

"AND IF YOU'LL ONLY HOLD ME TIGHT

WE'LL BE HOLDING ON FOREVER---

and every line was sung with such gut-wrenching intensity, such misappropriated movement, such horrible, off-key singing, that Onyx wondered how m0n could stand himself. And then, with a push of a button, the music was silenced.

m0n stood up and spun around to see him setting down the stereo remote. Onyx smiled and said, "Dude, man, you REALLY need a woman."

"CHUT UP!"

"Also, your junk is hanging out."

m0n spun back around and adjusted himself. "Fag."

"Get dressed," said Onyx, sighing and checking his watch. "We have something we need to do."

m0n looked at Onyx, perplexed. "What do you mean?"

Carefully, and almost speaking each syllable as its own word, Onyx said, "Mr. Morris is coming to town tomorrow. He plans to meet us."

"Awwwww, fuck!" m0n ran off to his bedroom, and emerged ten minutes later more-or-less fully dressed, with a suitcase handcuffed to his left arm. Onyx, a suitcase beside him, was putting the finishing touches on some wiring in the kitchen.

He stuck the needle nose pliers in his pocket. "Ready?"

"Yeah." m0n looked around the apartment and sighed. "Fuck man, I was beginning to really like this place, too."

Onyx opened the door and motioned for m0n to pass through.

"What, you want me to grab your ass or something?"

"Fuck off," m0n replied, as they stepped into the balmy Florida afternoon.

Fifty-five minutes later they both stood, in different clothes, on the shoulder of a little-used off ramp off of I-10, watching Onyx's black Corvette come roaring down the stretch of the road, driverless. They were leaning against a quietly shuddering Golf, rented under the name of Suzy F. Florida. The woman at Budget hadn't even looked twice, once she had seen the cash. Or m0n's hair up in those little bows.

The Corvette flew past them, launched off the shoulder, sailed in the air, and landed with a fantastic splash in the green-foamed swamp. The insects shut up for a second and then resumed their chorus.

"Gonna miss you, KITT," Onyx said, dialing a number on his cell phone.

m0n shut the trunk, his suitcase safely inside. His handcuffs, Onyx's suitcase, and their original clothes were also sinking into the muck. "For the last time, that's not KITT, you're not Michael Knight, just make the fucking call so we can get out of here."

"Yeah, yeah," he said, the phone to his ear. "Yes, hello?" His voice became hysterical. "Yes, I need to report an accident! I don't know, there's a car sinking into the swamp here, it just came out of nowhere... Yeah I think I see someone inside, I dunno... Yeah off of I-10, I think the last exit I saw was for 441...ok ok hurry!"

He clicked the phone off, took careful aim, and threw it at the sinking car, aiming for the open driver-side window. He missed, and it skidded along the roof of the car and plopped into the water on the other side of the car.

"Ah, hell." He muttered.

They both paused to watch the Corvette bubble down into the depths.

"Hrrmm," said Onyx, "I suddenly have this *sinking* feeling."

"Yeah, I'm feeling a bit *bogged* down myself." m0n offered.

"You think we should *POND*-er this?"

"Only if we were a little *wet behind the ears*."

Onyx shot m0n a look. "Ok, that was lame," he said, opening the driver's side door and getting in.

m0n scowled, settled into the passenger seat and began fiddling with the radio. He looked over. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

“Oh, yeah,” Onyx said, pulling a small black remote out of his pocket. m0n looked away as Onyx pressed its single red button.

“HIGHWAY TO THE DANGERZONE,” the radio blared, and they peeled out. Forty miles east, 612 Danforth Apartment Complex, Jacksonville, Florida, went up in flames.

“So what are we doing now?” m0n asked, as they rejoined I-10 a while later.

“Hitting the Speakeasy.”

“Ugh. Double-u tee eff? Why?”

“We’ve got to organize the cavalry, man.”

“Ell oh ell. Yeah, *but there’s no cavalry there*, if you hadn’t noticed. I don’t think Marcellus Wallace would be saying, ‘m0n, chill them niggas out, I’m sending in *The Speakeasy*,’ you know.”

Onyx changed lanes. “Marcellus Wallace?”

“Yeah, big black dude, gets assraped by a Dave look-alike, *Pulp Fiction*.”

“Are you sure that *wasn’t* Dave?”

“Yeah, he was still in Cuba when that came out. Hadn’t built his Liferaft of Freedom™ yet.”

“Oh yeah...COOBA!” Onyx chuckled.

m0n giggled, and crooned, “COOO-BAAAA!”

“COOOOOO-BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” Onyx shot back.

“COOOOOOBAAAAAAAAÑOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOS!” m0n yelled, leaning out the window. He sat back down and looked over at Onyx with a triumphant grin on his face.

“I win!” yipped Onyx, slapping the steering wheel in his joy.

“Double-u tee eff? I used a fucking Ñ and everything, why do you win?”

“Because we were saying ‘COOBA,’ asshat.”

m0n grumbled and pouted. A few minutes later, he asked, “Anyway, what is this shit all about? Why is bleh coming for us?”

The sun was setting and the eighteen-wheelers were getting thick. Onyx put his sunglasses on and answered, “That is something that will have to wait until later for you to find out.”

m0n resumed pouting. “Fine.”

“I’ll explain more once we get to the Speakeasy.”

“Speaking of which,” m0n said, “the Carolinas are not west of Florida, in case you forgot. We’re still on I-10.”

“Bah, fuck,” Onyx said, changing lanes again. They took the next exit and began heading northeast through Georgia.

As they sped off into the evening, a warm orange glow suffused the countryside. The insects hopping to and fro the grass on the shoulders became orange embers, the grass itself blades of some monumental, soft fire sweeping the world. It was heartbreakingly romantic.

m0n put his hand on Onyx’s. “Can we talk about us now?”

Onyx blinks and then looks right at you, the reader, saying, “...Aaaaaaaaand scene.”

They arrived at the Speakeasy after dark, six hours later. The parking lot was expansive but there were only a few cars present, and they looked like they’d been there for a while --- at

least one of the cars' tires seemed to be rotting off. The building itself was unassuming, one story tall, painted a light blue with dark blue trim around the doors and windows. There was a neon sign over the door that blinked "The Speakeasy" at irregular intervals, with a caricature of a cute red demon holding a pitchfork and a Bud Light. The main door and the windows looked to be bolted shut.

m0n got out of the car first. "Do we need the suitcase?"

"Nah, we shouldn't," said Onyx, surveying the surroundings. He sighed. "Come on, let's go."

They walked up to the door. Onyx stopped short and stared, a perplexed look creeping across his face.

"What?" asked m0n.

"Well, there's a metal rack hanging on the door," said Onyx, obviously confused.

"Like a weapon rack?"

"Look at the door, you tool."

m0n looked, and sure enough, there was a set of metal breasts hanging on the door. "Ok, so what's the problem?"

"Uh, why are they there?"

It was m0n's turn to sigh. "Hi, get it, they're knockers, it's a door knocker, har har?" He banged on the door as hard as he could using the knockers. "Obviously another stunning example of Jimbo's complex sense of humor." He pinched the left nipple when he was done.

After a few seconds, a slot in the door slid open and a pair of eyes peered through. They were bloodshot and shifty.

"Fresh blood? Who're you?" the eyes asked.

"Onyx and m0n," Onyx said. m0n was looking down and grinding the toe of his shoe into the concrete.

"Of?" the eyes asked.

"OnyxCorp and Pen."

The eyes disappeared and the slot slid shut. Onyx went to open the door but didn't hear it being unlocked from the inside, so he hesitated.

"What the fuck?" he said.

"Maybe they're cleaning up," m0n offered. He shrugged and yawned.

The slot slid back open and a new set of eyes appeared.

