

The adventures of Earl

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Yu-Gi-Oh gone horribly, horribly, horribly WRONG! (Yuk yuk yuk)

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1 - Earlish prologue

A note from the author(s?):

This may or may not have been co-written with the help of another person. I'm not quite sure.

Just so you know, all characters in this story are Yu-Gi-Oh cards. Skully is Summoned Skull. Blue is the Blue-Eyes, Moist is Moisture Creature, Maggie is the Magician of Faith, Earl is the Earl of Demise, Budget Cutz is Maju Garzett, Jinzo is Xvo (yo), Red Eyes B. Dragon is Red, Despair From the Dark is Def D., and the members of the Hell's Fairies gang are Zolgas. Oh, and this is indeed plagiarism. I'll be notifying you of any further appearances by Yu-Gi-Oh cards, and also the state of my plagiarism lawsuit.

Prologue.

In which Earl tells you about his childhood.

Dear Diary ...

I was born on a Pennsylvanian border dairy farm. My mother, Earline, was a earless, and my father, Earl the 10232nd, was a great and mighty duke. Okay, he was an earl. But that's what our family has always been. Earls, or the parents of earls, or the college roommates of earls, or the janitors of earls, or (more often) the victims of earls. But we didn't mind. It was usually a case like my Great-Auntie Gladys, who changed her name from Earline to Gladys. Or the fact that we broke all the mirrors. The reason for this is because of the three things that distinguish the mighty family (and no disrespect) of Demise from all others is that we all look the same, (albeit with different hair) we're all butt-ugly, and we all have one eye because when a member of the Demise family is born, his/her other eye falls out for some reason. But I was different. I was whacked by Great-Auntie Gladys on my eye before it fell out, and it's been wedged in there by swelling and/or scar tissue since then. Whee! Anyhoo, for regular Demisers, this eye is kept in the library, in a giant pickle jar filled with formaldehyde, with all the other eyes. It's always unnerving to read in our library, because someone is always looking at you. But this story isn't about my family home, where the paintings all look the same and possessed sheets have an unnerving tendency to jump out at you. It's about what happened that night when I was out playing poker with my old high school buddies...

2 - chapter 1

*Chapter 1. In which Earl is witness to **graphic, blind, hair dryer** violence and **cape slashing**.*

"I'll raise you. And I call your hand." Skully1 shoved a pile of finger bones into the pot.

"I'm out." Blue shrugged, throwing his cards down and tossing his two femurs and a foot bone into the pot. "Moist, give me a tall one. What `bout you, Earlish?"

"Earl has a good hand. I'm staying. At least until it falls off." I wiggled my wrist. "Hit me too, Moist."

"But of course, my ugly-as-sin friend." Moist's hair dryer-like weapon hovered over two empty glasses, then filled it with a glowing blue liquid.

"On the rocks" I added. "Earl prefers it on the rocks."

"Earl, must you always use bad grammar?" Budget Cutz sniffed distastefully. "It's unbecoming for one of your station."

"Budget Cutz will bite Earl." I responded.

"Yo, I hear that my man," Xvo nodded, "I raise ya, y'all. Ova' to ya, Def D., my man."

"I hear ya, brotha'. I fold. I'm out, thanks to you!" Def D. slapped his cards on the table and shoved two leg bones over.

There was a bang, and our door flew open. More accurately, it fell open, as Moist's pub is in various states of decomposition. Someone dashed in, out of breath and having just been chased by a group of malicious fairies hell-bent on her demise.

"Help! I'm out of breath and I've just been chased by a group of malicious fairies hell-bent on my demise!" she panted.

"Were they Zolgas? Earl doesn't like Zolgas." I growled. "Or Kelbeks. I don't like those either. Or Gyakutenno Megamis. Earl especially despises them because I can rarely pronounce their name correctly."

"They were Zolgas. And if it helps, they're coming into your foyer." the girl offered helpfully.

"First, it's not a foyer, it's a cul de sac. Second, I TOLD THOSE @!&#ing fairies to STAY OUT OF MY !@\$#ing PUB!" Moist rose from behind the counter as the dramatic background music swelled. "Who's

with me!”

(Insert noises of crickets chirping. Add tumbleweed)

“Fine, I’ll do it myself.”

*Five minutes of **graphic, hair dryer** violence and **cape slashing** later...*

Skully, Blue, the girl, Budget Cutz, Xvo, Red, Def D. and I stood gaping at the scene of excessive-yet-entertaining violence in Moist’s foyer-er-cul de sac. Nine shredded Zolgas lay in a heap beneath a triumphant pub owner.

“Verily I say unto thee, I am a triumphant pub owner!” Moist declared. One of the Zolgas, who’s cape was bleached white, waved a napkin on a straw (holding it in his ((her?)) mouth).

“We shall return, and when we do, we’re gonna bust your `cul de sac’ when the light don’t shine.” the leader vowed.

Moist turned the lights off. “Try me.” he taunted.

*Five **more** minutes of **blind, graphic, hair dryer** violence and **cape slashing** later.*

The straw rose in the air once more.

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3 - chapter 2

Chapter 2.

In which Earl learns about drinking talents and schedules an AA meeting with obsessive compulsive machines.

“Thanks so much. I thought they were going to get me for sure!” the girl, who had introduced herself as Maggie, drained a glass. An astounding feat when the glass is as big as your torso. (What? Moist's pub is for big boys such as ourselves. Truth be told, she was drinking from an old vase that Moist dug out of the basement that had formerly held a tasteful arrangement of whiskeyponic lilacs.)

