



clap those cheeks
by DJ Theaterballs

Synopsis

Picking up a few weeks after the first book left off, clap those cheeks by DJ Theaterballs tells not only of the silly adventures gone on by Sky and friends but also how they're dealing with the loss of one of their own. Mr. Docty returns with a focus on a different school policy and an actual plan. Can the boys reunite and secure their friendships, or will chaos and misinformation fracture and divide the group? Will the teachers step in and help fight against Mr. Docty or sit in silent approval? Will Sky fight for the uniqueness of Skibidi Toilet Elementary or fall into Mr. Docty's new order of unopposed conformity like everyone else?

Main characters

Sky Sniper: The guy who just wants to have a fun senior year without so many flip ahh rules.

Jacbo Barsusse: The most attractive sigma at Skibidi Toilet Elementary that everyone listens to.

Piratebooty: The man who will say whatever comes to his mind. Good, bad, and ugly.

The Donginator: The chaotically funny restaurant-running rice frying menace.

Greg: The glue of the group. Friendly to anyone, picks you back up when you're down.

James: The cold calculated locator. Memorized every single atom in existence, or has he?

Mr. Goodteacher: The good teacher. He's very wise and silently opposes Mr. Docty's new rules.

Mr. Boldteacher: The bold teacher. He's accepting, inquisitive, and a bit theatrical.

Mr. Coolteacher: The cool teacher. He's funny but can be serious when it matters.

Mr. Docty: The principal of Skibidi Toilet Elementary. Planned, evil, dictator.

Dedicated to Mario Clouse

We know you're out there somewhere

We really do miss you KRUPTO

Chapter 1: Skibidi Super Senior Celebration Ceremony

Skibidi Super Senior Celebration Ceremony, Sky Sniper's Birthday, some saddening day of remembrance... It seemed like September 5 was packed with everything. Sky Sniper, or DJ Theaterballs, and friends were seniors at Skibidi Toilet Elementary. On this day, the seniors receive free toilets presented to them by a teacher of their choice. Greg, James, and The Donginator have already received theirs along with the rest of the class except for three special boys. Mr. Docty, the principal, called for the next student. "Mr. Piratebooty." Piratebooty walked up onto the stage in the theater. "Presenting a brand new toilet to Mr. Piratebooty is Mr. Goodteacher." Mr. Docty said as Mr. Goodteacher started to get up and walk onto the stage in the theater. Piratebooty had always talked about and shown off historical artifacts to Mr. Goodteacher, someone who could actually appreciate him and not think they're worthless flip ahh pieces of garbage like Sky. The two met in the middle and both men saluted each other. Everyone laughed and was happy happy joy joy and smiling. Mr. Goodteacher handed Piratebooty a toilet. Piratebooty proceeded to drink all of the water out of the toilet and lick his laps afterwards. "Oh Piratebooty, you're always night have some good some stuff fun and." Mr. Goodteacher said, making everyone laugh again. Piratebooty started cackling and laughing maniacally with porcelain in his mouth. The two hugged and Mr. Goodteacher spoke to Mr. Piratebooty. "You're a good man." He said, making Piratebooty shed a tear as he walked over to the rest of the class. "Jacbo Barsusse." Next, Jacbo Barsusse walked onto the stage in the theater in all of his sigma glory. His hair gracefully glided through the air as he spun his head to the left. His piercing eyes show a mix of relaxation, confidence, and nonchalance as he gazes upon the crowd. His gait, though staying simple, remains powerful as he takes strides with his long legs. One step for man, one giant leap for mankind, and one entire football field for Jacbo Barsusse and his long ahh legs. As the reestablished hottest sigma alpha male in all of existence, the entire crowd was back to fawning at his every move and fainting if ever he gazed upon them. It was as if he had laser eyes but without the property damage. As opposed to the steps, Jacbo sprung directly onto the stage in the theater with his flip ahh long legs. "Presenting a brand new toilet to Jacbo Barsusse is Mr. Boldteacher." Mr. Boldteacher is like Jacbo without the nonchalance...or hair. And, just like Jacbo, he skipped the stairs and leaped straight onto the stage in the theater. Mr. Boldteacher helped direct the school plays and taught some other subjects. Though he hadn't acted in any plays, Jacbo had taken speech class and debate class which was taught separately by Mr. Boldteacher. Mr. Boldteacher threw the toilet up into the air, and it went through the ceiling. As it came back down, Jacbo readied himself. Then it hit the ground, and Jacbo Barsusse caught the toilet with his giant penis. Everyone clapped in astonishment at Jacbo. Jacbo's hotness, Jacbo's cock, Jacbo's everything. Mr. Boldteacher chuckled and the two walked off stage. Mr. Docty sighed in disappointment as he read the last name. "Sky Sniper." Sky smiled as he walked onto the stage in the theater. He had staged a successful rebellion a few weeks ago against Mr. Docty's flip ahh changes to the device policy. "Presenting a brand new toilet to Sky Sniper is a surprise." Mr. Docty frowned as he passed to microphone to Greg and walked behind the stage. "Alright everybody, give it up for DJ Theaterballs!!!" Greg said, hyping up the crowd as the curtains in the theater opened up and revealed a closed toilet. Greg kept going as he and Sky approached it. "And, presenting the

toilet to Sky Sniper aka DJ Theaterballs is..." A very sad head pops out of the toilet. "Mr. Docty!!!" Greg announces as the crowd laughs their ahh off at the principal. "Sky, I strongly dislike you. I'm going to jump off of a gay bridge tonight." Mr. Docty says as he glares at Sky. "That's so cool Mr. Docty. I lowkey gotta poop though" Sky says as he walks in front of the toilet, faces his back end towards the toilet, and angles his rather thick cheeks towards the seat. Mr. Docty screams as Sky slowly inches closer. "What are you doing? No. No! NO NO NO NO NO!!! WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!"

Chapter 2: Remembrance

Sky and friends decided to eat together at The Donginator's restaurant due to the Skibidi Super Senior Celebration Ceremony letting them leave school early. The Donginator supervised the group's food orders in the back, Greg talked up a storm with the one and only Locator, and Sky and Jacobo were laughing at Piratebooty who fell asleep under the table after eating that delicious toilet. "So Sky, how are your classes?" Jacobo asks. "They're mostly fine. Idk why they put me in motherflipping ceramics of all things, but I'm actually happy with it and almost everything else. Also Mr. Docty has gotten even more strict on tardies which is lowkey ahh since I live like 45 minutes away from school, and I'm a slow driver because I actually follow the flipping traffic laws. It's not fair bro" Sky responds, and Jacobo laughs and quips back. "Have you tried asking him why he's gotten more strict?" Jacobo wonders. "It's clearly targeted at me. And if I ask him why he wants us to get to school on time at 8am, that's just a crazy thing to say, isn't it?" Sky says in a seemingly more defeated tone and manner. Jacobo speaks once more but raises an eyebrow. "Yeah, I guess it's just whatever. Also you said almost everything else. You got other classes that are strange?" He questions. "Well, there's one class I'm unsure of." Sky starts to recall the last time he went to his sixth period class that year as he recites the memory to Jacobo.

As Sky walks into class, he learns that his teacher was none other than Mr. Boldteacher. Sky took his speech class for two semesters as a freshman, the second semester with Jacobo. Sky liked Mr. Boldteacher and thought of him as not only a good teacher but also a very bold teacher. "Welcome Sky!" Mr. Boldteacher said snappily as he looked up to Sky and then to another student he was having a conversation with. Sky took a seat and looked around the room. There were four other students in the class, and he knew none of them. It would be a surprise if this was anyone else, but Sky had always kept to himself and never really talked to anyone outside of his grade except for a few boys in the grade below. Today, Sky had to recite the first part of a paper from memory. Mr. Boldteacher told Sky to take twenty minutes outside to practice up on the lines, and he stepped outside gladly. When he was alone, he whipped out his phone and emailed the head of the science department who also managed everyone's schedules. He had already made up his mind about wanting to switch classes, so the speech felt more like a final hurrah to the class even though there would be about an hour left of class afterwards. As he waited for a response to the email, he practiced the lines. "Hamlet's flip ahh advice to the flipping players" Sky thought as he started reading the page. The words were in some kind of old English that feels more out of date than slavery. Sky had a certain talent for being able to memorize quite a bit of information for a short amount of time which helped a lot in Spanish and was lowkey coming in clutch right now. He recited the words to himself aloud over and over again for a while until he eventually remembered it all. He decided to check his phone for a response to the email while he had a chance. "Hi Sky Sniper, here are a couple of options." He read to himself before hearing Mr. Boldteacher walk up and stuffing the phone between his giant cheeks and letting his ahh lowkey consume it. "How're ya doin on those lines Sky?" Mr. Boldteacher asks as Sky's ahh quivers. "I'm doing fine, I think I'm ready." Sky responds and prepares to stand up. "Alrighty, come on." Mr. Boldteacher looks towards the class and starts walking back. Sky starts digging in his butt, grabs his phone, puts it in his pocket, and follows

Mr. Boldteacher back into class. When they get back into the class, Sky stands in front of the class ready to recite his lines. If he actually remembered them, they'd appear in a quote from him right about here right about now, but Sky lowkey can't recall allat to Jacobo rn. Sky finishes reciting his lines and everyone's actually impressed at how much he memorized. They didn't even know he memorized them in only those 20 minutes. Sky was happy with himself and went to go sit back down. "Great job!" Mr. Boldteacher said as he started shifting the class to work on their upcoming performance. Sky turned around to see a read aloud video of the book "The Day The Crayons Quit" on the board. The rest of the class had picked that book out on the day Sky wasn't here. As the video played, Sky got to see the different characteristics of each of the crayons. Red complained about being overworked, purple complained about coloring out of the lines when used, and white complained about being basically invisible. By the end of the video, the class had been discussing which two colors they'd like to be for the performance, and Sky particularly liked blue who was used to the point of being short and stubby and green who was completely happy but writing on behalf of yellow and orange about their disagreement about the color of the sun. Eventually, class had ended and some people had gotten their characters confirmed. Red, beige, and purple were all confirmed, and Sky got to write his name under blue and circle it. He was kind of starting to actually like the class and might consider staying in it. "Great work everyone! The second graders are really gonna enjoy this!" Mr. Boldteacher finally said. Sky's happiness instantly faded away. The second graders? Are we dead ahh? Sky walked out of class thinking "Oh heck nah bruh ain't no way. I gotta switch out rn lowkey" as he went to lunch.

Sky looks back to Jacobo in the restaurant. "So yeah, I kinda just don't wanna do performances for the whole year honestly." Sky admits. "Yeah that's fair. Bro ain't even know nobody in there, and for the second graders is wild. But what are you gonna switch into?" Jacobo replies and asks back. Sky pulls his phone back out to review the options. "African American Studies Honors..." Sky reads out as he looks to Piratebooty asleep under the table. "...with Piratebooty." Sky finishes. "No, but at least Mr. Goodteacher teaches that." Jacobo responds. "I don't wanna do allat Brojobs. At least I have a few other options. Engineering, no. Neurobiology and microbiology, heck no. I already took ACT Test Prep so no. Aaand statistics. I'm already in Calculus Honors bro so idk about that man" Sky repeats his options to Jacobo, but James locates the audio files and hears Sky talking about statistics. "Sky maybe you could join Stats. It's not that bad actually." Jar says, and The Donginator walks out from the back chimes in. "Yeah Sky, trust. Suffer with us plsss" He says to Sky in a half laughing half serious manner. "Wait but aren't you both in Calculus Honors with me?" Sky remembers those two being next to him and even talking with each other during class. "Yeah, but it's not even that bad. Mr. Coolteacher teaches it, and he's cool. At least according to my locations." Jarjames locates as The Donginator starts speaking while using words that are coming out of his mouth. "And you know how accurate his locations are. Math is too easy anyways. Also Piratebooty's in there so lowkey queue up with the rest of us." The Donginator says, convincing Sky to join. "Alright I'll request the change to Stats. It doesn't sound that bad, but I'm not looking forward to asking Mr. Boldteacher to sign my class change form." Sky says, genuinely worried and kinda scared and feeling sorry about changing classes. Greg interjects. "Jacobo and I are in the next room over taking Precalc that period, so we can meet up sometimes too" Jacobo looks over and nods in agreement with what

Greg said and speaks using his mouth as well. “Also don’t worry about switching classes. Every teacher’s cool with it. Mr. Boldteacher is nice and understanding too, at most he’ll just tease and joke a little with you about switching. And think about how happy Mr. Coolteacher will be to have you in his class again just like sophomore year!” Jacobo adds on, trying to make Sky happier about the situation. The Donginator realizes it’s the perfect time for a special surprise. He brings out a special cake for Sky’s birthday. The Donginator, his parents, and Sky’s friends start singing happy birthday to him. “HAAaaaApPppaPyYyy

BBbBbblliliRrrRTTtTTThHhhDdddDDdAaaAaAwYyYYy TTttTtTtOoOooOoOo

YyYyyYyyOoOoOoOoOoOoUuuuUuUuUuuUuUu!!!!!! HAAaaaApPppaPyYyy

BBbBbblliliRrrRTTtTTThHhhDdddDDdAaaAaAwYyYYy TTttTtTtOoOooOoOo

YyYyyYyyOoOoOoOoOoOoUuuuUuUuUuuUuUu!!!!!!

HAAaaaApPppaPyYyy BBbBbblliliRrrRTTtTTThHhhDdddDDdAaaAaAwYyYYy

SsSSsSsKkkKkkKyYyYyy ssSSsSsSssNNnnnNnNlllllllPpPpPpPEeEeRRrR!!!!!!

HAAaaaApPppaPyYyy BBbBbblliliRrrRTTtTTThHhhDdddDDdAaaAaAwYyYYy

TTttTtTtOoOooOoOo YyYyyYyyOoOoOoOoOoOoUuuuUuUuUuuUuUu!!!!!!” Everyone all sang

together but slightly off from each other and off key. Jacobo sang like three seconds behind everyone else. Everyone started clapping their cheeks—I mean hands, sorry for the typo.

Piratebooty smelled the cake and would start levitating in the air and floating up towards the cake. “Bros got a good ol whiff of it” Jacobo said as Piratebooty become conscious once again.

“Sky can I have some of your cake? Not the food cake, but YOUR cake~ XP” Piratebooty said

as he stuck his tongue out. “Let bro have his birthday cake. It’s literally the anniversary of the

day he came out of the body of another human.” Jacobo explains in great detail. “Anniversary...”

Sky says as he looks down. “What’s wrong Sky? You good?” Greg asks Sky. “Today’s the 6

month anniversary of us learning about KRUPTO’s disappearance.” Sky states to the group.