"You again?" these eyes asked. These eyes were dark brown and almost hypnotic.

"Yeah, OMGHI2U2," said Onyx. "What did you expect, another nubile 14-year-old? Open the door, this is important."

"Did you at least bring the girl?" the eyes asked.

Onyx rolled his eyes. "No."

The eyes scanned the parking lot and finally rested on m0n.

"Hey...that's not a girl...that's a smelly Cajun!" The eyes sparkled with childlike mirth, and the giggling on the other side of the door was just short of infectious.

"Just open the fucking door, Jimbo," m0n said. "Christ."

"Watch it, asshat," Jimbo said gruffly, as the door was unlocked. "This is my turf."

The door opened, m0n and Onyx walked in, and the door was shut behind them.

Inside, the Speakeasy looked as barren as its exterior. There were a few tables here and there, with differing numbers of chairs at each one, each in a different state of disrepair. A few of the tables had one or two people sitting there, talking intently to each other or themselves, it

was hard to tell. One guy was wearing an elephant mask and some oversized pants; another guy was wearing what looked to be a tattered, homemade red cape, matching red facemask, and a skintight blue leotard with the letters “KM” painted on his chest. He was furiously scribbling in a ragged, spiral-bound notebook.

The walls of the room were covered with posters; half of them had Sarah Michelle Geller in the middle of a (supposed) roundhouse kick, and the other half of them had large men in tights in the middle of various (supposed) wrestling positions. Against the far wall was a bar that had definitely seen better days, with a bartender to match. On either side of the bar was a doorway with a sign overhead. The one on the left read, “Bazaar,” and the one on the right read “Shop.”

Immediately above their heads was a sign that said “Liberty Hall.” In front of them was a small stuffed cat on a pedestal, with a tattered mat in front of it. The mat and the floor around it were stained and sickly-looking.

Jimbo was standing next to them, wearing a threadbare tuxedo. “Well?”

Onyx looked at m0n, and then they both spit on the mat.

“That cat,” said Onyx, half-heartedly pointing, “is a bastard.”

“A bastard,” said m0n, not pointing, “is that cat.”

They both turned and looked at Jimbo.

He nodded. “So what is this about?”

“I think we should go somewhere private,” Onyx said. “You never know who might be listening.”

“Fine, fine,” Jimbo said. “p33t!” he called. The bartender looked up from polishing the knob he’d been polishing since they entered. The knob was on one of the rails around the bar.

“Yeah?”

“Watch the place for me, ok? Gotta have a meeting.”

“Ok,” said p33t, as he resumed polishing his knob.

“Right this way, gentlemen,” Jimbo said, ushering them towards the Bazaar.

“Um, do we really want to go in there, Jim?” Onyx asked. “Don’t you think it’ll be hard to concentrate?”

“Nah, you get used to it,” answered Jimbo, as he led them through the darkened doorway to the Bazaar. After a short hallway they entered a small, dark room. German techno music softly issued forth from the speakers hung on the walls, and a dimly-lit disco ball spun crazily. There was a small circular stage in the middle of the room with a short, elevated walkway leading to dingy red curtains at the back. The room smelled funny. Jimbo grabbed a chair and told them to do the same.

As all three of them sat down, a small, naked Asian woman appeared from behind the curtain and began hobbling to the stage. She couldn’t exactly walk because she was missing a leg and was using a crutch. She was also carrying a clear bucket that was filled with something white and squirming. When she got to the stage, she set down the bucket, and the music subtly changed. It was somehow...*pornier*. The woman began to dance in an awkward display of eroticism, liberally integrating her crutch into the act.

Onyx squirmed. “Uh...?”

“Oh, just watch, I love when she does this,” Jimbo said, fixated on the woman.

Onyx hesitantly turned and looked just in time to see the woman face away from them, bend over, and wiggle her stump salaciously. m0n giggled and Jimbo let out a loud wolf whistle. The woman turned around and blinked both of her eyes at Jimbo.

“So cute,” he said. “She doesn’t know how to wink!”

As the woman continued dancing, Onyx said, "Look man, this is serious. We've got a situation here."

Jimbo was still staring at the woman. A bald and naked dwarf with a vestigial tail and a swastika tattooed on his stomach had managed to join the stage without Onyx's noticing. He was twisting his nipples like they were lime slices and was rubbing his ass against the woman's stump. She was licking her own forearm like a cat and purring. m0n was entranced.

"Guys!" Onyx shouted.

"...what?" asked m0n. His eyes moved side-to-side in time with the dwarf's vestigial tail.

"Pay attention!" Onyx slammed his fist on the table and m0n and Jimbo managed to focus on him.

"Dammit, what?" asked Jimbo, obviously annoyed. The stage act had also temporarily halted.

"Should we go somewhere else? Seriously, this is fucking ridiculous."

"No, no," m0n said, "I'm fine." He was looking at the stage again.

So was Jimbo. "No, no, go on," he said.

"Ok, but I'm not repeating myself, understand?" Onyx looked at both of them and they both nodded. "Ok, well, we need to organize something pretty damn quick. It seems that bleh is—"

"Holy shit!" yelled m0n, as an extremely loud grunt came from the stage. Jimbo was laughing. Onyx looked at the stage and found the dwarf squatting over the woman, who was now lying down. He was obviously trying to shit on her chest, and his face was red from the strain, mainly because the woman was shoving her crutch up his ass. As this was going on, the woman was pinching the dwarf's testicles with her long and intricately-painted fingernails, and the dwarf was picking up the bucket the woman had brought to the stage. Once he finally had it in his grasp, he brought it over the woman and upended it, spilling thousands of maggots all over her. She moaned in delight.

Onyx shot out of his chair. "Yeah, let's fucking go somewhere else." He grabbed m0n and Jimbo by their collars and pulled them up. Jimbo quickly pulled his hand out of his pants. m0n kept his in.

"Fine," said Jimbo, rearranging his tuxedo and stomping back through the hallway.

"Asshole," said m0n, who, after trying to walk and jerk off at the same time, finally pulled his hand out of his pants and followed Jimbo down the hallway.

"*Scheisskopf*," spat the dwarf. Onyx looked over at him and meekly smiled.

"Sorry," he said, walking over to the stage. He handed the dwarf a piece of paper, and winked. "Call me." The dwarf winked back, the woman moaned again, and Onyx walked down the hallway and back into Liberty Hall.

"Fine, let's go to the Shop," Jimbo said. He sighed. "I know no one has been in there for at least a year."

They followed Jimbo around the bar and into the Shop. This room was much more well-lit, spacious, and clean. On the wall were framed pictures of Jimbo with various celebrities, mostly hot women.

m0n was impressed. "You've met all of these women?"

"Not just met, if you know what I mean," Jimbo smiled, taking a seat.

“Dude, those pictures were totally photo... er... they’re fucking digital pictures manipulated using Adobe® Photoshop® software,” said Onyx, also sitting down. “User-submitted.”

He looked at Jimbo. “Or maybe creator-submitted, who knows.”

“Oh,” said m0n, and there was something in his voice Onyx couldn’t place. Was it relief? Or jealousy?

Jimbo coughed. “Those,” he said, pointing to the wall at the back of the room, “aren’t manipulated.”

m0n and Onyx looked at the back wall. The pictures here were of Jimbo with different females at what looked like birthday parties, public parks, and skating rinks. The girls looked young.

I mean, really, really young.

Criminally young.

I’m trying to say Jimbo is a pedophile here.

“Uh, yeah,” said Onyx, “no doubt.”

“Oh boy! Balloons!” m0n clapped, looking at a picture. “I love balloons!”

Jimbo coughed again. “Ok, before m0n starts jerking it again, what were you saying about bleh?”