“Earl thinks this girl needs a refill or Alcoholics Anonymous.” I remarked, in awe of her drinking prowess.

“Here, brotha'. Borrow ma' cell phone. It's off da hook.” Def D. handed me the handheld apparatus.

“He means that it has free long distance calling.” Budget Cutz remarked, sipping a beer with his pinky sticking out. Red respectfully stuck it back down.

“Earl thanks you.” I dialed the number of our local AA branch, which I had memorized after my cousin's fiancée's niece's brother's best friend's uncle's roommate's janitor's old schoolteacher's grocer's employee's friend's friend's dog's `friend's' owner's canary developed a bit of a drinking problem.

“Hello, Alcoholics Anonymous. How may we enslave...Oh, hello Earl. How's the canary?” the annoying greeter person asked in her (his?) far too perky voice.

“He's good. Earl has another victim-er-person in need of your ceaseless babbling-er-gentle alcoholism curing tortures-er-methods. Her name's Maggie.”

“We'll be there to pick it up in thirty minutes, or it's free.” the perky man (woman?) said perkily.

“But it's already free.” I said.

“Oh, we normally charge for pickup.” the perky person replied, still perky as ever.

“You're a machine, aren't you.” I asked. “Don't lie! Earl knows when you lie!”

“Of course I'm a machine! Who else would work the phone at AA? Here, we're all Artificial Intelligence! We are the future! Buy our Skynet Matrix service now!”

“...Earl is hanging up now. Don't call Earl.”

“Remember Earl, we know where you live! The machines will rule the earth! Not even your great warrior He's-a No-show (Yugi Mutoh) will save y-” I cut off the still perky, now slightly disturbing and/or creepy machine.

“Okay, Maggie, we're going to take you to visit a SOMM meeting.” I said,

“Isn't it AA?” she asked.

“Nope. Alcoholics Anonymous is actually the Society Of Mechanical Maniacs. Earl just called them, and they'll be here withing thirty minutes or it's free.”

Thirty minutes, one second later...

“\$!^@&\$*#(@&\$^@%!^#&\$%@&!*^#%#&*@&!^@&#%\$&%*%^\$%@^!@*^#%\$*#%@\$&%%#&\$%&%&%^%\$&%%^%!” the disguised machine graced us with the glory of the English language, his timer having gone off just before he rang the doorbell.

“Earl did not know that so many curse words existed. Earl must write them down, so Earl can use them at the next family function or children's birthday party.” I stated, pulling out a quill pen and a scroll from a pocket that, prior to this sentence, did not exist. “\$^@&\$*#(@&\$^@%!^#&\$%@&!*^#%#&*@&!^@&#%&%*%^\$%@^!@*^#%\$*#@\$&%%#&\$%&%&%^%\$&%%^% % !” the Mechanical Maniac repeated.

“Those are good words. Earl can not write fast enough to encompass your mastery of cursing. Please curse more slowly.”

“\$!^@&\$*#(@&\$^@%!^#&\$%@&!*^#%#&*@&!^@&#%\$&%*%^\$%@^!@*^#%\$*#@\$&%%#&\$%&%&%^%\$&%%^% % !” The Deluded Digital Dude re-repeated the words slowly, giving me time to scribe them down.

“Earl thanks you.” I returned the scroll to it's pocket that did not exist before this chapter. “Now then, Maggie, these nice people are going to cure your drinking problem and turn you into a mechanical visionary.”

“Technically, she'd be a revolutionary. Visionaries are like, so last cycle.” the robot remarked helpfully. “Thank you for contributing to the army of our great and glorious leader, Mother Brain.” He grabbed Maggie and began dragging her towards the truck.

“On second thought, this girl has no drinking problem, so we-I mean she-won't be needing to attend AA. We'll take care of her.” I reached out and grabbed Maggie.

“No! Once you join Mother Brain's army, you will never leave!” the robot tugged on her arm.

*Two-and-a-half minutes of **graphic, robot smashing, flying pieces of metal violence and foul language** later...*

“Well boys, we have a new truck” Blue remarked, eyeing the piece of wheeled propaganda apprehensively. “Needs a paint job, though.”

It did. Even Earl-sorry, wrong reference to myself-I know that it isn't a good idea to drive around in a truck with a red-and-black picture of a brain with the words `We shall conquer your puny species' on it.

There was a knocking noise from inside the truck, and when we opened it, we found legions of half-starved, well funded imps, blinking at the light from Moist's pub.

“Oy Got.” Moist muttered. “I hope you guys brought cash, cause `on the house' are the three words that aren't in my vocabulary.”

Seven hundred thousand rounds later...

Two thousand, four hundred and eighty three imps, all drunk like nobody's business, left Moist's pub, swaying. Those of us inside gaped as what looked like a procession of snookered Gollums stumbled drunkenly into the street, chattering in what sounded like a barrage of Puerto Rican swear words, in Japanese, nonetheless.

“Wow.” Maggie gaped. “They really are drunk. My grandma does the same thing when she gets snookered.”

“Earl has never seen so many drunken Gollums. It's almost scary. Earl wonders what they will do. And is it even possible to use Puerto Rican swear words in Japanese?”

“Earl, this is fiction. Anything is possible.”

From outside came the sounds of two thousand, four hundred and eighty four imps chattering, then the screech of metal sounded, followed by the sound of an explosion.

“Oy! That's my **censored** van!” Blue shouted. “You just blew up my **censored** van you **censored** cretins!”

“We are **censored** cretins!” one of the things chuckled. “So kiss my **censored**!” Another one shouted. “Yeah! **Censored** off!” “Va **censored**!” one wearing an Italia hat cried, waving a bottle of wine in the air. “Vive le **censored** France!” Another one, this time smoking an unfiltered cigarette and wearing a beret, shouted.