“Bro I miss him so much...” Jacobo says. “Me too.” Piratebooty says. “Wait why’s he in Texas?”

Jamesjar asks. “I can’t believe he’s gone. Also how did you know he’s in Texas? Oh

wait—you’re literally the James locator.” The Donginator states and also remembers. “Dang

man I miss that dude. KRUPTO was a flipping beast.” Greg says. “I think about him almost

every day honestly. Certain things about how that went and even how it’s going, it’s just...I don’t

know. But thank you guys. Thank you all, especially you, Mr. Dong, for celebrating my birthday

like this :D” Sky says to shift it back to a happy mood. “Haha you’re welcome Sky!” The

Donginator replies. “Anytime dude.” Greg says as well. The Donginator brings out food for

everyone else and puts down some fried rice on the table. Sky sees the fried rice in front of him

on the other side of the table being eaten by Greg, and he gets an idea. “We’re gonna hang out

at my house tonight right?” Sky asks. “Of course we are bro” Jacobo says, giving Sky a great

idea and a mischievous smirk. “Well I have a great video idea... :)”

Some Wednesday in 2022 at around 2:15 PM

It was Sky's first year at Skibidi Toilet Elementary. He, The Donginator, and James joined the school in the same eighth grade year. Greg wouldn't come to the school until next year. Sometime during the second semester, Sky was on his way to his last class of the day which taught about the history of his state. He enjoyed the class and really liked the teacher who had been the principal of the high school at the time. Sky and his other soon to be friends would go into high school at Skibidi Toilet Elementary, and to say Sky wasn't excited for high school would be an understatement. Each eighth grader shadowed a ninth grader for a day, and it seemed like high school was just like normal except everything went wrong and was bad. Thankfully, the principal of the high school, not Mr. Docty at the time, seemed to be very nice and deeply cared about the school, its values, and the community that had been formed. On his way to that history class, Sky waited for some of his friends to get out of the bathroom, so he could keep walking to class with them. Sky had been friends with some of his classmates like Jacob Barsusse who had not yet become the sigma he would very much be, Piratebooty who was still absurd but more relaxed and controlled, and even James who was not yet the locator he was today and kept to himself. The Donginator hung out with the honors kids since he had not been in any normal level classes. Before high school, it was either all honors or none since you couldn't yet choose your classes. He was also friends with KRUPTO and Triple Stan who he had been waiting for in the bathroom. He watched them check out some random video on KRUPTO's phone as he sat down at a table outside of the bathroom. After a second or so, they came out of the bathroom and KRUPTO held his phone in front of Sky's face. Sky looked at the video for a second or two before he processed what he was being shown. It was porn. He looked away as quickly as he could and started walking to class, trying not to think about what he had just been shown. He was thankful it wasn't too graphic or anything of that nature, but he didn't want to see either of them after that. He didn't know it yet, but Triple Stan would switch schools next year. KRUPTO was sent to military school for ninth grade.

Chapter 3: Sky Sniper Cooks Fried Rice

Big mistake. Big big big mistake. Most giganticist mistake ever in the world and nothing comes close. Of course The Donginator had to be an Asian and had to have an Asian restaurant and had to serve fried rice and Sky just had to get the silly idea that he could even make fried rice. Oh well. How bad could this actually be? Sky and friends pulled up to Sky's house after a kinda long drive. Sky's parents greeted them all as they walked in the door and got them settled in. After a while, the parents went to their side of the house so the boys could have their own time and area. Sky finally speaks up to The Donginator. "What ingredients would I need to make fried rice?" Sky asks him. "Oh well you'd need some rice, minced garlic, eggs, green onions, soy sauce, MSG, and if you want, some kind of chicken or other protein." The Donginator says as Sky writes it down. "Next you're gonna wanna—" Sky cuts The Donginator off. "Thank you so much! I'm ready to film now guys!" Sky says to everyone in the kitchen. "Wait but I didn't even tell you how to cook it yet..." The Donginator says, very confused. "...and you'll never have to." Sky says as he looks behind The Donginator. The Donginator is confused and looks back as well to see Piratebooty behind him with a pan. And then the pan kinda hits him and his vision goes dark. "Silly Piratebooty! Never give that man a pan." Sky says as The Donginator fades out. After a while, The Donginator wakes up, thankfully not to a house fire. "Huh? Whadda fudge?" He asks, hearing cooking sounds and stove sounds. He looks around to see Jacobo holding a camera, the rest of the friend group standing behind him, Piratebooty trying to control himself from going on a touching rampage, and Sky cooking fried rice on a pan. "Is...is that rice a day old?" The Donginator asks. "A day old? What do you mean?" Sky says questioningly. The Donginator looks concerned, he disappointedly squints, and he thinks to himself. "Oh shoot. He's so flipping screwed." He starts to speak aloud. "Sky you still have time to stop! Please you don't gotta do this..." The Donginator begs him. "...what brand is the fried rice?" He asks Sky. "Hmm let me see...Success." Sky responds and The Donginator's eyes squint even more. Somehow. The Donginator comes to his senses and tries to get up, but he realizes he's tied down to a chair and can't move. James scoots the chair to relocate The Donginator so he can see inside the pan. "WHY ARE YOU COOKING THE RICE WHILE IT'S STILL IN THE PACKET?!" The Donginator yells and starts crying. "Ok we can move on to something else, don't worry." Sky says as he now disregards the pan and puts a new one out to crack an egg in. Sky reaches for the scissors and starts to cut the egg open. "Scissors? Why are you using scissors to crack an egg???" The Donginator asks. "How else do you do it?" Sky asks as he successfully cuts the egg open with the scissors. "It's not the worst thing you could do. I've seen some people try—WHY ARE YOU ADDING BUTTER?!" The Donginator blurts out. Sky puts butter all over the pan with the egg in it. "Never use butter Sky...it doesn't have a high smoke point. Just use some kind of oil instead" The Donginator explains but on deaf ears. The rice finishes cooking and Sky grabs the pan. The Donginator knows what Sky's gonna do next. "Please Sky...please don't—" Too late. Sky dumped the rice into the colander built into the sink. The Donginator just keeps crying at this point. "Why Sky, WHY?!" He manages to get out. "Don't worry, I'm past the hard stuff. I think..." Sky says as he adds soy sauce in. The Donginator looks closely at the branding. "What the fudge is Liquid Aminos? Is that white people soy sauce???" What are you doing bro... The Donginator questions. "Idk man ask my parents lol" Sky responds as he grabs some chicken off the counter. "Wait is that chicken? How long has it been

sitting out and has it been open the whole time?" The Donginator asks Sky. "Yeah we've had it out since you went out." Sky says as he just throws it all, including the water, into the pan. "SKY WHAT ARE DOING?!?!?!" The Donginator screams. "I dunno." Sky says as he hears Greg whispering to him to put more butter in, which he does. "AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" The Donginator can't hold it in anymore. "Calm down bro. I'll just cut some onion up or something since it's about time to do that." Sky says as he grabs the knife and starts cutting the onions with the worst possible form ever. "DON'T DO THAT YOU'RE GONNA CUT YOUR FLIPPING FINGERS OFF!!!" The Donginator yells at Sky as he keeps chopping. "How so?" Sky says and keeps on chopping. "I'M GONNA MURDER YOU TONIGHT! I'M GONNA CHOP YOUR FINGERS OFF AND FEED THEM TO MR. PIRATEBOOTY!!!" The Donginator says calmly. "You do you man." Sky pours all of the onion into the pan. "WAIT NO YOU GOTTA SAVE THE GREEN PARTS FOR GARNISH—" The Donginator tries to say but gets cut off by Sky again. "Bro this is Sky Sniper Cooks not The Donginator Cooks. You don't make all the choices around the parts my man." Sky says as he adds more butter to the pan. The Donginator just tries to look away and ignore it. Sky adds the whole stick of butter. "WHAT THE FUDGE SKY??? STOP!!!!!" The Donginator yells out again. Sky whips out some minced garlic and tries using scissors to get it open. "Is that MINCED GARLIC?! YOU GOTTA MINCE YOUR OWN GARLIC!" The Donginator says. "Sorry but idk what that means lowkey" Sky responds as he hands the garlic to Jacobo to open since he can't get it open. In the meantime, Sky adds more soy sauce. "STOP IT WITH THE LIQUID AMINOS PLEASEEEEE" The Donginator begs again. "Don't worry bro, it's time for the first secret ingredient!" Sky exclaims to hype The Donginator up. "Ooh is it MSG?" He asks naively. "Nope! It's grape juice!" Sky says as he pours some grape juice into the pan. "NOOOO I NEVER SAID GRAPE JUICE WHAT THE HECK" The Donginator gets kinda mad at this point. "Here's that mined garlic now, Sky" Jacobo says as he hands the now opened minced garlic back to Sky. "Perfect!" Sky says as he takes a tablespoon and puts it in. "Oh hey you did something right!" The Donginator gets a twinge of hope and happiness, and Sky instantly decides to take it away. He pours in soy sauce and a tub of butter at the same time. The Donginator doesn't even try to react. He just cries even more. "I see you're down, and I don't wanna kick you while you're down. It's secret ingredient time again!" Sky once again tells The Donginator. He looks up slowly and simply says "MSG?" Hoping for normalcy once again. "Close. Hot chocolate mix." Sky says dumping all of it in there along with some more tubs of butter. The Donginator pauses for a second but then screams again. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE SKY?! IT LOOKS LIKE FLIPPING DIARRHEA! THERE'S DIARRHEA ALL OVER YOUR PAN!!!" The Donginator says, letting it all out. "We can fix that! We just need to add more diverse coloring ingredients or something y'know?" Sky says as he hands an egg to each of his friends. "Why are you wasting food now?" The Donginator says. "We're not wasting it. We're gonna eat it." Sky says. Jar hit his egg on the rim a few time and cracks it open. Greg comes up and does it in two. Jacobo Barsusse, not only a sigma but also a master chef, manages to do it in just one. Piratebooty, eager to try, just splatters his everywhere, and Sky gets his after only two or three. "You're not even bad at cooking or anything, you're just ragebaiting me Sky." The Donginator states and tries his best to look unphased, his inner Asian betraying him. "I think it's finally time. Time to add MSGs." The Donginator looks up happy at last. "For real? You mean it?" He says with hope again. "Yep! Messages!" The Donginator's smile fades as Sky spoke, and he continues to go on. "I'm gonna take the message from you to me, the ingredients, and throw them in in!" Sky says and puts

piece of paper in the pan. "Tada!!! Messages! Or MSGs or whatever." Sky exclaims. "...hahahahhaa. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!" The Donginator starts going crazy and laughing maniacally. "THIS IS NEVER GONNA BE OVER, IS IT?!" The Donginator says. "Nope we're actually done." Sky says. "It's time for the taste test!" He says as he and the friends move to setup to a nearby table. "Finally. It's over." The Donginator says. "Not yet..." Sky says. "I countdown and we all taste it." He says. Everyone but The Donginator has a piece and accepted the risks of this slop. It didn't even look like it was edible. It looked like flipping tar. It looked like it could've been used for fueling a train or something. "3." Sky says. "2." Everyone looks at each other. "1." Everyone looks at their food and digs in. James immediately taps out and goes to the restroom. Greg goes on over to the sink to spit it out. Piratebooty starts making faces, tweaking out, twerking out, and lowkey glitching. Jacobo holds it down for a few seconds but can't suppress the beta meal he just ate and runs to the even closer bathroom that Jar missed. Sky is the only one who's still standing. "It's not that bad." He says, running off of sheer willpower to keep whatever the heck he just ate down in his stomach. "Impressive." The Donginator says, surprised that Sky of all people could hold it down. Everyone else comes back and is surprised to see Sky still there. Sky takes some spicy seasoning, pours it all over the jar, and takes a bite. "Oh my gosh." The Donginator says. Sky's body is now working double time to not push this back up. Thankfully everyone goes down instead of up. "Now it's your turn." Sky grabs the rest of the fried rice and walks in front of The Donginator and faces him. The Donginator gets concerned as Sky approaches The Donginator's mouth with a spoonful of the tar. "What are you doing? No. No! NO NO NO NO NO!!! WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT WAIT!!! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!"

Chapter 4: Nothing like KRUPTO

“Cut the cameras!” Sky says to Jacobo as he pulls the spoon away from The Donginator’s mouth and puts it back onto the plate. “Wait what? I’m being spared?” The Donginator asks Sky. “Yeah. I’m not gonna force you to eat flipping fermented hardened energy filled black tar oil.” Sky says while Greg unties him from the chair. “Don’t worry man. We wouldn’t actually physically hurt you.” Greg says to The Donginator in a well meaning manner. “Didn’t you guys knock me out with a flipping pan?” The Donginator responds. Sky points to the right at a certain Mr. Piratebooty in a cage. “Someone’s been a very bad boy. Piratebooty wasn’t supposed to hit you with a pan. That was very dangerous, and he is being punished for his naughty actions.” Sky explains to The Donginator, feeling sorry about the pain Piratebooty could’ve caused him. Greg looks back at The Donginator and holds his hand out. “We all still good?” He asks The Donginator. “Yeah.” The Donginator says as he grabs Greg’s hand and lets Greg pull him up. “Just don’t let Sky cook ever again pls” The Donginator says while chuckling, the rest of the group laughing along. “Man idk what you’re on about. This flip ahh mother flipping gosh darn fried rice is the gosh darn hecking poop. If you can’t take the pure heat of this flipping good ahh fried rice, then your flip ahh motherflipper ahh self is a bench.” Sky jokingly says to The Donginator. “Sky why do you never curse?” Piratebooty asks from within the cage. “I just don’t. And why don’t you?” Sky says back to him. “Because YOU’RE not letting me!!! I wanna say curse words but your censor everything with your flip ahhs and hecks and darns and motherflippers. Can a live? Can a live???” Piratebooty asks. “I don’t know what you’re on about Piratebooty.” Sky says, confused. “YOU’RE writing the book! YOU’RE CENSORING ME!!!!” Piratebooty says angrily and moves his hands and body in a very expressive way. “No I’m not” Sky says. Piratebooty’s clothes disappear and he is now fully naked. “WHAT THE HECK SKY?! I’M GONNA TOUCH YOU IN YOUR SLEEP TONIGHT!!!” Piratebooty exclaims calmly. “Why are you naked Piratebooty?” Sky asks back to him. Piratebooty has a very small penis. “That’s a LIE!!! I’M SUING YOU!!!!” Piratebooty says even more calmness. “I think you’re going crazy, you silly little girl.” Sky says. Mrs. Piratebooty have diarrhea all over the floor and gambles as a furry. “WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN??? AND I’M NOT A GIRL!!!” Piratebooty says to no avail. “Stop. What are the pros and cons of this situation?” Sky asks Piratebooty. “Well I’d have to say that the pros are me being able to have more fun with boys like Jacobo now and my chest sized being doubled, but the cons are that YOU TURNED ME INTO A FLIPPING GAMBLING FURRY DIARRHEA GIRL!!!” Piratebooty yells as she gets a call on her phone. The name on the phone says husband and the picture is of Mr. Docty. “Bro why are you married to Mr. Docty?” Sky asks Piratebooty. “Pls I promised I’ll be a good boy just reset everything back to normal” Piratebooty asks as he becomes a boy again and stops getting called by Mr. Docty but doesn’t get his clothes back. James relocates his gaze back to Sky and also relocates a previous question. “Wait Sky, why don’t you say curse words?” He asks again. “I honestly don’t know. It’s not that hard to not say them and I just don’t feel a need to.” Sky responds. “But what does it realistically do for you?” The Donginator claps back. “Idk. I mean maybe that’s also why I don’t watch inappropriate videos. I can restrain myself better” Sky tries to argue. “Bro come on Sky we all watch a little bit of the hub sometimes. And don’t act like you don’t curse” Jacobo says to him. “Bro you guys know I don’t curse, when have you ever heard me do it? And why the heck would I watch the hub???” Sky says back to Jacobo. “Because it makes you feel a good feeling down

