

Tales from the Mirrorverse

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We are now entering an alternate universe. Please leave any valuables at the door so they do not get lost. You will see things that are very familiar, yet very different...

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Today was Friday, and that meant Homestar would answer one of his “hremails”, as he called them. Sitting at the coffee desk in his “hremail” room, he started the “hremail” as he always did, by introducing himself.

“Look out, guys and gals! It’s the numbah one man himself, Homestah Wunnah! Today’s email comes fwom someone known as Emily of Amewica!”

He pulled out a piece of paper with the email on it, and read it.

“Dear Homestah,

Do you evah get the feeling that thewe’s an altewnate univewse where Stwong Bad answers emails instead of you?

Sincewely,
Emily of Amewica”

Homestar made a face that expressed shock and confusion.

“Don’t make me laugh, Emily of Amewica! In what univewse, do you think some lame-o like Stwong Bad would ever be cool and populah enough to have a fan email show like me? I bet you don’t even know how lame he is, so I’ll show you!”

At the Stick, Strong Bad and The Cheat were having a conversation.

“The Cheat, I’m not entirely sure if that would make Strong Mad laugh. It’s not exactly the funniest joke, and—”

Suddenly, behind Strong Bad and The Cheat, Homestar ran out from behind the black, wearing a hockey mask and wielding a machete, and he yelled “OOGA BOOGA BOOGA!!!”

Strong Bad saw Homestar and he ran away screaming, Homestar’s prank having scared the crap out of him.

The Cheat, however, was not scared.

“Hem meh heh meh meh!” The Cheat said in an unamused tone.

“I know, cwapface, and quite fwankly, I don’t cawe!” Homestar said in response, and then kicked The Cheat away like a soccer ball.

“See? That wasn’t even one of my more convincing pwanks, and he still fell foh it! Of course, that’s

just the tip of the iceberg of Stwong Bad's lameness!" Homestar stated, "I mean, have you seen what he keeps in this one shoebox he has?!"

Homestar, holding a shoebox, was now sitting on the couch in the basement of the Brothers Strong, and looked left and right to make sure no one was around. Seeing that no one was around, he opened the shoebox. First, he took out a photo of what appeared to be The Cheat back when he was just a little The Cheatling. Homestar rolled his eyes and made a gagging sound before he put the photo back.

Next, he pulled out a folded-up piece of paper. He unfolded the paper, which revealed that it was a crude child's drawing of what appeared to be a young Strong Bad, a young Strong Glad, and four figures whom Homestar didn't quite recognize, and written crudely on the bottom of the drawing in black crayon was "Me, Strong Glad, and the 4 Seasons".

"He sewiously thinks this stupid thing he dwew as a kid is woth keeping?" Homestar scoffed before he folded it back up and put it back in the shoebox.

Before he could take anything else out of the shoebox, he suddenly heard somebody coming down the stairs to the basement. He put the shoebox down and hid behind the couch. Strong Bad entered the basement and noticed the shoebox.

"What is this doing here?" he asked to no one in particular. He picked the shoebox up, and took it back upstairs. As soon as Strong Bad was gone, Homestar snuck upstairs and made a break for the front door.

"I mean, sewiously! What is it about those stupid childhood memories that he thinks awe important enough that he keeps a shoebox full of them?! I certainly don't secwetly keep something like that...in my attic...secwetly!" Homestar said.

"Anyway," he continued, "the lamest thing about him is how he bwings nothing impwessive to the Stwong family table! Stwong Mad, well..."

Homestar seemed to briefly drop his tough guy act and actually looked afraid.

"...let's just say I don't get up to anything when he's awound anymowe..."

Homestar then continued, "Strong Glad, while he is weally, and I mean *weally*, annoying, I'll admit that some of his jokes are actually pwetty funny. That, and him stepping on youw foot weally huwts. More than anyone else stepping youw foot does. Don't ask how I know that. Anyway, what does Stwong Bad bring to the table? He's a total dowk, he'd jump if you so much as slam a doow too loudly, and yet he somehow gets almost as much love as me! It should only be me! I'm the one whose name is on the website!"

Homestar seemed to realize he was going off on an unnecessary tangent, and composed himself.

"Anyway, Emily of Amewica, that's why come Stwong Bad is too lame to possibly have his own fan email show! Whatevah made you think such a stupid thing in the fiwst place?!" Homestar said, signing off.

In an alternate universe, Strong Bad sneezed.