“Yo, maybe we should get riddah these cretins, yo.” Xvo suggested.

“I hear yah, my brothah.” Def. D agreed. “Moist, yah got any tear gas, yo?”

“Plenty.” Moist pulled out two rocket launchers and a heap of tear gas canisters. `Help yourself.”

“Why thank you, yo.” Xvo and Def. D took a launcher and a bandolier each and began firing them into the crowd. It was like a rock concert gone horribly, *horribly* wrong.

5 - Chapter Four

Chapter four.

In which something disturbingly creepy happens.

“Earl is bored. We have played poker for three hours straight, drunk more water than one would think humanly possible, and we still haven't had to go to the bathroom. Earl thinks there is EVIL VOODOO MAGIC INVOLVED!” I shouted, scattering body parts, cards, and water glasses everywhere.

“Earl, Earl, Earl. Easy honey.” Xvo said.

“WHAT!” I shouted, tipping the table. Def. D moaned, the table having passed through his gaseous middle.

“Sorry. I meant `homey`. My finger slipped from the `m` key onto the `n` key. Stupid keyboard.” Xvo muttered, backspacing and changing the sentence.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief, except for Def. D, who still had a table crushing his innards.

“I don't want to interrupt, but WOULD SOMEBODY GET THIS **CENSORED** TABLE OFF OF ME!” he shouted, struggling. “I'm eighty percent gas! I can't lift it!”

“Technically D, you're eight-three. I checked you with this conveniently placed chromatograph.” Maggie pulled a piece of paper out of it. “Which is odd, because the thing wasn't here before this sentence.”

“Welcome to my pub. Until the second chapter, there wasn't a cul-de-sac or a gang of malicious fairies hell-bent on your demise. In fact, I don't think that you existed before the writer decided to rip off another character.” Moist wiped the bar with a towel that didn't exist before this sentence. “And the editor just told me that other anime/manga characters are going to show up in one to the chapters coming up, albeit in bit parts.”

That would be the next one. An ethereal voice said from the ceiling.

“Thanks for the heads up.” Moist flicked his towel at the ceiling.

Ow. What was that for? I'm just the ceiling you jerk. The voice muttered. *And where's that music coming from?*

Oh, that's just the media player. I-the writer-need music, and my brother won't let me play any of my Japanese stuff.

“Ahh.” Moist absently drummed his finger, **creating more meaningless stuff for me to write down to avoid the next chapter for as long as possible. It's not going to work Moist. All I have to do is write that you were struck by paralysis, and then we can go on.**

“No you won't. Earl will begin to party like it's 1899, and then you will have to write until I collapse from exhaustion.”

But I'll just write you a hernia, and then how will you dance?

“I'll wiggle my hand. Earl can wiggle with the best of them.”

And then, I'll play *Hikari*, and *1000 Words* and all that other J-Pop music I've got, and then where will you be? I'll tell you: In a fetal position, rocking on the floor, because you are my brother's alternate personality.

“I like J-Pop.” Maggie remarked.

That's because it was my idea to put you into this little pile of mayhem, Maggie. You can't not like it.

“Aww, you mean I didn't have a choice? Jerk.”

And what if the room was filled with sleeping gas, and then was invaded by the cast of Inu-Yasha. You'd be in trouble then.

“But then you'd have two Takahashi's after you. Kazuki and that other one.” Budget Cutz pointed out.

Rumiko?

“Yeah, that's her. And don't even *think* of bringing in any Yu Watase characters.” Xvo threatened ominously.

I knew I should have at least thrown another one of *my* cards into this. Then I would have more than one champion.

*Yeah, but you'd have picked *The Masked Beast*, or *Dark Paladin*, or *Dark Necrofeare*, or-dare I say it-*Dark Magician Girl*, which technically you don't own yet.*

Editor/alternate personality-because-I'm-the-one-who-writes-for-you, shut up. Technically, I'm you.

*Yeah, but then again, if I'm you, then why don't I like *Dark Magician Girl*.*

Because I'm thinking like my brother when I write like you. I just censored him.

Jerk.

You know, I get that a lot. Now, shut up and sit down, all of you, because we're going on to the next chapter. And if I hear even one peep out of *any* of you, then you're all going to become dancing girls. With harem pants. And little scanty tops. And veils. Don't make me come back there!

“You fiend! You would turn Earl into a dancing girl? Earl is both shocked *and* offended.”

Point taken. You wouldn't make the most *attractive* dancing girl. Okay, you-

“Earl thanks you from the bottom of his fiendish heart.”

I wasn't done. You can be the eunuch. Heheheheheheh.

“Earl will wreak horrible, ***horrible*** vengeance on-”

As of now, until the next chapter, everyone will be struck with paralysis.

6 - Chapter 5

Chapter Five

In which Earl discovers the true meanings of 'make an attempt on someone's life' and 'copyright infringement lawsuit'.

"Would someone like to explain why we are in a courtroom? Earl had a pedicure scheduled for today." I asked. We all were sitting on the witness stand (and boy, are those things roomy) as the author was tried for copyright infringement.

This story isn't even supposed to be published. Technically, I haven't violated any copyrights. Haven't you ever heard of 'fan-fiction'?

"Don't try to confuse me with your otaku-babble and doubletalk." the judge, Judge Man ordered.

"Your honour, technically you're a copyright infringement." the court stenographer pointed out. "As am I, since I'm the Ancient Elf."

