

Healing #17: The Emotional Laxative:

(Technique Type: ...Private...)

(Quickly Solves annoyances too small to have neosentient boss roots. An easy way to grind some cheap minor experience points out of traffic jams and line-cutters).

Prerequisite:

- None whatsoever.
- Just hear me out.
- I'm only giving you this because it works.

Notes:

- This can work well as emotional training wheels for the emotionally... um... er...clogged beginner.
- I'm simply giving it to you now because it's also cheap and lazy to rely on it.
- You know that attack that could KO 80 strawberry forest gelatin at the same time, while simultaneously having the giant downside of only doing 1 HP of damage to a miniboss?
- You need to upgrade your basic attack and defence before your multi-attack, just in case you wind up in a situation like I have with Red and Twerp.
- All boss, no gelatin.
- You know. Solve...retreat. Solve...retreat. Solve...retreat.

So what is this cheap attack you speak of?:

- This...is a way to instruct the body to turn an emotion you don't understand into a toilet sensation you do understand!
- (Just hear me out. If it didn't work, I wouldn't be saying this. Poop humour is Lee's thing, not mine, so I'm just trying to get through this...).
- It's fast-acting.
- As an unusual plus, you now have a way to be REALLY sarcastic about meditation if you so choose.
- Some emotions are hard to swallow, and subsequently hard to pass.
- Not useful for all emotions.
- Amazingly useful for some.

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- Not the...coolest use of "transmuting energies", but here goes...

The Technique:

- Find the emotional tension.
- Convert it to a bathroom tension.

- There's a.....finesse to the technique.....but that's the basic gist.
 - Practice for 20-60 minutes, but start with 20 for the first few sessions.
 - If you're squeamish about emotions, this should ironically feel less gross.
 - Strangely, may produce actual laxative properties when done too well.
 - Stay home for the rest of the day the first time you try it, just in case it affects you as an actual laxative.
-

- {Lee: Say it, fire Cat...and puppetmaster Danna...“Shit tension”. And squeeze it out gently and slowly...Don't physically strain. This is an emotional shit}.
- {Cat: ...!!!...}.
- {Danna: You could smell me back here, Lee?}.
- {Lee: Your personality is cheap perfume...}.
- {Danna: Is it, beefcake? You seem pretty predictable in comparison...}.

- {Lee: I look like this around you so you don't give me noogies. It takes a lot less energy being smaller...}
- {Cat: She's four feet tall...noogies?}
- {Danna: Hey! Don't mention my height. And I'm 4'1"!}
- {Cat: Sorry! Just explain how you give a six-foot man noogies}
- {Danna: I jump well. <3}
- {Cat: Lee?}
- {Lee: That, and she hides her presence and sneaks up behind me}
- {Cat: I've never seen it}
- {Lee: That's because you don't pay attention, and because she adds fire to them somehow}
- {Cat: Wait...if she can do that...does that mean...}
- {Lee: Everyone's on fire. That fucking shit-head Arrow...Let him marry her}
- {Cat: ...Perfect. Did we fail here? I think we failed here...}
- {Lee: Let's say it was supposed to happen}
- {Cat: I blame you for breaking quarantine...after the sweet part anyways}
- {Lee: But this was supposed to happen. You should be thanking me. <3}

- {Cat glares at him}.
-

Benefits:

- Some people would prefer a gentler way to experience emotions they would otherwise repress. This is a...
- {Lee: Slow leak}.
- {Cat: EW, Lee...}.

Side Effects:

- After normal emotional...defecation...
- {Future Lee: ...[...]}.
- (No. This is a meditation exercise. I'm NOT saying that..).
- You may experience a "cramped car legs" sensation in released muscles.

- Similarly to cramped car legs, it may take minutes to hours to feel better, or simply feel better in the morning. This should be followed by sensations of free springy wonder.
- Different...Uh.....
- {Lee: Different consistencies will have different results! See. I can be good. And every minute I have to be good during this subject, I'm going to glare at you, LIKE THIS!/?.
- {Cat: That's supposed to be a glare? It just looks like you're doing this exercise}.

In Case of Overdose:

- Don't attempt a several-hour training session early on, or you'll get dehydrated, tired, a headache, and finally, a MUCH WORSE headache.
- This exercise is less outwardly emotional, but more of a physical diuretic than many of the other ones.
- In the case of a severe overdose, do whatever you do for a hangover, and expect to briefly experience a laxative effect and possibly strange-smelling sweat at excess.
- Do not plan to go out for a day after overusing this technique, should you happen to perform it CORRECTLY...
- This is a weekend exercise, people.

Chapter 15:

The Quarantined Fire Wedding

Today's quote has been dedicated by Lee, as a toast to the bride and groom:

“The first Punch and Judy show took place in the 1662. While the story has a general structure, it somehow also lacks a script. There are a few main classic skits, including:

Punch and Judy quarrel with increasing violence. Punch wins.

Punch is pranked by a clown named Joey...with increasing violence. Joey wins.

Punch and the baby quarrel with increasing violence.....Punch wins.

Punch and a police constable quarrel with increasing violence. The police constable wins.

Punch meets a crocodile who steals his sausages.

A ghost appears to give Punch a scare.....By now you'd think so.....

The Devil comes to collect Punch for.....well...you know.....They quarrel.....Punch wins.

See? Children's programming censors apparently have valid jobs.

The real hardcore violence was in 1662, when censorship was extremely rare and likely enacted by pillory or guillotine.

The bride remembers!

I suppose what I'm trying to say is, may it always be 1662 for the happy couple. May every cloud have a silver lining...from the glare of a nearby lightning bolt. May death be fast and merciful for at least one of you!