“Let me put it this way,” said Onyx. “We require your presence and support in Portland.”

Jimbo cocked an eyebrow. “Excuse me?”

“To make a long story short, we suspect bleh is going to make a move on most of the major Pentels before attacking the core.” Onyx explained. “He’s already hit xclusive, and we just barely escaped being taken out ourselves.”

“Yeah, right.” Jimbo looked at m0n. “Why the hell would bleh do that? There’s no advantage to him.”

m0n looked back at Jimbo. “Don’t ask me, I don’t know shit either.”

“I can’t go into detail right now,” Onyx said. “I will say, though, that his success means the elimination of a stable human race.”

Jimbo looked at m0n and Onyx carefully.

“No. I’m not buying this.” He pushed himself back away from the table. “You’re just trying to divert my attention so you can take over more of the southeast.”

“Dammit, Jimbo, stop being a greedy fuck for once and listen to reason!” Onyx had stood up. “Seriously, who would want this place anyway?”

m0n leaned back in his chair. “Look, whatever intel Onyx has got us the hell out of JAX. If he says X was compromised, then you can be damn sure that your ass is about to be greased Vincent Vega-style! Do you want to go down sitting on the pot?”

“Oy! Again with the Pulp Fiction!” said Onyx, spinning a dreidel.

Jimbo was indignant. “Listen, I don’t need the help of anyone... especially a goddamned smelly-ass Cajun.”

“Fuck you, pedophile,” m0n spat back, standing up. “Stick your dick in any 7-year-olds lately?”

“No,” said Jimbo, stepping towards m0n, “my lower limit is 13! And if you don’t shut the fuck up, I’ll *tell* you where I’ll stick my dick—”

“Gentlemen, please!” Onyx said, stepping between them. “This isn’t that type of fanfic—” Just then there was a loud squealing outside, and p33t ran into the room.

“Jimbo!” he cried. “Come up here quick, I think we’ve got some trouble.”

Jimbo looked at p33t. “Trouble?”

“Yeah, trouble. Get in there,” p33t said, heading back into Liberty Hall. All three followed him. They went behind the bar, where p33t was showed Jimbo something on a tiny monitor next to the icemaker.

“Who the fuck is that?” Jimbo asked, as Onyx looked closer.

There, on the monitor, was white delivery truck. On the side was a Hostess snack food logo, with a picture of three giant Twinkies emblazoned just below it. The back of the truck was open.

“Shit,” said Onyx. “How the fuck did they track us?”

“Who?” asked m0n.

“Soviets?” asked Jimbo.

“No! Those are some of bleh’s TWINKs!” Onyx looked from the monitor to the front door. “They’ve tracked us here!”

Someone started banging on the door.

“TWINKs?” Jimbo asked.

“Yeah, it stands for ‘Terrible Weaklings, INvincible Killers,’ I think.”

“That’s a stupid acronym,” said m0n.

“I know, but there’s not much you can do with ‘twink,’” explained Onyx.

“Haaaay guyth, open the dooooooor,” the someone banging at the door called. He started banging harder. “Ewwwww, do I have to touch theeth tits?”

“Everybody get to a window,” Onyx shouted, and ran off to the one to the right of the door. Right as he got there, it exploded inwards in a shower of glass and wood as the first twink broke through. Onyx was knocked over as the lithe, beautiful young blonde man pounced on him.

“Mmmmm,” the TWINK said, “you smell delicious!”

Onyx went to swing at him but then stopped. “Wow, thanks.” He blushed. “You smell pretty good yourself.”

The TWINK smiled. “Mmmmmmm,” he purred, moving closer to Onyx.

“Wait, what the fuck?” said Onyx. He slugged the TWINK across his face, and he went flying.

“Wow, he was surprisingly light,” said Onyx, getting up just as another TWINK jumped through the window.

The whole room was chaos. m0n was bitchslapping a few TWINKs near the front door, while Jimbo and p33t were knocking TWINKs over left and right as they came in through the windows. Even the guy in the homemade cape was body slamming TWINKs, screaming things about a “Mr. Whedon,” and the guy wearing the elephant mask was bouncing from TWINK to TWINK, using high kicks to dispatch them.

For a few short seconds, the battle seemed hopeless to Onyx. For every TWINK he knocked out, two more would clamber through the window. Thankfully they went down, and stayed down, without much of a fight, but the sheer volume was overwhelming. He wondered how so many could have fit in the back of the truck.

But just as suddenly as the melee began, it ended. No more TWINKs came through the windows, the sounds of fighting died out. Onyx went over to where Jimbo and m0n were surveying the carnage. There were at least twenty-five TWINKs in various states of consciousness strewn about the room.

“So, are you convinced yet?” Onyx asked, looking Jimbo in the eye.

“Yeah, I guess.” Jimbo said. “That wasn't so bad, though.”

“Yeah,” Onyx said, scratching his chin, “but now that I think about it, they couldn't have tracked me and m0n. This was a direct attack on the Speakeasy, and they probably only expected you to be here, because they think we are dead... and all of them against you would have been no contest.”

“Uh, I don't think so. They go down pretty easy.” Jimbo protested.

“Yeah, like I said, no contest.”

“We need to check that truck,” m0n said. “If I were them, I'd have left someone in there for an easy getaway. We can't have him reporting our whereabouts.”

“Wow,” said Jimbo, “look at the big brain on m0n!”

“Fuck off, Zed.”

“Huh?” said Onyx.

“Nevermind,” said m0n. “Let's get to that truck.”

Jimbo led the three of them to a back exit and around the side of the building. From their vantage point, they could see the driver of the truck, smoking a cigarette and looking at a Playgirl centerfold. He was blonde and thin like the other TWINKs. His window was down.

“I'll get him,” said m0n. He dashed from the building to the driver's side of the truck and snuck alongside the truck to the door. He crouched down for a few seconds, and when he heard the TWINK turning the pages of the magazine, he jumped up and yelled, “Boo!”

The TWINK's face went ashen and he dropped his cigarette. He started scrambling for the keys in the ignition.

“Holy shit! m0n! 'ow the fuck—” but m0n pulled him through the window and onto the macadam before he could finish his sentence. With a minimum of fuss m0n subdued him and Jimbo and Onyx came running over.

“Bloody `ell, Onyx too?” said the TWINK. His speech had a heavy Scottish accent, which is not properly emulated here. “I thought they waxed you two buggahs in Florida!”

“Good,” said Onyx, “that's what they're supposed to think...Banjoman!”

The TWINK recoiled. “Ey, you know who I am!?”

Jimbo looked at Onyx. “That's Banjoman? I thought he was some scruffy looking guy. And I thought he was straight.”

“Them pictures that you seen a` me are all part of bleh's clever disinformation campaign,” said Banjoman, his accent much more beautiful than represented here. “But I am straigh`, I swear!! I wannae t` look at that Playgirl fer, uh, `research` purposes, ya know!?”

“Whatever. That `research` joke is so fucking played,” said m0n, still holding him down. “Why were you sent here? What is bleh after?”

Onyx tapped m0n on the shoulder. “Hi, yeah, I told you already, he was sent here to destroy Jimbo and the Speakeasy, remember? And I know what bleh is after, remember? I just haven't told you yet.”

“Oh, ya do, do ya!?” Banjoman asked, his thick Scottish brogue resonating throughout the parking lot. It is, as stated earlier, much more fantastic-sounding than it is portrayed here. “Tha's funnay,” he continued, “seein` as `ow I didnae even kno th`ole plan meself!! Must `ave some right-fuckin inside knowledge, do ya?! Hrmph! Bloody Americans, thinkin` they be knowin` everything there`s to know about Bleh an` `is fuckin` plans! Ah suppose ya know abou th` space station then, eh?”

