

## Goodbye World

(a.k.a. Final Contact)

(a.k.a. Fortress Confrontation)

(a.k.a. Escape From The Dungeon)

(a.k.a. The Plimps Save The Day)

(a.k.a. Punch Her Up The Bracket)

(a.k.a. Eat It, Bitch)

(a.k.a. AAAARRGGGHHH!!)

(a.k.a. Is This Where The Monkey Is?)

### 1

Somewhere behind her, a clicking sound snapped her out of the same reverie that had captured her attention many times over the past few weeks. Suddenly the glorious visions of her standing triumphant over the followers of LLAP-Goch were replaced with the dull dank stone interior walls of her fortress. Why in the world her Master had insisted on creating such a boring place to plan his victory she had never understood. If she had been created with all the powers he had possessed, this fortress would look vividly different.

Letting out a deep sigh, she turned towards the source of the sound. From the stone staircase leading up from the dungeons, a man appeared. Despite taking into account his boundless insanity, and the amount of times she had already seen him, his appearance never ceased to amaze her. Dressed in shirt and tie, boy scout shorts and knee length football socks, the man really did look stupid, even for an agent of GAPP-Loch. Atop his head sat a mini-pirate hat, and on his feet he wore the source of her irritation - his favourite tap-dancing shoes.

'Why do you wear those stupid shoes?' she asked, trying her best to ignore the rest of his attire. 'You're supposed to be a shopkeeper.'

'Would you rather I wear my clown shoes?' he asked, flashing his bright blue teeth in a wicked grin.

'It depends,' she answered. 'Do they make that irritating sound?'

'I could modify them to,' he offered with a shrug. 'If you so desire.'

'I do not,' she snapped. His cocky expression quickly faded to one of surprise. Then one of respect, maybe even fear. That was better, she thought. 'Did you have something to tell me?'

'Yes, my Mistress,' he stammered. 'Your newest prisoner is now locked in his cell.'

'Good,' she smiled. 'I hope he's... ..comfortable.'

'He is securely restrained.'

'Excellent. The great and revered Mr. Itchytoe will be driven mad if he cannot scratch his toe.'

'Indeed, Mistress.'

'What of the others?'

'Everything is running smoothly,' he assured her. 'My weasel taunts the egg daily with a frying pan. The dog toy hanging from the roof of his cell is driving Mig Mog crazy, and restricting Kronikoff's medication was a glorious decision. Without his pills his Sing-it disease has taken hold of him once again.'

'Merrily singing away, is he?'

'Uncontrollably, Mistress. This morning he was singing something about lending his car to a sterile punk, while eating spinach in the nude.'

'Good,' she fought hard to stop herself from chuckling. The annoying drone of Kronikoff's voice had driven her half mad with rage when her minions had first captured him and brought him to the fortress. She was glad he was losing control of his own body. 'What of the sprout?'

'I've finally found a gag small enough for him. He seems most distressed now he cannot talk and offer his pointless wisdom. And as for Von Trout, it seems just locking him in his cell is doing the trick.'

'Explain,' she ordered.

'He has a strong desire to be doing something all the time. He's stomping around his cell jabbering and being all hyperactive-like.'

'And Blumfield?'

'Well...' he paused.

'Well... what?' she demanded.

'I'm afraid Mr. Blumfield is proving a difficult nut to crack. None of our spies could uncover any of his weaknesses, and he just sits there unimpressed whatever we try.'

'Exactly what have you tried, Shopkeeper?'

'Well, I started with basic face-pulling, up through more energetic and disturbing practices such as silly walking and hand gestures, then onto other stimuli such as dance music. The last thing I tried was showing him several of Uncle John's dirtiest porn movies, but still had no luck with those. My baboon is down there now urinating up the door of his cell.'

'That's disgusting,' she said, then she smiled. 'Excellent choice. If that fails, have the baboon try urinating on his feet.'

'As you wish, my Mistress.'

'Anything else?'

'No, that is all.'

'Very well,' she said, both turning and waving him away at the same time. 'You can go.'

'Yes Mistress.'