"And the jury." Maggie added. Indeed they were, for the Goblin Attack Force was acting as the jury. "Oh, and the rest of this court."

Various copyrighted characters attending this trial looked around. It was indeed a classic case of copyright infringement incarnate.

There, see? I'm writing this, so therefore I can just write myself innocent.

"He's right, your honour." the stenographer noted.

"Oh, fine. He's innocent." the jury said as one. **God, I just love making you bend to my will. Now I want all of you to go and have a party, get drunk, and forget this ever happened. And if you don't...**

"MAKE IT STOP!" (But what's to stop?) everyone cried. "ANYTHING BUT *THAT* SONG! ANYTHING!"

“EARL WILL KILL YOU!”

Hi! I'm the editor. I'm writing this since the author is experiencing trouble with his windpipe and can't write, although I still can, which makes no freakin' sense, since I'm just another facet of the author.

*Anyhoo, the author was nearly strangled by Earl, who was held back by the cast of [Ceres Celestial Legend](#) (more copyright infringement! Whee!), who he wrote in just before Earl reached him. Of course, Earl's hands were around the author's neck, so it was painful and he can't talk for a couple of days. But he sent me this telegram, written in what appears to be red ink, that says **`Earl STOP will STOP die STOP I STOP will STOP return STOP Have STOP a STOP nice STOP day STOP!**' As you can tell, he's both recovering and murderous.*

*It's me again. The author sent me a carrier pigeon with a hand penned note, written in red ink that says : **`Earl `came around to visit', and I need a few more days of recovery. But I sent a few `friends' to go and `visit' with him. Oh, and I need more red ink, as I'm using my last supplies up with this letter.'** But, he'll be back. (I hope)*

Me again. Where is that @^\$% author? Last I heard, everyone went to visit him and-oh #&%. Quick! To the Animobile!

Hey, it's me. My editor came to my rescue just as Earl tried to finish what he started (and Earl, you have incredibly clammy hands. They almost feel like you're decomposing. ???) But he saved me, and I'm back. Now, to avoid further physical harm from a certain someone, I'm going to continue. But first: a revision!

“This straightjacket is most restricting. Earl can not move.” I remarked.

“That's the idea Earl. Straightjackets are meant to restrict psychotics. I just wish that the author hadn't written us all into these things.” Xvo remarked.

“Hey, it's our fault for not stopping Earl from attacking the author. Now he has a restraining order on us.” Maggie chided. “A literal restraining order, by which he ordered us all restrained.”

“Earl can still hit backspace, so I can free us in a matter of moments.” I reached around and then...

“This straightjacket is not restricting. Earl can move.” I remarked.

“Good thing that Earl rewrote this paragraph. Straightjackets are meant to restrict psychotics. Now we aren't written into these things.” Xvo remarked.

“Hey, it's *still* our fault for not stopping Earl from attacking the author. Now he *still* has a restraining order on us.” Maggie scolded. “Even though we aren't restrained.”

“Earl can still hit backspace, so I can eradicate that restraining order in a matter of moments.” I reached around and then...

NICE TRY EARL! I'M THE THIRD OTHER PERSONALITY! I'M THE ONE WHO STOPS YOU FROM HITTING THE BACKSPACE BUTTON!

A giant hand reached down from the ceiling to slap my wrist, but I backed away.

“Wrong! Earl still has the keyboard! I can write you out of existence!

Actually, Earl, I have the master keyboard. You can't delete him because he's an author. That would create a paradox. Isn't that right No. 3? No. 3? EARL YOU IDIOT! YOU DIDN'T

“Earl did, and now Earl will delete you!”

Not if I delete you first! Besides, if you delete me, that creates a paradox, because I wrote you and if you get rid of me then I never wrote you, but then I was never deleted-ah who am I kidding I CALL UPON THE POWER OF THE AUTHOR! COMPLETE AND TOTAL CHARACTER DESTRUCTIO-

Earl is writing this story, so there are no more authors. We run this place. And we choose who edits. So, Xvo, you're editor. Blue and Red, you two are `quality control'. Moist, Def D. And Budget Cutz, you three are in charge of supplying us with food, and Maggie, you take minutes.

Um, Earl, since you wrote the author out of existence, I'm fading.

Not if I write that you weren't one of his creations. There. Now you're not only solid, but-HOLY GOD! WHAT THE #!\$@ is my mother doing there.

Earl! Did you write the author out of existence? Bring him back this instant. OR ELSE. And don't swear.

Yes, Mom. I call back the author. Hello? Author? Where are you?

HELLO, EARL. REMEMBER ME? I'M THE SECURITY FACET OF THE AUTHOR. AND YOU AREN'T LICENCED TO BE OUT OF THOSE STRAITJACKETS. Oh, hello Mrs. Demise.

Hello dear. I hope that you will chastise my son properly.

OH, DON'T WORRY. I WILL...(insert ominous laughter and/or cackling)

Two and a half minutes later...

“Earl doesn't like these things. They are incredibly spiky, and remind Earl of his childhood.” I winced as a spike from the cage came dangerously close to my good eye.

“Well, Earl, if you hadn't gotten the author's security facet *and* your mother mad at us, we wouldn't all be crammed into an Iron Maiden that is suspended over a pit of lava by a rope coated in peanut butter with a horde of hungry rats chewing on it as we pen our last wills and testaments. If I die, this is all your fault.” Maggie glared at me and poked my back side with her pen.

“Wait! Earl still has the folding pocket-sized keyboard that I lifted from the author during my second assassination attempt! It can write us out of this medieval torture device before we die horrible fiery deaths. I can delete the security guards! All Earl must do is hi-light them!”