Now, let us all raise our glasses and look away as the happy couple shares a no-doubt heartfelt kiss.

Thank you!"

-Lee



- {Cat: Which is who? I'm confused...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Who's winning? Interchange it with Danna...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: Yeah. You're right. That is pretty touching...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Well you don't have to be a sarcastic radish crater about it...9.27.16}.

- {Cat: ...What's a radish crater?...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Start work before 1:21 am on a day after we say it is because it's easier to keep saying it's whatever continuous waking period we're on *if you want to know what a radish crater is*...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: What?...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Exactly! Coffee! Sugar! Fucking SOMETHING! I can't work under these conditions...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: ...Your toast...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Yes. I'm wonderful. You all know it. <3...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: Uhh...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: YES. I'm fucking wonderful NOW and YOU ALL KNOW IT!...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: ...Lee, everybody...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Congratulations to the soon-to-be-death-match-arena-contestants...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: ...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: And congratulations to you for not needing my dating help via book form...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: ...Yeah...9.27.16}.

- {Lee: You blush, and he's a lot like me, physically. His interests, his actions...The similarities. Projection. Projection. Isn't that DANgerous, Cat?...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: ...You tell me. You did this...I'm not sure how, but you did this...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Did I, fire Cat? Did I?...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: ...Yes. When you say it like that, you had involvement. Are you a teensy bit vain? Is that it?...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: I can't be vain, because that would make me imperfect. <3...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: Right. Of course. Oh look. Remember the past, in which you were a dick? That's about to happen on the next page...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Cat, can't you let me have—aw fuck, you're right. Well. I'm done here. Bye. <3. Cat, we're going...9.27.16}.
- {Cat: Oh. A dramatic exit. Is that what we're doing?...9.27.16}.
- {Lee lightly electrocutes Cat and she falls down...9.27.16}.
- {Lee: Was that “shocking”? Because what you just did was an “assault”...9.27.16}.
- {Cat:Touche...9.27.16}.
- {That was the last time I dated, which was my final time dating vanilla...6.13.17}.

- {Future Cat: Future to 2016, anyways. Why were we so dramatic that day?...2.22.17}.
 - {Future Lee: Because I found a new name for you? Why did I forget that one? It means nothing, but it sounds fucking horrible, doesn't it? ~~Do you really plan on being a frigid bitch until I find you an omorashi dom?~~...2.22.17}.
 - {Future Cat: *Would you be nice?? It's really late-early in the morning right now too. The sun's about to come up this edit around...2.22.17}*.
 - {Future Lee: Give me a sec. I can do better...2.22.17}.
 - {Future Cat: *Than "radish crater"? Don't flatter yourself...2.22.17}*.
-

1.16.12

Not Aside From Violence, Oatmeal

{Current Playlist: Never Lost, Never Won by Marble Sounds}

Liverish: *It's like I had my own bowling alley.*

- You DID get up again and again and again.

Cat: ...

- Cat sighs.

Liverish: *Pretty glad I'm on your side now, aren't cha?*

Cat: *Barely.*

- You still act up.

Liverish: *Of course I do.*

- You're clinging to your precious pain for dear life.

Cat: *And you to our aggression.*

Liverish: *Like I care.*

- I'm almost over it.

- {Ahahahaha!...Ha...ha...ahem...6.14.16}.

- {Future Lee: *Behold me, 2016. I have overcome our aggression!! But I'm starting to think it was stolen by a small child...2018, if you're still here, just publish the fucking thing...2.22.17}.*

Cat: *How can we prevent attacks?*

Liverish: *Get it out early.*

- As in EARLY!!!

Cat: *How, where, what...?*

- This makes no sense.

Liverish: *Of course it doesn't.*

- It's sort of what I figured that bitch was doing when she tried to make me mad.

- {Lee: Wow. See...? No wonder we're fucked up. "My name is Cat! Deal with emotions early? Where do I find it on a map? Is it a number or a colour? Is it the size of a bread box? How do I use a pencil?...6.14.16}.
- {Cat: I'll just let you enjoy this one...6.14.16}.
- {Lee: That is both wise, and time-practical...6.14.16}.
- {Cat: Thanks...Surprisingly...6.14.16}.
- {Lee: I've noticed you keep doing things when I compliment you, and stop when I call you an idiot. Ergo, strategy...6.14.16}.
- {Cat: Am I whipped if I now thank you for divulging your plan?...6.14.16}.

- {Lee: You were always whipped, Cat. Now, however, you're attempting to use my new skill against me...6.14.16}.
- {Cat: I found the trick. "New" skill. How about "last resort" skill?...6.14.16}.
- {Lee: Alright. Yours is using your brain...6.14.16}.

Cat: Steam valve?

- {We seem to be discussing either Doom or Sokien's behaviour towards Liverish...6.14.16}.

Liverish: Didn't work, now did it?

- FUCKING BUS!

Cat: No.

- It didn't.

Liverish: If I fucking BLAST her

- THAT'LL get it out. <3

Cat: Great.

- Isn't there another way?

Liverish: Not aside from violence, oatmeal.

Cat: We need help.

Liverish: I disagree.

- We need something to pound. <3

Cat: Maybe we need both.

- An instructor to get our anger under control.

Liverish: I hate to be a stick-in-the-{oatmeal},

- but I practically am one.

- {Sad, but true...2.22.17}.

Cat: Then why do you freak out so much?

Liverish: Remember {the big attack in that anime}?

- {...A magically conjured sword that would destroy the world if the wielder couldn't contain its power...6.14.16}.