“Space station?” Onyx said. He leaned in closer to Banjoman.

He smiled broadly. "I think my point is well proven`!!!"
"m0n, help this man up," Onyx said, extending his hand.

Portland sparkled from the skies, the sunlight reflecting off of the Willamette, the bridges busy with traffic. The flight had not been too terribly bad, aside from the normal obnoxious fat people, fat kids, loud fat people, loud fat kids, and Homeland Security. A few highly conspicuous Bill O'Reilly books got them through pretty much unmolested.

Flying cross country wasn't anyone's first idea, but it was the quickest way to Portland, and Onyx didn't want to lose time driving. They were all very paranoid about being tracked, but Onyx figured that even if bleh didn't track them, he would probably know that their next move would be to go to Portland anyway. Or maybe bleh didn't know, because none of his TWINKs got back to him to report that they got away, so flying made sense anyway, so as not to lose time, as previously stated. Or maybe he would know *precisely because* none of his TWINKs reported back to him, and so then he'd figure they'd be going to Portland, and thus flying was the quickest way there, as already mentioned. They couldn't decide which was more plausible. So in the end they just flew, because none of them really wanted to drive, either.

The four of them --- m0n, Onyx, Jimbo, and p33t --- rode the MAX downtown, taking in the scenery, the people, and their associated odors along the way. m0n clapped a lot, whenever he saw something he thought he remembered. When they got to Pioneer Square, m0n knew it was just a few simple bus transfers and a short walk to the Penterplex, so they set off. First they took the [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES] to [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES], then the [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES] and then the [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES], where they met a nice bag lady and her Fred Meyer shopping cart full of used clothing and empty beer bottles. From there they walked [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES] blocks to [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES], took a short, [DELETED FOR SECURITY PURPOSES], and found themselves staring through the friendly, accessible front glass doors of the Penterplex. Through the doors they could see a wide, spacious lobby, a receptionist at her desk to their right, and hallways leading off into the distance at the back. There were vending machines every 10 feet or so along the walls; from where they were standing m0n counted at least three of them that dispensed coffee, and one that seemed to sell nothing but NoDoz. On the near wall, to their left, was a giant electronic ticker that kept scrolling text. Right then, it was scrolling: **BILLIE JEAN IS NOT MY LOVER SHE'S JUST A GIRL WHO CLAIMS I AM THE ONE BUT THE KID IS NOT MY SON**

m0n had been there before, of course, so he felt completely comfortable knowing that there were about twenty-five different X-10 cameras pointing at them as they stood before the front doors. Figuring the others would have a less-than-optimal reaction to that piece of information, m0n didn't tell the rest of the group. He just patiently waited with them as a pleasant-looking man in a neutral grey three-piece suit walked up the lobby towards them. He was impeccably dressed and carried the standard leather briefcase; the only thing out of place was his long, luxurious, black hair, which trailed nearly to the floor. m0n hadn't seen him before.

The man stopped and talked to the front receptionist, a buxom, dark-haired woman who was intently typing away at her computer.

"Is that who I think it is?" asked Onyx.

Jimbo turned to m0n. "They hired her?"

“I don’t know if it was a question of hiring so much as it was one of giving in,” m0n replied, squinting through the glass at the secretary. “She had practically committed the floor plan of the building to memory through public-records searches before even stepping foot in here, and had taken to living in a tent on the side of the building with nothing but a laptop and wireless card to her name before they took her on.”

“What is e0d thinking?” sighed Jimbo.

“Bah, she’s harmless,” m0n replied.

Once the man had finished speaking to the secretary, she looked up at him and then glanced in their direction. She let out an “Oh!” that was almost audible and scrambled for something on her desk. Then the doors buzzed and silently swung open, and the four of them stepped into the building.

“Gentlemen,” said the man, extending his hand to m0n as he walked forward, “welcome to PenIsMightier, LLC International Headquarters!” Once he shook all of their hands he turned back to m0n and said, “I am Kobayashi, co-counsel for Pen.”

“Waitaminnit,” said p33t, looking the man over, “is your name really Kobayashi? Because you don’t really look Asian, or like Pete Postlethwaite for that matter, and I want to get this joke done right off the bat.”

Kobayashi nervously adjusted his tie and coughed. “Well, now that you mention it...” he looked them over carefully. “No, no,” he sighed, “I’m lunchb0t, actually, nice to meet you.” He clicked his feet together and gave them a Nazi salute.

“Sieg Heil!” he shouted, his arm stiff.

The four of them backed up a little.

“Uh...” said Jimbo.

“Aaaah, shit,” said lunchb0t, adjusting his tie again, “see? That’s why I go by Kobayashi here. That shit is ingrained in me, fucking Pavlovian and shit.”

“Uh...” continued Jimbo. But a very loud AIM *doopedoop* noise from the secretary’s desk kept him from going on. All five of them turned in her direction.

“Hi Doomy,” said m0n, waving. “How are you?”

doopedoop

She was still furiously typing at her computer. “Fine, fine,” she said.

doopedoop

m0n walked over to her desk and picked up her nameplate. It said:

<p style="text-align:center">DOOMY 304 PEN HISTORIAN PENSTORIAN HISTIS PENORIAN</p>

“Nice nameplate,” he said, setting it down. “Like the job so far?”

doopedoop

Still not looking up, she replied, “Yeah, yeah...”

doopedoop

m0n coughed. “Well hey, I have a favor to ask you...”

Doomy stopped typing and looked up at him. Then she let out a long sigh and started unbuttoning her shirt. “Ok, but I told you I don’t like doing this in public so much anymore...”

“Oh emm gee!” said m0n, covering his face, “not that, stop that!” He kept eyeing her ample cleavage through his fingers, though.

“Oh, hey, keep it up,” called Jimbo, walking on over.

Doomy flicked him off and started buttoning back up. “What do you want, then?”

m0n dug in his pocket and pulled out a folded piece of paper. “Uh, just an autograph, you know, to prove that it’s real, you know...” he said, handing it to her. He gingerly unfolded it, as it seemed to be stuck together in places and would not open easily.

“Wait, you said you wouldn’t show anyone!” a very displeased Doomy said, snatching the picture away. “Ewwww, gross, what did you do to it?” She looked it over. “It’s still a nice picture, though.”

“I haven’t shown it to anyone!” protested m0n. “It’s just in case, you know, someone asks me about it, or you die and I decide to eBay it, or something.”

Jimbo elbowed him in the ribs, laughing. “Suuuuure...”

She looked them over, and then back at the picture.

doopedoop

doopedoop

doopedoop

doopedoop

doopedoop

doopedoop

“Fine,” she said, signing it, “I need to get back to work anyway.”

“Thanks!” m0n said as he took it from her and put it back in his pocket. He smiled at her but much to his surprise she didn’t melt on the spot. As she went back to typing at her computer and m0n walked back to join the others, closely followed by Jimbo.

“Hey, let me see it,” he said.

“No.”

“Please?”

“Are we all ready now?” asked lunchb0t.

“I was born ready,” said Onyx.

“That’s a fucking gay phrase, man,” said lunchb0t.

“Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?” said Jimbo.

“Double-ewe tee eff, fuck off,” m0n said, turning on Jimbo. “She’s way over your age limit, you know that.”

“Come up with a better one, then, you Nazi freak,” said Onyx.

“I know,” said Jimbo, “but...boobies?” p33t seemed to be getting interested too.

lunchb0t ignored Onyx. “By the way, where’s your ID, m0n? You know you need one.”

m0n patted his pockets and looked up sheepishly at lunchb0t. “Uh, in my other pants?”

“Fine, this way then,” said lunchb0t, leading them into a sideroom.

Two hours, four visitor ID tags, three NDAs, and one set of fingerprints apiece later, they were allowed up to the top floor, to the PenHouse suite.