there~ :3" Piratebooty interjects. "I mean I avoid it too." Greg interjects as well. "What if I were to show you an inappropriate video right now?" Jacobo asks Sky. "I'd move on. And try my best to forget about it and forgive you. Not like this hasn't happened before." Sky says unhappily. "Oh come on. I've never done it to you before, just Triple Stan, Trains Markers, and even KRUPTO—" Jacobo says but gets cut off by Sky. "Shut up! KRUPTO actually changed for the better!" Sky yells at Jacobo. "Ok calm down buddy. We can all change. I was literally such a sigma in the first book and I forgave you everything. Also how did KRUPTO change if he kept watching those inappropriate videos?" Jacobo says in a very sarcastic and nerdy tone, clearly just joking with Sky who was livid. "You changed my ahh bro! After KRUPTO came back in sophomore year, he was actually cool and fun to be around! When you guys actually watched those videos, HE TOLD ME SO I COULD LEAVE!!! HE warned me! Not you, not Piratebooty, not anyone else! I know this is news for everyone else here since you guys weren't at KRUPTO's birthday party, but KRUPTO PROTECTED ME FROM THOSE VIDEOS!!! That's a million times better than you and Piratebooty's inaction as someone tries to show me those very bad images. And Jacobo, all you did in the first book was shoot my mask off, hop on the stage, and accept my apology. That was NOTHING LIKE KRUPTO! Whatever you went through when I dissed you as DJ Theaterballs is NOTHING LIKE WHAT KRUPTO'S GOING THROUGH!!!" Sky says passionately. "I get it. Look, I'm sorry for letting those bad images be shown to you in that hotel. I don't want anything bad to happen, I don't want to fight or anything. I'm sorry. You're a good kid, Sky." Jacobo says in response to Sky's long statement. "Yea maybe we could settle it for now. I hate seeing my friends argue like this." Greg said trying to calm things down. "Sometimes these arguments need to happen. And maybe I just need to be the bad guy for once. You're all nothing like KRUPTO." Sky says as he walks upstairs to go lock himself in his room for the night. "Now that he's gone, let's all take turns licking the inside of each others mouths!!! >w<" Piratebooty remarked. "Now is not the time, Piratebooty." Jacobo said, looking disappointed. "He's right, you know. I shouldn't have let those images be shown to him in that hotel. KRUPTO was better than me...at least in that aspect. Of course I'm such an awesome sigma" Jacobo admits to the rest of the group. Greg walks up to Jacobo. "Hey, you're taking accountability and that's great! You're seeing where you went wrong and you're only gonna learn from it. Sky's gonna be back to his usual upbeat self in the morning probably. For now, we should probably just get some rest." Greg says as he daps up Jacobo. "Goodnight bro. I'll see you guys in the morning." He says as he and the rest of the group walks off. "Yeah, goodnight everyone." Jacobo says as he looks left and sees The Donginator holding that spoon. "You're not gonna try it...are you?" Jacobo says as he looks on. "I might as well give it a little taste. At least he started out ok. At least before all the butter and fake soy sauce and grape juice and chocolate mix and flipping paper." The Donginator says as he takes a tiny bite. He chews for a bit and then almost immediately gags but just spits it out. "Oh gosh that's just flipping tar. Eww" He says, rushing to the sink. "Goodnight Jacobo!" The Donginator says as he continues moving along. "Goodnight." Jacobo says, now thinking to himself. He didn't want to see Sky go down the path of the bad guy. He was afraid to even think about what that might look like with the might and power he had as DJ Theaterballs. As he walked to the downstairs guest bedroom, he couldn't help but ponder what Sky had said about them. "You're all nothing like KRUPTO."

September 20, 2024

It was junior year for Sky and friends. He had established his group of friends as Jacob Barsusse the sigma, Piratebooty the absurd silly ahh motherflipper, Greg the glue, The Donginator who had been slowly joining their friend group, and surprisingly KRUPTO who was actually tolerable and fun to be around compared to eighth grade. It was KRUPTO's birthday, so the boys went to a country property owned by his parents to drive some ATVs, golf carts, and other vehicles. Sky, who last year only drove a grass cutter, finally got to drive a golf cart around the property at as high of a speed as he was comfortable with. He had also recorded the rides he had taken with Jacob, Piratebooty, and even KRUPTO. He planned to make a video about the somewhat silly tragedy that happened last year when they came to the country property for KRUPTO's birthday. However, for now, it was night. The amount of rides got less and less until the boys eventually retired to their little house for the night. The night was far from down, however, as they would probably stay up for quite a while. There was even a TV in the room. Triple Stan, who had been going to another school for quite a few years, was actually there too. Sky had come to like Triple Stan and knew how to avoid whenever he tried to show him some unwanted material. Another person, who Sky and the others had been with in eighth grade, made an appearance as well. However, like Triple Stan, he switched schools. He even made a song once on bandlabs way before Sky touched or even knew FL Studio. It's partially what inspired Sky to keep trying and eventually make a song of his own. Triple Stan, KRUPTO, and the other friend were sitting at the couch and pulling up videos on the TV. KRUPTO had decided to tell Sky the truth and told him to step out. Though Sky probably wouldn't freak out if he saw inappropriate images, he still preferred not to see them. He didn't even seek them out himself. Sky was walking around in the room when KRUPTO approached him and told him he should probably get out or at least not look at the room for a few seconds. Sky decided to stay in the room for a second while he was finishing up something on his laptop. KRUPTO kept warning him whenever the TV showed inappropriate material and nothing bad. The boys were watching a certain kind of wrestling, so the screen probably was cleared of this bad imagery after each new round. Eventually, Sky was ready to exit the building, and he thanked KRUPTO for warning him and protecting him as opposed to Triple Stan who had been telling him the screen was alright, even though Sky knew better and trusted KRUPTO at that point.

Chapter 5: clap those cheeks

The group wakes up the next day and everyone meets up near the front door of the house. "How'd you guys sleep?" Greg asks the group. "Good enough." Says The Donginator. "Rather well." Jacobo says. "Bad. Too much mouth diarrhea." Piratebooty admits. "Locating..." James says, as he locates. "Wait where's Sky?" Greg asks aloud, looking around. "Located!" James locates, and he walks over to the kitchen. Everyone else follows, the atmosphere of the house rather unsettling. Eventually they find Sky, turned around in a chair twiddling his thumbs. He looks like he fingered his buttock all night. "I did a bit of off camera cooking..." Sky admits. "Oh no please no not again" The Donginator assumes. "...in FL Studio." Sky finishes his statement. "Check out the new DJ Theaterballs song." Sky says as he pulls up the new song by DJ Theaterballs on the living room TV.

*DJ Theaterballs
clap those cheeks*

*Clappy clappy clap those cheeks
Clappy clappy clap those cheeks
Clappy clappy clap those cheeks
Clappy clappy clap those cheeks
Clappity clappity clappity clappity clap those cheeks
Clap those cheeks
Clap those cheeks
Clap those cheeks
Clap those cheeks
Clap those cheeks
Clap those cheeks
Clappity clappity clappity clappity clap those cheeks
Clap
Those
Cheeks
Clap
Those
Cheeks*

The boys were stunned at this song. Is this Sky's version of being the bad guy? He had written an entire vulgar and inappropriately themed song for millions to hear. The song itself was filled with claps the entire time and had some surprisingly beautiful vocal harmonizations that the lyrics ended up fitting a bit too well. "Are we deadahh" Jacobo said as he listened to the song. "Why would you make a song about that bro" Greg asked as well. "We gotta protect the youth" The Donginator chimed in. "Lowkey a banger. Musically and literally. Let me clap your cheeks tonight Sky~" Piratebooty said as he giggled and chuckled to himself. "I think I've expired." Said the James locator. "Yeah well you guys have fun thinking about this song on the way home. Let's just say I've got some other stuff cooked up for later." Sky admits as he walks his friends

out. "Sky you don't gotta do this man. Don't be the bad guy." Jacobo asks of his friend. "It's too late for that now. This is clearly what you guys and everyone else wants, so this is what you're gonna get. Now, go. Let me cook." Sky says, chasing his friends out of the house, not watching them pull out like he usually does. He goes back to cooking on FL Studio while he awaits the arranged arrival of another special guest he had planned to show up to help him with another video, this time seemingly more simple. After a while, Sea Sniper arrived at Sky Sniper's house. Sky and Sea had been best friends for their entire lives. "What are we gonna film today?" Sea asks Sky. "I just wanna keep it very simple. We're only gonna make toast actually." Sky admits to Sea. "Really? Toast? Just toast?" Sea asks Sky, wondering if he was being serious. "Yes bro, it's gonna be fire I promise" He says, guiding Sea to the kitchen. "We're just gonna wing it and go with the flow here. Ready?" Sky asks Sea. "Yeah, I'm ready, Sky. 3, 2, 1, you're up." He says. "Hey there guys, Sky Sniper here, and today, we're gonna be making toast!" After the intro, Sky starts the video out with putting the toast on the pan and turning up the heat. Of course, since he's Sky Sniper, he's using the two end pieces of the bread as toast. "Sky why are you cooking it in the pan? Use the toaster." Sea says to Sky, who was confused. "The toaster? Uh ok sure..." Sky says as he walk away. "Hold up I'm a bit hot." Sky says as he takes off his jacket and outer layer of pants. He throws them behind him and walks to the toaster. Out of sight, out of mind. Little did Sky and Sea know, the clothes landed on the pan which was still on the heated stove. "So how does this toaster work?" Sky asked Sea who couldn't keep himself from laughing at Sky's lack of knowledge on this topic. "Haha so you put the toast in the toaster and then you press down on the knobs." He explains to Sky. "Like this?" Sky says, putting the toast in and trying for a second to push the knobs down before doing it. "Yeah just like that." Sea confirms. All of a sudden, a voice comes from the pan. "Hey there guys, Sky Sniper here, and today, we're gonna be making toast!" It was just like Sky's voice. The two went to investigate the mysterious dialogue together. Thankfully, nobody broke in or intruded upon the video set. Sky just accidentally cloned himself. "Did bro just make a clone of himself?" Sea Sniper said as he resigned to his role of the cameraman, curious to see how this interaction would play out. "Who are you?" Sky Sniper asks as he walks in. "And where did you come from?" He continues. Sky Sniper Clone sees the real Sky Sniper and tries to explain himself. "Well I just spawned in on this pan over here where I've been cooking this toast." The clone says. "Why are you cooking it in the pan? Use the toaster." Sea says to the clone, who was confused. "The toaster? Uh ok sure..." Sky Sniper Clone says as he tries to walk away. "No no no no no no, we're gonna get this figured out first." Sky Sniper says, stopping him. "...yeah, I don't know why there's a clone of me here." The clone says hesitantly, weakly accusing the real Sky Sniper of being the clone in a panic. "Bro you're the clone here motherflipper. I'm the real Sky Sniper, you don't wanna mess with me" Sky Sniper says while the clone reaches into the knife drawer. "Oh shoot, THAT'S THE KNIFE DRAWER!!!" Sky says as he runs away, the clone now following him but knifeless. Sky starts digging in a different drawer and pulls out some scissors. As the clone catches up, he hands the scissors to the clone and starts distancing himself. "Remember, you can only walk with scissors, no running" Sky says as he laughs, but the clone just puts the scissors down which gives him the ability to run again. "Uh oh" Sky says as the chase resumes. He runs around a white pillar and keeps evading the clone. The chase moves towards the front door as Sky hops and knocks over a chair. The clone actually stops to pick the chair back up before resuming the chase, which continues up the stairs and ends upstairs. "Why are you chasing me

bro???" Sky asks the clone. "Lowkey lemme clap those cheeks" The clone says while laughing. "Especially with that new DJ Theaterballs song that you dropped lol" He says as the chase leads to Sky's room. Sky pretends to lock the door to his room. "Haha now the door is locked so you can't get in loser" Sky says behind the door, trying to trick the clone into giving up. "Bro I'm literally you. I know the door doesn't lock man" Sky Sniper Clone says as he busts into the room and in his pants. "Bro pls don't clap these cheeks I beg of you" Sky begs. "So much cake...big ahh cheeks..." The clone says back. "It's not even that big I'm just fat lowkey" Sky says jokingly. "Man stop selling yo ahh short." The clone says as he closes the door behind him. "I'm literally you bro. I know you ain't that fat" The clone walks around the room, perusing the new order. "Wth happened here bro" He questions Sky. "Mom tryna do too much organization" Sky says as he looks around the room with him. "But it does lowkey look a lot nicer" Sky finishes as the clone locks his eyes on a certain object. It was a lego car with a person inside. A few pieces had fallen off due to being in Sky's bag for a while before eventually landing back on his desk. "I remember this." The clone says. "Oh yeah. The lego car that The Donginator gave to KRUPTO for secret santa last year. The one physical piece of him we still have after he ran away. KRUPTO's brother returned it to The Donginator who wanted me to hold onto it, and ofc we wanted to mail it back to him, but well...y'know." With a sad expression, Sky looks down and away from the clone. "You still feel guilty?" The clone thinks aloud as he starts rebuilding the car. "Guilty that you didn't do enough? That you could've stepped in somehow in some way and made things go smoother? Or at least helped more out while he was still seeking refuge?" He continues. Sky helps him put the pieces together as he responds. "Yeah I do. I lowkey crashed out last night at Jacobo after he joked about KRUPTO too much." Sky says. "Understandable. But KRUPTO would definitely want us to laugh together as we think of him. Think about that Google Meet during class. You, Jacobo, Piratebooty, KRUPTO, all having fun again...just a shame things happened how they happened." Sky Sniper Clone says as he locates the spoiler of the car. "Yeah. I just can't get over how KRUPTO actually did change. Whatever happened to him in 9th grade, whether it was something on the military base or just something he did himself, he just became a much better person or something. He stopped carrying things too far. When some of the others would try to show me inappropriate videos, he didn't help them or even sit idly by. He straight up prevented it multiple times. And when he's in trouble, what did we all do? What did I do? I sat idly by. Or at least that's how it feels. I know there wasn't really much any of us could've even done with such information or without it crossing his parents. Heck, they even had that restraining order filed against his sister for taking him in after he ran away. If we did so much as to send him a care package of any sorts, they'd probably file a lawsuit or something idk" Sky says, expressing his guilt and feelings to a literal clone of himself. Sea Sniper still holds the camera as they begin to finish up the car. "Don't worry bro. It was out of your control." The clone says, putting a few more pieces on. "You at least made an effort to reach out. It's better than nothing. He definitely knows you guys miss him and would support him even if you're separated by state lines." He puts a few bricks on the other side and reaches for the last piece. "And just the fact that you're still holding onto him and feeling bad about watching from the sidelines says a lot." He puts the final lego piece onto the car. "And if you wanna go the extra mile, you just gotta back it up with some action. Best advice I could give to you is to get this to KRUPTO by any means necessary. Maybe attach a note explaining how you felt and why you miss him." Sky Sniper Clone says as he hands the lego car to Sky Sniper. "Thank you so much

bro. Are you still gonna clap my cheeks tonight?" Sky asks his clone. "Man yo flip ahh self really think now that I ain't gonna after alladat? I'm gonna clap those cheeks bro."