Cat: You aren't strong enough to wield our anger?

Liverish: Precisely.

- So it haphazardly mows down everything in its way, happy?
- There isn't any help for that.
- It's too strong.

Cat: If we can learn to wield a little.

Liverish: *And how, pray tell, do you plan on chipping off that bit of practice material?*

Cat: *Maybe use another emotion?*

Liverish: *No good.*

Cat: *Learn meditation?*

- *{We've meditated for years at this point. She's referring to more official Buddhist or Yogic sources, and a lot more time put in...6.14.16}.*
- *{...While he errs on the side of hazardously fast sometimes...2.22.17}.*

Liverish: *Better, but S-L-O-W!*

Cat: *Okay, okay.*

- *You come up with one that isn't violent.*

Liverish: *Not violent!?*

- *I'm not sure there is one, oatmeal.*

Cat: *How about me being un-oatmealed?*

Liverish: *No good.*

- *Good for other things,*
- *but not this.*

Cat: *Fine, physically what can I do?*

Liverish: *Zip.*

- Nil.

Cat: *I'm not sure I want to accept that.*

- *What do you plan on...?*

Liverish: *Riding it out till it stops.*

- *I'm bound to get strong enough eventually.*

- {The sad, sad truth...6.14.16}.

Cat: I could help.

- *One more set of hands could be all we need.*

Liverish: *I can't accept that, oatmeal.*

- *It's my job.*

Cat: ...!

Liverish: *Angry, hmm?*

- *Feels good.*
- *I like your cute form of anger.*

Cat: *I've been reduced is all.*

- *You did a lot of it.*

Liverish: *And you did the rest, oatmeal.*

Cat: *...I want an idea here.*

Liverish: *I'll give you none.*

- *I have none.*
- *It is my problem to learn to wield.*

• Cat sees a huge green ball being held over Liverish's head.

• It falls onto him and consumes him.

• {His eyes flash maniacally through the green haze...??.??}.

Liverish: *That's what happens:*

- *I can't stop it,*
- *you can't stop it.*
- *I make it,*
- *it falls onto me outside of my control,*
- *and I take it in and go ballistic.*

Cat: *Great.*

- *There must be some way.*

Liverish: *No notice.*

- *No warning.*
- *And then I've got to kill something.*

Cat: *Like me.*

Liverish: *Now you've got it.*

Cat: *What if we let it fall on me...?*

Liverish: Unprecedented...

- what would Cat gone ballistic look like?

Cat: Better than you freaking out and going on a rampage, I'll warrant.

- How about we try it?

Liverish: It might be worse...

Cat: Or better.

- For once I'll be in touch {with anger}.

Liverish: I'm not sure this kind of instant energy is for you, Cat.

Cat: If it is, expression will be easier.

- If it isn't...

Liverish: We've got some armadillo roadkill to scrape from the internal highway.

Cat: I'm not going to be roadkill.

Liverish: Don't act like you know what to expect...

- What is this,
- mental alchemy of some sort,
- according to Jung?
- This might be just the thing to turn you into irretrievable shit.

Cat: Do you have a better idea?

Liverish: I think riding it out is better...

Cat: For how many years?

Liverish: ...I suppose your body is finite.

Cat: Thank you for the “your”.

- Does that make this doable?

Liverish: Let's ask the psycho bitch.

Doom: If it wasn't for Cat, I wouldn't answer.

Liverish: I know, psycho bitch—

- tell me.

Doom: She'll be safe,

- but what will you be?
- Less of a not-a-man?

Liverish: Fuck OFF.

- I shouldn't have talked to you.

- {Cat guesses from the context that Liverish is more concerned about bringing repercussions on himself...???.??}.

Doom: Lose the pride and let it fall,

- I dare you.

Cat: Good enough for me.

Liverish: Not me...

- did you hear what she called me?

Cat: She said it's all pride.

Liverish: *I don't fucking care.*

- *I'm not going to be less of a...*
- *FUCK!*

Cat: *And it will make you more advanced.*

Liverish: *And pathetic.*

- *No.*
- *I can't.*
- *I can't give that to you.*
- *No.*
- *No way.*

Cat: *Once, to see what happens?*

Liverish: *It'll kill you...*

Cat: *Doom said...*

Liverish: *I HATE Doom.*

In Class...{but the discussion is irrelevant}.

Liverish: *You were supposed to be my bitch...*

Cat: *By cultural standards, not by mine.*

Liverish: *I feel ripped off.*

Cat: *I feel relieved.*

Liverish: *I could have allowed you relief, but this may have happened.*

Cat: *A partnership?*

Liverish: *Don't get ahead of yourself.*

- *I need to cut your programming before I can find a "you" in there to respect.*

Cat: *Great.*

Liverish: *We'll find it.*

- *And you'll make a great lackey. <3*

Cat: *No.*

Liverish: *We'll see.*

Cat: *No.*

- *Equal footing.*

Liverish: *Get back to normal and we'll talk, oatmeal.*

Cat: *If I'm half an energy-zombie,*

- *I suppose you have a point.*
- *As long as it is going to change.*

- {It gets better after it gets worse...2.22.17}.

- {Liverish croons in a surly way}.

Liverish: *Fine.*

- *I'll drop the big green ball of toxic hate on your head—*

- see how you'll deal with it.

- {The big green ball is growing exponentially}.

Cat: Do you have to wait until it gets so big...?

Liverish: Same effect at any size, Cat.

Cat: Awesome...

- length?
- Level?

Liverish: Little difference, Cat.

- It's a pain.