Despite the fading but still very annoying tap-tap of the departing Shopkeeper's feet, she found her thoughts flickering into the past. So many things had happened since her original creation two hundred and ninety one years ago, leading her to the present day and standing on the edge of a final victory for the force of GAPP-Loch. Who would have thought an innocent cow-milker like herself could become such a force of evil? She couldn't remember having any evil tendencies or the will to conquer in her early years. But she did have that strong will to serve her Master. Maybe when the war broke out between the forces of LLAP-Goch and GAPP-Loch she automatically changed her role to suit her Master. Even then though, it seemed she had been there only for support. Whether it was helping her Master plan for his next strike, or helping to resurrect him after the LLAP-Goch Master had initially killed him twenty years ago.

It was only after the two Masters had finally destroyed each other two years ago that she had felt such anger and power. She had realised that without the LLAP-Goch Master's own resurrection recipe, or any of the evil Twoggas, there could be no revival for either Master, and her job now was to finish the task her Master had started.

Due to the death of the Masters, the powers of both LLAP-Goch and GAPP-Loch were now much weaker. Most of the inhabitants of the world had moved on, and only a few of them still followed the ways of LLAP-Goch, or pledged their evil insanity to GAPP-Loch. That was why she was doing what she was doing. If she could capture the LLAP-Goch Master's favourite entities and break their will in her dungeon, LLAP-Goch would surely be destroyed for good.

An evil smile appeared across her black lips, which soon developed into a horrendous cackle. Soon she thought, her Master would be avenged and the force of GAPP-Loch would finally rule the world. She would see to it, for she was the GAPP-Loch Mistress.

## 2

Eggy MacDeggy knew that sound far too well. Stirring from his not-so-deep slumber, he rolled himself forward into a seated position and prepared himself. The mockingly high pitched squealing that was gradually getting louder signified the approaching form of the Shopkeeper's weasel. Once again, Eggy figured it had been sent to taunt him with one of its vast array of frying pans, as it had done nearly every single day since he had been brought to this awful place. Maybe today the weasel would finally get too overexcited and hit him with the pan and finish him off, ending his misery once and for all. After all, there was nothing he could do about it while he was secured to the wall by these chains the way he was.

Suddenly something clicked in the back of Eggy's brain. There was something about his cell that felt very different. He quickly glanced either side of him, then to the ceiling and back down to the floor, but he could see nothing different about the plain dull grey bricks that surrounded him. In front of him the large wooden door showed no sign of change, as just outside in the dungeon's passageway he could make out the sound of the weasel fiddling with his special set of cell keys. In just mere seconds, it would be in here with him again, threatening him and doing all kinds of weird and scary things with its frying pan.

He reached one of his tiny arms up to scratch the top of his shell. This really was baffling. Then it hit him. Bringing his arm in front of his face he realised the chain fastening him to the wall was no longer around his wrist. Looking down beside him he could see the bond had been broken, and the chain lay motionless like a dead, strange snake. He quickly checked on his opposite side, and noticed the same applied there too. The bond was snapped clean through, the chain no longer restraining him.

Confusion streamed through his tiny mind. How was this possible? Had someone tried to rescue him? If so it would make no sense. Why would they just leave him here asleep and lock him back in his cell? It seemed more likely that the Shopkeeper was playing one of his sick games. Maybe the weasel was here now to fit new chains and once again tether him to the wall. Either way, it made no difference. This was an opportunity, and he meant to take it.

Across the cell, a creak indicated the door was starting to open. Despite his stiff and weary legs he forced himself to stand, and immediately started sprinting across the cold stone floor. If the weasel did not know he was free, it would not take long for it to realise it. He had to hit it hard and fast, and willed himself on with everything he'd got. His tiny legs became almost a blur, carrying him far faster than he would have ever thought his five inch frame capable of. Gritting his teeth, he prepared to strike, as the door continued to swing open.

The look of evil mischief on the weasel's face quickly snapped back into one of surprise. It made the grave mistake of pausing momentarily, allowing Eggy to close the gap and leap onto the attack.