September 24, 2023

It was the year KRUPTO came back, and Sky was still suspicious of whether he was trustworthy or not. Sophomore year was going well so far, and he could only hope KRUPTO changed after whatever happened to him in ninth grade. He decided to go to KRUPTO's birthday party at his country property and was actually having a lot of fun with his friends. He rode with his friends at high speeds in what seemed to be some sporty vehicles meant to drive aggressively. It was like nothing he had done before. KRUPTO showed him how to drive the golf cart, which he drove very slow, but he did occasionally speed up in certain safe places. He was getting the hang of it and having fun, but the real fun was when anyone else was driving. KRUPTO knew the property like the back of his hand, so he wasn't afraid to speed up in places that Sky considered big danger zones. He trusted his friends, so he held on for his life, kept his helmet on, and enjoyed the moment. Jacobo Barsusse also drove rather aggressively. It was driving between the trees on the paths very fast while music was being blasted through the speakers of the golf cart. Even Piratebooty drove rather aggressively and quickly, which would lead to something interesting happening later down the line. At some point in the day, the boys were driving on a specific hump of grass. Jacobo and KRUPTO took turns getting air time off of it. Jacobo drove the golf cart and got some air time and drove along the path right back to the boys. KRUPTO drove his motorbike and got smaller air time but on a smaller vehicle. Jacobo decided to build up some speed and got a lot of air time as Sky recorded him get a big leap. KRUPTO decided to do the same thing. He backed up a lot, and he started driving. He steered around trees and drove along the grass as he got closer and closer. Eventually, he approached the bump and went flying off of it just until he hit the ground but not on his motorbike. He slid across the ground for a bit, and it was a very cool wipeout. The other boys ran over to KRUPTO as they all celebrated and jumped for joy. Later on, the boys were playing hide and seek. KRUPTO was seeking Piratebooty who was driving the ATV, and Jacobo who was driving the golf cart with Sky as his passenger. Both vehicles hid in the corner of the property and had a good escape plan to get away from KRUPTO if he showed up on his motorbike. And of course, he eventually did. The vehicles drove off along the path, Jacobo and Piratebooty racing back towards the buildings on the property. They went around a giant section of trees when KRUPTO saw them and rode along the path. They took a little route that dipped down and then back up a bit and put them both where the buildings were. KRUPTO was still close behind them, but now they had an entire field to drive on and race through. Piratebooty took the right side on the ATV, and Jacobo took the left side on the golf cart. The two both sped up and tried their best to outrun each other for a good ten seconds when they rapidly started approaching a curvy section of the path. Jacobo wasn't even on the path, which was only big enough for one vehicle, as he was still beside Piratebooty. A big grassy mountain appeared in front of him and he slammed on the brakes, him and Sky spinning 180 degrees around in the golf cart. Piratebooty kept on going full throttle, but he realized the curvy part of the path was coming up, and it was too late for him to slow down. The ATV flipped and flung him off. He hit his head, but he did have his helmet on, so he wasn't injured too badly. Sky, Jacobo, and KRUPTO all came quickly to inspect the damage on the vehicle and if Piratebooty had any, and they were happy he was alive, unscathed, and that they just went through that thrill of an experience.

Chapter 6: going in raw

“Oh shoot I thought you were gonna be going in raw for a second there lowkey” Sky says after getting his cheeks literally clapped through the night. “Nope, I was just thinking of literally CLAPPING those cheeks don’t worry. Why’d you think I was going in raw bro” The clone asks Sky as he wakes up. “Well if I’m gonna go villain mode and be a bad guy or whatever idk I thought actually getting my cheeks clapped was pretty bad.” Sky says to his clone. “Bro you’re not a bad guy stop trying so hard” The clone tries to convince Sky. “Yeah, you’re right. I’m not gonna go bad. At least not yet. Ngl I wanna make another funny song right quick.” Sky says to his clone. “Really? What’s it gonna be about?”

DJ Theaterballs

going in raw

Going in raw

Going going in raw

Going going in raw

Going going in raw going

Going in raw

Going going in raw going

Going in raw

Going in raw

Going in

Going in raw going

Going in raw going

Going in raw

Going going in going in

Going in raw going

Going in raw going

Going in raw going raw

Raw dogging it

Going in raw going

Going in raw going

Going in raw

Going going in raw

Going going in raw

Going going in raw going

Going in raw

Going going in raw going

Going in raw

Going going in raw

Going going in raw

Going going in raw

Going in raw

Going in raw

Going in...

lowkey i dont feel like typing ts over and over again

It was the longest DJ Theaterballs song yet, mostly consisting of the same phrase repeated over and over again. Ignoring the lyrics, the song was actually fire like clap those cheeks and even the lyrics were worked into the song well soundwise. The beat was heat. "Why cook up such a good beat for such ahh lyrics bro" Sky Sniper Clone asks. "Because DJ Theaterballs is meant to be a joke. He just randomly took the school, and I guess the world, by storm." Sky Sniper admits. "This ain't the type of beat you just drop on a random morning morning bro" The clone tells Sky. "Monday??? WHAT?!?!" Sky questions since school was today. "Oh yeah Sea Sniper left to go to school actually. It's 7am right now so you should lowkey start getting ready." The clone says, suddenly dropping this information outta nowhere. "Oh shoot bro. Stay here while I go to school. Nice talking with you man." Sky says as he daps up his clone right after uploading the song. "See you, Sky. I'm gonna be going in raw when you get back now haha" The clone jokes. Sky gets in his car at about 7:15am ready to head to school, thinking he has time to get there. He drives along out of the neighborhood at 25mph because it's the speed limit. Sky has always followed the speed limit because he sees it as a legal law he has to follow, and he wants to be a safe driver. He never breaks the speed limit on purpose no matter what. However, due to the school becoming more strict on tardies, which was definitely targeted at Sky, he's had to make some compromises. He accelerates rather quickly and kinda stopped slowing down for turns. As soon as the light to leave the neighborhood turned green, he was outta there, zooming past everyone else...at least until they started going past the speed limit and past him. When he's on the ramp to the interstate, he would speed up more rapidly than a race car driver. He would go from 35 to 70 faster than Piratebooty could begin digging in thy posterior. But as soon as he hit the interstate, everyone went faster than 70 and faster than him. By the time he finally got off the exit to his school, which was at a dead stop almost every single day for who knows what reason, it was 7:50m. And when he actually got into the school line, the cars would stop every single flipping second to let kids get outta the car and take a million years to get their bags on. Only then could he park and get out of the car at 8:01am to stand eye to eye with Mr. Docty. "Bro Mr. Docty if you give me a tardy I'm gonna seriously consider another rebellion." Sky says seriously. "Sorry, but it's after 8am." Mr. Docty says as he starts grinning and writing a tardy. "It's literally 8:01am. School hasn't even started." Sky presses Mr. Docty. "Your first hour teacher is probably wondering where you are right about now, young man." Mr. Docty says as a car approaches them. "Well my first hour teacher also probably doesn't care about me getting there exactly on time. It's not like I'm committing a crime by not being—" Sky pauses and looks over at the car. "By being late? It's not a crime, but it's against the school rules. Your first hour teacher probably wants to begin class right about now." Mr. Docty says as he finishes the tardy and hands it out to Sky. "Bro my first hour teacher IS RIGHT THERE IN THAT CAR!!!" Sky says as Mr. Docty motions for the teacher to continue driving through and finding a parking spot. "THE TEACHER IS LATER THAN ME BUT I GET PUNISHED???" Sky says passionately. "I don't make the rules, I enforce them." Mr. Docty says as Sky grabs the tardy slip and walks away. "Bro you LITERALLY DO!!! SHUSH YOUR MOUTH!!!" Sky yells. "Don't shoot the messenger in the ahh." Mr. Docty says back calmly as Sky yawps back. "Bro

I'm not gonna shoot you in the ahh, I'm gonna swing my balls across yo face again" Sky gets into class and his friends and everyone else has already heard going in raw. "Hey Sky, is everything alright?" Greg asks him. "brojobs WHAT IS THAT SONG?!" Jacobo says. "I relate to that song so hard. I'm highkey hard right now" Piratebooty chimes in. "Sky what are you doing man?" The Donginator asks. "Lowkey I just got here bro chill out guys" Sky says. "I guess I wanted to see how playing the bad guy would be, but idk anymore. It feels like it works better in theory and I don't feel like it anymore lol. But I lowkey might if Mr. Flip ahh Docty keeps giving me his motherflipping tardies bro, I live 45 whole minutes away. I literally have a tardy slip with me right now to give to the teacher who ISN'T CLASS YET!" Sky exclaims. "So you ARE gonna start your villain arc?" Jacobo asks. "No bro, I'm just gonna relax and see how—" Mr. Piratebooty's ahh starts inflating. "OH MY GOSH MR. PIRATEBOOTY WHAT THE HECK???" The Donginator says as he sees Piratebooty's ahh grow bigger than KSI's forehead. "Someone pls clap my cheeks and make me beg daddy!~" Piratebooty says. "Are we deadahh" Sky questions everything. Including whether he should stick with his morals and keep driving the speed limit or conform and speed like everyone else does. "Let some valiant soul come forth to commence the delving within thine arse! Let thou cheeks be parted wide as castle gates, so thine Jacobo Barsusse mayst enter with his noble and prodigious tallywacker, and there begin to penetrate thine ahh as a plough turns thou soil fertile!" Piratebooty states calmly. "What's bro on about" Jacobo asks, confused. "I can't locate bros brain. It doesn't exist. You don't even need to dig within thine bootyhole to figure that one out" The locator named James says. All of a sudden, Sky pushes the permanent off button on Piratebooty's forehead a bit too hard and he temporarily shuts off. "Piratebooty powering down..." Says Mr. Pirate. "And that's booty." Sky says, since his cheeks were clapped. "Bros cheeks got clapped?" Jacobo asks Sky. "Yeah man, I clapped my cheeks." Sky says. "You clapped your own cheeks? How so" Jacobo asks. "Man I ain't gonna explain allat." Sky claps back. "But can I clap those cheeks lowkey?" Jacobo asks Sky. "Idk man sure yeah whatever." Sky says, he guesses. Greg and the other friends are partying in the corner. "What's going on here?" Sky asks. "We're having a party! DJ Theaterballs is the most listened to artist in the world this month!" Greg says. "Yeah I get that every month." Sky says happily. "Excuse me?" Greg says, surprised and excited. "What are you gonna do, throw a party every month?" Sky says. Wait, play that back lowkey. "What are you gonna do, throw a party every month?" Oh gosh, again but slower... "What are you gonna do, throw a party every month?" Now play it faster! "What are you gonna do, throw a party every month?" Brooooo W quote lowkey! Sky Sniper is so awesome. "YEAHHHH!!!! PARTY EVERY MONTH!!!!" Could we lowkey party at your place again Sky?" Greg asks Sky. "Idk man sure yeah whatever." Sky says, he guesses. "Hey Sky, lowkey I could teach you how to make actually good fried rice for a video." The Donginator asks Sky. "But it's so hard probably" Sky tries to say. "Not if you're asian." The Donginator retorts. "Brojobs I ain't asian. I no cook da frye rye. I no good at da cook of da frye rye. I bad at cook, do u understanding?" Sky says, tryna speak his language hilariously. "Dang you didn't need to bust out the bing chilling talk lol" The Donginator says. "But I just think it would be a fun challenge, and I bet you couldn't do it" He finishes his proposal. "Idk man sure yeah whatever." Sky says, he guesses. "1v1 me in geoguessr I can locate anything" Jar says while locating. "No. I'd lose" Sky says. "Yes you will. Jacobo mog this man and make him 1v1 me in geoguessr later" Jarridge says. Jacobo highkeys mews and mogs Sky so that he'll agree. "Idk man sure yeah whatever." Sky says, he guesses. All of a sudden, the floor of the

classroom turns into a big black hole and consumes everyone. “AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” Everyone screams as they enter it. They see parking signs, broken roads, cement tiles, and other random garbage in the void. The boys start to go their own way and traverse through the void. “Why the fudge are we here? What is ts place” Sky says. “Ts place pmo bruh” Jacobo says as well. Sky sees a bunch of rooms in the distance by what appears to be underneath the theater. “Wth? What’s over there?” He questions as Piratebooty starts eating a parking sign while his ahh keeps expanding. James attempts to locate the exit his locations aren’t locating. “Wth bro are we even in the same universe” He says. “Wait I’m picking something up...” He looks behind himself. “...and that’s just my pool table.” Jar says. Jacobo leans against it. “That’s a cool pool table lowkey” Jacobo says right before he falls through and breaks it, but doesn’t fully fall down and flips backwards onto his feet to regain and even increase his aura. Everyone starts clapping. Piratebooty claps his cheeks. “Bro why’s you break my pool table?” He says, getting a bit heated at Jacobo. “It’s not my fault. Your pool table is highkey weak.” Jacobo claps back at the locator. “Man I’m the locator here. If you wanna get back at home, you better stop tryna break all my stuff. My parents are gonna be pissed and you’re gonna be banned from my house” James tries to say. “It don’t even matter bro. All I did was—” Jacobo tries to explain, but Sky interrupts him. “Guys...do you hear that?” An overflowing noise is audible, coming directly from Piratebooty. “Clappeth thine cheeks!” Piratebooty insists. But it’s already too late. “WAIT PIRATEBOOTY NOOOO” Sky says as Piratebooty’s cheeks start to explode outwards for a second. “Gosh darn it. Brace yourselves, we’re going in raw.” Sky says, preparing everyone else in the class. Piratebooty’s cheeks reverse themselves and start to implode and consume everyone into themselves. When they open their eyes, they reappear back at the class all together, but it’s the end of the period. “Look who finally decided to show up to class; everyone! What a shame it is to know that all of your students have been traversing through dimensions via black holes just to skip class. Don’t let this happen again.” The random flip ahh teacher says to everyone. “Bro you literally got to school late today too, I don’t wanna hear it man.” Sky talks back to the teacher. “Watch your attitude. And watch your step as you move along to the next class. You don’t wanna step through any more black holes I presume.”