- {Interesting...That means more than one thing...11.28.17}.

Cat: Help me help.

Liverish: I'll drop the shit on you,

- but I can't promise I'll be able to fish you out later.

Cat: Do I {normally} drop it on you?

Liverish: Perceptive, Cat...

- we both do.
- It's got nowhere but me to go.

Cat: Why?

Liverish: *I'm the vessel that can handle it.*

- *No other figure can...*
- *attract it like I can.*

Cat: *I need to express you...?*

Liverish: *I'm not hopeful that taking on the energy will help.*

Cat: *Better than fear.*

Liverish: *Heh...*

- *you think...*
- *I tell you, Cat.*
- *You can't deal with it.*

Cat: *I dealt with you...*

Liverish: *And I could have snapped you in half.*

Cat: *Anger and fear...*

- *the combination.*

- Liverish sighs {dramatically}.

Liverish: **It fucking begins...*

- *let it start.*
- *I don't care.*

Cat: ...?

- {*What is he talking about...!?...6.14.16}.

Liverish: ...My...

Cat: ...It can't make you less of one.

Liverish: ...

Cat: Prove yourself to be courageous.

Liverish: Courage...

- by swapping anger for fear, are you insane?

Cat: No, no, no.

- Facing fear is courage, remember?

Liverish: I'm not so sure...

- not at this rate...
- not a shitload like this...

After class...on the bus.

Cat: You sure are talkative today.

Liverish: You sure are doomed today.

- Do you know what this'll mean?

Cat: *But you agree to do it.*

Liverish: *Makes no difference.*

- *You're fucked.*
- *If I can't handle it,*
- *you sure as fuck can't.*

Cat: *It may interact with me differently.*

- *After all,*
- *I'm your opposite.*

Liverish: *Don't you see that's the fucking problem?*

- *If you get something fiercer than anger,*
- *and I can't handle that, well...*

Cat: [...].

- {Cat thinks about Doom's recommendation}.

Liverish: *I don't care.*

- *Nothing good can come of her interference.*

Cat: *Plenty of things have.*

Liverish: *I don't care.*

- *This I know better than she does,*
- *and it's fucking dangerous.*

Cat: *Can you let a little on me?*

- *It's a public place, so I can't freak out, right?*

- {Liverish seems agitated}.

Liverish: Shit.

- *shit, shit, shit;*
- *why now?*
- *Hmm?*

Cat: **like I said,*

- *my reaction is restricted.*

- {*Note missing cap. Indicative of state?...6.14.16}.

Liverish: *You want it to KILL YOU!?*

Cat: *That bad?*

Liverish: *Worse.*

- *Now take it easy.*
- *FUCKING BUS!!*
- *I HATE IT!*

Cat: *I feel it.*

- {Liverish pulls back}.

Liverish: No...

- *BACK OFF.*

Cat: *Just a touch...*

Liverish: *I'm WARNING YOU, Cat.*

Cat: *What will it do?*

Liverish: *One of 2* VERY BAD things.*

- {*Strange choice of spelling...6.14.16}.

Cat: *A touch?*

Liverish: *Over-flow;*

- *out-pouring;*
- *not a possibility.*
- *It's like putting a metal object into an electrical outlet "a little".*

Cat: *Let's see.*

- {The true and terrifying danger of believing in my {figures} "a little"...I was a daredevil once...6.14.16}.
- {I should have listened a little harder before barrelling ahead with these knee-jerk choices...I really should have...2.22.17}.
- Cat reaches for it.

- Liverish flinches.

Cat: {...Ew}.

- *Feels gross.*

Liverish: ...GROSS!?

Cat: Give me more...

Liverish: *This isn't good...*

Cat: Now it...

- *tastes?*
- *...good...*
- *this energy...*

Liverish: *Huh...*

- *heh...*
- *What?*
- *FUCKING DOOM.*

Cat: Drop it on me.

Liverish: No fucking way.

Cat: Then I'm going in...

Liverish: Not FUCKING THAT EITHER, Cat!!

Cat: See?

- *Fine.*

Liverish: I don't get this...

- {A combination of registering the sensation poorly and delayed metaphorical reaction?...2.22.17}.

Cat: Use me as a conduit..

- not a punching bag is what this tells me.
- You aren't trusting me with it so it's piling up twice as fast as you can use it and crushing you.

- {Liverish sounds very nervous}.
- {I should have listened...6.14.16}.
- {And gone slower. Much slower...2.22.17}.

Liverish: Fuck, Cat.

- Why'd you have to do this...?
- We'll be in big trouble soon.

Cat: Then help me.

Liverish: Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck.....

Cat: More...please.

Liverish: I thought you only fucking wanted a little bit.

- Heh?

Cat: More...

- {Cat begins to pry into the energy}.
- {He was right, but he was so untrustworthy in so many respects...6.14.16}.
- {No excuse for me not paying attention to my own recklessness...2.22.17}.

Liverish: Get...get fucking out of there...

- Fucking shoo!

Cat: Please...let me.

Liverish: I said...

- Doom appears.

Liverish: ...You...

- it's FUCKING YOU!
- TELL HER SHE'S BEING AN IDIOT.

Doom: For re-routing energy?

- Why?

Liverish: I FUCKING HATE YOU.

- Cat...

- be reasonable...
- Cat continues.
- {Doom's approaches are occasionally sped-up. She benefits my life span by getting me over the stress by getting me through the stress. Here, Lee actually had a point about shock, but had proven to be too big of a liar to be currently credible...2.22.17}.

Liverish: CAT, BE FUCKING REASONABLE...

Cat: I've heard all I need.

