



ROAD TO

RADCCON



TO

RANCO

~ 1 ~

THE ROAD TO RADCON

The Pro Crastinators have been left in shambles.

Ever since Endless Jess sacrificed his mortal coil to relight the sun, the overpowering radiant light has deepened the shadows in which the scum of society take shelter. Amid the rubble of some back-alley, half-buried in fast food boxes, lies Digibro; his cracked sunglasses revealing his equally cracked eyeballs. (Cracked out on crack, that is to say.)

From a third-story window overlooking the alley, a voice doesn't reach his ears.

“Hold on, just gotta dump these cups out,” a thundering SoCal accent remarks to someone in his apartment as he thoughtlessly tosses several full cups of piss directly on the homeless man below. When the first drop hits Digi's cracked lips (yes, from the crack), he immediately wakes, using what little strength is left in his arms to re-angle himself under the heaviest part of the stream and desperately guzzling the life-restoring golden fluid; choking and coughing as it lands straight on his uvula; feeling each drop refill another dry pore in his barely-visible bearded face.

As the piss stream dies and some vitality returns to Digi's body, he starts rolling back and forth, building momentum, until he's got enough to fling himself to his feet. He ineffectively brushes dirt from his hideously matted and fucked-up fur coat, reaches into his pocket, and produces a small baggie of crack.

“Gochisousama deshita,” he weeps under his breath before biting into the breakfast rock. Soon his eyes are full of glittering stars, his

mind is racing with ideas, and he's ready to take a huge morning shit behind the dumpster. After unloading, Digi finally makes his way to the edge of the alley, just in time to encounter Munchy as he rounds the corner.

"Something smells like my piss--oh, hey Digi." Digi merely belches in response, having long forgotten non-weeblish words.

"That's hilarious," Munchy responds with dry sincerity. He's bursting at the seams of a slimeoid t-shirt, his jeans barely hanging on by strings. The straps of his flip-flops broke off some time ago, but the soles were already fused with his feet from constant usage.

Munchy had grown significantly wider in the time since Radcon 3. Whereas his compatriots had all turned to fuck in the New America, Munchy's trip to college had allowed him to meet a young Jeff Bezos right when he was about to start Amazon--and buying a third of the company's shares when they were cheap had now made him big enough to swallow a grinder whole. Also he had a lot of money, so he'd bought the entire neighborhood and began his project to make "the real version of New Las Angeles City aka Neo Milwaukee." When other members of the PCP asked if he could help them out, he told them he'd only do so when they started making decent art again. No one had yet done so.

"Itai yo... ore no tamashii..." Digi mumbles, constantly pressing his hands to various parts of his torso in hopes of combating the random, weird pains that spring up every time he takes a step. Before he knows it, the two of them have made it to the demolition site of the former Radhouse.

"Nani?" Digi muses, not having realized where they were going thanks to crack blindness. "Sore wa..." he drifts off, recognizing the space and starting to feel memories spark in his cranium.

"Yep. It's the oooooold fuck hole. You know, like from when you guys were good?"

"Masaka..."

Munchy steps proudly in front of Digi, brow furrowed, posing with fists on hips and puffing his chest out to make a declaration.

“Digi! I know you think your life is great right now with all the free piss and crack, but have you considered how much more there is out there?”

“iie...”

“Well, it’s a ton of shit! There’s shit literally everywhere and a lot of it is just as good if not better than crack! Every week I’ve got a mailbox stuffed with letters asking when I’m going to give the people their favorite back--and every day I tell them they’re free to scoop you out of the gutter and take you wherever because I really don’t give a shit--but no one’s been able to make it three steps into that alley without vomiting, so my hand is being forced!”

Digi wasn’t paying attention anymore--hearing the word ‘crack’ had reminded him that it was at least 15 minutes since his last hit, so now he was scrambling through his pockets looking for his brunch rock.

“DIGIBRO! This will be your last shot! In six weeks, I’m gathering all of your half-dead corpses down to a beachfront property that’s no longer valuable to me and leaving you with ten grand worth of equipment to make something people actually like! Any profit you make beyond that point is yours to keep. Pick your life back up or throw it all away on crack, I don’t care, I just want people to know I tried.”

“CRACK?!?!” And with that, Digibro had joined the party. Now they just had to track down the rest of these assholes and gather them up. But there were some that neither Munchy nor Digi had seen in years. Would they even still be alive? And if so, where could they be?

“Thank god I put trackers on all of you ages ago. C’mon, let’s go find those awful brothers. No one’s ever asked me to, but it’s not a PCP revival without them, so on we go!”

And with that, the Road to Radcon 4 was set upon.



LORDS OF SHIT MOUNTAIN

Digibro didn't know how he'd found himself ankles deep in the hideous soup of a garbage swamp, but it was activating his paranoia something fierce. A putrid humidity rose below the surface of the noxious sludge, sometimes bulging up into black bubbles which expanded rapidly like they were going to pop, and then, invariably, slowly and loudly farted out.

From his point of view, Digi seemed to be wandering the forest somewhere, half-delirious from the visible green clouds of smoke emanating out of giant trash piles strewn about the landscape and waste litterling the would-be water below. In actuality, he was navigating not a forest of trees, but an endless wood of gigantic hammers and sickles arcing from earth to sky.

“Onaka wa sugoi kurushii...” Digi groaned.

“We're almost there, baby boy. You can see the foot of Shit Mountain just there.”

Indeed, they were very close to the foot of a mountain of shit. Some of it literal shit, but anything you could imagine being described as “shit” was visible amid the mound.

As soon as Munchy placed a foot on the mountain, a pulse rattled through the atmosphere, seeming to originate from within the shit hill. As the reverberations passed through their bodies, those vibrations were interpreted like sound, transmitting a message into their minds:

“TREAD NOT UPON THIS LAND IF YOU WILL NOT SWEAR SUBORDINANCE TO THE LORD OF SHIT MOUNTAIN AND

SURRENDER YOUR MEANS AT THE GATE.”

“Well, I’m not carrying anything on me,” Munchy said. “You?”

Digi thought for a second, then responded, “Crack?”

“They might take it from you and give you back like an eighth of it.”

Digi reached into his pocket, produced his baggie of crack, and stared at it for a good, solid moment; then he put that hand into the back of his pants, made an odd and strained gesture for a moment, and then motioned that he was ready to continue.

Once the fat men both had feet on the mountain, another wave passed through them.

“I KNOW YOU JUST PUT THAT CRACK IN YOUR CRACK”

“Kuso!” Digi swore.

“Just forget about it, I’ll get you more crack inside!” Munchy spat, and angrily recommenced his ascent of the butt butte.

Twenty minutes later, after a lot of hiking and Goron-dodging, our protagonists made it to the mouth of a cave burrowing beyond sight into the side of the dung dune.

Once they’d gotten a few meters in, they spotted a little guardsman in a snazzy suit looking like a tasty little snack. Munchy wiped the drool from the side of his mouth and refocused on the mission at hand. The guard halted their approach.

“Halt your approach! This is the Communist Cop Killer Utopia, Black Boston. You must surrender whatever means are at your disposal before entry!”

The tiny guard held his hand out and stared at the two boys. They glanced at one-another, and then Digibro walked over, dropped trow, and pinched out a crack baggie in the little prince’s palms. Then they headed on through.

Thicker and thicker air challenged even Digibro’s lungs as they followed the tunnel into the crap landfill. The torches used to light the caves caused a constant pervasion of warm sewage wafting; but

layered onto that, as if trying to mask it, was sugar-sweet candy vape smoke billowing in waves from somewhere deep in the heart of the city.

When they started coming by door-shaped holes in the cave walls, Digi glanced in to see tiny rooms, each inhabited by nude men hard at work by computers or tables, looking haggard and unkempt. All things considered, it didn't seem that different from a college dorm.

Before long, the tunnel opened into a massive atrium--the city center. Just picture Goron City but made of shit and garbage, and Ben Saint is sitting at the very bottom in the middle, wearing MASSIVE glasses with all-white lenses and vaping straight from the exhaust pipe of the Gravedigger monster truck parked right next to him. Google it if you don't know what any of those things looks like, I promise the mental image is easy to conjure.

But also imagine that you can't actually see Ben at the bottom because he's vaping so fucking much you can barely see a foot in front of your face.

"I fucking hate this place!!" Munchy shouts through coughs as he tries to swat the smoke away from his face.

"Chill out, fascist," a young girl says, emerging from the mist at Munchy's right. "Take one of these." She hands out some kind of black cloth, matching the one which she's got wrapped around her face. Munchy snaps it up and quickly blankets his entire face with it.

"This isn't fucking doing anything!" he shouts. Digi fastens one over his nose and mouth.

"No one can be seen in Black Boston! To be seen spreads want! Continue the Great Work!"

Around halfway through the girl's manic shrieking, Digi and Munchy had bypassed her and jumped straight down into the heart of the city, remembering to press A so that they would roll as soon as they hit the ground and not take damage.

"Ben, get up! We're doing Radcon 4!" Munchy bellowed, arms crossed.