“Unfortunately, Earl, the keyboard has a sticker on it that says that you can't delete people with it. Only inanimate objects. It's just a back-down.” a new guy said. Due to lack of space and/or spikes in our eyes, we hadn't seen him. “And I should know. I'm the author's avatar. Think of me as one of the guys who comes into existence when he's deleted.”

“That's what you think! Earl can do whatever he wants to do! I can delete you.”

“Try it. You'll just get a shock.” the guy said. “ Oh, and I'm the wind avatar, so I can just blow us out of this cage.”

“Earl will not delete you if you do so before we plummet to our demises.” I ventured.

“Done.” the guy said. We were now standing in the middle of a big expanse of land with a purple-black sky and lightening bolts that struck down with unnerving frequency and/or accuracy.

“Earl likes this place. It makes him feel powerful!” I stood up straight. “Now, to delete the author's

security guards. First, I need to re-write..."

"Earl likes this as it also remind him of his childhood." I remarked. The guards were now crammed into the Iron Maiden, penning their last wills and testaments, and the rats were chewing even faster. However, it was quite a thick rope.

"Ahh, too slow!" Xvo grabbed the keyboard and deleted the ropes.

We watched as the guards began to plummet into the fiery abyss, only to see it melt into a gray expanse.

"That wasn't supposed to happen" the author-body guy said, looking around. "My editor must still have the master keyboard."

"There are more?! But Earl deleted the author and editor. Didn't the master keyboard go with them?"

"Actually, it did, but there's more than one master keyboard. This world originally was the authors, so he must have written in back-up/back-down keyboards that would type him back into existence.

"That is it. Earl is going to beat up that author." I stomped towards the horizon, rolling up my sleeve in the process. Unfortunately, since I have no sleeves, I ended up rolling up most of my skin and muscle.

"Wow. So that's what's under there. Kodak moment!" Maggie pulled out a disposable camera and snapped a shot of it. "I'm sending this to *Playbone*."

"Um, Earl, if you keep walking in that way, you'll just end up in the music library. It's a labyrinth that is filled with the echoes of J-pop music, so your eardrums will blow up in self-defence before you reach the off switch." the author avatar guy said. "I can get another avatar here to show you how to get to your home, though. Hey! Earth! They need out of here."

A fat guy wearing a miners helmet and a light popped out of the ground, cackling in a bad French accent.

"Oui, I am zee urth avatar. Where is you wish to go, monsieur Demeese." he cackled. "And I apolojize for zees awfool accent. Zee autor cood not speak Francaise."

"That's debatable. Look, Earth, can you get these guys to Stately Demise Manor?" Wind asked the quasi-francophonic miner.

"Of course. I weel have zem zere in zirty seconds. Follow moi!" He dove back into the hole.

"Better go. Earth gets annoyed when you don't follow him." Wind pushed me towards the hole.

"Earl thanks you from the bottom of his failing heart." I replied.

“Oh, see Water about that. He can fix anything. Just don't ask where he got the heart from.” Wind pushed us into the hole.

Inside looked like an old fashioned subway car, complete with a mad Frenchman driving it.

“*Allouetta, smoka cigarette, chewa tobba and speet eet on ze floor! Ten years later he died of canceretta. And that's what happened to Allouetta2!*” Earth began this mockery of French nursery rhymes once more.

“Earl likes this place. It looks like the inside of my grandmother's oversized car, but it's still very nice.” I settled myself into one of the antique leather seats.

“So, would you like to go see Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeester Water, or are we just goeeeng to your home, Monsieur Demise. Earth asked as he drove the subway with reckless abandon.

“Earl would like to have his heart fixed before his mother tried to shock him to death.” I replied.

“And I'm getting a little rusty. Literally! It's hot above those lava pits, and I'm thirty percent human. I sweat!” Xvo held up one metallic arm. Where his armpits should have been, there were rust stains.

“So, you vish for me to fix you heart, Herr Demise?” Water asked. This avatar sported a particularly bad German accent and a home the size of Stately Demise Manor's Butler Pantry.

“That would be nice.” I replied, feeling as it began to beat slowly. “And preferably quickly. Def. D, I appoint you `guy who signs my legal papers for me'. Here's my will.”

“YOU LEFT **WHAT** TO YOUR BABY BROTHER! WHAT'S HE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO *SHONEN JUMP*©? HE'S NOT EVEN OLD ENOUGH TO LOOK AT THE **CENSORED** COVER!” Def. D demanded, reading my beautifully penned will. “And why am I getting all your pairs of underwear that belong to celebrities and all seven seasons of *Friends*© on DVD?”

“What do I get?” Xvo asked.

“Earl's restraining order between him and Brittany Spears. Oh, and the Unholy Grail.” Def. D read along. “Moist, you get his collection of antique tea towels, doilies, tablecloths, facecloths, bath towels, bed sheets, pillowcases, duvets, bed skirts, curtains, and all his other linens. Blue, you get his `dirty room'.”

“I get his potting shed? Earl, you shouldn't have.” Blue dabbed at his eyes with a handkerchief that you could have covered a table with.

“Red-you get his TV! That's a wide-screen, high definition, plasma-matic with 180 hp, V6 engine, no purchase financing and a woman with a very deep voice? Oh, and all his VHS' and DVD's from 1981 to

1990. Skully, you get the 1, 980, 654 inch TV, and all VHS' and DVD's from 1991 to 2000. Maggie, you get his Royal Dentist figurines, his collection of Charles and Di memorabilia, his collection of petticoats-**strictly for display purposes**-, his collection of obsolete technology. You know, 8-track tapes, those other tapes, CDs, mp3s, hologram discs, and all his wallpaper. Budget Cutz, you get all non-essential interior walls, his collection of cattle skulls and his Lambearlghini."