- I'm going in.
- Slower music...

Liverish: ...Let me help...

- fucking idiot.

- Cat gets down {deeper}.
- Liverish begins to set energy down on her.

Liverish: I hope you're happy...

Cat: Ew.

- I don't know what that is,
- but it doesn't go that way.
- Like...cartilage...?

Liverish: Let it, now, Cat.

- Don't push it away.
- You can't afford to resist it now.

• {Here is an example of other senses getting involved...2.22.17}.

• {It usually sounds a lot more disturbing than it actually feels at the time. LATER, it sounds disturbing again when you read it...6.13.17}.

Doom: He's right.

Liverish: Would YOU FUCKING SHOO TOO!?

Doom: As you wish...

- (Don't give up, Cat).

Liverish: Take in more, now, Cat.

- You can't afford to resist this energy.

Cat: Feels like acid reflux.

Liverish: Of course it doesn't feel nice.

Cat: You think I got nothing from your barrage on me?

Liverish: Heh...

- You've only started.
- There's a day-and-a-half's worth here at least.

Cat: Okay...

- bring it on.

- Liverish sighs.

Liverish: Level 2.

Cat: I feel it in my arms.

Liverish: You can do better...

Cat: My body feels energized...

- and...

Liverish: Prickly?

- A little more...
- take your medicine...

Cat: Weakening.

Liverish: Don't let it weaken or it might burst.

- {Special note: If you give your solvable problems no emotional outlet, they'll find a way to incorporate your body. Simply curing how you feel about an actual problem can't work forever...6.13.17}.

Cat: Burst?

- Keep it coming, then.

Liverish: I'll try.

- You need to accept it too.
- Come on.
- Be receptive.

Cat: *Legs...now...*

- {Is the energy taking spider form or something...??...6.13.17}.

Liverish: *Exactly...*

Cat: *Manic?*

Liverish: *...Exactly...*

NOTES

date: 1.16.12

Adventures are high-payout risks. They progress the story, and progress your life somehow.



⚠️ WARNING

Storm Warning

-Be aware that results are highly driven by motive, and greed ends poetically.

LISTENING

Loch Lomond:
Elephants and
Little Girls

INTRODUCTION

-Love conquers all, unless you're going through a hatred test. Then you need to ride it out without doing anything stupid.

-Love conquers all. Remember, they are watching and testing from behind your eyes. Love on the inner plane will reflect love outside. Lack of self-love must be addressed first. Self-hatred is a hatred test.



11.1.14

{Current Playlist: Pachelbel's Canon in D Major: (Happy Hardcore Remix)}

Danna: Let's make the text appropriate for the occasion, shall we? <3

- *Testing testing one two three*
- *Can we get some volume, here!?*
- *Testing testing*
- *Not nearly up to my taste...Take it back!!*
- *Let's try on that one...<3*

Cat: Danna. Why are you trying on texts now?

- *...Your wedding is about to start...*

- As bad an idea as it is...
- I don't approve of a marriage based on attempted murder, Danna. I'll say that.

Danna: He won't murder me. <3

Cat: One of you will murder the other.

- I'm betting on you, too.
- Is it quite fair?
- I mean, even if he's begging for it.

Danna: That's just it.

- He's beggin'.
- How does this text look on me?
- Hmm...Closer...But I don't think so...
- Unless...

- {Cat looks extremely unimpressed}.

Cat: ...It's called "Boopee" ...

Danna: You're right. Not weddingy. **HOW DOES THIS ONE LOOK, THEN?**

Cat: Are you trying? Or are you stalling? This thing should be cancelled, you know. For one, somehow everyone seems to be on fire quarantine now.

Danna: Mostly just my wedding guests. <3.

- I sent out my invitations with a little...well...

Cat: YOU broke everyone's quarantine...

- so they could come to your wedding.
- It WASN'T Lee's fault...
- The second you had it, you purposefully sent it to...

Danna: **Exactly 3053 figures!!!**

Cat: You're a monster.

Danna: I have a hefty guest list.

Cat: There can't be that many in here.

Danna: Oh, you don't know them. <3

Cat: ...

Danna: What do you think. ~~THIS?~~ **this?** ~~This?~~ ~~THIS?~~ ~~This?~~ ~~THIS?~~ ~~This?~~ ~~This?~~...Oh, right. I tried
that one already. <3...~~this??~~

Cat: Do you want people to be able to read them?

- Those are some gaudy texts for paragraphs of information...

Danna: So right! <3

- THIS ONE!?

Cat: ...Here...

- Try this one...

Danna: What, are you trying to kill me?

Cat: ...How about this one?

Danna: I love it!

- Mittens! You're a genius! <3
- Nah! I hate it!

- Okay, It'll do! <3

Cat: I'm okay with you missing your wedding, really.

Danna: I can't let the groom see me in my new text until the wedding. <3

Cat: It doesn't work like that.

Danna: Have some lunch and get back to me when you're coherent, Mittens. We need everything to be perfect. <3

Cat: Okay, okay, Danna.

- It's your wedding.
-

The Wedding:

{Current Playlist: Anima Libera by DJ Raaban}

- Cat and Lee watch people file in from above.
- They are in an enormous grey castle on the sea.
- It's very "fairy tale" themed...

Cat: (What do we do??).

Lee: (YOU shut up and wait for my signal...).

Cat: (WHAT SIGNAL!?).

Lee: (...Sigh...Why couldn't Pinky {-Ki} have joined us...? Because Danna won't let us introduce her).

Cat: (No. There seems to be some weird consensus. Mimi and Ki might not be introduced in time...).