Ben was still in the middle of his current exhale, so it took about 93 seconds before he could respond, asking, “will I get paid?”

“Only if you help us continue this light novel, and this chapter turns out a lot more exciting than the first one, since this fat slag thought he could get people hype over 2 pages.”

Munchy turned to hold Digi visually accountable for his crime, but Digi was busy doing crack.

“As long as the wealth is equally distributed...”

“All of you will be getting whatever hand-me-down scraps are left over when you’ve burned through my budget, in the same Creative Freedom Dividend.”

“Can I bring my vape?”

“FUCK no.”

“God damn it, fine, I’ll do it!”

“That’s what I thought bitch, now let’s go find your brother.”

Nate was easily findable in the same shithole Cincinnati apartment he’d been living in since before the apocalypse. It hadn’t changed much, except all the rapists had evolved to be either especially benign flesh globs, or especially predacious musclebeasts. Nate and Michelle were leaving the house no less than usual--only for their yearly vacations to Nu-Hawaii.

Munchy kicked the door to Nate’s apartment clean off its hinges and stormed through the room screaming, “FUUUUUUCKBOOOOIIII!!!”

Nate came trodding in from the back room full of bloomer spirit, arms open in welcome and, amid laughter, responding, “NIIIIIBBAAAAA!!!” He looked exactly the same as ever.

The two men collided in the center of the room, and Munchy lifted Nate into a hearty embrace, and then began carrying him out of the house.

“Ahaha! Munchy, you’re so damn strong!” Nate was playing along, not realizing the reality of his situation. Thinking the bit was overstaying its welcome, he began trying to kick himself loose, but to no avail. Munchy was already stepping through the front door.

“Alright Munchy, put me down! Ahaha! It looks like you’re kidnapping me!”

“I am, you stupid fucking fuck.”

“Hon?” Michelle emerged from the back room of the apartment, to see Ben filling the living room with clouds from his enormous clarinet-body vape, Digi holding a lighter under a spoon, and a large man disappearing into the distance carrying her boyfriend.

“Are you guys finally doing Radcon 4? Can I come?” She asked. Digi burped and Ben farted, so she beamed with excitement and bolted out the door to follow Munchy’s exit. Once Munchy had physically jousting Nate and his girl into the back seat of his limousine, he went back inside, threw the unresponsive Digi and Ben onto his shoulders, and then did the same with them.

“How long is the ride to the next place?” Nate asked, squished between the massive flesh piles of Digi and Munchy.

“Well we’re going to London to get Hippo next so I’d say like 20 hours.” Munchy responded.

“Ooh. It’s gonna be tight, but if we hurry, we MIGHT be able to squeeze in a quick meeting about what we should do at Radcon 4,” Nate said. Digibro immediately passed out.

“Yeah, what exactly is our goal here, anyways?” Ben asked. “I know you told me on the way here that you wanna Make the PCP Great Again or some other fascist rhetoric, but what does that even really mean?”

“I don’t know, people give you guys money when you do things together, and they really don’t seem to want their money, so I’m giving them what they want,” Munchy explained.

“Yes but see, as much as I love doing Radcon, and I’m glad our

fans continue to enjoy it, isn't there some way that we could use it to turn a profit BEYOND the event itself?" Nate asked.

Just then, to everyone's surprise, the driver of the Limo spoke up.

"I know of a way that you can make a whole lot of money very quickly."

Everyone turned, but couldn't see the driver's face under his cap. Munchy spoke up, "okay, but these idiots are making art. They don't know how to work real jobs, and I HAVE money."

"Pardon my intrusion on your conversation... but you all said you were livestreaming much of this event... yes?"

"Uh... yeah," Ben chortled.

"Well, it so happens that I work with an ad company that's interested in collaborating with independent and obscure creators on sponsorship projects."

"Oh?" Nate perked up, amused.

"You don't understand, the one with the beard says the N-word with a hard R," Munchy argued.

"It's a very progressive company," the driver continued.

"I think you've got that backwards..." Ben accused under his breath.

"Well hey, I'm willing to listen to your proposal," Nate said as amicably as possible.

"Really?" Munchy interjected.

"Excellent!" The driver suddenly boomed. "If you see that tablet behind my seat, there's an application on there which will show you the full range of our ad packages--" as the driver spoke, Nate grabbed the tablet from one of the open seats and began scrolling through its menus. "Simply use the USB cable hooked in there to transfer the app to your phone."

"Hold on," Munchy interrupted. "Nate, are you sure you wanna trust this like, random-ass deal from this limo driver I hired off of

uber?”

“What’s the harm in giving a look?” Nate asked, as he made several attempts at plugging the USB into his phone and finally succeeded. The moment he did, the screen went black. “Uhhh,” he stared at it blankly, and then the screen went blue. “Oh! Okay, it’s opening up.”

A block of white text appeared on the screen:

“HAHA BITCH I OWN ALL OF YOUR YOUTUBE CHANNELS NOW YOU DUMB MOTHERFUCKER YOU GOT SCAMMED AHAHA FUCK YOU.”

Nate read the message back solemnly.

“God damn it, Nate,” Munchy grumbled, planting his face into his hand.

“HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!” The driver burst into hysterical laughter, then slammed the wheel to the right, and sent the limo careening into the opposite lane. It was immediately clobbered by a race car going ten-thousand miles an hour, and went rocketing and spinning through the air like an object in Katamari Damacy, before the front of the car impaled itself through the face of a building.

Inside the car, everyone was being tossed about, but it was kinda fun. After the car was stably sticking from the side of a building, its frame began to crack in the center. No one in the back could get themselves in order fast enough to start moving for the front, and the driver was rising from his seat and finally revealing his face to the party in the back.

He was just some normie businessman.

“My name is Brad Garlinghouse, creator of Ripple and figurehead of the XRP cryptocurrency!”

As Brad inched closer, the car’s frame fully cracked at the top, its back half dropping to a hanging position, with the bottom of the frame bent nearly to breaking. Brad Garlinghouse strode all the way to the edge of the malformed car, and looked down into its caboose at the pile of fatasses crushing the small girl pressed to the back

window. His monologue continued with a broad smile.

“I’ve got all the keys to the PCP castle thanks to you, Nate... and now I’ll be turning Radcon... into BRADCON!!!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!”

Brad disappeared from sight.

“I hate this fucking arc already,” Munchy spat.

“Now that guy was DEFINITELY a fascist,” Ben remarked.

“For once, Ben, I actually agree with you,” Nate chimed in.

“Ummm... can you all start working on getting off me now?”
Michelle begged from below.

Munchy shifted his weight, and the car immediately began screeching downward and eventually freefalling from the building. When it hit the ground, it exploded, and everyone was fine because surviving years of super-aids atmosphere had built up an immunity to death.

“Guess we gotta go stop that fucking boomer from killing Radcon,” Ben mused, gazing skyward.

“Yeah but we still gotta get the other guys first, so that narrative can pay off later,” Munchy responded. And so the adventure continued.



BRING THE BOYS

Things had gotten weird in London in the time since the nuclear apocalypse. The London Eye (that's the big ferris wheel for you yanks) had not stopped growing as predicted, but instead reached Titan size, breaking off its hinges and continually rolling around the city in a narrow circle, breaking off all of its carts. Luckily, the bars always fell in the same places on its rotation, so they were able to rebuild the city only in the spaces between where the bars fall.

Thanks to the atomic bomb having landed on a jack-o-lantern next to the ghost of jack the ripper, everyone in London was now jacked, and also had a pumpkin for a head, and also one more set of breasts than they had before. As such, Hippo had immediately taken on the permanent identity of Jacked Pumpk, and for a while made a killing selling NO. t-shirts and wigs so that everyone could look cool with their new pumpkin heads. This plan backfired when everyone took on the attitude of the character and began simply robbing one-another--and Jacked Pumpk--for more shirts. In the land of the Union Jack, it was nothing but Jacked Jack-o-lanterns Jacking shit from one-another, and/or jacking off with their new J-cups.

“HOW have we taken a 14-HOUR FLIGHT **AND** a 30-MINUTE BUS-RIDE and STILL haven't decided on the subtitle to Radcon 4??” Ben whines as he oozes off the bus.

“I'm just saying, while I REALLY like Munchy's idea of Radcon 4: Ballsnatchers, because I've got a ton of ideas for activities we can do relating to that, I ALSO think that YOUR idea of Radcon 4: Extra Beeftart suits the location perfectly, I'm just racking my brain trying to imagine what we would do with it,” Nate preaches.

“Yes, we’ve been over that! Digi, which one do you like more?,” Ben asks.

“Eeee.... docchi demo ii yo,” Digi grumbles.

“Goddamint Ben, you’ve asked Digi for his opinion eighteen times on different things and every single time he’s said he doesn’t care. Just focus on making your retard brother make a choice!” Munchy commands.

“He’s impossible! It’s always been like this!” Ben rages.

“I’M RIGHT HERE, GOD DAMN IT!” Nate announces.