“Sorry,” lunchb0t kept saying, as he would hand them one sheaf of documents or another, “standard procedure, haha...we’ve had some trouble with the law, you see, haha...good thing Clme isn’t here, haha...”

They gladly traded his plastic laughter for the stark and silent confines of e0d's suite. That, and the stark, mostly silent reproach given to them by e0d's personal assistant, Weishaupt, who, despite a slight limp, ushered them into the suite and onto a black leather sofa near e0d's desk. Like lunchb0t, he wore a fantastic Italian suit and had unnecessarily long hair pulled back into a ponytail. Once he had them all seated, Weishaupt sat across from them.

"Fnord," he said, intently.

The four of them exchanged glances but didn't say anything.

"Twenty-three," Weishaupt emphatically stated.

Onyx raised an eyebrow. "Twenty-four?" he ventured.

Weishaupt icily stared him down.

"Look," said Jimbo, leaning forward, "we have heard of the Illuminati, whatever. When can we see e0d?"

"Weishaupt, in the portrait, his smile mysterious," said Weishaupt.

"Double-ewe tee eff?" said m0n, but before his question could be answered a gong clanged loudly, echoing in the room. A virtually-invisible door in the wall opened to their left, and through it stepped the man himself, closely followed by Sara. e0d was also dressed the part of the power executive; he had the suit, the tie, the famous Watch of Power, and his bald head seemed to radiate light and warmth. Sara wore a kimono and shuffled silently behind him. Neither of them seemed to acknowledge the presence of anyone else in the room until e0d got to his desk and sat down.

"How are you gentlemen," he said, getting comfortable. As he was settling in, Sara removed a small metal tin from her kimono, set it on the table, and opened it. She dipped her fingers in, scooped some sort of substance out, and began rubbing it on e0d's head in a slow, rhythmic manner.

"Someone set me up the headwaxing!" e0d smiled, opening a drawer and pulling out a flask. He turned to the four of them while unscrewing its cap. "So? What happen? Someone set you up the bomb?"

"Weishaupt and Washington at the White House," said Weishaupt, nodding.

"Er, let me explain," said Onyx, reaching for his own briefcase. He gave e0d a brief rundown of the situation with bleh and the attack at the Speakeasy, to which e0d seemed mostly attentive, despite the draining of his flask.

When he was finished talking, Onyx sat back and waited for e0d to respond. e0d looked at Weishaupt, and then Onyx, and raising his flask, said, "Pork chop sandwiches!"

"So...?" prompted Onyx.

"Launch every Zig!" e0d shouted, standing up.

"Is that a yes?" asked Onyx. "Can we arrange a meeting and see which agents want to come and help out?"

"You have no chance to survive make your Volkswagon 2.5litre turbo!"

"That's a yes," said Sara, closing the metal wax tin. "Get everyone here as soon as possible and we'll see what we can do." With that, she led a humming, dancing e0d out of the room.

After they left, Onyx turned to p33t and handed him a piece of paper with a list and a small device that looked like an ovular watch. "Contact the people on this list," he explained, "and have them all come to the Penterplex. It's time to see who will be joining us."

"Ok, but what about this?", p33t said, holding up the device. "What is this thing?"

"It's called a "Rat-ifier", explained Onyx. "Hardwired into the device is an algorithm that takes the current time as a seed and generates a text string from three to nine characters. That string will be displayed on the device, and is the alias you will have to establish contact with to reach the agent formerly known as KetchupRat."

"That seems a lot of trouble to go through," remarked p33t, "and it doesn't seem to have any significant advantage, as far as hiding's one identity is concerned."

Onyx chuckled. "Well, it's fucking K-rat we're talking about here, what do you expect?"

The meeting was set for two days later. Onyx and m0n passed the time by playing Minesweeper on LAN in the complex's gaming room; p33t and Jimbo were off doing something else, who knows. They didn't really see anyone except for a humanoid in a bright orange jumpsuit that roamed the halls, humming to himself and rhythmically hammering on just about any surface he came across. He had a nametag that said, "I used to be Peter," but they quickly learned to avoid him, as all he did was ask for help with everything from eating to designing Flash animations.

The day of the meeting was spent greeting the visitors that had come at their request, while lunchb0t attended to their NDAs and IDs. Among the first to arrive was LonMabonJovi, wearing the least-greasy NASCAR tshirt he could find, which m0n appreciated. Tinsloth and Spinch arrived next; Tin claimed it was a "surprisingly easy" bike ride from San Francisco. Jumper strolled in, and was displeased at having to leave his "entourage" in a waiting room. People from the midwest arrived next, among them Clme, Biggles, Flashdim, Ketchuprat, Filious, and Bitchgoddess. Clme was wearing a suit that looked to be made entirely of Bondo and chickenwire, and predictably lunchb0t was unhappy to see him; Biggles' goatee was shaved so that it curved to a sharp point at the end, and his authentic replica conquistador helmet gleamed under the Penterplex's track lighting. Krat kept mostly to himself while Filious and Bitchgoddess kept themselves busy by arguing over cuisine choices. Flashdim did some stuff, too.

The next group included dlack, all the way from New York, whose voice made the women swoon; rufus, earthbound, and Zippy, who had somehow survived travelling together; and Duke, carrying a backpack full of pornography that he graciously passed out to anyone who asked for some. He and Zippy struck up a conversation immediately.

The last ones there were the European contingent, including LamFear, Faran, and Fakie.

"Sorry," LamFear said, grabbing m0n's ass, "arranging that Concorde flight was more difficult than I had thought."

"Oh, at least you're here!" yipped m0n, who bounced happily.

"Ah yes, CdBee wanted me to give this to you," said Fakie, who has an even better Scottish accent than Banjoman, and as such, it will not be recreated for fear of destroying it beyond recognition, to m0n, handing him a note. m0n opened it, and read:

'YOU BLOODY AMERICAN I'D NEVER GO TO AMERICA YOU BLOODY GIT NEVER INVITE ME TO YOUR IMPERIALISTIC "DEMOCRACY" AGAIN I BET YOU JUST WANT TO FORCE YOUR AMERICAN VALUES ON ME LIKE AT MCDONALDS IT ISN'T EVEN SCOTTISH BUT LET ME TELL YOU GIVE ME ONE GOOD JOINT AND I'LL—' but at this point m0n stopped reading.

"Oh well," he said, throwing away the note.

After a while Onyx surmised that no one else would be coming, so he asked Doomy to notify e0d that they were ready to begin. She made a call and then turned back to Onyx.

“Ok, everyone follow me,” she said, “e0d wants the meeting in Fen’s office, to minimize any potential litigation.” They fell into a noisy semblance of a line and followed behind her onto the elevator and up to the top floor.

Fen’s office was down the hall from e0d’s. It was tastefully decorated with Japanese prints and an impressive library along the back wall; there was a conference table of sorts in the middle of the room, but it was more Eastern, being about a foot off the ground and surrounded by pillows that were obviously meant for sitting. But what everyone couldn’t help but notice were what looked like little puppets made of straw hanging from the ceiling by long threads. They were all over the place, and everyone was careful not to disturb them as they walked to the table and sat down in their seats, as indicated by delicately-handwritten nameplates. Onyx’s seat had a laptop hooked up to a projector, and there was a screen at the front of the room.

As soon as everyone was settled, Weishaupt, e0d and Sara strode through the doors and took their places at the table. e0d, unsurprisingly, was tanked. He was also carrying a cordless drill and he kept pulling the trigger in short bursts and saying, “WHIRRRRRR,” as he did so. Sara did a surprisingly good job of getting him to calm down and sit. Once all three of them were in place, Weis turned to Onyx and said, “Ok, now that we’re all here, can you finally tell us what precisely is going on?”