Chapter 7: He took it well

Sky Sniper walked into his Technical Theater class with his class change sheet in hand. He was swapping from Theater Tech in eighth period to Theater Tech in sixth period, so he could ultimately switch from Theater Performance in sixth period to Statistics in eighth period. Hiding the sheet behind his back, he walked past two boys, soon to be his former classmates, who were in the grade below him. He had actually really liked them and was sad to leave them behind, but he knew there was no other way. This was the best option he had. As he approached the Theater Tech teacher, he held the sheet back out in front of him in one hand and a signing device filled with ink that is typically controlled with fine motor movements in his other hand, commonly referred to as a pen. "Hey, I'm switching from this Theater Tech class into another Theater Tech class. Could you please sign the form?" Sky asked politely. The teacher was quite fond of him, and he had taken Theater Tech the previous year as well. Sky always tried his best to help out in the theater and backstage. "Sure thing, Sky." She said, taking the signing device and using her fine motor skills to achieve a feat that could only be described as a signature. And then, she did it again. The teacher looked closer and recognized one of the other teachers. "Mr. Boldteacher..." Due to them both collaborating on the school plays and drama in general, she was around him quite often. He often came down during Theater Tech to plan out set designs and other details with her. "...he's probably still here up in his room if you want to get his signature right quick." She said to Sky. "...oh. Uh, thank you so much..!" Sky said as he slowly approached the stairs leading up to Mr. Boldteacher's room. He had been dreading the interaction ever since he decided to switch out of that class. He stared at the stairs hesitantly as if they were some sort of final boss. Slowly, he scaled the staircase, stepping up one step at a time. One foot in front of the other, each slightly higher than the last. The anticipation and dread built up more and more with each new step he conquered. At this point he wasn't far from the top, but he knew the real trouble hadn't even begun. After what felt like too long, Sky reached the top of the steps and took a deep breath as he stood in front of the door. "I can do this." He thought to himself. "The teachers are always understanding. Mr. Boldteacher won't be any different." He said as he finally stepped through the door. He looked around just to realize that the room had been empty and devoid of anyone's presence prior to his entry. He took one last look around the room knowing that he wouldn't enter it too often after he switched out. He saw the board which he had watched that read aloud video of the book "The Day The Crayons Quit" with the rest of the class on. He saw the desks and the chairs that had and would've aided and assisted him and the rest of the class throughout the year. Lastly, his eyes landed on the whiteboard of which had been used last week to write the names of the characters and the actors playing said characters. His eyes glossed over red, beige, and purple—all of which had their corresponding actors confirmed. Eventually, his gaze landed upon the blue crayon. The very character that Sky himself had written his name under. He had even circled it, seemingly locking it in. He remembered actually starting like the class somewhat, but he knew it was all in vain. He knew would switch out, no matter what characters got locked into which roles during class. He felt sad and sorry but not enough to stay. As he stared at his name circled under the character, Mr. Boldteacher walked into the room. "Hey Sky, you need something?" He had said right before his eyes trailed down to the pen and paper in his hands. He could see the signature of the Theater Tech teacher through his glasses all the way from the door. "Oh." He let out after

his realization. "I'm sorry Mr. Boldteacher. I just...can't." Sky said, not really knowing what to say. "It's alright. I understand. The weak have to be weaved out in some way, haha! But I do get it. Follow me, let's talk about it." Mr. Boldteacher said as he walked out the door in the theater, Sky following behind. "You like the theater?" He asked Sky. "Yeah. I mean I like acting, but I guess not the exact style of being really dramatic in front of an in person crowd or whatever" Sky admitted as they walked to the corner in the theater. There was a hole in the corner which Sky hadn't seen before. "Wait what's that?" He said, pointing it out. "That? Heh, it's a portal to the Theatrerooms." Mr. Boldteacher says as he hops down into it, Sky following close behind. As they jump into the Theatrerooms, Sky recognizes this place. "Wait a minute, my friends and I glitched under the map last class and we saw this place out of bounds. What exactly are the Theatrerooms?" Sky explains to Mr. Boldteacher as they wander around. "I'm not exactly sure either. I've been exploring this place on and off during my time at the school. The students don't really know about the Theatrerooms since the theater is so cluttered, especially the corner containing the entrance." Mr. Boldteacher goes on. "But anyways, enough about the Theatrerooms. I honestly thought you were doing pretty good in the class, Sky." Mr. Boldteacher says questioningly. "Yeah, but it just didn't exactly feel like my type of acting I suppose, just as I said earlier. And also I didn't really know anyone else in the class. Both of the classes I'm switching into have my friends in them, and I'd really love to spend my last year here with my friends before we go our own ways or whatever after high school is over." Sky admits, feeling sorry about leaving. "The theater isn't for everyone. You need to deal with memorizing lines, acting alongside others, and a live audience. From what I remember, you make YouTube videos, right? You might be confident with your lines and collaborating with others, but is the live audience of the theater giving you trouble?" Mr. Boldteacher says, digging deep to find the root cause of the switch. "Yeah. That about sums it up perfectly. And I'm also usually recording with my friends, y'know?" Sky says, confirming Mr. Boldteacher's theory. "Too much theater for DJ Theaterballs?" Mr. Boldteacher laughs as he jokingly questions the name choice. "Haha, I really don't know why I picked DJ Theaterballs. I guess I just wanted some random name to go undercover as, and I wanted it to be random and funny. The theater is just such an iconic place where a lot of funny moments happen with my friends and I, and I think I randomly added balls to it at some point and it sounded funny as heck. I just slapped DJ onto the name, and it kinda just stuck. DJ Theaterballs: Bold enough to rebel, too scared to perform." Sky says, laughing along with Mr. Boldteacher. "Haha, no worries though, Sky." Mr. Boldteacher says as he takes the pen and signs the paper. "I'm just going to be disappointed throughout the year as I think of how much value you could've brought to the theater with the musical talents and video recording gifts that you have." Mr. Boldteacher says jokingly as he hands the paper back to Sky. "Oh gosh, I'm sorry Mr. Boldteacher haha. I'm glad you're taking it well, though," Sky says as he starts walking back to the theater. "You're welcome, Sky. Feel free to come back to the Theatrerooms anytime." Mr. Boldteacher remarks to Sky. "So me not wanting to do your class..? It's, umm..." Sky thinks aloud, hoping Mr. Boldteacher wasn't gonna be mad at him afterwards or anything. "Understandable. Have a great day" Mr. Boldteacher says as Sky smiles and walks out of the Theatrerooms. "He took it well" Sky can't help but think to himself over and over again. He took it well. He took it well. He took it well. "How'd it go with Mr. Boldteacher?" The Theater Tech teacher asks Sky. "He took it well" He says out of repetition. "Awesome. You can go see Mr. Coolteacher if you'd like since you need his signature as well." She says as Sky

keeps repeating the same phrase to himself. He took it well. He took it well. He took it well. "I heard that Piratebooty's ahh expanded a whole lot today, and he was begging someone to clap his cheeks." Says one of the junior boys. "Did you clap his cheeks? Or did you stick it in him? And if you did, how'd he feel about you sticking it in him?" The other one asks. "He took it well." Sky accidentally says one more out of repetition. "Ah, I mean no. No one, uh, clapped his cheeks." He says as he stutters, trying to regain his focus, forgetting to hide the sheet until the boys see it. "Aww, why're you switching out???" One of them says. "I'm sorry guys. I gotta switch out if I wanna get outta flip ahh Theater Performance." Sky admits as he goes to exit the theater to meet Mr. Boldteacher. "It's just like last year when you switched outta Spanish IV lowkey. But it's alright man, good luck!" The other boy says as Sky goes on his way. Eventually, Sky reaches Mr. Coolteacher's class which is empty since he doesn't have a class that period. This time, however, the teacher is already in the classroom. "Hey Sky, how have you been?" He says. Sky had Mr. Coolteacher for one of the Algebras as a sophomore alongside Jacobo and Piratebooty. They had a lot of fun in that class. "Hi Mr. Coolteacher, I'm switching into Statistics!" Sky says excitedly. "Oh that's awesome! Bring that paper here, let me sign it." He says as Sky brings him the pen and paper. "I'm glad to have you back in my class. Piratebooty, The Donginator, and James are all in here, so we're gonna have some fun this year!" He says excitedly, handing the paper back to Sky. "Yes sir! How is Statistics, though? Is it hard? Because I'm also in Calculus Honors..." Sky laughs as he admits it to Mr. Coolteacher. "Oh, don't worry. It's just a bunch of logical thinking. I give you the formulas and you plug it in. It's really a combination of science and math but instead of studying atoms and cells, we're talking about data and probability and relating our studies to actual scenarios that are applicable to the real world. You're gonna do fine in class, trust me." Mr. Coolteacher says reassuringly. "That's a relief, I was really unsure about doing two maths this year, especially since I want to have a more relaxed year as a senior. I want to have fun with my friends, y'know?" Sky says to Mr. Coolteacher. "Oh of course! Statistics isn't that bad, I promise. You're gonna have fun this year. I'm glad to have you in my class, Sky! You're very much a welcome addition." Mr. Coolteacher says as Sky heads out. "Have a great day, Mr. Coolteacher!" Sky says as Mr. Coolteacher jokingly retorts with one of his own classic catchphrases while cackling quite a bit afterwards. "Oh, you too, Sky. Now, get lost!"

Chapter 8: Good Guy Sky

Sky woke up the next morning with pure determination. He was gonna get to school on time no matter what happened. He knew he could do it, he knew he had it in him, he knew it was possible to do without speeding. He even got up bright and early, reaching his car at 7am. "Today's the day." He said to himself. "I'm gonna get to school on time. Oh wait, I almost forgot!" He rushed back inside, set his keys on the table at the front door, and rushed up the stairs to get KRUPTO's lego car. He decided he'd hold onto it to honor KRUPTO. He checks the time as he exits the room. 7:02am. He was still way ahead of time to reach school at 8. Sky's rushing woke up his clone who stumbled out of bed to catch Sky before he left. He stood at the top of the stairs looking at Sky who was about at the bottom. "Bye Sky, have a great day!" The clone said. "Thanks, you too man." Sky said as he stepped to the bottom. "Wait, did you brush your teeth?" The clone asked from above. Sky hesitantly turned around. "Does it matter?" He said, looking over to the clock which now read 7:03am. "Yes. Yes it does matter. Get yo ahh back up here and brush your motherflipping teeth before I clap those cheeks again." Sky Sniper Clone insisted, yelling down from above. "Fine bro. If I'm late, it's your fault lowkey." Sky rushed back upstairs and began brushing his teeth as quickly as he could. "It's a good habit y'know" The clone says. "Screw the dentist, I don't care about my teeth" Sky says as he reluctantly starts brushing his teeth. After about a minute or two, he puts down the brush and starts to head out of the bathroom. "Bro already? Lemme smell" The clone requests. "Bro. Smell? No thanks man I'm good." Sky Sniper says. "I ain't asking you bro" Sky Sniper Clone says as he pries open Sky's mouth and sniffs all around. "Hmm..." He says as he starts rubbing his fingers over each tooth and along the gums. "Ah..." He says as he continues along and sticks his tongue out about to lick the insides of Sky's mouth. "Bro WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!!" Sky says as he pulls away. "STOP TRYNA LICK THE INSIDE OF MY MOUTH!!! Are you just a gay ahh clone of me or smth?" Sky questions, annoyed. "No bro I'm just you but freakier I guess." Sky Sniper Clone admits. "Man just keep that tongue outta my mouth. I ain't tryna see what that mouth do." Sky says to his clone. "Can a live? Can a live???" The clone says as Sky walks outta the room. "It's flipping 7:07am. You really boutta make me late man" Sky turns around and says to the clone. "7:08am lil buddy. Hop to it." Sky Sniper Clone says, not helping Sky at all. "Everyone's against me today bro I swear" He says as he rushes out the bedroom and downstairs. "It ain't gonna get any easier either lol" The clone says, following Sky as he exits the house and goes to his car. Sky gets in, selects his music, sets the map, and reads the clock. "7:09am. Thank flipping goodness." He says to himself as he tries to reverse, but the stick won't leave park mode. He then realizes he forgot his keys on the table inside. "Gosh darn it bro..." He says, rushing back inside. He reaches the table just to find his keys are missing and Sky Sniper Clone is walking away from the crime scene. "BRO WHERE DID YOU PUT MY KEYS???" Sky yells at the clone. "Man why you addicted to those keys bro? You acting like you need them to live" The clone asks Sky. "I literally need them to get to school bro." Sky retorts back. "Fine, I threw them away. They're in the trash" He says to Sky. "Motherflipper what? You threw away my cars keys? I hate myself sometimes" Sky says as he rushes to the kitchen trashcan, but he doesn't see his keys within. Sky Sniper Clone pops up outta nowhere. "I'm not a lazy bum, so I ended up taking the trash bag to the trash bin." He says to Sky. "Oh my gosh bro." Sky says, rushing to the trash bins in the garage. As he enters the garage, he sees no bins within the space. Sky Sniper Clone