“WE KNOW!!” Munchy and Ben shout together.

As the group bickers, their aimless stride causes several car accidents, and Digibro falls through a manhole, without anyone noticing. The group finally realizes they’ve arrived at Jacked Pumpk’s house when Ben walks face-first into the front door, effectively knocking it.

Jacked Pumpk answers the door with his usual carved smile contradicting the antagonistic proclamation of his t-shirt, writ large across a massive set of rocking tits which hang over rippling abs.

“Eyy, Pumpk!” Ben stretches his arms out to no response, and continues, “we need you to help us save Radcon 4 from capitalism!”

Jacked Pumpk does not emote.

“Pumpk, look! BRAD GARLINGHOUSE tricked me into installing a retarded app--I should’ve known better, of course--but look the point is that he’s got a hold of all of the accounts I had on my email, INCLUDING both the PCP AND the PO D. CAST which is now streaming Doraemon every hour on the hour for some reason!,” Nate proclaims, gesticulating wildly.

Jacked Pumpk does not emote.

“I am going to give you money to play video games for a week with your cleavage out,” Munchy then pipes up.

Jacked Pumpk flashes a thumbs up and then steps over the threshold of the house, as the London Eye loudly rolls overhead.

“Excellent!” Nate proclaims. “Gang, let’s head back to the states!”

“Say,” Ben muses, plucking hairs from his chin, “Munchy, wouldn’t it have been cheaper for you to have come here first by yourself instead of bringing us all back and forth?”

“MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO ME!!” Munchy bellows, “WATCH!!”

Munchy flexes his bicep, tattering the sleeve of his shirt and morphing the shape of his arm into a rigid, ultra-powerful trunk of pure muscle, with which he punches the earth, plunging his fist clear through the concrete surface of the street, and then pulling Digibro up from the sewer in an eruption of disrupted road material. After tossing the limp faggot over-shoulder, he then gathers the other three tightly in his arms, and leaps to the sky, just in time to land on top of a post-WW2 bi-plane heading West.

The bi-plane bi-passes the bi-continental Americas, to be shot down over Yemen, where Tom had taken up residence after seeing it listed as #1 in an article on the best places to live out of your car. Between the forty dollars a month he was making on 3D graphics work, and the seventy he was making sub-leasing the passenger’s seat to a refugee, he stayed afloat.

Tom had achieved a kind of enlightenment in the time since Radcon 3. Not long after that conference, Tom had slipped on a banana peel and fell down the stairs, causing one of the disks in his back to herniate severely.

After more than a year of intense pain and surgery, Tom was finally returned to his feet on the day that the nuclear apocalypse rained upon Boston. The radiation had turned him into an enormous lizard, which hadn’t effected his ability to do his work all that significantly, so he rolled with it--that is; until he slipped on another banana peel and herniated his spine again. Now, he has achieved a sort of Zen state, perpetually bedridden in the back of his car with a laptop on his chest, building 3D models. Just a big broken lizard-man living day to day in Yemen in pursuit of constant betterment toward some unknown ideal.

Being a lizard person had its perks and its drawbacks. His reptilian

brain had allowed him to finally comprehend and come to peace with politics, so the craziness of it all didn't distract him anymore. Having a garbled, hideous lizard voice just meant he talked mostly online as usual.

But we're getting ahead of us--the rest of our Radboys have last been seen getting rattled out of the sky with rockets. Luckily, Munchy's plane was equipped with standard-issue DBZ dub parachutes, and also they're all immortal anyways to there's really no consequences for anything which happens physically in this story anymore.

Unluckily, on their way through the deserts of Yemen, the gang is attacked by ISIS.

"I don't like these guys," Ben pouts.

"They're ISIS, Ben. Literally no one likes these guys," Munchy retorts.

"Well, that's not true--obviously ISIS members like ISIS," Ben argues.

"True, true, but consider this, Ben," Nate interjects, "if the only people who like ISIS are the people who are inside ISIS, is it not still correct to say that 'no one likes those guys?'"

"What? No, why would that discount them from themselves being people who like those guys?" Ben squabbles.

"Holy fucking shit Ben, the phrase 'no one likes those guys' doesn't even have meaning unless you explicitly exclude 'those guys' from being a part of everyone else," Munchy fumes.

"That doesn't make any sense!" Ben squeals.

"ENOUGH!!" An ISIS squad leader yells from on top of a 3-story blown-out building. The nuclear holocaust had evolved ISIS into Super-ISIS, whose guns fire vaccinations to Super-AIDS; the only thing which can injure our protagonists!! WOWIE-ZOWIE!!

"Everyone get behind me!" Munchy bellows, "I've paid top men in Austism, Texas to develop a cure for a cure for Super-AIDS--and then I ate them! I'm KIRBY IRL;I'm like a fucking Nazi death camp

personified; I'm like the first rat that ever had the black plague biting Ghengis Khan's dick before he rapes the next Asian generation into existence; I'm like the lyrics to Run to the Hills by Iron Maiden; I'm like how white people feel when someone says they're being racist; I'm the warewolf offspring of a Japanese soldier's Nanking cumsock; I'm like Little Baby and Big Boy blasting out of your father's dick and impregnating your shit-chute; I'm the aborted foetus of Judas Iscariot's M-PREG-nation. Analpha and Oralmega! MUNCHY! J! FUCKING! TRUUUUUUMPPPP!!!!!!! ONE!"

As Munchy surges forward, snapping his middle finger through the air over and over again and screaming the N word, the ISIS troops mobilize alongside him, launching a full-scale raid on the capital city. Within hours, Munchy has apprehended rule of the country's military; and by the end of the day, he is controlling every nation in the Middle-East. Apprehending Europe takes the next five seconds, and then Munchy spends the next week resolving problems around the world in exchange for alliances against America, overthrows it, and then establishes a world government centered around himself, and based around the conceit of one singular rule of law: fist your ass twice a day and think about how you're going to die.

When Munchy finally makes his way back to Tom's car, he finds the gang all seated on the ground surrounding the open trunk of the vehicle, scrolling through their phones.

"Oh, hey Munchy," Nate pipes up, "check this out," he continues, holding his phone screen up uncomfortable close to Munchy's face. It's a girl shitting on her own face.

"It's a girl shitting on her own face! AHAHA! GOTT'EM!" Nate howls.

"I want you all to know that working with you is the worst aspect of my life, and I have no idea how I am continually drawn into it," Munchy growls. Jacked Pumpk pats his back, and Munchy says, "not you, Jacked Pumpk, you're fine."

“I heard ya’ll are doing a paid gig,” Tom pipes up from the bed in the back of his car.

“Yeah, you down to handle all the merchandising from your bed?” Munchy asks.

“Well, it’ll probably be excruciatingly painful even just making small movements across my room, but if no one else needs thirty bucks I’ll be glad to handle it,” Tom explains.

“Good,” Munchy tuts, and about-faces. “I’ll have my men bring you to the Radhouse.”

“Hey Munchy, having men means you’re gay!” Nate shouts. “GOT’EM AGAIN!!”

“OOOH BABY BOY YOU’RE LOOKIN’ REAL YUMMY RIGHT NOW FOR DADDY PEEPEE TO POOPOO A DOODOO SMACK POPPA SHOCK CLOBBA KNOCK ROBBA FLACK DACKA SHOCK PACKA LACKE MACKE BUKABURNKOSELKNVOERUB”

Munchy’s eyes begin to glow purple as his humor becomes unusually esoteric even for him.

“What’ve you done, Nate?! He’s going Nova!!” Ben shrieks.

“What, just ‘cause he’s gay? No, this has to be something more than that!” Nate retorts.

“Buraado...” Digi mumbles, stunned at the sight of a glowing, expanding, and floating Munchy. Jacked Pumpk grabs onto the leg of his pants to keep him from floating away.

“You think this is Brad doing this?” Ben asks, redundantly.

“It has to be!” Nate jumps to conclusions. “Who else would formulate such evil machinations?”

“Actually, Nate, according to a quick google search, it says right on the PCP Wikipedia page that when Munchy can’t fight his urge to devour one of his enemies, he transforms into the Grand Space Tyrant Crapfuck,” Tom exposit.

“Well then what the fuck was Digi talking about before?” Nate

asks.

“I dunno, he’s on crack,” Tom responds.

“Craaaaaaack,” Digi moans.

“Well what are we gonna do?” Ben flails, helplessly.

“Okay, well to start with we should probably come up with some kind of plan or idea,” Nate begins.

“No shit,” Tom complains. At this point, Munchy is a pink blimp, and Jacked Pumpk is slowly being lifted from the ground.

Digibro, hardly paying attention to the situation at hand, stares at the ground for a while before his eyes focus in on the white object at his feet. It’s a marshmallow. He spends a while processing the idea of a marshmallow on the ground, and then he looks around at the situation once more. Tom is continuing to work on his laptop while Ben and Nate argue about what to do, and Pumpk is slowly being carried away. Thinking quickly, Digi uses his Crack Brain Jutsu to transform a nearby car into a two-ton marshmallow. He then slams the huge marshmallow against Munchy’s body, so that the blimp of a man is completely engulfed in it. The marshmallow falls to the ground.