Onyx set his briefcase on the table, removed a CD from it, and put it in the laptop. A tastefully designed PowerPoint splash screen with the title, “Bleh and You: A Study in Attempted World Domination,” appeared on the screen.

“Well,” he said, pulling out some papers from his briefcase, “I first—wait a second,” he said suddenly, looking up at Weis, “what the fuck are you doing speaking normally? Where’s Fen?”

“What do you mean?” Weis asked, confused. “I’m Fen, and I have impeccable speaking skills. How you could confuse me with Weis, I’ll never know.”

“So you’re twins?” Onyx asked, incredulous. The rest of the room seemed pretty incredulous too, except for the people who already knew, who are being conveniently ignored right now.

“Yeah, they’re twins,” said lunchb0t, who suddenly had a strange accent, “if you ask one of them for ice cream, they both say yes!”

“How in the hayall?” m0n piped up, pleased with himself.

“Well, now that that joke is over,” Fen said, “can we get down to business?”

“Sure,” said Onyx, turning back to the group. They were all watching him. “OnyxCorp has been in communication with xclusiv of the MTC for quite some time now.”

“MTC?” Filious asked, leaning forward.

“The Mean Twink Crew,” Onyx explained. “They have no official name, and the only name given to them was by Bleh. It kind of stuck. Anyway, the last message I received from X was simply four lines in length.” Onyx hit a button on the keyboard, bringing up the PowerPoint slide with the document in question:

DYJGTIT?

tl;dr

SOLVIETS TRACKING ME

~

“At first, I thought it was non-sensical gibberish,” Onyx explained, glancing over the group, “but nothing X sends over that channel was ever superfluous. I had no idea what it meant, but the first line gave me an idea. I have an associate who works for Google. As a favor to me, he slipped a few lines of code into Google's webcrawling algorithm to scan for any webpages on the Internet that contained all of these strings. Among the list of result was one page with four meta keywords. Guess what they were?”

A murmur swept across the room.

Onyx continued. "Unfortunately, the site didn't have a Universal Resource Locator... just an IP. The IP didn't resolve to a machine, but the first octet of the IP, '172', was unmistakable. I called AOL, and with a bit of social engineering, I was able to get the name of the machine and it's current IP based on its former IP and the time it held that IP. I browsed to that IP and saw...this."

Onyx typed something and webpage appeared on the screen. “I made a local copy, for posterity’s sake,” he explained. Aside from one text box, the page was totally blank. Onyx typed two characters into the text box and hit enter. Another page loaded.

If you are reading this, then the worst has happened. As of today, I am the only remaining member of my cell. Bleh has taken out McDrewbie and buckjohson, and is coming after me to totally eradicate any effective operation from this cell. Therefore I am going into hiding.

Bleh appears to be preparing for the launch of a satellite which will somehow enable him to gain direct control of any machine with an antenna. I'm still not exactly sure how it works, but I do know his preliminary tests have been successful. This is a lot worse than it sounds at first. If only one wireless access point is in operation, Bleh can effectively daisy-chain his way to control of the entire Internet, or any other private networks, including government networks.

From the little intelligence we gathered before this all started, I am led to believe that Bleh will attempt to take out any cell that would likely ally with PenIsMightier to decrease any resistance he will encounter when he sets his plan into action. The next likely targets appear to be TinSloth, Onyx, m0n, Jimbo, or Biggles. Hopefully, you will find this before it is too late. There is much strife amongst all the various cells, and I don't see any sort of alliance possible. However, you must do something before Bleh initiates his plan. If he succeeds, all hope is lost.

I advise you to get out of town and coordinate with as many people as possible, and it should be brought to e0d's attention ASAP.

-X

Onyx went on. "As I was reading this message, I received another one from X." A few keystrokes later, the new message appeared on the screen:

Hey,
We need to talk. I think MTC and OnyxCorp need to join forces. Leaving for JAX now so I'm gone when Bleh gets here. Meet me at JIA tomorrow. I'll be arriving at 6:15pm, so you've got plenty of time to get ready for me.

I swear, when I meet Bleh, I'm gonna step up to that fucker and punch him in the face.

-Xclusive

"The problem with this," Onyx continued, "is that X never calls his cell the MTC, and he never signs his messages with '-Xclusive'. I was lead to only one possible conclusion: X had been comprimised, and Bleh was heading to JAX to take out the next cell on his list. m0n and I promptly left town."

Yet anoter murmur swept the room. Just then, fen pulled down one of the hanging dolls, lit it on fire, and threw it at Onyx. "OHMYGOD STRAWMAN!" he screamed, quite uncharacteristically.

"OHMYGOD FLAMEWAR!" e0d slurred. He started clapping and giggling.

"Oooh, terribly sorry," Fen said, rushing over to Onyx and smothering the fire. "Force of habit...I can only go so long listening to someone else speak before I do that. Do accept my apologies, won't you?"

"Uh, sure," Onyx said, backing away from Fen.

"No, no," Fen said, "Sit back down. Do go on. What next?"

"When we left town, I figured the next best course of action would be to detour to the Speakeasy to pick up Jimbo," said Onyx. "Shortly after arriving there, we were attacked by some of bleh's TWINKs." He tapped a few buttons and a picture of one of the crumpled TWINKs from the Speakeasy appeared on the screen.

"They were easily dispatched, as you can see. In the aftermath of the fight, we managed to capture and interrogate Banjoman, who had driven the TWINKs there." A picture of Banjoman appeared on the screen. "He gave us some valuable information regarding bleh's plans, namely that bleh is operating from his own personal spacestation, the Blehismightier, and that there is a supply rocket launching soon from the desert outside of Las Vegas that we can use as a means to get to the station."

Onyx looked over the group, obviously quite pleased with himself.

"How do we know we can trust him?" Fen asked.

“Well, I’m not sure that we can,” Onyx said, “but we don’t really have any other leads, and he didn’t seem to happy working for bleh. Also,” he said, tapping on the keyboard with a flourish, “I received this today.” A new message appeared on the screen:

[This message has been edited by Banjoman (edited 06-30-2004 @ 1300GMT).]

“So?” said Clme, in his one speaking line. “There’s nothing there.”

“Wait,” Tinsloth jumped in, “That’s tomorrow’s date. What the hell?”

“Good eye, Tinnie,” Onyx said. “This is how Banjoman agreed to contact me when he knew more about bleh’s plans. The supply rocket launches tomorrow at 0600 Mountain time. That gives us just under twelve hours to get there and board the shuttle, so we have to act fast.” e0d nodded vigorously. “OKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOKOK,” he said.

“We’re in,” said Sara. “Much like the X-Men, we magically acquired a Blackbird one day, so we can all travel there in a bit of *deus ex machina*.”

“Excellent,” said Onyx. “Is everyone in?”

The room was full of nodding heads --- all, except one, that of Krat. His shaggy mop of red hair did not move.

“I’m not going,” said Krat, “because I’m an asshole.”

“Awww, come on,” m0n said, “we’re all assholes here.”

“Yeah, I know,” Krat said. “But I...well, I just don’t feel like it. I don’t even know why I came here.”

Just then, the Ratifier beeped. Onyx glanced at it before responding.

“Is this supposed to be dramatic or something, ‘RATSAYSNO?’” Onyx asked, leaning towards him. “Because we really don’t have the time and I’m getting sick of this room.”

Fen let out a small “hmpfh!” as RATSAYSNO replied, “No, not dramatic...I just don’t care...the shrink says you people only exist in my head anyway, so when I wake up this’ll all be gone...”

“Fine, fuck off then,” said Onyx brusquely. “Anyone else?”