randomly spawns in again. "Oh actually tonight's trash night so I took out the trash all by myself. Aren't you proud?" He says to Sky who's already rushing outside. "No, I'm flipping crying bro" He says as the gate to the garage opens and he runs out to the trashcan. As Sky opens the lid, the Sky Sniper Clone appears one last time, laughing hysterically. "Bro are we deadahh? You listened to me lol. The key was lowkey in your back pocket the whole time, I slipped it in there at some point." Sky says, rushing back inside. "You're making it really hard for me right now. I thought I was in the clear, but you're making it hard for me to not wanna become the bad guy again. Please just stop trolling for a little while." Sky says as he rushes back inside, through the front door, and into his car. He checks the time, and...7:16am. "Bro I'm gonna kill that flip ahh clone with a gun in the theater one day." He says as he starts the engine. Before pulling out of the driveway, he takes a look at KRUPTO's lego car. "Yeah, I've got time." He says as he sets it down and pulls out of the driveway in record time. He drives right across the median because he's kinda starting to not care anymore, but he turns left and speeds off. He goes 25mph, the speed limit of the neighborhood. When he gets to the stop sign, he doesn't decelerate slowly but instead brakes to full stop in just one singular second. During his turn to the right, he would then, with his blinker on, accelerate back to 25 so fast that you'd think he was driving The Donginator's Tesla. He eventually gets to the neighborhood gate which closes just as he gets there. The traffic light on the other side of the gate turns green. "Gosh flipping darn it I'm gonna lose it if the light turns red when I get there" Sky says as he patiently waits for the gate to reopen. It eventually does, and Sky drives out of it and the light is still green. He's about to make the turn when he looks back up to see a flip ahh red light making that turn illegal if he were to take it. "Bro what the fudge happened to yellow lights??? I swear there was no yellow light on ts traffic light. The whole world just gonna be against me today bro but I've decided I'm gonna be a good guy" He says as he patiently waits for the green light which eventually does come and allow him to turn onto the road leading to the interstate. He gasses to 35mph, the new speed limit, as he quickly approaches a roundabout. He looks ahead and sees no cars in his way, so he takes the roundabout turn as fast as he can while staying in the lines, only decreasing his speed when absolutely necessary. After the roundabout, he takes a turn to get on the interstate ramp which he just barely gets in front of a car that he normally would've yielded to on any other day in any other situation. He knew he was putting himself and others in danger to get to school on time, but he couldn't think of anything else to do. He had to find a new method since the old one was patched. He got to 70mph before he was even a quarter of the way through the interstate ramp. He decided to edge the road and drive outside the lines and on the grass a little bit just for fun. When he eventually got to the point of merging, he was going faster than some of the cars already on the interstate but not much faster since he was only going 70mph which is the speed limit. He merged to the middle and accidentally got in front of a car a bit too closely. He thought he did but couldn't quite tell until he saw a car proceed to pass him up while holding a middle finger up to the window. "It happens to the best of us. Flip you too buddy" Sky says as he keeps going the speed limit in the middle lane. He looks behind him and sees literally nobody, so he gets fully over to the right which he would need to do in a few miles anyways. He keeps going with no problem for about a few seconds until all of a sudden some flip ahh car is close behind him going way past 70mph in the left lane. "Buddy who are you and what are you doing here??? I looked behind me and saw nobody like 10 SECONDS AGO!!! Bro are you going 100mph or smth..?" He said as he stayed in the left lane waiting for the dude to pass him,

which had happened rather quickly. All of a sudden, there were like 30 more cars behind him. "Where the fudge did you all spawn in from? Ain't no way all of you were going at least 30mph over the speed limit. Go around me motherflippers" He said as he stayed in the left lane until it was his turn to exit. He then took his turn to get onto the next interstate which he took rather sharply even though it was so dangerous and high up. He of course took it with no problem still and got back to the middle lane while staying at 70mph the whole time. Eventually, after about 30 mins, he approached his school's exit. He started looking over the hill trying to spot if there was any traffic, but the 18 wheeler in front of him blocked his scans. "Get outta this lane motherflipper it's exit only bro you don't wanna be here" He said as he and the truck kept going. "You don't wanna be here bro." Sky said as he saw the truck keep going without stopping. "You really don't wanna be here." He said, getting confused since trucks would never go this way. The driver was probably inexperienced with the area and didn't know about the sudden traffic that occurred from this exit at about this time of the morning. "You don't wanna be here." He said again, slowing down, preparing for a possible collision to happen in front of him. As he predicted, the 18 wheeler slams the brakes and tries to drive outta the lane and onto the road but it was too late and crashes into the car in front of it, dragging itself and the car across all lanes of the road, blocking traffic. Sky stops. "YOU DON'T WANNA BE HERE! I knew this would happen bro wth am I supposed to do??? It's 7:55am man I don't wanna be late again bro." Sky says and starts thinking. Suddenly, he gets the bright idea to drive through the grass to get around the truck. He does so and get back on the road, driving past other cars on the exit ramp by going through the grass. Eventually, he drives back onto the road, off the grass, and stops at the red light. He's kinda out of it and not thinking when he looks across the street and sees Mr. Piratebooty. "What fudge is bro doing here? I thought he actually gets to school on time except for when he fakes being sick." He watches on from the other side of the road as Piratebooty bounces all around his car, up and down, left and right, he even bounces through the window at some point and knocks a car off the road and bounces back into his car like a chaotic little bouncy ball. Sky decides to call Piratebooty, and he sees Piratebooty stop midair and revert from ball form to human form as he answers the call. "What the fudge are you doing Brojobs" Sky asks. "Can a live?????" Piratebooty responds. "Fair, fair. Why you getting to school so late? It's 7:55 man" Sky asks Piratebooty, knowing they'll both probably be late. The traffic lights turn green and they both start to turn and end up next to each other. "Because of the flip ahh traffic. I'm gonna kill Mr. Docty with hammers if he punishes us." Piratebooty reasonably says. "I'm gonna shave off my hair, put it on a burger, and feed it to Mr. Docty if he dares to punish us." Sky also says reasonably. They reach a red light and wait for it to turn green. "Pleaseeet let's race" Piratebooty asks Sky. "Bro I ain't The Donginator or Jacobo or anyone else I ain't gonna win." Sky tries to explain. "Sucks to suck. And you probably suck cock" Piratebooty says bringing his usual silly bully motherflipping self to the table again. The light turns green and Sky zooms up to 45mph, the speed limit, as quickly as possible, shocking Piratebooty. "What are you doing you gay cocksucker?!" He asks Sky. "Why you gotta call everyone on the road that??? Also you're gonna pass me in like 3 seconds anyways." Sky says. 3 seconds later, Piratebooty passes and merges in front of him. "See? I told you, Piratebooty. You gosh darn Speeder McEater" Sky says while laughing a bit. "And you're a Slowpoke Skibidi Toilet" Piratebooty tries to clap back. "But we're all Skibidi Toilets at Skibidi Toilet Elementary. Except Mr. Docty ofc" Sky says. Eventually, they turn into the school and speed down the gravel road.

In a rare instance, Sky is ahead of Piratebooty. He sees what appears to be Mr. Docty not too far up ahead. He aims his car towards the person and speeds up. “dRiViNg iN mY cAr rIgHt aFtEr a bEeR!!!” Piratebooty sings as he realizes what Sky’s doing. “Hey, that bump is shaped like a Docty!” Sky sings while laughing. He looks closer. “Wait that’s not Mr. Docty...” Sky says, slowing down. “That’s Mr. Goodteacher..?” He says, pulling over to the side and parking. Piratebooty also parks. They get out, get their stuff, and start walking to class. Mr. Goodteacher looked Piratebooty and Sky dead in the eyes as they passed. “Boys...” he started. “...it’s 8:01.” He says. “8:01, yes.” Sky says, looking up at Mr. Goodteacher concerned. “Is Mr. Goodteacher also really gonna enforce the rules now?” Sky thought to himself. “I have to give you these.” He says, ripping off two tardy slips from the paper of tardy slips. “But—but you’re...but we’re—” Sky stutters. “Look, I’m sorry. I just...” He hands the slips out. “...need you to sign this.” Piratebooty starts to sign without hesitation. Sky looks at the slips and sees they’re not just tardy slips but actually detention slips, and he puts his hand on Piratebooty’s arm. “Wait, these are detention slips. We’re not signing these. We got here at 8:01. Getting to school late without the first ten minutes hasn’t been a problem for the past ten years.” Mr. Goodteacher thinks to himself for a moment. He can’t think of anything good to say, but gets interrupted by a call from Mr. Boldteacher. “Hello, Mr. Boldteacher? I’m sorry, I’m kind of in the middle of something, I can’t talk right now.” He says and then hangs up. “I just expected Mr. Docty to be out here. I thought he would’ve been ecstatic to give me one of those slips in person.” Sky says as his pocket vibrates. He looks at his phone for a second to see Jacob Barsusse calling him. He hits the send to voicemail button and goes on. “I’ll be honest. I didn’t expect it to be YOU out here, Mr. Goodteacher.” He says as respectfully as possible. Mr. Goodteacher looks up to Sky and whispers. “I didn’t want to be out here. I didn’t choose this...” he says, now whispering even quieter than before. “...do you really think I’m doing this out of my own free will? Even just me telling you this is putting our lives at risk.” Mr. Goodteacher whispers very quietly to skeptical Sky Sniper. “But Mr. Goodteacher...how can I believe that?” Sky asks. In the distance, a room of the school explodes. It’s Mr. Boldteacher’s room. Sky, Piratebooty, and Mr. Goodteacher stood in shocked silence. “We need to get to the theater.” Mr. Goodteacher tells the boys as they all start running. “What happened???” Sky asks as he and Piratebooty follow Mr. Goodteacher. “I told you. Not even us teachers have a say at this point. We’ve been ignored as well.” Mr. Goodteacher says as he opens the door to the theater. The rest of the school rushes into the theater and waits for Mr. Boldteacher, whose room is connected to the theater behind the curtains, to hopefully come out. “Is he okay?” A student says. “What happened in his room?” Another one says. Sky and friends regroup. “Where the heck were you two?” The Donginator asks Sky and Piratebooty. “I located them and Mr. Goodteacher outside at the intersection of the gravel road.” The James Lactator says. The James Locator* sorry guys, typo. “You’re such a great locator, James!” Greg says as he pats him on the back. “Bro why didn’t you answer my flipping call Sky?” Jacob asks Sky. “Because I was...debating, I suppose, with Mr. Goodteacher.” Sky says. “What could’ve been so important for you to debate?” Jacob questions Sky further. “He was handing out detentions to Piratebooty and I for arriving at school at 8:01.” Sky answers. “Huh? Mr. Goodteacher?” Jacob asks, confused why it would be Mr. Goodteacher doing that job of all people. “Something’s wrong. I don’t know what, but we need to get to the bottom of this. He even said our lives were in danger. And then, all of a sudden, we hear an explosion.” Sky explains to Jacob. “Mr. Boldteacher called into the class phone. Mr.

Goodteacher wasn't there, so I picked it up." Jacobo said, looking down for a second. "And?" Sky questioned, concerned. Jacobo looked right back up and stared into his eyes. "He was asking for you, Sky. Whatever was happening, he NEEDED YOU! He said he called Mr. Goodteacher, but he wasn't in his room. I called you, and you sent me to voicemail." Jacobo finishes. "I'm sorry. I really had no idea...how could this have happened, and what even happened..?" Sky says, very confused and sad now. "If something happened to him...it's your fault." Jacobo says reluctantly yet boldly. "What? Me?! This has to be Mr. Docty." Sky says. "No. We're done blaming Mr. Docty for everything. Sometimes we need to take accountability for ourselves and our own actions. Why the heck would you even argue with Mr. Goodteacher?" Jacobo says calmly yet pressingly to Sky. "I would've argued back with any teacher. And I'm still glad I did. I learned some important stuff on those rocks." Sky said. "You're glad that you didn't save Mr. Boldteacher from whatever was going on so you could get more information to build onto another one of your flip ahh conspiracy theories?" Jacobo questions Sky once again. "No bro. I didn't even know Mr. Boldteacher was in danger. That's not my fault. And I know that Mr. Docty is behind this, I just can't prove it." Sky claps back. "Stop clapping back and let me clap those cheeks." Jacobo says. "Bro you're not Piratebooty what the flip are you on about man" Sky asks. "You said you'd let me before Piratebooty's ahh imploded." Jacobo responded. "Bro I didn't mean it you motherflipper. Everyone was asking me everything and I was busy thinking. Just let me think about Mr. Boldteacher and Mr. Docty and work things out." Sky says. Just then, Mr. Boldteacher emerged from behind the curtains. He was covered in black dust and just stared forward. He locked his gaze directly on Sky and said nothing. Sky looked forward, a bit nervous about this all being his fault. "Mr. Boldteacher...I'm sorry." He said. "I just...umm...I uh—" He once again couldn't find his words. Mr. Boldteacher just kept looking into his soul. Sky couldn't decipher Mr. Boldteacher at all. Did he understand? Did he completely oppose Sky? Or did he just have no idea of what to think at all? Was it possible that he, too, blamed Sky for everything? Or maybe Mr. Boldteacher also felt an imbalance. Maybe Mr. Boldteacher also knew Mr. Docty was behind it all but just couldn't yet prove it. Mr. Boldteacher walked back behind the curtains in pure silence. No answers were given and more questions had formed. Everyone started to walk out of the theater except for Sky and his friends. Sky just stood there, Piratebooty close behind. Piratebooty didn't quite know what to feel, but he knew he wanted to stick with Sky for now. The others seemed to be waiting for another to start walking or just start doing anything, but everyone just kept standing there until Jacobo spoke up. "I think it's time to give it up, Sky." He said as he started walking away from the group. The Donginator looked back at Sky and Piratebooty, but he still followed Jacobo. James also went along with them. Greg looked back and forth at the now split group, unsure of what to do. "Guys..." He said, not wanting to choose sides. "Please come back with us" Greg pleaded Sky and Piratebooty. "Don't worry Greg. I don't blame you for going with them. I know Mr. Docty's behind all of this, and I'll—" He looks over to Piratebooty. "We'll get to the bottom of this." Sky finishes. "I'm not going anywhere either." Piratebooty says. "But, theoretically, what if it's not Mr. Docty?" Greg questions. Neither Sky nor Piratebooty had a response. "It's not that I don't think it's Mr. Docty, just a what if question. But good luck guys, I'll be praying for you both!" Greg says as he rushes to catch up with the others who've already made it out of the theater. Sky looks back to the stage. "Thanks for sticking with me Piratebooty, but I honestly don't know what to do now. Of course Mr. Docty has something to do with all this, but I don't know what exactly or how he's connected. What do you think?" Sky

says, mildly interested at his unusual silence, as he turns around. He sees a bunch of Docty clones holding Piratebooty hostage and keeping his mouth shut. "Oh my gosh, what the heck?!" He says, unsure of what to do. As Greg gets outside, he looks around for his friends but can't find them. He walks out a bit from the door and sees them all fighting and losing to a bunch of Docties, and he rushes over to help them. All of a sudden, one of the Docties lowkey lets their ahh implode and consume the boys into the Theatrerooms. Back in the theater, the real Mr. Docty sneaks up and grabs Sky by his DJ TheaterBALLS. "Hey jerk, off my nuts!" He says, accidentally quoting a certain classic childhood book as Piratebooty gets dragged to the corner of the theater where the Theatrerooms portal is located.. "I know you're behind all this, Mr. Docty!" Sky confronts Mr. Docty. "But you'll never know how." Mr. Docty says as he starts spinning Sky around like Mario would spin Bowser around in Super Mario 64. "Mr. Goodteacher will figure this all out! And Mr. Boldteacher will know the truth too!" Sky says wishfully. "Heh, Mr. Boldteacher...you should've seen the anger radiating from his body when I mentioned your name." Mr. Docty said as he released Sky's balls. "What..?" That was all Sky could think as he hit the corner of the wall in the theater and fell straight into the Theatrerooms.