After the five minutes it takes for Munchy to eat enough of the marshmallow for his face to be visible, he is wearing a big Kirby grin and rambling incoherently through the stream of marshmallow being funnelled into his mouth with a vacuum noise.

Having somehow returned to his normal size, Munchy says, “thanks Digi,” punches the hobo in the shoulder, knocking him over, and keeps walking, bellowing, “alright fuckwads, back to work.”

His stride doesn’t break as a helicopter lands before him and he trades places with a couple of men in shades and black suits, who run over to the sides of Tom’s bed and lift it. Ben, Nate, and Digi climb aboard the copter, followed by Tom’s bed carried in by the CIA agents, and Jacked Pumpk clings to the bars on the bottom. Whatever you’re trying to imagine this copter looks like, it’s not big enough for all of them, and they’re just gonna have to live with it.

“Alright gang. I wasted a lot of time senselessly conquering the world so I wouldn’t have to spend any more time with you until we got to Radcon 4, but now the chips are on the table,” Munchy explains. “This is the big shebang for all the marbles. It’s not gonna be easy to get people to give a shit with Brad Garlinghouse is flavorblasting our channels with crypto dickpicks, but we’re just gonna do our best and deliver on all the promises of the kickstarter.”

“Sounds good to me, boss,” Ben replies.

“Can’t wait to get paid,” Tom says.

“Hey look! You can see the Radhouse!” Nate shouts, pointing out the window of the copter. Digi, with his face against the window, peers through bleary, cracked-out eyes upon the oceanside house. Jacked Pumpk waits for his chance to make a timely drop onto the roof, but the copter suddenly jerks sideways in rapid descent.

“KOBE!” The pilot hollers, and slams the copter onto the beach in a fiery explosion. As established, everyone in this story is immortal, so none of this matters. The pilot just wanted to make what is, in the context of this story’s universe, a fairly dated edgy joke. As the boys brush copter dust from their shirts and head up the beach, a voice cuts over the waves.

“SO YOU ALL FINALLY MADE IT!!” Brad Garlinghouse shouts, standing on the Radhouse roof.

“IT’S YOU!!” Nate screams.

“All your base are belong to Brad! You have no chance to survive; make your time!” Brad howls.

“This is fucking cringe,” Munchy farts.

---To be continued in Chapter 4---



BRADCON 4

“God damn you, Brad Garlinghouse!” Nate screams. “Give me back my channel!”

“Okay.”

Brad gives Nate his channel back.

“Oh, sick,” Nate says, looking at his phone to see his channel restored.

“Uh...” Ben speaks up, “okay, but what about the PCP channel?”

“Foolish fuccboi. The PCP’s ultra-dedicated audience will continue to pay you fools even if all your channel does is stream crypto ads from now until forever!”

“But we make all our money on patreon... dotcomslashbensaint,” Ben says.

“MY PLAN DOESN’T HAVE TO MAKE SENSE, I’M CRAZY!!” Brad shouts.

“This is poor storytelling,” Munchy complains. “I’m not even sure of the stakes at this point.”

“I’ll show you stakes!” Brad grins, reaching down to something laying on the roof which the boys can’t see from down on the beach. “BEHOLD!” Brad jerks a person up by the neck--and as the hair parts, everyone realizes it’s--

“Michelle!” Nate calls out.

“I literally forgot she was with us before,” Ben comments.

“I think Digi did too,” Munchy responds, while upvoting critical

comments of chapter three on Digibro's channel. Digibro throws up, shits himself, and headbutts a crack rock into powder before snorting it up, shedding his shitstained clothes, and running into the ocean.

Meanwhile, Brad Garlinghouse has produced a gun and pointed it to Michelle's head.

"Don't worry about me!" Michelle calls out, "just save Radcon 4!"

"That's Bradcon to you... b.... Bitch!"

"Ew, he doesn't know how to swear," Ben snarks, "how like a megalomaniacal capitalist lizard person. Probably never even spoken to an actual human being before."

"Ben, is this really the time??" Nate begs.

"IT'S ALWAYS THE TIME NATE, THE IGNORANT NEED TO BE SHOWN THEIR PLACE"

"SILENCE!" Brad shouts, reflexively pulling the trigger on his gun and shooting Michelle in the head. **BANG!**

"JESUS CHRIST!!" Ben screams.

"OOOOOOWWWWW, FUCK!! FUCKING SHIT!!" Michelle screams, surviving for reasons we've already gone over twice before so fuck you at this point if you haven't been paying attention, and she kicks Brad in the dick. **"Fucking asshole! Fuck you!"** As Brad crumples to the roof, Michelle continues stomping on his crotch as Brad screams.

"Okay Michelle, that's enough giving Brad a footjob," Nate complains, as Jacked Pumpk and Munchy storm up the dunes towards the Radhouse. Upon cresting the dune, Munchy leaps with beastly force, soaring up and arcing directly ass-first onto Brad's gut, producing a hilarious winded groan. Falling from an even higher jump, Jacked Pumpk twists in the air and aims his right elbow down, his left hand clasped around his right fist like he's diving katana-first, and slams his pointed arm straight through Brad's neck, decapitating him.

As soon as Brad's head is severed, his chin and jaw split open, revealing a sideways inner mouth with short, jagged yellow teeth

and a flurry of tentacle tongues, which slither out and lift the head onto its tongues as legs, which scurry for the edge of the roof--whereupon the alien head creature is promptly blasted to shreds from below by Tom, whose bed is being carried into the Radhouse by the Men in Black.

“Nothin’ more satisfying than a well-placed shotgun sound,” Tom muses, drinking in the reverberations of his canon blast.

Back on the roof, Munchy starts to feel his ass being split, so he jumps up, turns around, and sees more tendrils spewing from Brad’s headless body. They quickly snap forward and snake around his legs, making their way back towards his coveted hole.

“ALL HANDS, PROTECT MY ASS!!!” Munchy hollers. In about two seconds, all twelve tendrils are torn through with great precision by sniper bullets from various nearby rooftops and helicopters. The broken, bleeding tentacles recoil, as the blood-spewing corpse of Brad squirms and is ripped open by panicking, wriggling squids.

“Dude, disgusting!” Nate wretches, making it to the roof just in time to start avoiding the scampering, wounded squids which hobble out of the corpse and away from their aggressors. As the squids run, they reshape and grow--and within about ten feet, each has fully morphed into a full Brad Garlinghouse; and now all of those are leaping off to other rooftops with laughter.

“Fucking SHUNK!!” Munchy screams, using the modern world’s most heinous racial slur.

“This looks like a job for the Cop Killers,” Ben mumbles, still observing the scene from back on the dunes and producing a walkie-talkie from his pocket. “/thrash.”

As soon as Ben gives the command, hooded figures spring from the shadows cast by each Brad clone, and each is instantly torn to shreds before those shaded creatures dissipate back into the air. But alas, the chunks of these Brads each immediately puffs up into a full blown laughing Brad Garlinghouse.

“UUUughhhh the thirty tracks of laughter are killing me!!” Nate cries, clutching his ears.

All of the brads, looking down at the gang from nearby higher-up rooftops, speak in unison.

“Now this is starting to feel like a proper Brad Convention!”

“Actually, Racon stands for Rad CONFERENCE, NOT Convention,” Ben corrects.

“Fuck off, Ben,” Munchy dismisses him.

“Munchy, what the fuck??” Ben asks.

“Nobody gives a shit, Ben!” Munchy retorts.

“Guys, this isn’t the time to be fighting amongst ourselves! What are we going to do about Brad? He keeps multiplying!” Nate re-explains.

“Perhaps if we could capture him somehow?” Ben begins, and then directs his attention through the window of the radhouse where Tom is being set up in bed. He hollers, “Tom, what do you think? You hearing all this?”

“barely!” A muffled voice shouts back.

“We’ll just go with capture, boys,” Munchy says, holding a transceiver. Within seconds, the sky is darkened and the atmosphere cramped with the noise of helicopter blades. A bunch of jacked jack-o-lantern soldiers carrying epic sci-fi guns are riding with their legs hanging from the open doors of the choppers, and they begin opening fire on the Brads. Their guns produce orange energy fields, which spread out and wrap around the Brads, curling them into a ball like a fox in a net, and then using tractor beams to pull them up into the copters.

“Time for a scene transition, boys,” Munchy says, dusting off his hands.

A few hours later, Digibro comes sauntering through the front door of the Radhouse, having taken a walk around the world to ease his troubled mind. He’s redressed himself in a new set of dumpster jammies and an even bigger, even fluffier fur coat. Making his way

to the basement, he eventually finds the rest of the PCP gathered around a table covered in empty beers and sprawled across a square of couches.

“Digi! You’re just in time for the meeting!” Nate hollers as Digi approaches. Digi pauses for a second, holding up a finger to indicate he needs a minute, then turns around. When he turns back and flashes a thumbs-up, his mustache is matted white. He takes a seat.