Lee: WELL THEY WERENT PART OF THE OLD STORY HERE, SO I'M ENTIRELY UNSURE AS TO WHY YOU THINK THEY DESERVE A SPOT YET.

Cat: What?

Lee: ...(Unless they're currently fucking useful to us..

- Which they are..

- Which is a fucking nuisance.
- Who decided this?

Cat: Group vote?

Lee: WHERE WAS MY VOTE?

Danna: Ki takes it down when you shout it! <3

- Whatcha havin' half a conversation about up here? <3

Lee: Marital woes for half of it.

- You for the other.
- You mind?

Danna: I AM the wedding girl, you know. <3

Lee: Don't rub it in.

- Or do.
- However that ends..

Danna: ...I heard an "if/or"...

Lee: I'm fucking flustered.

Danna: Did you two plan me a surprise? <3

Lee: Yes. We have a treMENDOUS gift for you. <3

- You'll love us forever.
- It was...hmm...small fry?
- Whose idea was it?

Cat: Are we turning into a unit?

- Don't devour me, please. <3

Lee: I know...It's our thought that counts..<3

Danna: *And I won't doubt you'll say your motives for the gift will be similar as well...*

- *I am SO excited.* <3
- *Just be down in time.* <3

Lee: *Will be.*

- *Will do.*
- *Will will.*
- *Shoo.*
- *Isn't this your show or something?*
- *What are you doing up on the balcony?*

Danna: *Well that's where all the cameras are.* <3

Cat: *...Me?*

Danna: *Yuh-huh.* <3

Lee: *She's...!?*

Danna: *Merry Danna's Wedding Day.* <3

Lee: *You feel sacrilegious. Go dress.*

- *Why are you in overalls?*
- *You never wear overalls.*

Danna: *I was painting.*

Lee: *You were stalling.*

Danna: *I was wanting some comforting words for the wedding jitters.* <3

Lee: *No.*

- *I told you this was a bad idea.*

Danna: *I'm kidding.* <3

- *He'll murder me extra for wearing these down the aisle, but he'll be too macho to stop me.*
- *He'll call my bluff, it won't be one...*
- *well why am I telling YOU?* <3
- *...Anyways, long story short,*
- *My wedding photos will be in overalls, yes.* <3

Lee: *You're heartless, you know that?*

- *I almost regret what we got you.*

- *{It seems he's got a bit of a soft spot for weddings in general...Huh...6.13.17}.*

Danna: *Gotta get married now, or I'll have to return it...*<3

Lee: *I'll give it to you for cancelling.* <3

Danna: *Does that sound like something I'd do?* <3

- Danna flounces away.

Lee: *We need to get down there..*

Cat: *(...Oh!).*

- *{Was this "the signal"?...2.22.17}.*

Lee: Yes. Shut up. Go.

- Lee leads them to a pew on their right about halfway down.
- {They sit down...2.22.17}.
- {They're sitting beside Natty, who has long since made peace with the newly-constructed Lee...11.28.17}.

Natty: Can you guys believe—

Lee: —Yes. Shut up. I'm trying to concentrate.

Natty: ...What? Lee really likes weddings, hey?

Cat: This wedding is...special, Natty.

Natty: I know!

Lee: SHUT UP YOU TWO-FOOT WEIRDO!

Natty: ...Oh my!

Cat: Lee.

- Not cool.
- Take it out on an appropriate target, at an appropriate time...right?

- Arrow is already at the altar.
- He's wearing a tuxedo.
- Lee's voice is distant and sinister as he scans the entrance for Danna.

Lee: *A-hahaha!*

- *Yes.*
- *YES, Natty.*
- *I REALLY like this wedding..*
- *A LOT!*

- Natty looks at him with concern.

Cat: *Don't worry, Natty. There's a nearly-logical explanation for this.*

Natty: (Okay, Cat).

Lee: *Cat. You and tiny bitch need to shut up or not be here. Timing is essential.*

Cat: ...*You're beyond time.*

Lee: *You AREN't.*

- Danna enters confidently, with Stephen, the old puppet master.
- They are wearing matching overalls with bright orange shirts.
- Danna has a veil on, attached with hot pink hair clips.

- Arrow smiles at her murderously, shaking his head as she approaches.

- She blows kisses at people as she travels.

- It seems she's also wearing flip-flops with big daisies on them.

- She unsuccessfully cartwheels, kicking a man Cat doesn't know in the face.

- Danna shouts briefly for ice, then runs to catch up with Stephen who has gone on without her.

- When she gets there, Stephen is standing, facing Arrow.

- Danna steers him to the side and stands in front of Arrow, who is vigorously rubbing his eyes.

Arrow: You're serious...?

Danna: I—

- Lee belches loudly, then speaks quietly.

Lee: One..

Danna: YOU'RE BURPING AT MY WEDDING, YOU ASSHOLE!?

Lee: Four:

- Five.
- Six.

Arrow: MY WEDDING.

- YOU DISRESPECTFUL PRICK!!

Lee: Ten.

- Eleven.
- Twelve.

- Arrow is running towards them.

Lee: Fifteen.

- Arrow knocks down some of the guests ten feet from them, including the one Danna had kicked, trying to reach Lee quickly as the lights suddenly go out.

Arrow: *Ah!...Who?*

- *What IS that?*

- There are some high pitched electrical sounds and some flashing.

Arrow: *AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!! I...*

Lee: *Sleepy-sleepy. <3*

Cat: *(YOU CALL THAT PUTTING HIM TO SLEEP?)*.

Lee: *(In the veterinary sense at any rate)*.

