

“Don’t be a douche bag!” said Captain Farkus. “I swear if you throw another turtle at me, I will toss acidic liquids on your face”

“Sorry, I’m just bored,” said Spider Stevey.

Captain Farkus looked Spider Stevey in the eyes and said in a serious tone resembling that of an old geezer from an old western film, “Let’s fix that. Let’s kill somebody.”

“Alright cool, do you have any ideas of who?”, asked Spider Stevey

“Well, some d-bag killed my pet wolf last night, we could kill him.”, said Captain Farkus as he tried to keep himself from flooding the room with tears at the reminder of the loss of his best friend.

“Sure sounds good, any idea where he is?” Spider Stevey asked desiring vengeance for his friend.

Farkus replied by saying, “Not right off, but I can get my source to track him down within a few minutes and then we can take him out”

Spider Stevey grew excited to know that he would no longer be bored. He looked at Captain Farkus and said “Awesome, I’ll bring my crossbow. You should bring your hunting knife so we can decapitate him and smear his blood on our face after we do the deed. How epic would that be?”

“Heh, you are full of awesome ideas.”, said Farkus, “go ahead and prepare yourself for the battle ahead and I will let you know once I have the coordinates of my wolf’s killer”

“Allrightyyy then”, said Stevey in his Ace Ventura impression. He headed to his house to get an ancient bulletproof chest piece that he had taken from the corpse of the legendary Britches monster from the Valley of Ghey, a few miniature grenades made by the miniature people of the North, a potion to increase his strength, and his crossbow – the weapon of a warrior which was given to him by his father just before he sacrificed himself to the god of Bewbs.

After Stevey had finished packing, he received a forwarded text message from Captain Farkus which contained the location of the wolf killer. Stevey looked down at his texting device to read “oh hay Fark, yer wolf killer is at a pub in Northwood called jafars lair he should be ther all night lol.” Both Farkus and Stevey knew that now was the ideal time to kill the murderer and teach him a lesson. Fark grabbed his hunting knife and a few potions of his own and met Stevey at the Path of Golden Goo. The path was true to its name in that it was really covered in golden goo made by the golden guts of those who had tried to traverse the path in the past but had encountered epic failure instead. It would be a dangerous journey, but nothing that the two young boys would have any trouble with.

According to the navigation terminal, the trip would take them only around fifteen to twenty minutes to reach the killer's location. The two comrades retrieved their giant emu-like mounts from the local stable and embarked on their journey to slay the douche.

Once arriving in Northwood after only a few hindrances on the path of Golden Goo such as the rabid beanstalks and the clouds of cheese which were all defeated without initiating sweat glands, they embarked on their adventure to go to the pub. To make navigation easier, they used a GPS-like device that showed all structures within a given radius. After a few minutes of searching for the pub among the other buildings in Northwood and getting lost in a few alleyways containing rats the size of the giant lobsters that they would sometimes hunt in the attic of their homes as kids, they eventually found the pub, Jafar's Lair.

The boys reached Jafar's Lair and were immediately lost in a crowd of freaks. There were freaks of all genders and colors. Freaks of all sizes and shapes. Some were blue some were giant. No one freak resembled another. There were freaks dancing all around them in ways they had never seen before - until now. There were she-males spinning on their elbows while their tongues dragged across the floor. He-shes holding their toes while rolling around the mobs in circles. It was truly odd. "I need to learn how to do that", Stevey yelled to Fark over the blaring music of the magnificent Zlad. They were shocked by how different the culture was in a land located merely fifteen minutes away.

"We can learn these tricks later, for now we must kill the douche bag who killed my wolf", Farkus yelled back.

The two boys walked into a quiet private room to discuss their plan of attack once the asshole who killed the wolf was spotted. Captain Farkus cleared his throat and said in a very serious manner that conveyed to Spider Stevey that he meant very serious business and said "Ok Stevey, once the target is spotted, I will approach him and tell him he is fixing to be slaughtered, you know scare him a little. I want you to go to the second floor balcony and find a spot to wait where you will have a clear shot at his throat."