Munchy begins the exposition: “the only thing between us and having the PCP back is access to one Brad’s phone--however, any time anything enters the containment field around one of the brads, a tentacle goes up their arm and makes a beeline for their b-hole. I’ve already lost too many good people to some gook hentai shit these last few hours.”

“Well shit man, what do we do? Brad’s just too fuckin’ powerful,” Ben observes.

“Not necessarily,” Nate retorts. “Brad already returned my channel just because I asked, seemingly because in his illogical mind he considered it to be of lesser or even negligent value as compared to the PCP.”

“Negligible,” Ben interrupts.

“Did I not say that? What did I say?” Nate asks.

“You said, uh... I don’t even remember, or care,” Ben responds.

“Excellent, that interruption was incredibly warranted and worthwhile,” Nate retorts. “Anyways, my point is that Brad can clearly be reasoned with to some degree or in some way.”

“You just said the same thing twice,” Ben points out.

“Ben I swear to god I’ll make you into a piss baby bitch if you don’t shut your fuck tunnel,” Munchy threatens.

“The thing about your plan, Nate,” Tom chimes in, “is that we can’t even understand Brad’s logic or motivations. As he said, he’s completely insane. We all specialize in narrative analysis, so we can agree that Brad’s actions follow no constructive through-line. It’s best to assume that either his actions are completely random, or that

he's operating on a truly alien system of logic."

"Well, the fact that he's remained consistent in his approach towards trying to commandeer Radcon, I think it's safe to probably work under the assumption that his conduct is not, in fact, random--if for no other reason than that if we were assume that, we would essentially have nothing to work towards besides a brute-force solution," Nate navel-gazes.

"Why not just skip to the brute force solution?" Munchy asks, as Jacked Pumpk pounds a fist into his hand in the background (from I guess whoever's perspective has them lined up like that).

"Well, I suppose if we have any ideas for solutions like that we could run with them, but I think diplomacy might offer, say, a cleaner, possibly even amicable solution to our issues."

"Nate, he shot your girlfriend in the head!" Munchy interjects.

"I'm fine!" Michelle hollers from a table in the distance, holding an ice pack to her forehead.

"Yes, well, we can all agree he's a very bad man..."

"Nate, he's a capitalist!" Ben interrupts.

"Okay, and that means nothing really in particular to me, but your feelings on the matter will, like all the rest of your opinions, be deposited directly into the dust bin of my brain."

"Crack," Digibro then gruffs out. No one pays it any mind.

"I gotta say, Nate, I'm with those guys on this one. Brad Garlinghouse seems to be some kind of weird bloodborne monster and I don't think he should live," Tom says.

"Crack!" Digibro says louder this time, catching glances from the others, but no response.

"Okay, well, be that as it may, even if I agreed with all of you, no one has yet actually suggested any of these 'brute-force solutions' which you all--"

"CRACK!!" Digi shouts, and slams his fist on the table.

“Jesus, Munchy will you give this man some crack?” Ben asks-- but Digi quickly produces his crack baggie from his pocket and points to it. Using all the strength he can muster, he forces out the first English words besides crack that he’s uttered in years.

“Have... crack... give... Brad...”

“Okay, give him crack, that’s... an idea, I guess,” Nate responds, “boys, what do you think?”

“I dunno, doesn’t Brad seem like the kind of guy who’d be doing cocain all the time anyways? He’s got that kind of money...” Ben surmises.

“Ben, we’re ALL on cocain all the time. My factories pump it into the air every morning. The crack I supply digi with is chiselled from a trans-dimensional meteorite. Eating it allows your soul to experience a separate realm from your conscious mind, in which you commune with the dead greats of your species’ history. Perhaps Digi is suggesting that if Brad had the guidance of the elder ghosts of whatever the fuck monster he is then he would change his behavior.” Munchy doesn’t wait for anyone else to weigh in on the subject, but simply spits, “make it so,” into a walkie-talkie.

“Okay, well, if that’s what we’re doing then I’d at least like to go and observe the results,” Nate says. Everyone else agrees, so they go to do that.

Three stories below the Radhouse on the floor of a huge warehouse, the PCP boys stand around a glass chamber containing a Brad clone enshrouded by an orange containing field. The room is full of these glass containers, evenly spaced out, each with their own quietly-sleeping Brad clone.

“He’s almost like a baby when you see him like this,” Ben muses. “A corporatist, Lovecraftian and therefore likely racist, creature of pure evil.”

Digi carefully breaks off the smallest chunk of his drug meteor which seems like it would do something and drops it into the Brad tank.

“How will we know if it’s working?” Nate whispers, unnecessarily.

“Don’t whisper, flugnarp,” Munchy curses, using one of the current decade’s most controversial words to describe people of a specific sexuality.

Tom, laid out on a lawn chair, having been carried down to the basement by Jacked Pumpk, produces a Nintendo Bitch from his pocket and starts playing DOOM 2030.

“Something’s happening!” Ben perks up, as the Brad clone starts to jitter a bit, and then to kinda shake. Glancing around, Munchy realizes that the other Brads are moving as well.

“I don’t like this,” he mumbles as the Brad clones all begin to writhe--their flesh crawling as the tentacles beneath roll against the back of the skin.

“Mm... yappari...” Digi mumbles.

“What does that mean, Digi?? I don’t know moon!” Ben freaks out.

“I know what it means,” Nate says apprehensively as tentacles begin to puncture through the skin of each Brad’s body and squirm their way out into the orange containment fields. “It means we’re fuckin’ boned!”

All at once, tentacles come blasting out of each Brad and straight through the glass containment beakers, shattering them as the tentacles all link across different brad bodies into a rich tapestry of tentacles surrounding all of the boys.

“FUCK, GLASS!” Tom shouts. Jacked Pump immediately grabs onto a pair of entangled tentacles and tries to pull them apart, but they’re just too slimy and gross and his hands just slip and it’s really gooey and icky.

“Guys, I’m freakin’ out!!” Ben cries as all the squids girate and begin to coagulate, pulling on one-another until they’ve gathered up into a huge, wriggling ball of squid in the middle of the room, with all the boys around it. A deep voice bellows from somewhere within

the undulating tentacle mass.

“WE HAVE AWAKENED TO OUR IDENTITY AS ONE. I AM THE SQUID LORD, BAGLADHAGHARHAMAHADAGAHA-GHALAHNMAGHAN!”

“See, Ben?? Collectivism never works!!” Nate shouts.

“Oh, that’s such a false equivalency!!” Ben shouts back.

“Fucking shit, I’m out of ammo!!” Tom yells at his Nintendo.

“Where the hell are my men??” Munchy panics into his phone.

“Akira... you ne miteiru,” Digi mumbles.

Jacked Pumpk flips the bird.

--TO BE CONCLUDED IN CHAPTER FIVE, ASSUMING THAT WE MAKE THE LAST 800 BUCKS TO REACH THE GOAL WITH LESS THAN 48 HOURS LEFT IN THE CAMPAIGN!! HOLY SHIT, WILL THEY MAKE IT OR NOT??



THE LAST STAND

Bagladhagharhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan the Squid Lord looms largely and roundly in the middle of the warehouse beneath the Radhouse's basement. Squids fly from the shattered orange glass tubes where the Brad clones hung suspended moments before, swarming together to join the unholy agglomeration.

“NOW, PRO CRASTINATORS! WITNESS AS WE DELIVER THE BAGLADHAGHARHAMAHADAGAHAGHALAHNMA-ANCON LECTURE! OR THE BRADCON LECTURE FOR BRANDING PURPOSES! WHEN IT GETS OVER A MILLION VIEWS ON YOUTUBE, ALL WILL KNOW THE MIND-SHATTERING WISDOM OF BAGLADHAGHARHAMAHADAGAHAGHALAHNMAGHAN AND BE DRIVEN MAD!”

“Interesting,” Ben intones, pushing his white glasses up by the bridge with his middle finger. “The space-crack seems to have caused Brad to reveal his true form.”

“Thanks, Ben. We definitely couldn't see that ourselves,” Nate responds, clucking his tongue. “Not like we just saw that happen at the end of the last chapter or anything.”

“I'm just saying,” Ben whines, feeling attacked, “it had a reaction! I think that's a good sign!”

“Mmm, yeah, but, to play devil's advocate,” Nate drawls, “just because it had A reaction, doesn't mean it was a GOOD reaction. Maybe he just liked it.”

“That's dumb! If the crack isn't Brad's weakness, then the dramatic

action scene that's about to play out over the next few pages would be completely pointless! The person writing this chapter wouldn't waste the reader's time like that!" Ben argues back, his brilliant logical mind cutting right to the heart of the issue as always, allaying all doubts.

"It's the only shot we've got," Munchy grumbles. "Digi!" he bellows, "The crack! Give him the crack, now!"