Cat: *He's DEAD!?*

Lee: *NO NOT SO LOUD*

- *FOLLOW ME!*
- *SCRATCH THAT!*
- *ENTER MY FORM, OKAY??*

- Cat does.
- Lee takes off immediately, apparently unable or unwilling to take in Arrow.
- He carries him by one leg.

Cat: How can you see?

Lee: Cat is my animal

- I see well in the dark
- and well with energy.

Cat: Can't THEY, then?

- {Is Cat referring to Shadow figure traits?...2.22.17}.

Lee: Of course.

- They have.
- They're on our trail.
- Up.
- Bell tower.
- Portal there...

- He cuts the air.

- They come out on a fuzzy purple island at night, surrounded by water and giant toothbrushes.

Lee: There was SOMETHING you ate before bed as a kid that brought us here.

- We can't stay.
- We're heading down that tunnel your sister fell down in the next dream here...
- when you didn't get out of the parking lot...
- or were we going back?

- {Childhood nightmare flashback...9.27.16}.
- {The toothbrush place was pretty awesome, and full of dancing people and colourful lights, but the parking lot was deadly...2.22.17}.

Cat: That was a bad place...

Lee: Under one of these manholes. Here. See? A red twisting tube slide to hell. <3

Cat: I just noticed. How long have you been dragging him across the ground?

- {Arrow is in pretty rough shape, but not terrible for Arrow...2.22.17}.

Lee: Death here is CHANGE. <3

Cat: Adorable.

- Simply adorable.
- Quit it.

Lee: I'm going in.

- Stay with me.
- Actually, we need to prepare again.

- Lee takes the slide.
- It stretches into unknown darkness of unknown distance, down seemingly forever.
- They are ejected with a jolt into lukewarm water.
- Lee dog-paddles his way to a small, flat, grassy island. It's almost completely round, and about ten feet across.
- He jabs his finger into the ground, and a perfectly round hole about two-and-a-half feet across opens, with rich soily walls.

Lee: This one's a little narrower.

- We have thirty seconds..

Cat: You like time now?

Lee: Love it.

- Fireman-carrying Arrow, Lee jumps into the hole.
- Arrow's head thwacks the edge on the way in.

- {Future Cat: You've overcome aggression, hey Lee?...2.22.17}.
- {Future Lee: Everything in moderation. <3 What about appropriate targets, mmm?...2.22.17}.

Cat: LEE!!!

Lee: Take it easy.

- Energy repaired.
- Done. See?

- {Future Cat: Granted you agreed to heal him eventually, but...2.22.17}.

Cat: Eerie helped with the lights.

Lee: The belch was secretly timed.

- I figured hed be closer after fifteen seconds, actually.
- The overalls threw off our timing.
- They made him hesitate.
- He's impossible when he has a point to make.
- Shit.
- He's waking up.

Arrow: WE'RE FALLING! WE'RE FALLING!! WE'RE FALLING!!!

- AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Lee: Fucking relax.

Arrow: MY HEAD HURTS!

- ARE WE DEAD?
- DID DANNA KILL ME THE BITCH!??

Lee: FUCKING RELAX OR I'LL MAKE IT HURT WORSE.

- *We're...fleeing.*

Arrow: *Noooooooo fucking way.*

Lee: *You CAN'T kill her, dickhead.*

Arrow: *...THAT ISN'T YOUR CHOICE!!*

Lee: *...MAYBE IT SHOULDN'T BE, BUT AFTER SHE DESTROYED MIMI'S BRAIN—*

Arrow: *—THAT'S A SPOILER!*

Lee: *She can't wreck you,*

- *because we're not sure,*
- *and haven't cared until now,*
- *what the fuck it is you actually do.*
- *We've theorized.*
- *It's changed.*
- *Danna's been behind it,*
- *I'm sure,*
- *the coverup of what exactly you are.*

Arrow: *You haven't cared to delve.*

- *I suppose it was distasteful to Cat.*

Lee: *We've skimmed, and figured it would have all the charm of a high school stage adaptation of Twilight
2.*

Arrow: *You're kidnapping a groom.*

Lee: *We'll care about your feelings, okay.*

- *Just shut the fuck up right now.*
- *Danna's on her way with some kind of end boss, I'm afraid.*
- *We need to give everyone ample time to go home, and we need to get far, far away from here.*
- *Then we need to zap some sense into you!*

Cat: *LEE...!*

Lee: *Then we'll slap some sense into you.*

Cat: *Again.*

Lee: *Punch?...*

- *Talk.*
- *Fine.*
- *But you did promise me sadism.*

Arrow: *You promised him WHAT!?*

Cat: *I told him to direct his wrath away from Natty.*

- *Of course he fixated on you.*

Arrow: *You're picking on a little kid woman?*

- *Not cool.*

- {Natty has a modest cartoon appearance...2.22.17}.

- {A very cartoon appearance...1.29.17}.

Cat: *She's grown up.*

Arrow: *Then you need to talk to her sooner than me.*

- *She's fucked right up.*

Cat: ...