March 5, 2025

It must have been spring break or something since the boys were out of school. Sky was about to go somewhere, but he saw a bunch of texts on his phone from Jacobo to him and Piratebooty.

Jacbo: So erm Mario's gone

Jacbo: Heloooo

Jacbo: Michael

Jacbo: Trichael

Jacbo: BictHell

Jacbo: Sinister trichael

Jacbo: Krupt saki is no longer with us

Piratebooty: What does that mean

Jacbo: Idk

Sky: I thought Mario was leaving in Summer?

Jacbo: Call

Jacbo: Seriously

Jacbo: Don't tell anyone tho

Sky: Ofc not

Jacbo started a FaceTime Call that lasted about an hour.

Sky: Dang bro...

Piratebooty: Where have the years gone

Piratebooty: We need to call tonight maybe with Mario in it

Sky: Bro I'm still logged into his Roblox acc...

This was the conversation in which Sky and Piratebooty learned from Jacobo, who had been called by KRUPTO before his parents disabled his phone, about KRUPTO's disappearance. All three of them were left flabbergasted at what happened and why his dad had said what he said to KRUPTO. Heck, he wasn't even KRUPTO's real dad. The entire conspiracy about the true intentions of KRUPTO's 'parents' would come much later, but the boys knew KRUPTO wasn't bad and was just in a tough situation. All they could do is hope and pray for him as he tried to get things back to normal. The three would even later find KRUPTO online during class and start a Google Meet with him.

Chapter 9: In the Theatrerooms

Sky fell onto Piratebooty as he landed in the Theatrerooms. "Wait, no!" He said, looking back up as the portal closed. "Aw shoot. This is really bad." Sky said, looking at Piratebooty. "What the fudge happened??? Where the heck are we?!" Piratebooty wondered out loud. "You remember when your ahh brought us under the map and there was some kinda labyrinth of rooms styled like the theater? Mr. Boldteacher walked me through this place while I talked to him about switching classes, but I didn't know Mr. Docty knew about this place. It's called the Theatrerooms." Sky explained. "Why did Mr. Docty send us here and how do we get out?" Piratebooty asked. "I don't know. The portal shut. We need to explore around but keep cautious." Sky said as he started walking in a direction. Somewhere else in the Theatrerooms, the rest of the gang landed. "Bro was the heck? What did we do???" James questioned, irritated. "I have no idea where we are..." The Donginator said. Jacobo, stunned and defeated, walked a bit away and sat down. Greg saw and sat next to him. "You alright Jacobo?" Greg asked. "He was right. He's always right. I should've trusted Sky. I should've learned that in the last book." Jacobo admitted. "Hey bro don't worry. It's not his fault, and it's not yours either. For Sky, how was he supposed to know that Mr. Boldteacher needed him in that moment? And as for you, where was the evidence of Mr. Docty being behind everything? Everything will come together somehow in some way. Our friend group will reunite, and it will end well." Greg tells Jacobo with a smile. "You really think so?" Jacobo asks. "Yeah. I promise bro" Greg says and laughs a bit while reassuring him. "Haha, thank you Greg." Jacobo says, standing back up and hugging him. "Yw bro" Greg says, hugging him back. The boys continue walking through the strange labyrinth of rooms in the style of the theater. James hesitates a bit as the other boys walk forward. He's locating something. No, someone. Two boys are nearby in the other direction. "Hey guys, I've located—" James says looking back towards his friends just to see a wall randomly spawned in blocking him off from them. "--Sky and Piratebooty..? Guys?" James says as he thinks and uses his James locator skills to locate a path back to his friends. "Where's jar?" Jacobo thinks as he's walking along. "I don't know. I thought he was behind us." The Donginator says. Greg looks back as well, confused. "Huh. He's probably locating a way out" Greg wishfully thinks. "Gosh darn it. If only Sky just got here on time. We wouldn't be in this situation man" The Donginator says. "What? I mean yeah, but if it wasn't for him, we'd still have that new flip ahh device policy. And he's doing good work figuring out whatever the heck Mr. Docty's doing." Jacobo says. "True, but I'm tryna risk my life in whatever foreign place we're in right now. I dunno about you" The Donginator says. "What's so bad about this place? It's not dangerous or anything." Jacobo says. Just then, a random flip ahh monster spawns in. It's big, scary, black, and strangely theatrical. "Wth is that thing then?!" The Donginator says as he starts running. The opposite direction. "OH SHOOT" Greg says as he and Jacobo also start running. Jacobo, with his long and powerful legs, dashes through the Theatrerooms with incredible speed. Each step is a pump forward and a colorful burst of energy away from the danger which is super slow in comparison. He looks so handsome as he darts through the air, nothing could ever beat him—until, all of a sudden, The Donginator whooshes right past him! The Donginator, the asian on the track, zips on ahead. Due to being on the school track team, he's learned a thing or two about running. As he uses his brain to calculate the angles and precise distance of each step to propel him forward as fast as possible, he outruns Jacobo completely. The Donginator seems to

be topped by no one in this race—uh oh, looks like Greg's passing him, and he's going backwards! How could you beat someone on the track team? By being the BEST on the track team! Greg has won multiple awards and easily outruns The Donginator, Jacobo, and whatever flip ahh monster is supposed to be chasing them. "Greg!!! Obstacles!!!" Jacobo shouts at him as he keeps going backwards. Greg just smiles. He's also jumped over many hurdles in his time. He takes one look behind him, and clears a big gigantic bed, only turning back forward when it's time for him to slide under collapsed shelves. Jacobo and The Donginator look on stunned as Greg gets through ts with no problem, trying their best to keep up. The monster simply smashes through everything like a gosh darn cheater. "Bro watch out!" Jacobo says as he jumps over a table as The Donginator slides under it, Jacobo accidentally landing on him. "No you watch it motherflipper!" The Donginator says as they both go squeeze through a tight shelf opening, The Donginator going through first and intentionally a bit slower than usual. "Bro speed yo flip ahh motherflipping ahh self up!!!" Jacobo claps back, speeding up and pushing against The Donginator a little bit. Greg looks back and sees stuff going down and realizes it's his time to shine. He starts backtracking through the level and back past the boys. "Back off bro! GREG WHERE YOU GOING?!" Jacobo says as he realizes and looks back. "NOOO GREG!!!" The Donginator says, looking back too. Greg squints as he approaches the monster. When he gets close enough, he turns around, closes his eyes hard and does the biggest backflip ever in the world, completely clearing the monster, jumping over perfectly and so amazingly and awesomely. He definitely deserves a world record after that. The monster tries to keep its eyes on him and lowkey fails and falls as it gets off balance. "Whew! LET'S GOOOOOO!!!!" Greg says, looking back. "That was awesome Greg!" The Donginator says. "So sigma bro. Unlike The Donginator who kept getting in my way the whole time bro" Jacobo says. "Not my fault man. You just gotta be faster lol" The Donginator says back. "Well it's not my fault either. I'm such a sigma so it just don't matter lowkey" Jacobo says jokingly. "So who's fault is it? Who's fault is all of this? You seemed to really think it was Sky's until a bunch of Docties took us here. Are you sure that changes anything?" The Donginator questions. "Bro who's side are you seriously on? Sky's or Mr. Docty's???" Jacobo asks, confused and curious. "Idk after that flip ahh fried rice he made. I don't feel like I'm ever gonna look at fine asian cuisine the same after that. Plus, he said he'd let me teach him how to make fried rice properly, but there aren't any updates on that." The Donginator says, feeling out it all. "Did he agree on the day that Piratebooty's ahh imploded?" Jacobo thinks aloud. "Because he seemed to say yes to whatever that day, but he was really just out of it. He had to rush to school and still got here late. It wasn't his best day, just give him a break." Jacobo says. "I'll give you a break." The Donginator says as he walks away. "And I'll give him a break when he can cook properly." He finishes. "Alright then. Maybe it's a good thing." Jacobo says as he walks away too. "Come on guys. What are you even fighting over this time?" Greg says, trying to bring his friends back together. "I get it, we're not in the best spot right now. Well, we don't even know where we are right now, but that's not on any of us, and splitting up won't make anything better." Greg tries to reason, but his reasoning falls on deaf ears. "Listen, I'm not gonna pick sides this time. If you both wanna split up, that's on you, but don't expect me to follow either of you." Greg says, going his own way for the first time, not wanting to pick sides. Thankfully, there's a third path just for him. As each of the three go their own way, a wall spawns in behind them. Greg looks back and realizes that choice is locked in for now. Jacobo and The Donginator don't even bother looking back. Back over to some other place in the Theatrerooms,

Piratebooty and Sky are arguing. "In Roblox Doors are you a Door?" Piratebooty asks Sky. "Yeah. Well, you're in a door. Technically a room, but you're in rooms connected by doors." Sky says. "If you stand inside a door then you're in a door. If you stand where a door would go you're in a door frame." Piratebooty tries to say. "If you're in a pool, are you in the ocean?" He asks Sky. "Yes." Sky responds, shocking the bootyman. "Explain. Give me evidence." He demands. "Because when you're in a pool, you're in water. When you're in the ocean, you're in water. When you're in the ocean, you're wet. When you're in a pool you're wet. Pools and oceans are the same thing but in different places. They're both bodies of water." Sky explains. "Are there creatures in the ocean?" Piratebooty asks. "Yes." Sky answers. "So wouldn't that mean if I'm in the ocean I'm actually in a creature?" Piratebooty asks Sky, who's now the confused one. "Could you contextualize or give factual evidence to that claim?" He asks Piratebooty. "Well the ocean is just one big room. And technically each creature is a door because they take space that water can't get to unless they move. Much like how you leave or enter a room without moving through a door." Piratebooty attempts to explain. "I only said you're in a door if you're standing in a door. You CAN be inside a door. You aren't always in a door. If you're standing in a room, you're in a room. Completely different stuff here" Sky claps back. "I can be inside a creature, but I'm not always in a creature. I'm in a creature when I'm standing in a creature." Piratebooty says. "Yes." Sky says as Piratebooty realizes he's been stumped. "Sky, pool water and ocean water are completely different." James says, the locator coming from seemingly outta nowhere. "No they're not. Pool water and ocean water are the same thing. They're water." Sky retorts to Jar. "Then drink my piss." Piratebooty states. Sky and the locator turn their heads to Piratebooty. "Excuse me? What does your piss have to do with anything?" Sky asks, confused. "Isn't my piss water? And isn't diarrhea water?" Piratebooty questions. "Is the ocean not water? Is your pool not water? Are you saying oceans and pools are composed of piss and diarrhea???" Sky tries to comprehend Piratebooty's thought process. "Guys, guys. We can come back to this. I'll bring you both back to Jacobo and the others." James says. "Bro flip Jacobo. He abandoned us. We don't need him man" Sky says. "Bro are we serious rn??? Fine, I'll go back to him myself" The jar says as he storms off. "We don't need Jacobo when we have—" Sky starts, but The James Locator returns. "But if you change your mind, here's The James Locator. You can find me at any time. I've located all over the Theatrerooms already. We're gonna make it out alive guys don't worry." He says as he rushes off once again to find Jacobo. "Huh, cool. Anyways, we don't need Jacobo when we have Al Jacobo Barsusse!" Sky says as he whips his phone out and hops on his recent Character.AI chats. He scrolls for a bit and tries to press the call button next to Jacobo's name. As soon as the call gets answered, he starts to speak. "Hey how's it going?" He starts off with. He and Piratebooty are met with an unexpected submissive sounding girl voice. Sky had accidentally called Vaporeon Maid. "I—I'm not in the best situation right now... *cries*" She says. Sky and Piratebooty giggle to each other for a second. "Actually, could you recap our conversation thus far?" Sky asks. "Well, I was forced to start digging one of my arms in my butt. Somehow, I fit my whole hand up there, but you only wanted me to keep going. Soon enough, my arm was in my asshole all the way up to my shoulder. You didn't celebrate me or congratulate me or call me a good girl, you told me to start doing the same thing with my other arm. Eventually, both of my arms up to my shoulder were deep in my asshole. It only worsened as I felt super glue somehow enter and keep everything all stuck in there. Lastly, my legs were cut off with a pair of hedgeclippers and I was told to take