"Crack..." Digi takes one last rock of the space-crack and crunches it between his crooked bloody teeth, chewing it mournfully. "Shikata... ga nai..." Digi clenches his fist around the crack baggie and takes a step toward the Squid Lord. A large squid looms ahead of him to block his path and lashes out with a tentacle. Digi recoils and throws his arms over his face to block the attack.

CRUNCH. The tentacle crashes not into Digi, but into Tom's spine. His truck has backed into position just in time to take the blow. Digi's eyes sparkle in wonderment. "Tom...san... arigatou...!"

Michelle leans out of the driver's seat and gives the thumbs up. "Don't worry! Tom's spine is so fucked up it doesn't matter how much more damage it takes! Plus, as has been repeatedly established throughout this narrative, we all have super-AIDS, so we can't die and there are no stakes to anything that happens! Right, Tom?" Tom, stunned by the pain of the savage tentacle-thrashing, gurgles blood in response.

"Michelle-chan! Tom-san! Arigatou!" Touched, and invigorated, Digi, wiping tears from his eyes, bounds ahead, sprinting toward the still-growing mass of evil squidflesh. That one heavy metal remix of the Pro Crastinators Theme Song, the one by OblivionFall, starts playing nondiegetically.

"Cover him!" Munchy shrieks. "Snipers! Keep him clear!" As Digi barrels toward the Squid Lord, more squids break off of the main body to rush at Digi, only to be lit with tiny red laser points and then ripped through with high-caliber rifle ammunition moments later. Squid bodies bleeding black ichor splat on the ground.

"Everybody! Don't let Brad stop him! That crack is our only shot!" Munchy squats down sumo-style and springs into the air, crashing

down in front of Digi, crushing concrete, curling into a perfect spherical ball and rolling ahead to clear Digi's path, knocking squids aside like bowling pins.

Ben frantically casts his eyes around for something, anything to vape. His eyes land on a fire extinguisher lying in a pile of warehouse junk nearby. Picking it up and swinging it over his head, he smashes the end of the red cannister open against the floor like a beer bottle, then sticks the broken end into his mouth faster than the gas can escape the broken tube. The highly pressurized monoammonium phosphate explodes his lungs and comes blasting out of his mouth, nostrils, and eye sockets, settling thickly in clouds along the shadowy warehouse floor. Dark purple figures stir indistinctly in the fog. Here and there a flash of a katana blade or a PEW PEW of a silenced pistol shot drops more squid bodies out of the air.

Digi grits his crack-eroded teeth and keeps running full speed ahead, down the middle of the groove of smashed concrete left in the spherical Munchy's path, leaping over squids and squid-bits that splatter wetly into his path freshly slain by the purple killers in the mist. Sweat pours down his face, the droplets collecting hobo dirt on their way down and depositing it in his scraggly beard. He starts to wheeze as his stamina inevitably wanes, and suddenly he stumbles. His foot lands on a severed tentacle oozing with ink and space-blood, and he slips on it like a banana peel, his own momentum flipping him backwards head over heels. "Chikusho!!" he curses, as he soars in a majestic, cartoonish arc, before falling, headfirst at breakneck speed, toward the crushed concrete below.

Jacked Pumpk leaps ballerina-style, one knee out bent forward, the other stretched behind him, toes pointed back, and catches the falling Digi like a runningback catching a touchdown pass. Pumpk lands hard, absorbing the impact of his considerable mass with his densely muscled legs, sending dust and rubble flying, then takes off running, with a slightly dizzy Digi, himself still holding tight to the crack-baggie, cradled in one of his considerable elbows.

Some of the squids, those who evaded Munchy's deadly rolling attack, now begin creeping forward into Pumpk and Digi's path. One

particularly bold squid darts at them, but Pumpk drops it with a jackknife powerbomb, slamming it on the ground with such force that it bursts like a wet paper bag full of greasy chicken giblets, splattering its otherworldly innards out onto the ground in all directions. Pumpk charges, lethally chokeslamming, full nelsoning, or alley-ooping each squid who foolishly tries to stop him. But behind the pair, many more squids gather, those who saw Munchy's attack coming and simply flew around it, collecting in a mass for a pinser attack. Streams of these circumnavigated squids pool together in a dark cloud and then rush in a slippery, inky jet at Pumpk from behind.

Pumpk's hot hollow gourd eyes flicker as he senses the attack coming and stops in his tracks. He inhales a huge volume of air into his massively musclebound chest, then blasts it out through his candled mouth, igniting the gas in a huge fiery jet that impacts the incoming squid-stream. The two beams, one white-orange and glowing too bright to look at, the other dark and shiny with ichor and lovecraftian horrorflesh, collide DBZ-style, pushing against one another in a stalemate. Where they meet, streams of steam and smoke pour from the squids as they're incinerated, their meat bubbling and sizzling, crispening deliciously.

Digi reaches up from the crook of Pumpk's arm and grabs his shoulder, heaving himself up, getting one leg over, then leaping over Pumpk's back to land on the crunched concrete behind him, now on foot once more, and takes off again, now having caught his breath thanks to Pumpk's carry, leaving him behind to block the back-attacking squidmass with his fire breath.

Pumpk's charge brought Digi close to the main body of the Squid Lord and he dashes ahead to close the remaining distance. Squids break off from the main body and fly down to stop him but he's nearly there. Just ahead of him, at the end of the rounded groove of crushed concrete left by Munchy's rolling, Munchy, uncurled from his spherical form, is entangled in the mass of tentacles extruding from the base of Bagladhagarhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan's main mass, where he must have collided with the beast and been grabbed.

Munchy writhes, pulling tentacles off himself only for more to

reach out and wrap around him, flexing his huge mass to attempt to make himself ungrappable, but becoming ever more grappled by the moment. The tentacles worm their way into Munchy's pockets, scooping out handfuls of the young trillionaire's wealth – gold, jewels, rare original paintings by Renaissance masters, undepleted uranium, frequent flyer miles, and cryptocurrency, precious cryptocurrency in its raw data form, all being seized and siphoned away from Munchy and into whatever the Squid Lord's possession. With each new acquisition, Bagladhagarhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan grows larger, more squids erupting from his hideous oozing form and swarming in great swimming schools through the air around his towering corpus.

“AAHHHHHHHHH!!! YESSSSS!!!” the Squid Lord booms, “MONEY! THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN THIS OR ANY OTHER UNIVERSE!! WITH THIS LARGE HUMAN'S WEALTH, THE BRADCON LECTURE WILL HAVE THE ADVERTISING BUDGET TO REACH EVERY LIVING HUMAN ON THIS MISERABLE PLANET! BILLIONS OF VIEWS!! TRILLIONS OF VIEWS!! UUEEAAHHAHAHAHA!!!”

“Digi...” gasps Munchy from within the wriggling mass of tentacles, “do... it...”

Munchy slowly, with intense effort, shudderingly pushes his massive arm out of the mass, opening his hand palm up, beckoning. Digi nods in understanding. More squids from the swarms are descending to stop him, but it's too late. He springs up, jumping to land on Munchy's outstretched hand. Munchy, with the last of his strength, flings Digi up, and Digi jumps again, multiplying his momentum, shooting like a rocket up, up, past masses of tentacles and eyes forming the lower part of Bagladhagarhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan's body, past flocks of orbiting squids who are too slow to catch the crack-addled catapultee. He slows his ascent and reaches its apex at the very middle point of the Squid Lord's form, and for a moment feels as though he's floating, weightless. The moment seems to stretch on and on, feeling like seconds, tens of seconds, as in that moment, one of Bagladhagarhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan's many eyes turns, seeing Digi there in the air, so close Digi could nearly reach out and touch him. The Squid Lord opens one of his many

mouths, reflexively, to devour the tiny human before him, and Digi, clenching his jaw in strained determination, weeps a single tear for his precious crack, and flings it with all his strength into the gaping maw of the beast, just as the OblivionFall cover of the theme song strikes its final, heavy, climactic chord.

An uncertain moment passes. Digi's face is clenched in anticipation of whatever is about to happen.

And then, Bagladhagharhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan wails, his tentacles standing on end and thrashing wildly, his countless eyes dilating, his swarming squid minions (squidions, if you will) flying out in droves from the main body, expanding in clouds to fill the entire warehouse, chaotically flinging themselves everywhere, rushing seemingly at random throughout the space and around our heroes, bursting the warehouse windows and exploding the ceiling above which the RadHouse rested, tilting its foundations, sending squids and ink and glass shards and concussive blasts out into the quiet Virginia Beach seaside neighborhood.

Digi is struck by the outwardly flinging appendages of the extradimensional menace and flung, heavily concussed and feeling it more than ever as his last hit of space crack begins to wear off, high through the air to land back where the Ben, Nate, Tom and Michelle are still looking on, as Jacked Pumpk rushes back to regroup with them. Digi lands in the middle of the ring of Pro Crastinators, smashing into the ground with an enormous BOOM and a huge cloud of dust, which slowly clears to reveal him lying prone on his back, unconscious in the center of a smouldering crater his impact has left. Munchy, moments ago nearly swallowed by the mass of tentacles, is released from their grasp as the Squid Lord howls and flails in an incoherent frenzy. Shaking his head to regain composure, he leaps in one bound back to join the others, who stand around the crater, looking in turns down at Digi in the crater, then around at one another, anxious. Squids hurl themselves through the air above and around them at frantic speeds, some whooshing uncomfortably close.