'FLYING EGGBUTT!' Eggy shouted defiantly, and sailed through the air at great speed. The weasel suddenly snapped out of its shocked state and began to move its frying pan to defend itself. However Eggy's momentum carried him far too fast, and the little egg creature clattered full force into the weasel's snout. With a bone breaking crack, the weasel's head whipped to the side, and it fell back into the corridor in a confused heap. The frying pan clattered noisily to the floor, as Eggy himself landed uncomfortably beside the fallen creature. It was lucky his master, Big Hoot, had

given him that free hard-boiling. Otherwise, the white within him would no doubt be threatening to escape from the several freshly made cracks that now adorned his shell.

With a struggle, Eggy once again returned to his feet and checked his surroundings. The weasel seemed out cold, at least for the minute. It's long thin tongue hung out from the side of it's mouth, and both it's eyes stared blankly in completely different directions. For a moment he considered picking up the frying pan and beating the weasel some more. By the Hoots he'd enjoy it after what that weasel had done to him recently, but he figured the frying pan would be too heavy. Besides, his best option now would be to release as many of the prisoners as he could, as his freedom would be short lived if anybody or anything caught him while on his own. He quickly grabbed the cell keys and started to drag them across the floor.

The dungeon's passageway stretched in two directions. As far as he could tell, both ways looked equally as unappealing as the other. Although he had no idea where he was going, he really didn't want to head straight into the Shopkeeper's grubby hands, so thinking back, he decided on which way he thought the weasel had arrived from, and headed off in the other direction.

The big bunch of odd-shaped keys took all of Eggy's might to move. On top of that, his weakened state and damaged shell made things even more difficult. But despite his disadvantages he struggled on. There was no way he was going back into that cell if he could do anything about it. He'd had just about enough of that stupid weasel performing it's hyperactive blood-curdling dances with a frying pan.

After what seemed like an eternity, he managed to reach the next cell door. Of course he could never hope to reach the main lock, but as he'd observed when the weasel had opened his own cell door there was another locking device much nearer to the floor. These locks must have obviously been included purely for use by the weasel as it made it's rounds of pestering and harassment.

Working as fast as he could, Eggy struggled to remove a suitable looking key from the ring. Then hoisting it above his head in order to reach the keyhole, he plunged it in and tried to turn it. Despite straining every single one of his mini muscles to their absolute maximum, nothing happened, clockwise or anti-clockwise. Either it was the wrong key, or he just didn't have the strength. Hoping it wasn't the latter, Eggy quickly removed the key and turned to search for another.

From somewhere in the darkness, he heard a faint sound from down the corridor. Stopping what he was doing, he stretched his senses to the maximum to try and determine what it was. For a moment, he thought maybe he'd imagined it, but then it happened again. It was kind of like a weak scratching sound, and it's frequent rhythm was becoming more and more apparent. As Eggy heard a low grunt accompanying it he immediately clicked at what it was. The Shopkeeper's other pet, a baboon, seemed to be like a guard and often patrolled the dungeon for possible escapees. Eggy kicked himself for not remembering about the baboon earlier, and quickly turned his attention back to the keys once more.

Again the baboon's warning grunt echoed through the gloom. It was definitely coming his way, and surely would be upon him within minutes. With all haste, he worked free another one of the keys, and lifted it up to the keyhole.

This silence was more painful than any physical harm, Eddie thought. For two long weeks he'd been locked up in this Goch-forsaken tosh pit, and not once had his captors even hinted at why.

It seemed like a lifetime ago that he had been captured, forced to live in this tiny cell for an eternity while slowly descending into madness due to utter boredom. If just he could turn back the clock and face his Tunes Men captors again, things would be different he told himself. No way would he crumble as the shitty music blared out from their stereos and Tunes Man cars. No way would he allow himself to be beaten in combat by a very sneaky and very painful 'finger up the nose' attack that one of them had used on him. When he got out of here he would find and have words with those Tunes Men, he promised himself. Fighting with Tunes Men was one of the very few things he'd never really done in his spare time, and he figured he'd have to take up the hobby.

Trying desperately to calm his riotous nerves, he leant forward and rested his forehead on the cold stone of his cell wall. There was little more of this he could take, he thought, before losing it enough to do something really stupid.

From somewhere outside his cell, he suddenly heard a clatter. He guessed a short way further down the corridor, something small and metal had been dropped on the floor.

The End. Forever.