"Awesome blossom." Spider Stevey interrupted with great enthusiasm and excitement.

"Alright, after you shoot his throat, I will then proceed to decapitate him. Once I have the head, we will head to the emergency exit around back and make our way to the Plains of Acabo and hide until this whole deal blows over and the guards have moved on to worrying about some other crime or something."

"Right on" Stevey said, "Do you know the name of who we are taking out?"

"Well, yes. I do."

“Welll...” Stevey said impatiently.

“I didn’t want to tell you this but I suppose there is no hiding it any longer. the target is your bother, Brendan Frasier. Does this pose a problem for you?” said Farkus in a solemn tone. “It’s ok if you want to back out, I don’t want to start family problems for you.”

“No, I have been wanting to kill that ass that since he stole my potion of agility last week”, chuckled Stevey.

“oh ok”, well then we are set. according to my tracking device, Brendan is by the north side of the bar. go ahead and take position and I will get ready to approach him. I’ll text you when all is ready” said Farkus with a great sense of vengeance and excitement in his voice

“Kk sounds good. On my way”, said Stevey.

The boys both went their separate ways in order to fulfill their individual duties. Spider Stevey was carefully positioned on the second floor balcony with his cross bow sight aligned perfectly on his brother’s throat. Farkus sent Stevey a text containing the message “k lets kill this mofo lol” even though Farkus was not laughing out loud at all. The time was right and Captain Farkus began approaching Spider Stevey to relay the message of his future demise. As Farkus was walking towards Brendan, Brendan looked over to see the boy approaching and smiled an arrogant smile and put his glass of Bugs Juice on the bar counter in order to give Farkus his whole attention.

“Ah so if it isn’t the poor wolf boy”, Brendan said in an annoying voice that sounded like a fish being scraped across a cement pond. “I want you to know that your wolf was quite the fighter. Just kidding of course, that is why he is dead somewhere, mwahahahaha”.

Farkus nodded a sarcastic hello to his arch-enemy and said in the voice of an obese elderly black woman “you can say what you want Frasier, but I am going to murder you and feed your body to my children, heeyyy”.

Brendan chuckled a quick chuckle and said “Whatever Madea” just as his brother fired the arrow. As the arrow was inches from piercing his throat, Brendan enabled his cloaking device which rendered him invisible to the naked eye and all objects. The arrow went straight through his invisible body, piercing the armored boot of Captain Farkus.

“Why you piece of... holy shnikeys!” Farkus yelled - a sound that all the freaks heard over the majestic voice of Zlad. Spider Stevey and Captain Farkus met back up at the original exit of the building to figure out an emergency strategy to slay the now invisible evil wolf-killing brother.

“Where would your retard brother usually go in attempt of escape?” Farkus said with panic in his voice.

Stevey didn’t have an immediate answer. He pondered the various possibilities of where the one he had once shared the womb with might go in such a situation. “Eureka! He wouldn’t!”, Stevey suddenly yelled out, “He is too smart for that. My guess is that he hasn’t moved at all, to be honest.”

“Nice work Stevey, why didn’t I think of that” Farkus said dumbfounded.

“Because you are a friggin’ moron, duh!”, Stevey said jokingly

“No you” Farkus said in a comedic manner, “but back to serious things”, his tone changed immediately, “we should camp out the surrounding areas to where he was and be prepared for him to reveal himself. his cloaking device can’t stay charged forever.”

“True dat”, said Stevey, “But we have to somehow keep him from seeing us so he won’t flee when he does uncloak. Perhaps we should get costumes to blend us in with the rest of those freaks?”, suggested Stevey.

“Great idea bud, lets find a tailor to make us some epic costumes, he will never even know it is us, to be honest”, Farkus said with a growing sense of optimism that their plan will work out after all.