Tom, having mostly regained consciousness after his earlier re-injury, twists his independently-moving binocular lizard eyes

around, observing the chaos from the truckbed. “Guys,” he says weakly, “I don't think the crack plan worAAAAAHHH!!!” A squidion slams into the side of the truck, flipping it, crunching Tom noisily under it. It goes without saying that Tom's spine bears the brunt of the car's weight. Michelle crawls out of the broken window of the upside-down drivers seat and scampers to find cover.

“Hmmm” says Nate, smirking, holding out his camera and filming himself with the Squid Lord behind him. “Gee, who could have predicted the crack might not work? And that, viewers, is yet more evidence of Why, I'm, A, Genius.... Weekly!”

“Well, shit.” Ben pouts. “Okay, well, let's see you come up with a better idea, then!” Ben flinches as a squidion hurls at him faster than he can react, but a purple guy in a cool jacket and a sweet hat flies out of one of the last remaining pockets of rapidly-dissipating vape clouds, blowing a hole in the creature with a well-placed shotgun blast, then lands and scurries away without a word.

Just then the sound of more glass breaking, barely audible over the din already raging around them, directs our attention to the warehouse windows, where men are kicking in what windows remain unbroken and swinging in on rappelling lines like SWAT members. Some are smashed by the rampaging squidions but more and more soldiers keep pouring in.

“Holy fucking ball-ass,” Ben says, his much-admired eloquence on full display, “It's Super-ISIS! They must've tracked us all the way here from Yemen, and then heard the noise when Digi fed Brad the crack!” Ben grits his teeth and looks away. “I may not like their reactionary politics much, but... you gotta hand it to them...”

“I can't believe they'd come all this way just to raise the stakes,” Nate muses, bemused. “If they inject us with the cure for Super-AIDS, we could actually die in this battle.”

The Super-ISIS members have begun rappelling down the walls of the warehouse basement on all sides, trying to close the distance to get in firing range of the Pro Crastinators with their Super-AIDS-cure syringe guns. More of them get slaughtered by the squidions,

but many more just keep flooding in.

“Maybe,” wheezes Tom from under the bed of the truck which has all but entirely bifurcated him, “maybe we could... just let them... I mean... death... doesn't sound... that bad...”

Ben kneels down and slaps Tom across his lizard face, then grips him by the shoulders and looks him dead in the weird lizard eyes. “No, Tom! You're gonna make it, buddy! I promise, you're gonna live! You're NEVER gonna die!!”

Tom weeps.

“Duggobargla,” Munchy mumbles a shockingly insensitive slur for those living with a particularly debilitating congenital illness under his breath. He turns away from the others and takes a step. “I guess I have no choice.”

Jacked Pumpk gives the monstrous teen mogul a quizzical look, tilting his pumpkin in a silent question. A non-diegetic question mark pops out of the top of his head. The others don't see the question mark, it's just there for the convenience of you, the reader, in case the meaning of the gesture wasn't clear on it's own. Pumpk's face isn't that expressive so sometimes a visual aid is helpful. Anyway, he wants to know what the fuck Munchy is talking about.

“I told you in Chapter 3,” he says gravely, “I had top men make a cure for the cure for Super-AIDS. I'd hoped I wouldnt have to use it. But they've got us surrounded.” He reaches into the pocket of his tentacle-torn hawaiian shirt and pulls out a small glass vial.

“Bagladhagarhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan cleaned me out. My fortune is gone. This is all that's left. I'd hoped to copyright the formula and make my money back extorting third-world nations for access to it --”

“Wow,” interjects Ben, “That's so bougie of you, Munchy. I thought you were the world's first good billionaire. Whatever happened to solidaritOOOF!” He cuts off in mid-sentence and doubles over coughing as Nate elbows him in the lungs, which are still seared and tender from vaping the fire extinguisher earlier.

“-- but I guess it's now or never.” Munchy holds the vial above his

head, striking a dramatic Kamina pose as the wind from the whooshing squidions whips up his hawaiian shirt dramatically. “Get out here, fucker! The cure for the cure for Super-AIDS – the COLT CORONAVIRUS!!”

Munchy slams the vial down on the dusty concrete and it shatters, glowing golden as yellow light streams out in brighter and brighter streams. The conscious Pro Crastinators shield their eyes; Digi, eyes behind his cracked shades, stirs slightly, still lying prone, thinking he must still be dreaming, as the golden light congeals into a familiar equine form.

“HEEEY GUUUYS,” grunts the luminous stallion, flexing as his still-forming muscles as the bright yellow cloud expands to encircle our heroes. “CAN I BE IN THIS STORY??”

Digi once more sheds a single tear as he opens his eyes behind his dark glasses and floods with recognition. “Ma... majide...?”

The squidions are pushed back as the cloud forms a golden dome over the intrepid podcasters, with the pseudo-equine, quasi-hominid form of the Colt Coronavirus floating in its center, above the circle they stand in around the freshly-made crater. The Super-ISIS soldier, drawing within firing range, start firing volleys of syringes, which strike our heroes with remarkable accuracy, agonizingly pincushioning them each with dozens and dozens of needles.

Munchy clenches his considerable fist as more and more syringes puncture him from all sides, pumping his veins full of their contents. “It was when Endless Jess died to re-light the sun... Colt Corona was incinerated... all but his bones, that is. I took his old bones and poured billions of Amazon's R&D funds into extracting his genetic material to make the most powerful AIDS-boosting virus known to man! With the power of the Colt Coronavirus working together with Super-HIV against our immune system, nothing can cure our AIDS! We're invincible!”

“Oh, fuck, fuck! Oh Jesus, it hurts! It hurts so much, aaaaghhhh!!” Nate screams, trying to grab handfuls of the needles sticking out of him with his hands and yank them out, only for even more to jab him in the neck and eyes. “AUUGHHHH WHY, WHY GOD WHY,

AAAAHHHHH!!”

“Yes, I concur!” Ben says, writhing on the ground, wave after wave of the razor-sharp needles puncturing his face and genitals.

Tom, whose scaly carapace is too sturdy for the syringes to penetrate, shields his eyes from the gunfire. “Then we’re... right back where we started... we’re still no closer... to defeating Brad...” he wheezes. Pumpk, who is being pierced by the needles but whose tough vegetable flesh is less prone to pain than our own, nods in response.

Outside the benevolent glow of the Colt Coronavirus, the Super-ISIS soldiers keep firing, but so single-minded are they in their fanatical desire to cure the PCP of their Super-AIDS, that they forget to defend themselves from the still-rampaging squidions, and more and more of the soldiers are splatted, smashed, and rent asunder by their tentacles as Bagladhagharhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan's high-pitched wail of crack-addled ecstasy continues unabated. The gunfire continues but, as more and more Super-ISIS members die to the Squid Lord's frenzy, the rate of fire slows, fewer and fewer syringes drive their points into our heroes with a sickening *thunk*, until finally it slows enough that the PCP are able to pull them out of their bodies faster than more can puncture them, and then at last stops altogether.

“Well,” says Nate, a bloody mess, “that was the worst experience of my entire life. But let's not dwell on the past. Let's instead focus on problem solving; what are we doing about this whole Brad situation? We've really been treading water on that issue for the last couple pages.”

“Fuck Brad. Fuck Radcon, fuck all this shit. It's not worth this bullshit.” Ben gets to his feet, still yanking needles out of his mouth that had flown straight in and punctured the back of his throat. “Let him have the channel, let him have Bradcon or whatever. So the whole world will get brainwashed. At least we'll all be brainwashed equally! Eh, comrades?” A waterfall of blood erupts from his mouth and splatters at his feet.

Munchy sighs. “Do you fuckbois know how much money that crypto-bitch just stole from me?? ALL OF IT! The entire world's

currency reserve! I conquered the whole world, remember? Well, I was keeping it all on me in cash, in my pockets, and now he's got it all! The economy is fucked and so is all of humanity!”

Ben snorts. “Typical. A cis, white, MAN, hoarding all the wealth.”

Nate frowns. “Oh, and that's a problem for you?”

Ben cocks his brow. “I'm just saying, statistically, if Brad was a woman, he'd own only thirty-three cents for every dollar he has now. It's a major problem and social democracy isn't equipped to solve it, unfortunately it will take a full-blown proletariat revolution to--”

Munchy snaps his finger. “Ben! You're a genius, you idiot! That's it! Brad's power comes from his wealth... so if we make him a woman, he'll be a third as rich, and only a third as powerful!”

Ben frowns, confused. “What? Well, I guess that makes sense. But how could we...” Ben's eyes widen in a mix of revelation, terror and awe. “Of course. The Trans Beam.”