"Earl hates to disappoint you, but while you were reading my will, I was having my heart replaced." I plucked the legal document out of Def. D's quasi-gaseous hands. "So, you don't get my linens, my *Shonen Jumps*©, my restraining order against Brittany Spears, my celebrity underwear-for display purposes only-, all seven seasons of *Friends*©, the Unholy Grail, my `dirty room', my TVs, my movies, my collection of Royal Dentist figurines, my Charles and Di memrobillia, my collection of petticoats-also for display purposes only-, my collection of obsolete technology, my non-essential interior walls and wallpaper, my cattle skulls and my Lambearlghini." I rolled the will back up and tucked it down my shirt, where it left a legal bulge.

"Now where do I repot my begonias?" Blue demanded of the heavens.

"Use your back deck, like most people?" Maggie suggested.

2This song provided courtesy of Zachary Jerome. Thanks Zack!

7 - chapter 6

Chapter Six:

Earl's well that ends well, or Earl learns why you don't try and kill the author.

Hi! I'm the editor. I'm writing this since the author is experiencing trouble with his windpipe and can't write, although I still can, which makes no freakin' sense, since I'm just another facet of the author.

*Anyhoo, the author was nearly strangled by Earl, who was held back by the cast of [Witch Hunter Robin](#) (more copyright infringement! Whee!), who he wrote in just before Earl reached him. Of course, Earl's hands were around the author's neck, so it was painful and he can't talk for a couple of days. But he sent me this telegram, written in what appears to be red ink, that says **'Earl STOP will STOP die STOP I STOP will STOP return STOP Have STOP a STOP nice STOP day STOP!'** As you can tell, he's both recovering and murderous.*

*It's me again. The author sent me a carrier pigeon with a hand penned note, written in red ink that says : **'Earl `came around to visit', and I need a few more days of recovery. But I sent a few `friends' to go and `visit' with him. Oh, and I need more red ink, as I'm using my last supplies up with this letter.'** But, he'll be back. (I hope)*

Me again. Where is that @^\$% author? Last I heard, everyone went to visit him and-oh #&%. Quick! To the Animobile!

Hey, it's me. My editor came to my rescue just as Earl tried to finish what he started (and Earl, you have incredibly clammy hands. They almost feel like you're decomposing. ???) But he saved me, and I'm back. Now, to avoid further physical harm from a certain someone, I'm going to continue. But first: a revision!

"This straightjacket is most restricting. Earl can not move." I remarked.

"That's the idea Earl. Straightjackets are meant to restrict psychotics. I just wish that the author hadn't written us all into these things." Xvo remarked.

“Hey, it's our fault for not stopping Earl from attacking the author. Now he has a restraining order on us.” Maggie chided. “A literal restraining order, by which he ordered us all restrained.”

“Earl can still hit backspace, so I can free us in a matter of moments.” I reached around and then...

“This straightjacket is not restricting. Earl can move.” I remarked.

“Good thing that Earl rewrote this paragraph. Straightjackets are meant to restrict psychotics. Now we aren't written into these things.” Xvo remarked.

“Hey, it's *still* our fault for not stopping Earl from attacking the author. Now he *still* has a restraining order on us.” Maggie scolded. “Even though we aren't restrained.”

“Earl can still hit backspace, so I can eradicate that restraining order in a matter of moments.” I reached around and then...

NICE TRY EARL! I'M THE THIRD OTHER PERSONALITY! I'M THE ONE WHO STOPS YOU FROM HITTING THE BACKSPACE BUTTON!

A giant hand reached down from the ceiling to slap my wrist, but I backed away.

“Wrong! Earl still has the keyboard! I can write you out of existence!

Actually, Earl, I have the master keyboard. You can't delete him because he's an author. That would create a paradox. Isn't that right No. 3? No. 3? EARL, YOU IDIOT! YOU DIDN'T

“Earl did, and now Earl will delete you!”

Not if I delete you first! Besides, if you delete me, that creates a paradox, because I wrote you and if you get rid of me then I never wrote you, but then I was never deleted-ah who am I kidding I CALL UPON THE POWER OF THE AUTHOR! COMPLETE AND TOTAL CHARACTER DESTRUCTIO-

Earl is writing this story, so there are no more authors. We run this place. And we choose who edits. So, Xvo, you're editor. Blue and Red, you two are `quality control'. Moist, Def D. And Budget Cutz, you three are in charge of supplying us with food, and Maggie, you take minutes.

Um, Earl, since you wrote the author out of existence, I'm fading.

Not if I write that you weren't one of his creations. There. Now you're not only solid, but-HOLY GOD! WHAT THE #!\$@ is my mother doing there.

Earl! Did you write the author out of existence? Bring him back this instant. OR ELSE. And don't swear.

Yes, Mother. I call back the author. Hello? Author? Where are you?

HELLO, EARL. REMEMBER ME? I'M THE SECURITY FACET OF THE AUTHOR. AND YOU AREN'T LICENCED TO BE OUT OF THOSE STRAITJACKETS. Oh, hello Mrs. Demise.

Hello dear. I hope that you will chastise my son properly.

OH, DON'T WORRY. I WILL...(insert ominous laughter and/or cackling)

Two and a half minutes later...

“Earl doesn't like these things. They are incredibly spiky, and remind Earl of his childhood.” I winced as a spike from the cage came dangerously close to my good eye.