Jumper spoke up. “Yeah, I don’t really see the need in all of this. I mean, it’s highly improbable that bleh will succeed.”

The attendee formerly known as Krat piped in. “Seriously. I mean, I LESS-THAN-THREE Bleh and all, but there’s less than a 1 in a million chance of him succeeding in something this elaborate.”

“Actually,” said Jumper, “there’s a 1/1,000,000 chance of it happening on any given day. There are 365 days in the year. So, the probability of it happening at any time this year is really 1/365,000,000.”

Fen grabbed another of his flaming dolls and ignited it. Before he could throw it, though, Clme locked the thread.

Onyx sighed. “Ok, Everyone else, let’s get ready. We’ll fly out in four hours. Get whatever equipment you think you’ll need, sign your life insurance forms, whatever, just be ready.”

Eleven hours later found our ragtag group of heroes spying on a legion of TWINKs working at bleh's topsecret launch facility in the Nevada desert.

"T-MINUTH THITHXTY MINUTH AN COUNTING UNTIL LAUNCH..." a voice boomed over the facility's loudspeakers. Onyx was dividing the group up into separate groups, to make it easier to tell the story. Oh and also so that one group could provide a distraction for the TWINKs while the other group, of course that being the one led by Onyx, would board the shuttle. He also handed everyone a portable, two-way radio.

"Ok everyone, move out," Onyx said, once everything was set, and the group dispersed.

"T-MINUTH FIFTY-FIVE MINUTH AND COUNTING...HEY, WHO ARE YOU, CUTIE?" blared over the speakers five minutes later, quickly followed by a loud, "OOOF, HAAAY, THAT HURTH!" and then feedback, echoing throughout the site. The TWINKs they could see looked understandably distressed, and many of them began running to the control tower.

Onyx winced. "Dammit, I told them to be quiet!"

"Well, we've got a clear path to the shuttle now," m0n said.

Biggles' voice crackled over the loudspeakers just then. "Everything is under control. Situation normal."

There was a pause, and then Biggles said, "Uh...had a slight weapons malfunction. But, uh, everything's perfectly all right now. We're fine. We're all fine here, now, thank you. How are you?"

There was yet another pause, and then, "Uh, uh, negative. We had a reactor leak here now. Give us a few minutes to lock it down. Large leak...very dangerous."

"That sounds familiar..." said Tin, crouching with m0n, Onyx, and Clme, just as there was a loud squeal and the speakers went silent.

"Boring conversation anyway," Onyx said.

"Come on, come on, let's go!" said Clme.

"Good idea," said Onyx. As they began running towards the shuttle, a siren started going off and various things on and around the shuttle made loud noises and let out steam.

"Shit, they're starting the launch early," Onyx said. "Hurry!"

They made it just in time. The automated ladder was just beginning to pull away as they raced upwards, but all four of them easily made the jump into the conveniently-open door. After a little bit of exploration, they found a convenient place to hide, and sat down to wait.

They didn't wait long. A few minutes later a voice started repeating over the speakers in the shuttle, "OHMYGODOHMYGOD GET READY FOR THE LAUNCH!!!!!!" as the countdown began.

"Hold on to your butts," m0n said.

"Jurassic Park!" said Clme.

"Good job!" m0n said, as the incredible forces of the launch pinned everyone against the wall as they flew into space. A few, long minutes later, they could all breathe again, and had to hold themselves down to keep from floating all over the tiny compartment they were in.

"Just take it easy," Onyx said, "we'll just chill here until we dock at the station."

"Hey guys," Jimbo's voice crackled on Onyx's radio.

"Yeah," answered Onyx. "What's up?"

"Not surprisingly, bleh knows something happened...he's been radioing like crazy down here. Listen." There was a short burst of static and then, unmistakably, bleh's voice blared, "OH

EM GEE OH EM GEE TWINKS TWINKS WHERE ARE MY TWINKS SAAAAAAAAVE
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEE FROM BIG DADDDDDDDDY!!!!”

“Did you at least try to tell him that nothing was wrong?” m0n asked.

“Of course we did,” came e0d’s voice, oddly sober. “But did you hear the job Biggles did of trying to do the same thing to the TWINKs? One of them must have radioed bleh to tip him off.”

“Ok, ok, thanks for the warning,” Onyx sighed into the radio. He turned to the others. “I’m guessing we’re going to have a welcoming committee, so prepare yourselves.”

They settled in for the ride.

“I wish we had window seats,” Tin said.

“Yeah,” m0n said, “Now I’ll never know if Blehismightier looks like a giant cock.”

Roughly an hour later, the four of them found themselves standing in the hallway leading from the docking bay to the inner sanctum of bleh’s space station. The shuttle had docked with little fanfare, and there were no TWINKs to be found when they approached the docking bay.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this,” Tin said as they crossed from one vessel to another.

“Yeah, well, we’re here, we’re queer, get used to it, whatever,” m0n said.

Onyx raised an eyebrow at him. “I thought you worked for us...”

“Fuck off,” m0n said, surveying the area. “Let’s go find bleh.”

They split into two teams, m0n and Onyx heading to the right, Tin and Clme heading to the left. They had agreed to radio if anyone found anything.

It was eerily quiet in the space station, other than the constant hum of electronics. There wasn’t a single TWINK to be found anywhere. Onyx found this less than comforting.

As they crept down one hallway looking for any sign that they might be going even vaguely in the right direction, m0n spotted an LCD display with a map of the facility.

“Wow!” he said, running over to it. “It *is* shaped like a giant cock! Look Onyx!” He was pointing gleefully at the map.

“m0n,” Onyx said, looking closer, “did you happen to, you know, look at the map itself?”

“Well yeah,” m0n said. “Double-ewe tee eff do you mean? It’s a giant dick!”

“Giant dick, yeah, yeah,” Onyx sighed. Then he put his finger on the screen, under two glowing red lights. “But did you notice this?”

m0n looked where he was pointing. The two lights were labelled “Onyx” and “m0n.”

“Derrrrr...” m0n said.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA I GOT YOU YOU F00KERZ!!!!” bleh’s voice blared from all around them. “YOU THINK I WOULD LET YOU GET ON MY DICK WITHOUT KNOWING???? OH EM GEE OH EM GEE PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE!!!”

The two of them were covering their ears and crouching, it was so loud.

“I HAVE J00R FRIENDS, BOYEEEEEEEEEEES!!!” bleh continued. “TWINKSLOTH AND KILLME ARE HERE...OH YEAH!!! SAAAAVE THEM NOW, FAG0TSZ!!!!”

m0n looked at the LCD screen again. Instead of the map, there was now a picture of a bruised and bleeding Tinsloth tied up to a slightly disheveled Clme.

“JUST FOLLOW THE LIGHTS!!!” bleh blared again. “YOU WILL FIND MEEEEEEEEEE, BOYEEEEEEES!!!”

As his last words echoed around them, a line of pink LEDs started lighting up on the wall next to them, leading off into the distance. Onyx looked back down to the LCD screen and saw that from their position there was a pink line leading deep into the central part of the ship.

“I figured something like this would happen,” he said. He motioned to m0n. “Come on, let’s get going.”

The trip into the inner shaft of the space station was eerie and uneventful. Occasionally bleh would make some sort of taunt or announcement over the speakers, but again there were no TWINKs, just lots of halls and side rooms that looked to be filled with gay pr0n. There looked to be at least one server room that they passed – “I wouldn’t be surprised if he ran his spamming operation from up here,” Onyx remarked – “I wouldn’t be surprised if that’s how he financed this place,” m0n replied – but they didn’t have time to investigate.

Soon enough, they rounded a corner and came to their destination. There, suspended from the ceiling, hung Tin and Clme, tied together and slowly spinning. m0n and Onyx ran straight to them as really dramatic music started playing over the station’s loudspeakers, like maybe “Ride of the Valkyries” or Bach’s “Canon in D Minor.”