The boys left the pub and headed to a tailor located a few blocks away. They traded their potions for matching Gungan costumes from the Star Wars cult and proceeded to head back to Jafar’s Lair. The two entered the pub and found two strategic spots to camp in anticipation for Brendan’s revealing. Twenty minutes had passed and the two Gungans had not moved from their respective corners. They were beginning to grow tired and itchy from wearing the Gungan costumes and starting to wonder if perhaps they had assumed incorrectly that Brendan was still in his original spot. They decided to give the cloaking device ten more minutes before they would abandon their mission and find something else to do for a while.

“Dood, i h8 you. im more bored doin this than i was throwin turtles at u”, Stevey texted Farkus.

“lol, just give it a few moar minutes and see if he comes k?” Farkus texted back as he laughed out loud this time. It was very rare that Farkus would actually laugh out loud proceeding a “lol”.

Right after Captain Farkus hit the “send” button, they and the rest of the freaks in the Lair heard the outcry of a she-man coming out of the restroom. The she-man slurred from his drunkenness and in anger yelled “There wasss a frikkkin’ perssson cloaked in there while I was taking care of my bizniss then he revealed himssself jusst as I was getting ssstarted.” The Gungan-disguised

boys arose to the opportunity to get Brendan while he had nowhere to run and a cloaking device that was no longer charged.

Spider Stevey and Captain Farkus rushed into the she-man-only bathroom and spotted Brendan Frasier.

“A-ha we have you now douche bag!”, exclaimed Captain Farkus, “prepare to die sucka!” There was no response from Brendan. He did not move. He did not speak. There appeared to be no life in the body that was standing in the she-man stall. The excitement left Fark’s emotions as he asked Stevey, “What the frick is wrong with him?”

“Heh, he does this sometimes, let’s just go ahead and kill him”, Stevey replied.

Fark questioned Stevey to ensure he was alright with him slaying his helpless brother, “even though he can’t fight back? you sure you want to do that?”

“Yeah sure, I think it would be funnier to kill him this way to be honest”, Stevey laughed out loud.

“Ok, well here goes” Farkus said as he pulled out his hunting knife and decapitated the body of Brendan Frasier. As the body that was now separated into two parts fell to the ground, Stevey caught the head with the intent of adding it to his trophy collection. “Nothing like killing somebody who isn’t even at the keyboard”, Farkus laughed.

“I know right! my brother is going to be mad when he sees we killed him while he wasn’t even at the computer.”

Ding dong! “Oh crap, there’s somebody at my door, I’ll be right back.” Captain Farkus, also known as Marty in the real world, went to answer the door and discovered the mail man with a package for him. Marty looked at the package the mail man had given him and yelled “You are such a douche, how about not friggin’ bending something that says fragile? Friggin’ moronic ass-face.” He then turned around and kicked the door closed behind him. Farkus went back to his computer and sent a message to Spider Stevey, “k im back, dumb azz mail man bent my insane clown posse vinyl album. such a douche”.

Spider Stevey laughed out loud and responded, “lol, well I can’t say that is a bad thing, ICP SUCKS!!!1! but we should totally do something about that guy. he messed up my dungeons and dragons cards that I bought off ebay last month. what should we do about him? i doubt the post office will do anything.”

“WANT TO KILL HIM?” asked Farkus with completely serious intentions, “oops, caps lock, sorry.”

Spider Stevey thought the idea over for a few minutes and responded with equally serious intentions, “no problem, but yes. lets do it. ill go get my dads hunting rifle”

Farkus was excited. He responded back to Stevey by saying “cool dood, we just have to be done by 7, my mommy is cooking meatloaf tonight.”

“cant miss meatloaf night, to be honest” Stevey said as he pictured Marty’s mothers meatloaf and imagined the texture and flavors attacking the taste buds in his mouth, “ill meet you at your house.”