“Well, Earl, if you hadn't gotten the author's security facet *and* your mother mad at us, we wouldn't all be crammed into an Iron Maiden that is suspended over a pit of lava by a rope coated in peanut butter with a horde of hungry rats chewing on it as we pen our last wills and testaments. If I die, this is all your fault.” Maggie glared at me and poked my back side with her pen.

“Wait! Earl still has the folding pocket-sized keyboard that I lifted from the author during my second assassination attempt! It can write us out of this medieval torture device before we die horrible fiery deaths. I can delete the security guards! All Earl must do is hi-light them!”

“Unfortunately, Earl, the keyboard has a sticker on it that says that you can't delete people with it. Only inanimate objects. It's just a back-down.” a new guy said. Due to lack of space and/or spikes in our eyes, we hadn't seen him. “And I should know. I'm the author's avatar. Think of me as one of the guys who comes into existence when he's deleted.”

“That's what you think! Earl can do whatever he wants to do! I can delete you.”

“Try it. You'll just get a shock.” the guy said. “ Oh, and I'm Wind, so I can just blow us out of this cage.”

“Earl will not delete you if you do so before we plummet to our demises.” I ventured.

“Done.” the guy said. We were now standing in the middle of a big expanse of land with a purple-black sky and lightening bolts that struck down with unnerving frequency and/or accuracy.

“Earl likes this place. It makes him feel powerful, yet strangely bad at defending!” I stood up straight. “Now, to delete the author's security guards. First, I need to re-write something...”

“Earl likes this as it also remind him of his childhood.” I remarked. The guards were now crammed into the Iron Maiden, penning their last wills and testaments, and the rats were chewing even faster. However, it was quite a thick rope.

“Ahh, too slow!” Xvo grabbed the keyboard and deleted the ropes.

We watched as the guards began to plummet into the fiery abyss, only to see it melt into a gray expanse.

“That wasn't supposed to happen” the author-body guy said, looking around. “My editor must still have the master keyboard.”

“There are more?! But Earl deleted the author and editor. Didn't the master keyboard go with them?”

“Actually, it did, but there's more than one master keyboard. This world originally was the authors, so he must have written in back-up/back-down keyboards that would type him back into existence.

“That is it. Earl is going to beat up that author.” I stomped towards the horizon, rolling up my sleeve in the process. Unfortunately, since I have no sleeves, I ended up rolling up most of my skin and muscle.

“Wow. So that's what's under there. Kodak moment!” Maggie pulled out a disposable camera and snapped a shot of it. “I'm sending this to *Playbone*.”

“Um, Earl, if you keep walking in that way, you'll just end up in the music library. It's a labyrinth that is filled with the echoes of J-pop music, so your eardrums will blow up in self-defence before you reach the off switch.” the author avatar guy said. “I can get another avatar here to show you how to get to your home, though. Hey! Earth! They need out of here.”

A fat guy wearing a miners helmet and a light popped out of a manhole cover in ground, cackling in a bad French accent.

“Oui, I am zee urth avatar. Where is you wish to go, monsieur Demeese.” he cackled . “And I apolojize for zees awfool accent. Zee autor cood not speak Francaise.”

“That's debatable. He can curse in French. Look, Earth, can you get these guys to Stately Demise Manor?” Wind asked the quasi-francophonic miner.

"Of course. I weel have zem zere in zirty seconds. Follow moi!" He dove back into the hole.

"Better go. Earth gets annoyed when you don't follow him." Wind pushed me towards the hole.

"Earl thanks you from the bottom of his failing heart." I replied.

"Oh, see Water about that. He can fix anything. Just don't ask what he got the heart from." Wind pushed us into the hole.

Inside looked like an old fashioned subway car, complete with a mad Frenchman driving it.

"Allouetta, smoka cigarett, chewa tobba and speet eet on ze floor! Ten years later he died of canceretta. And that's what happened to Allouetta2!" Earth began this mockery of French nursery rhymes once more.

"Earl likes this place. It looks like the inside of my grandmother's oversized car, but it's still very nice." I settled myself into one of the antique leather seats.

"So, would you like to go see Monsieur Water, or are we just goeeeng to your home, Monsieur Demise. Earth asked as he drove the subway with reckless abandon.

"Earl would like to have his heart fixed before his mother tried to shock him to death." I replied.

"And I'm getting a little rusty. Literally! It's hot above those lava pits, and I'm thirty percent human. I sweat!" Xvo held up one metallic arm. Where his armpits should have been, there were rust stains.

"Guten tag. So, you vish for me to fix you heart, Herr Demise, ja?" Water asked. This avatar sported a particularly bad German accent and a home the size of Stately Demise Manor's Butler Pantry's Garden Shed.

"That would be nice." I replied, feeling as it began to beat slowly and to the rhythm of dance music.

"And preferably quickly. Def. D, I appoint you `guy who signs my legal papers for me'. Here's my will."

"YOU LEFT **WHAT** TO YOUR BABY BROTHER! WHAT'S HE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION TO *SHONEN JUMP*©? HE'S NOT EVEN OLD ENOUGH TO LOOK AT THE **CENSORED** COVER!" Def. D demanded, reading my beautifully penned will. "And why am I getting all your pairs of underwear that belong to celebrities-for display purposes only-and all seven seasons of *Friends*© on DVD?"

"What do I get?" Xvo asked.

"Earl's restraining order between him and Brittany Spears. Oh, and the Unholy Grail." Def. D read

along. "Moist, you get his collection of antique tea towels, doilies, tablecloths, facecloths, bath towels, bed sheets, pillowcases, duvets, bed skirts, curtains, and all his other linens. Blue, you get his 'dirty room'."