Arrow: *Like Twerp.*

- *Adult mind in a nine-year-old's body.*

- *The age of your accident.*
- *The one that tore you apart by fate because if she's the camera crew*
- *Lee's only in focus because they're together;*
- *and clearly Lee shouldn't be in focus..*

Lee: *Catch any of that?*

- *Too many blows to the head, I guess. <3*

Arrow: *What did you do after electrocuting me??*

Cat: *He carried you around by one foot smashing your head into things and dragging you over rough terrain.*

Lee: *Cat!*

Cat: *What? He has to trust one of us.*

Lee: *No, no.*

- *I wanted to tell him.*

- *Cat sighs.*

Arrow: *Give me back my energy and let me go face the bitch.*

Lee: *This isn't facing the bitch.*

- *It's just locking yourself in a room with her and throwing away the key.*
- *Don't go in like this, unprepared.*
- *You'll be fucked.*

Arrow: *You care about the order of the universe, anyways...and smashing my head into things..*

- *THAT DOESNT MEAN YOU CAN DECIDE THIS!!*

Lee: *I decide what I decide.*

- *This is unnatural.*
- *As the true representative of nature, I must say—*

Arrow: —*PLEASE MAKE ME UNCONSCIOUS AGAIN.*

- *IT ISN'T AS PAINFUL AS HEARING YOU TALK.*
- *I SHOULD KNOW...I'VE EXPERIENCED BOTH...*

Cat: *Relax...This isn't the time...*

- *We're going to need to discuss this.*

Arrow: *NO DISCUSSIONS!*

- *LET ME BACK!!*

Cat: *...Lee...*

Lee: *Cat*

- *Remember Mimi?*
- *Remember what that bitch did to Mimi??*

Cat: *...Yeah...*

Lee: *There is no love here, remember..*

Cat: *Right*

- *Yes*

Lee: *Good*

- *So we're doing the right thing.*

Cat: *Okay*

- *I think so.*

Lee: *Good*

- *Now radish brain, and shithead, just shut up.*
- *We're going to make a base camp..*

- They fall into a bamboo forest.

Lee: Here!

Arrow: Can we go to one having its summer...?

- Fall is brutal wherever this is.

Lee: That's why

- We thought about a tropical island,
- because while we're here
- we'll KEEP thinking about a tropical island.
- Especially shithead.
- You're wishing we were there right now

Arrow: You're a monster!

- Let me go kill my wife!!!

Lee: I'm securing him in a bubble to this tree.

Arrow: You can't contain me!

Lee: I'm draining you.

- Yes I can.
- Cat.
- Come out here.
- Focus us some firewood.
- Try
- Call it.

- Cat summons firewood.

Lee: Not bad.

- *A bit fast again.*
- *Your speed is back at 100.*
- *We need it 80.*

Arrow: *Fuck you!*

- *Fuck you BOTH!*

Cat: *Are you sure...*

Lee: *I'm more in control than she is when it comes to time,*

- *as you are the observer,*
- *and if you choose to leave and eat an ice cream sandwich, you can't be stopped.*
- *The story part of what we are TRYING to get across to you will screech to a halt.*

Arrow: *You'd eat an ice cream sandwich now!!!???*

Cat: *...Actually, yeah...*

Lee: *Let's go.*

- *To base camp!*
- *We are set for the night!*

Arrow: *I can't believe this...*

- {Miandra: Such a beautiful wedding. <3...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: I think this ALSO qualifies as a not-a-wedding...11.28.17}.
- {Miandra: Whatever it was...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: So you were there...Did you order the fish, or the chickenzilla?...11.28.17}.
- {Miandra: I brought something from home. Being on fire is enough. It's the reason I showed up, actually...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: So, revenge? Curiosity?...11.28.17}.
- {Miandra: Frankly, I didn't want to be on fire for absolutely no reason. I figured I'd decide the rest when I got there, but you kind of decided for me...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: So what was...did that door? Are we out, or can we just not see it?...11.28.17}.
- {Miandra: I can tell you nothing past the door...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: Aw. Fuck. Whatever. I thought you could find anything anywhere...? I thought that was your claim to fame...?...All the incredible tracking abilities Danna doesn't have—...11.28.17}.
- {With an impatient glare, Mimi's gone...11.28.17}.
- {Danna:11.28.17}.
- {Lee: You can't sneak up on someone who isn't here. Nice try, though...11.28.17}.

- {Danna: How does she DO that...!?...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: She's more Shadow than you, so her time—my gods...11.28.17}.
- {Danna: "Tie my...?" TIME!!!!??? OF COURSE!! TIME!!...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: Fuck my fuckerhead mouth. I hate talking...11.28.17}.
- {Cat: LEE!! WHAT THE FUCK!!!!???...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: Cat, I'll HAVE YOU KNOW, you're ONLY ALLOWED HERE because I JUST FUCKED UP...11.28.17}.
- {Cat: I'VE NOTICED!!!!...?? HOW!? HOW DID YOU DO THAT!!!!???...11.28.17}.
- {Danna: I'm off to travel time! <3. Can someone guide me towards that magical time-travelling baby of ours?...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: No. That's a fucking problem as well, because I lost him while I was tracking him...11.28.17}.
- {Danna: I'm going to go find that magical time travelling baby!...11.28.17}.
- {Danna vanishes}.
- {Lee: Just PERFECT. THIS IS JUST PERFECT, CAT! I'LL BET SHE'S THE REASON OUR TIME TRAVELLING KID STOPS SHOWING UP...!!!!...11.28.17}.
- {Cat: Calm down...The trickster doesn't hurt kids...11.28.17}.

- {Lee: It's chaos...and it's travelling through TIME, Cat. Stop TRYING to see the BRIGHT side of this...11.28.17}.
- {Cat: Roger that. <3. I've come to expect the worst of this kind of situation, is all...11.28.17}.
- {Lee: Well that makes EVERYBODY. We need to find her. MIMI, WE FUCKED UP!! WE NEED YOU TO TALK TO DANNA AND DISTRACT HER BEFORE SHE MAKES A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!!! *Cat, come on. Now WE need to find MIMI...11.28.17*}.