“Watch out!” screamed Clme, just as bleh swooped down from the ceiling and knocked them over. m0n looked up, dumbstruck.

Bleh was flying through the air, wearing a form-fitting green leotard and a sprightly hat with a red feather cocked out of the side of it. He was cackling.

“HAHAHAHAHAH YOU’LL NEVER GET J00R B0YEEEEZ,” he said, swooping down and bitchslapping m0n, sending him reeling back. “WELCOME TO BLEHISMIGHTIER, BIATCHESS!!!”

m0n was panicking. “Double-ewe tee eff double-ewe tee eff double-ewe tee eff,” was all he could muster, rolling into the fetal position and wetting himself as bleh rained blows down upon him from all sides. As bleh was about to hit him again, the whole world seemed to slow down somehow, and m0n’s perception of bleh spun in a 360-degree circle around him.

“Whoa,” m0n thought, temporarily impressed, “bullet text!”

bleh was not giving up. “BIG DADDY E0D CAN’T SAVE YOU NOW, MONQUEEEEEEEEEER!!!”

“That’s why I came prepared,” Onyx shouted above the din. m0n rolled over and squinted one eye open to see Onyx standing near the far wall. He was pulling something from his backpack.

It was a long, cardboard tube.

From this tube, he pulled a long piece of shiny paper.

As it was unfurled, it became obvious that it was a poster.

Onyx held the poster open for all to see.

That poster had, as its sole subject, an ass.

And not just any ass.

It was the most beautiful ass in the world.

Verily, one could see God’s fingerprints on those cheeks, that’s how much attention was paid when that ass was crafted.

One could conceivably bounce all of the coins in Switzerland off of that ass.

m0n involuntarily started drooling. He felt something drip on him, and he looked up to find bleh floating above him, absolutely transfixed by the poster of the ass.

Slackjawed, bleh was barely able to say, “I...would so bury...my face in that...oh em gee...ass...”

Even Clme and Tin seemed transfixed. The ass seemed to shine with its own, asstastic power that snared unsuspecting men into its firm, round depths.

“Oh yeah, you want this?” Onyx asked bleh. He was holding the poster with one hand and was slowly reaching upwards with his other. Suddenly, his hand found what it was looking for, and yanked. “Well, come and get it!” he screamed, as bleh fell in a heap on top of m0n.

“Double-ewe tee eff?” said m0n.

“Double-ewe tee eff?” said bleh. He rolled off of m0n and got up.

“NO ONE CAN BEAT THE POWER OF SHAOLIN PETER PAN, BOYEEEE!!!!” he screamed, kicking m0n in the stomach and running out the room.

“Ow,” sputtered m0n, assuming the fetal position once more. He heard something land in a soft thud and looked up to see Tin and Clme untangling themselves.

“Go on,” Clme said as he moved Tin’s foot from his face, “go and get him.”

“He can’t get away,” Tin said, moving his face out from Clme’s crotch, “get that assgoblin!”

Onyx ran over to m0n and helped him up. “You alright?”

m0n nodded. “Yeah. Let’s go get him.”

In the meanwhile, bleh was running down a corridor, heading to his personal escape pod.

“I can’t BELIEVE those fag0tz!” he spat.

As he rounded the last corner, a tall, lanky figure stepped out of the shadows from in front of the pod’s entrance. bleh stopped running and started staring, slightly terrified.

The figure’s identity was undiscernable, but it was all too clear that he was holding up some sort of gun. The figure took a step forward, bringing his face into the light.

A look of realization swept across bleh's face, but the figure spoke first:

”Later.”

”Treyh?” bleh managed, as the figure pulled the trigger.

m0n and Onyx rounded the corner and came to a premature halt. On the ground in front of them was a small hypodermic dart and a pool of blood.

“DOUBLE-EWE TEE EFF?” m0n said.

Onyx put on some latex gloves he got out of his backpack, and hunched over the dart. He grabbed it by the feather, examing it closely. “Give me a baggie.”

“Since when did we replace CSI?” m0n asked.

“Shut up and just give me a fucking baggie,” Onyx demanded.

m0n dug in his backpack and produced one. Onyx dropped in the dart.

“Get that to a lab.” Onyx said. “Analyze the blood. Check it for fingerprints.”

m0n nodded, placing the baggie back into his pack. He surveyed the scene and sighed. “Someone was tranquilized, but there's no body.” He sighed again. “The story of my life.”

“Huh?” said Onyx.

“I...” m0n began, a faint melody in his voice, “ain't got no body.”

“Give me that dart back.” Onyx stepped towards m0n. “I need to put someone out of his misery for a while.”

m0n protectively held his backpack and stepped back. “ESS TEE EFF YOU!”

Just then Onyx’s radio crackled. “Jimbo to Onyx, come in, over.”

He unhooked it from his belt. “Onyx here, over.”

“We’re tracking bleh’s escape pod,” Jimbo said. “We thought you might want to know... it appears to be heading to the moon. Over.”

“Roger th—” Onyx said, as m0n grabbed the radio away from him.

He was giggling, and he keyed the radio. “Hey Jimbo,” he said, “why are we all of a sudden saying ‘Over’? Double-ewe tee eff is this, an attempt at realism? Uh...over?”

Jimbo let forth a torrent of expletives as Onyx stole the radio back.

“Asshat,” he said. “Nevermind m0n, Jimbo,” he spoke into the radio, “Onyx out.”

“Well fuck,” m0n said, “what now?”

“Let’s go back to Tin and Clme and get off this fucking cock.”

As the four of them walked back to the docking bay, Onyx explained what they had found in their pursuit of bleh, and what Jimbo had told them.

“Why the moon?” Clme asked. “Does he have some secret moon base?”

“Hope there aren’t any Ewoks,” Tin muttered.

“Who, bleh? No,” Onyx answered, “we’d have known about that, banjoman would have filled us in.” He paused for a second, obviously deep in thought. “This just doesn’t make sense.”

m0n jumped in. “More importantly, how does he even expect to land on the moon?”

Onyx shot him a look. “Don’t you even...”

m0n grinned at him, gleefully said, “I mean, last I heard, the moon is full today!”

“I hate you.”

In deep space, bleh stirred to consciousness. Treyh slowly falls into focus before him.

“Twink,” bleh blearily offered.

“Welcome back.”

“What are you doing with me, f00ker?” He tried sitting up but didn’t have the strength.

Treyh leaned back. “Oh, just taking you to a little place I like to call home.”

“A twink bar?”

“Oh, sweet little naive bleh,” treyh laughed, patting him on the head. “Fortunately, you do have *some* desirable attributes.”

bleh’s strength returned to him in a rush. “OH MY GOD,” he shouted, backing into a corner, “YOU ARE NOT FUCKING MY ASS TWINKBEAR!”

Treyh looked at him disdainfully. “That’s enough out of you,” he said, pulling the tranquilizer gun out of his jacket and pointing it at bleh.

“You go sleep now,” he said, pulling the trigger.

“Yes, sleep,” Treyh continued, as bleh drifted back into unconsciousness, “You’ll need your rest.” He rolled bleh over with his foot. “Just imagine...If one of you is this annoying, and is almost successful at taking over Earth, I’m eager to see how a clone army of 100,000 blehs would fare...oh yes, yes I am...MWAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAH!”

If one were to be able to hear sounds in space, Treyh’s final, ominous laugh would be among the loudest.

FIN!

Be prepared for the thrilling sequel:
RETURN OF THE TWINKS!

Credits:

Story idea, outline, and most coherent scenes: **TheOnyx**

Random stupidity, procrastination, and 95% of the filler writing: **m0n**