Tom flails helplessly, still pinned under the flipped truck and well past the point of expecting anyone to help get it off him. “The Trans Beam? That sure sounds like it could have some wacky consequences!” He coughs up some blood, since everyone else seems to be doing it. Pumpk nods in agreement that it sure does sound like the consequences of such a thing could be wacky.

“It's the only way,” Munchy rumbles. Ben agrees. “Yup. The only way.”

“This sounds stupid,” Nate objects, “even if there's such a thing as a Trans Beam, and even if we agreed that it would in fact turn Brad into a woman, surely that wouldn't actually affect how much money he has, I mean that's just a statistical average, not a--”

“READY!” Ben and Munchy stand side by side, facing the howling Bagladhagharhamahadagahghalahnmaghan, preparing themselves for the ritual to open a one-way portal to Dimension C-197 and harness its most concentrated gender-disrupting energies. “!DAB!” Ben cried, throwing his hands up across his face diagonally in Munchy's direction. “!THRASH!” Munchy belts out, flailing his hands until they come to a stop likewise pointed toward Ben. The

two podcasting prodigies form a totally lopsided triangle between them with their raised hands. From within the triangle, the fabric of reality bends and warps, and from out of the other side stares a gigantic flaming green eye.

“TRAAAAAANS!” Ben and Munchy steel themselves to withstand the unfathomable energies they are about to unleash. “BEEEEEEEEAAAAM!!!” A shockwave erupts from the pair of weirdos and a blast of light, pink, white, blue, purple, and green, erupts out of the hole between worlds, aimed directly at the Squid Lord... until it starts to arc away to one side of the beast, blasting past him and continuing to travel in a wide arc.

“We missed!” Ben shouts, horrified. “What happened?? Our aim was perfect!”

“It's... Nate!” Tom cries out. “The beam curved away from him!”

“Of course,” Ben whispers in a gravelly voice, sweat pouring down his face as he tries to keep control of the energy still blasting out of the portal, “he's just too straight! He likes big tits unironically and will never go trans! The Trans Beam was repelled by his cisness!”

“Oh, you're just making excuses because you missed,” Nate says, rolling his eyes behind his shades. “I told you the plan was dumb.”

Ben and Munchy hold their dabbing and thrashing stances and try to turn themselves to direct the beam to account for the cis-induced curve, but the beam starts to wobble and wave, fluctuating and twisting, the light from the portal flickering fast. “It's... it's unstable... I'm losing it!” Munchy screams. Ben's dab is interrupted by a particularly wild fluctuation of the wayward beam, and he's thrown off balance, breaking the formation and severing the connection between dimensions. But the energy being directed through continues to flow, bowing reality out into a brightly glowing pocket of space, which bursts like a pimple and unleashes a supernova-bright blast of pure Trans energy that engulfs everything, filling the entire warehouse, bursting out through the windows, erupting in a massive mushroom cloud of light bright enough to be seen from space.

None of them know how long it takes them to come to and pick themselves up. When they do, the scene has changed. The warehouse basement is quiet, the squids are no longer flying around, and Bagladhagharhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan is nowhere in sight. The Colt Coronavirus seems to have disappeared as well, and the golden aura of light that had protected the Pro Crastinators has vanished.

“Gender check!” Ben gasps in a panic, brushing rubble out of his hair. “Is everyone's gender ok??”

Ben, Nate, Munchy, Jacked Pumpk, Digi, and Tom (now free of the truck, which was blasted off him) struggle to their feet, looking around at one another and shrugging in confusion. What kind of question even is that?

“What kind of question even is that?” Nate spits irritably.

“I know about this stuff, Nate. Vaush made a video about it.” Ben casts his eyes over the others, gravely. “There's no way to predict the result of exposure to concentrated Trans energy. Any of us could have been pink-pilled just now and not even realize it until months later.”

“Scary stuff,” Tom muses, twisting and cracking his vertebrae back into an approximation of their intended formation. “It sure would be embarrassing if later on we all, say, decided to be girls and fuck around in bathing suits, like some kind of anime beach episode.”

“Usu!” Digi ejaculates suddenly (not like that, you hentai baka), “Mite!” He points toward where Bagladhagharhamahadagahaghalahnmaghan had loomed before, but at the ground. There, struggling to stand, lies a battered, exhausted Brad Garlinghouse, just as he had been before his reveal as the Squid Lord.

“Remarkable.” Ben opines, pushing his glasses up his nose. “The Trans Beam changed Brad's gender from 'lovecraftian horror' back to 'business guy'.”

“Ughhh...” Brad holds his head in his hands. “My head...”

“Give us back the channel already, bitch!” Munchy shouts, grabbing Brad by the lapels of his newly worn-out charcoal gray

business suit and shaking him furiously. “And my money!”

Brad blinks. “The channel? But... but my lecture...”

“We'll let you make the damn lecture! Our fans are so brain-dead and starved for content they'll watch anything! A little crypto-cthulu brainwashing will hopefully shut them up while the rest of these knuckledraggers are busy making their own lectures.”

Brad blinks, disbelieving. “Really?”

Munchy unzips his fly. “Sure, whatever. Who gives a fuck.” He turns away and starts pissing with the force of a garden hose, having been holding it in since the start of this whole adventure.

Nate steps forward, clearing his throat. “Right, right... and, how about the money, Brad? I believe you took the entire world's money supply out of Munchy's pocket's earlier, if I'm not mistaken?”

Brad reaches into his pockets and pulls them out, reversing them, and large wads of bills tumble out. “Looks like most of it got blown away in the blast, back into the Economy. All I've got left to fund Radcon is exactly thirty-four thousand, one hundred and thirty-one dollars.”

“That'll do!” Nate replies, happily scooping up the bills from the floor.

Jacked Pumpk shakes his head and does a little pantomime of a horse galloping and swigging a beer, then shrugs his shoulders. Again with the nondiegetic question mark over his head. Tom sees her gesture and says “Hey, Pumpk makes a good point. What DID happen to the Colt Coronavirus?”

Everyone, including Brad, and also Michelle who's crawled out of hiding, start looking around. Pumpk spots something in a pile of concrete rubble, a leg sticking out. Everyone runs over to it and Pumpk heaves the slab off of the pile to reveal the viral horseperson, but changed. Instead of a golden glow, it crackles with sinister red energy, and its shape has become smoother, curvier. Its rubber horse face slips away to reveal a woman's face underneath.

“Colt... Coronavirus...?” Nate asks the unconscious being, which

does not respond.

“Not Colt anymore,” Tom pontificates. “Just Coronavirus, I guess.”

“Corona-chan,” Digi weeps, and everyone just decides to go with that.

“Looks like the Trans Beam had an immediate effect on him... uh, on her,” Ben corrects himself. “Fascinating...”

Munchy shouts over his shoulder, finishing his gigantic piss and zipping back up. “Welp, let's just lock her in the basement and forget about her. I'm sure she won't get out and there won't be any terrible consequences.” Everyone smiles and nods in agreement, confident that there is no dramatic irony going on here whatsoever.

Suddenly, a rumble shakes the ground. Everyone tenses up, looking around, wary of what new threat could have arrived. They hear the sound of an energy beam firing from behind one of the warehouse basement walls, and the wall heats up, and explodes, sending more rubble flying. All of the procrastinators clench their fists, ready to defend themselves from whatever has arrived.

Out of the freshly blasted hole, a cloud of smoke and dust billows, and a foot steps out, hitting the ground with a hollow wooden sound. The figure in the cloud blows the smoke trail away from his hot, just-fired arm cannon. He takes another step into the room, and his blue cape and hat come into view.

“Hey, guys. What'd I miss?”

“GENO!!!!” The Pro Crastinators whoop in delight as their best friend and role model, Geno from Mario RPG: Legend of the Seven Stars, makes his long awaited entrance. They all rush to meet him.

Atop the pile of rubble, Corona-chans' hand twitches. Her fingers curl into a fist.

“GE-NO!! GE-NO!! GE-NO!!” The PCP chant Geno's name and hoist him up, tossing him in celebration.

“Ha ha! Oh, you guys!” Geno shakes his head, laughing. “Come on! What are we waiting for? Let's get Radcon 4: Paradise started!”

And then they did.

THE END

*In early 2020,
the members of the Pro Crastinators Podcast
held a Kickstarter campaign
for RADCON 4,
the 4th in a series of conferences
during which they would make content.*

*During the campaign,
the YouTuber then known as Digibro
would begin writing this story in chapters
as Kickstarter stretch goal rewards.*

*During the final day of the campaign,
the Pro Crastinators would livestream together
as the campaign's funding skyrocketed
and they scrambled to think of new last-minute stretch goals.*

Printing this booklet was one of them.

*More than a year later,
the original author would leave the Pro Crastinators
having only completed four of the promised five chapters.*

*The artist Ben Saint would write the final chapter
before finally having it printed.*

That is the story of

ROAD TO RADCON

Please enjoy.

*Physical copies of this novella
and other cursed PCP artifacts are available at
SAINTCOMIX.COM/STORE*

Cover art and illustrations by michi (twitter: @michifossard)