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"Earl hates to disappoint you, but while you were reading my will, I was having my heart replaced." I plucked the legal document out of Def. D's quasi-gaseous hands. "So, you don't get my linens, my *Shonen Jumps*®, my restraining order against Brittany Spears, my celebrity underwear-for display purposes only-, all seven seasons of *Friends*®, the Unholy Grail, my 'dirty room', my TVs, my movies, my collection of Royal Dentist figurines, my Charles and Di memrobillia, my collection of petticoats-also for display purposes only-, my collection of obsolete technology, my non-essential interior walls and wallpaper, my cattle skulls and my Lambearlghini." I rolled the will back up and tucked it down my shirt, where it left a legal bulge.

"Now where do I repot my begonias?" Blue demanded of the heavens.

"Use your back deck, like most people?" Maggie suggested.

"Good point." Blue remarked. "But still, Earl has such a nice 'dirty room'. It's so organised."

"Yes I know, it's a pity that you don't get to tear my earlpartment apart. Earl weeps for you." I rolled my eye.

"*Herr* Demise, have I ever mentioned that that is the creepiest thing I have ever seen." Water remarked, cleaning the glowing green blood off of his surgical equipment.

"Earl's blood is phosphorescent? Nifty." Maggie said. "I will bottle it and sell it over the net as an organic light source."

"Earl quakes at the thought of that." I shuddered.

"Oh, you can haff this, *Fraulein* Maggie." Water handed Maggie a large Ziploc © bag filled with my illuminating blood.

"Hmm, that explains the dryness." I plucked at my sagging, dry skin. "Why did you take that much of my blood? I need it to survive to perform earlish deeds."

“Earlish is a noun *and* and adverb?” Blue asked. “How bizarre.”

“You think that vas bizarre? There's a spontaneous song-and-dance number coming.” Water pointed towards a musical, vaudevillian tidal wave. “Run my friends! Run! It's too late for me!”

Without further thought, we ran like the dogs of Broadway were behind us. As we did, we heard Water break out into a German version of *All that Jazz*.

“Hurry! Ze wave, she comes!” Earth shouted. We all jumped down the man-hole into the train car, which he sealed, and then we were off, the wave gaining strength as it chased us.

2This song provided courtesy of Zachary Jerome. Thanks Zack!

8 - Chapter 7

Chapter 7:

Dance like you want to live!, or Earl learns why he and his cohorts are being chased by show tunes.

“Why is there a wave of spontaneous song-and-dance chasing us?” Xvo demanded. Behind us, the cacophony of show tunes grew louder and stronger as it caused more musicals.

“It’s a booby trap that’s meant to isolate Water, so that he can’t fix anything.” Wind said. He’d popped into the seat across from us.

“Why?”

“Because Water is the only person who can unmake the keyboards.” Wind answered. “That musical wave is going to make him sing until he’s blue-er in the face. Unless he’s given a drink from the fountain at Stately Demise Manor, he won’t stop.”

“Oh, Earl has always wondered what that odd glowing fountain was for. I thought that it was merely for decoration.”

“The instructions are on the other side.”

“There’s a concrete block on the other side.”

“So you can’t read it.”

“Ahh.”

“Ah, yees, we are approaching Stately Demise Manor.” Earth said, cackling in French.

“Earl thanks you from the bottom of his newly restored heart, so could you please let us off?” I asked.

“Of coourse, and eef your run eento ze author, make heem stop making me used so many dooble vowels!” Earth dabbed at his eyes, lit up an unfiltered cigarette, and he and Wind drove off underground.

“Earl, where are we?” Xvo asked, looking around.

"My friend, we are on the border of Tasmania!" Stately Demise Manor is located directly on the border."

"Tasmania is an island. It doesn't have a border. Or dairy farms." Maggie pointed out.

"Maggie, have you read any of our adventures? The author doesn't care about fact or fiction. Or reality. We're in his head; reason and logic have no power here." Blue explained. "I mean, we've gone from a pub, to a court, to an Iron Maiden suspended above a pit of lava, to a train underground, to a mansion booby-trapped by a Broadwave, to the border of Tasmania."

"Besides," I said. "It's only located on the border of Tasmania because it's supported by some rusty stilts that extend from Australia. Now come, we must be off."

"Eh?"

"Sorry, I was reading one of the author's other stories. He's very big on sword-and-sorcery adventures." I brandished a copy of one of the author's other works, but it was snatched away by a six-eyed fish.

"That was a unimaginable-unthinkable-unnoticeable-unquestionable-untimely-unholy-ungodly-unspeakable-unforgettable-ungeniusable-undeniable-unchooseable-unmentionable-undecidedlyimaginablethinkablenoticeablequestionabletimelyholygodlyspeakableforgettablegeniusabledeniablechooseablementionable supercalifragilisticexpialadociousable" I said.

"Was there any point to that?"

"No, the writers just wanted to see how many words they could hyphenate together." I said, untwisting my tongue.

"Oh my God! Look at Earl's house!"

9 - Chapter 8

Chapter 8: In which only three words are used. REALLY BIG HOUSE

10 - Chapter 9

Chapter 9: In which more than three words are used, and Earl attends a family reunion.

"That is not Earl's house. Look at the Gate." I said, pointed up to a wrought iron gate.

"Whaddaya mean? It says `Stately Demise Manor' Def. D said, pointing up.

"Read the rest of it."

"Stately Demise Manor's DOG HOUSE?" Def. D gazed over.

"Oh my God, look at Earl's house!" Blue said.