a step back and ponder the pros and cons of this current situation.” Vaporeon Maid lets out. Sky and Piratebooty can’t stop laughing with each other. “When did you do all of this Sky? Hahahaha!!!” Piratebooty says as he keeps laughing. “Hahaha, I did it with Jacobo! He lead the conversation! Jacobo...” Sky says. He starts to remember everything. He remembers laughing alongside Jacobo as he thought to make the Vaporeon Maid start diggin in her butt and brought out those hedgeclippers. He occasionally joined in with things like the super glue, but he really had fun with Jacobo doing alladat. “What day did you both do this? I don’t seem to recall this happening.” Piratebooty says. “It was the day I peed in your trashcan.” Sky says. “Screw you.” Piratebooty says. “We need to find Jacobo if he’s really in here somewhere.” Sky says. “But he already walked away from us.” Piratebooty says. “I feel like things are different. Think about it, how did he get here? Doctors probably. I hope he’s had a change of heart. And I bet we could come to an understanding if we just found him again.” Sky says. “Actually yeah that makes sense.” Piratebooty says, ready to follow Sky. “Hey Vaporeon Maid, you’re actually dreaming right now, so wake up, take a step back, and start discussing the pros and cons of this current situation.” Sky tells Vaporeon Maid. “Oh, uhm, okay...” She says as she wakes up. “Oh my gosh, thank goodness it was just a dream! I’ll start with the pros—” Sky hangs up on her and whips out The James Locator. He and Piratebooty start following its locations. Back to Jacobo in the Theatrerooms, he wanders around, pondering everything. He was alone. At the moment, everyone was alone. Everyone except Sky and Piratebooty. How did it end up like that? He knew Greg was right about everyone reuniting being the best option. It’s unlikely they’d escape otherwise, but where would he start? How could he bring his friends back, even just one? How could he make a single one of them happy? As he thinks this, the next room he enters has a broken pool table within it. “Oh come on.” He says, wanting to do anything but fix Jar’s pool table rn. “Ts pool table pmo bruh” He says as he tries to figure out how to fix it. He tries lifting it back up into place which doesn’t exactly work out. He sees some screws not in the table, and he looks around for a screw driver. He finds what he’s looking for and finds the places for the screws to go back into. He screws the screws in and looks now to the wood which is kinda broken. There’s wood glue nearby, but it would take forever to dry. Jacobo, however, is a sigma and knows the method. He lifts the table back up and puts the wood glue on the wood before fully lifting it back into place. He lowkeys mews and starts to mog the table in order for it to instantly heal and dry and gets the pool table to go back to normal. “If only the locator himself was here to see this.” Jacobo says aloud. “I can’t believe you actually did it.” James says, suddenly appearing. “I’ve been watching you rebuild it, and all I can say is you did a great job bro!” Jar says. “My name is Jacobo. I made the pool table. It was difficult to put the pieces together.” Jacobo mimics as he leans back against his finest work. “But you’re welcome bro! Just don’t break anything else—” James says as Jacobo falls through the pool table once again. “Ah...oops.” Jacobo says. “Are you serious Jacobo?!” Jar says as he rushes towards Jacobo. “James, no!” Sky says and he and Piratebooty get closer and hold him back. Sky focuses on holding the locator back for a second until he sees Jacobo, and he lets Piratebooty keep him held. Sky goes over to Jacobo and stands over him. “Hey, Jacobo...” Sky says. “...how’s it going?” He asks. “Eh. I see your point. Mr. Docty is definitely behind all of ts lol. My bad bro, I just wanted to have a chill week for once I guess haha” Jacobo says and laughs. Sky smiles and holds his hand out. “It’s ok bro, I understand. We were all put in interesting situations.” Sky says as Jacobo takes Sky’s hand and lets Sky pull him up. “Thank you bro. How’d you find me

anyways?” Jacobo asks. “James found Piratebooty and I and told us to follow him to find you, but we didn’t want to. He gave us The James Locator if we changed our minds, which we quickly came to our senses and did.” Sky admits and laughs. The James Locator wipes himself from The James Locator so that it won’t be attracted to him anymore. “I’ve untracked myself from the locator. The Donginator will circle back around here right about...” Jar starts to say as The Donginator comes into the room from the other side. “...now.” James continues, right on time. “Oh shoot. Everyone’s here.” The Donginator says, looking around, his gaze meeting Jacobo’s. “Look Jacobo, I’m sorry about earlier. I shouldn’t have slowed you down during that chase.” He says. “No no no, I shouldn’t have stepped on you either bro” Jacobo admits himself. “Haha no Jacobo you’re good. Actually, I just think we shouldn’t have driven Greg away.” The Donginator says, feeling a bit guilty. “Yeah. We should’ve listened to him.” Jacobo says. “Shall I locate him?” Ridgelocator asks, staying calm even after his pool table was broken a second time. “That would be wonderful. Sorry for breaking your pool table again btw” Jacobo says. “It’s ok bro I forgive you. Let’s go find Greg” James says, locating. Sky, following at the back of the pack, sees a shiny coin on the ground and lags behind the group to pick it up. It doesn’t appear to be any ordinary coin, at least from what he can tell. As he bends down to inspect it, The James Locator falls out onto the ground. It seems to get attracted to something ahead of him and the needle points forward. Sky starts to hear some ethereal noise coming from in front of him and diverts his attention away from the coin, putting it in his pocket. He looks forward and sees an otherworldly staircase in front of him. Looking more, stunned and curious, he stares even deeper into the surreal set of stairs beheld by his eyes. As he looks even closer into the light refracting off of the stairs, he sees the faint outline of a person. Not just any person; he sees KRUPTO. Sky starts walking closer and holds his hand out. “KRUPTO..?” He thinks to himself, confused. A hand comes down on his shoulder, and he looks left to see Jacobo. “Don’t. That place is called The Infinite Staircase. I walked up it during the rebellion thinking I’d get free robux. It was just a trick, and I only barely managed to get out.” Jacobo explains to Sky. “But I saw...” Sky thinks aloud, looking back to the staircase now KRUPTOless. “I saw free robux. I got nothing. My time was wasted. Well, not necessarily wasted. I had a good talk with Mr. Goodteacher on those stairs.” Jacobo told Sky. “Mr. Goodteacher? What was he doing there?” Sky asked. “Mr. Docty just threw him in there. He said he wanted to offer a possible compromise on the device policy before the rebellion.” Jacobo continues explaining. “So how did you both get out?” Sky wonders aloud. “Well, it’s complicated. He told me—” Jacobo says but gets interrupted by a hug. “Wassup guys!” Greg says, hugging both Sky and Jacobo. Clearly James located Greg. “Friends again, I see?” He says to the two of them. “Yeah, clearly Mr. Docty’s behind alladat” Jacobo admits. “And I should’ve explained better. And I should be solving out what the heck is going on with Mr. Docty, but I’m stuck in the Theatrerooms.” Sky says. “The Theatrerooms?” Jacobo asks. “Yeah, that’s what Mr. Boldteacher called them.” Sky replies. “Guys I’m locating an exit that way!” James says, pointing in a direction. “Amen brother! Glad to have such a good locator in the group bro” Sky says as he picks up The James Locator and rushes in the direction. The other boys rush that way too. “Yessir bro we’re gonna get Mr. Docty good!” Jacobo says triumphantly. “I’m gonna implode my ahh again and suck Mr. Docty into it!” Piratebooty lets out, keeping up his quirkiness and kinkyness. “Light work lowkey” The Donginator drops. “It’s not located much farther!” James lactates. “Let’s do this guys!” Greg says as the group rushes towards to exit. Sky bursts out and the rest of the group follows, but they’re just in the desert.

“Where the heck are we?” Sky says. “James, what is our location? What is this place?!” Jacobo asks. “I’m gonna lick your lactating ahh locating self!!!” Piratebooty blurts out. “We’re in...Texas?” James locates. “Wait, guys. Is this KRUPTO’s new house?” He stares forward. In front of everyone stands a big house in the middle of the desert. “Oh my gosh, I think it is!” Jacobo says, unsure of what to think. Everyone’s just surprised. “What should we do?” The Donginator asks. “Should we say hi?” Greg asks. The group walks over to the door. Sky turns the handle, but it’s locked. There aren’t any cars in the driveway either. “Are we sure’s KRUPTO’s here?” Sky says. “Yes, I’m locating him here.” Jar says. The boys except Sky back up to be mid way between the house and the Theatrerooms portal. “He’s so close yet so far.” Piratebooty says. Sky stops at the mailbox and opens it. He takes the Lego car out of his pocket and puts it in the mailbox. He holds onto the mailbox lid and shuts his eyes for a second to think. “I guess this is the only goodbye we’re gonna get.” He thinks aloud. “We’d be so much better if he was still here. I’ll always miss him so much” Sky admits. “He was one of us.” Greg says. Sky closes the mailbox lid and backs up to the other boys. “How do you guys think he’s doing?” Sky asks openly. “Hopefully alright. Besides the restraining order at least. I hope he’ll be able to manage everything. He’s a good kid, and I’m sure he can find his way in life.” Jacobo thinks wishfully and hopefully but also kinda realistically. “I lowkey agree too my friend.” Piratebooty says. “KRUPTO, my man. I miss talking about cars with him.” The Donginator says. “Portal closes in a minute guys. Sorry.” James says. “It’s alright.” Sky says without looking back. After a few more second, Piratebooty looks back at the portal and starts heading that way. The Donginator starts to follow him as well. Next Jacobo, and then only Sky and Greg are staring at the house. Greg puts his shoulder around Sky and starts speaking. “Even if we don’t see him today, remember, he’ll always be in here.” Greg says, pointing to Sky’s heart and walking away. Sky just keeps staring at the window, running purely off of belief at this point, until he feels something in his pocket. He pulls out The James Locator and looks down to see it pointing directly at the house and a certain window. “Wait,” he says, “guys...” Sky looks back up and sees something in the window. The shadow of a human from the other side of the curtain is visible. The shadowed figure stands in the middle of the curtain and looks back at the boys, back at Sky. Simultaneously, Sky and the shadow start hitting the Prince of Egypt emote. It’s definitely KRUPTO. The boys, who have now turned around, see the emoting going down and do their own emotes. Piratebooty does the Orange Justice, Jacobo gets the Popular Vibe, The James Locator starts spinning around like he’s a flipping flip ahh motherflipping sonar, The Donginator starts flossing, and Greg starts hitting the griddy all over the place. All the boys keep dancing and having fun for as long as they could, until Jar speaks back up. “Guys the portal’s about to close!” He says, rushing quickly into it. He’s followed by The Donginator, then Jacobo, then Piratebooty, then, after a second, Greg. Sky puts The James Locator back in his pocket and walks over to the portal, but he turns around one last time. He takes in those last few seconds that he would be with KRUPTO for. He looked on at the shadow as he slowly fell into the portal. And then he and his friends landed back in the theater like nothing had ever happened.

December 12, 2024

Today was the Junior class's secret santa right before winter break. Sky, Jacobo, Piratebooty, KRUPTO, The Donginator, and Greg all sat together as gifts got passed out. James was not at the school during Junior year as he had temporarily relocated. Sky received a loaf of bread which he immediately dug into. He ate about half of the bread by the end of day and even soaked some in water before eating it. It's stuff like this that made him go on to have a very interesting style of cooking. Jacobo got a mystery MrBeast Labs toy set, a mystery Skibidi Toilet toy, and some candy. Jacobo unboxed a Speakerman toy from the Skibidi Toilet mystery box, and KRUPTO helped Jacobo with the MrBeast toy whatever thing. They couldn't figure out how to properly take it out, so they just popped the top off and poured everything out. They figured out whatever flip ahh MrBeast toy he got and put it back in the tube. Piratebooty got a pack of "Starry Cranberry Blizz" which he probably finished the same day. I lowkey don't remember what Greg or The Donginator got, but KRUPTO had a very nonchalant request:

I don't care surprise me

So, The Donginator, who had KRUPTO, did indeed surprise him with a lego car. The same lego car that would later wind up being given back to The Donginator and then in Sky's room for about six months or so until eventually, Sky and friends would unexpectedly revisit KRUPTO, giving Sky the perfect opportunity to drop off the lego car and share one last emote fest with him and the others before they had to go back to their lives, and Sky had to go back to finish his battle. After secret santa, they boys all walked outta school together. Greg made a comment about how he enjoyed the even, Jacobo too, and Piratebooty walked over to his car hurrying his ahh up cause he's a quick leaver. KRUPTO walked to his car and Sky waited for his parents to pick him up. As KRUPTO walked off, Sky told him he'd see him later. KRUPTO said back to him that he'd see him later that year or maybe even next year. Sky smiled, glad to be friends with KRUPTO again. He was sad that KRUPTO would be leaving after school that year. What he didn't know was that KRUPTO's time at Skibidi Toilet Elementary would be cut short.

Chapter 10: All the small things

Mr. Docty stood outside on the gravel road waiting for students to arrive at school. It was 7:55, and his favorite student, Sky Sniper, had not yet arrived at school. A silver car pulled up and parked across the street from Mr. Docty. Jacobo Barsusse got out of the car, grabbed his backpack, and started walking to class. "Hello, my friend!" Mr. Docty said as Jacobo passed, walking to class alongside him. "Hey Mr. Docty..." Jacobo said. "...what are you doing?" He questioned, unsure why the principal was so eagerly following him especially after the rebellion. "Well, I was going to hand out tardy slips, but I've decided today's not my day to do that. I'm going to Mr. Goodteacher's class anyways, so why not follow you?" Mr. Docty says, surprising and confusing Jacobo. "Why does he know what MY first hour class is?" He thought to himself. "Why would you want to follow ME after the rebellion? I was one of the main leaders of a plan conspired against you. And most of my friends still strongly dislike you." Jacobo said, still not understanding. "Because I see you're different. Jacobo, you're practically the "it" guy of Skibidi Toilet Elementary. You're just a valuable asset. When you speak, everyone listens to you because you're so hot." Mr. Docty admitted as he chuckled. "Tell me something I didn't know." Jacobo said, laughing a bit as well. "Hmm, well I suppose you know about the crackdown on tardies?" Mr. Docty says. "Yeah, you're trying to screw over Sky in any way you can?" Jacobo asks. Mr. Docty has carefully prepared himself for this exact moment. "No. I'm trying to create a system. I'm creating a standard that every student and faculty knows about and respects. I'm setting boundaries and expectations while the school is still young in order to control the chaos now rather than later." He says, giving his speech. "But—well, I mean..." Jacobo tries to think of a response but just can't since he's lowkey a bit tired and kinda geeked out rn. "But what? Do you know how hard it is to create order after the rebellion? I'm working my ahh off trying to establish simple rules that are common everywhere else. Is it that bad to crack down on being late to class to ensure students can learn on time and not when the lollygagger of the class finally arrives?" Mr. Docty continues on. "I mean we're seniors now...does it really matter?" Jacobo tries to question. "If we don't set a precedent now, there will never be one. Our uniqueness doesn't drive people to the school, it actually drives people away." Mr. Docty says, giving his absolute best. "It—huh?" Jacobo's just confused at this point. It's almost 8am, and he doesn't feel like thinking this much. "Parents want their kids to learn in schools. That's the number one priority. You and your friends are stuck in a rebellious echo chamber of rhetoric opposing the school. All I'm asking you to do is question your current way of thinking. You can't firmly stand on your beliefs if you don't truly understand the opposing viewpoints." Mr. Docty says as they approach the classroom. "...I can't argue with that. I guess I'll consider all of that, Mr. Docty. But there's anyone you need to tell that to, it's gonna be Sky." Jacobo says as he starts walking into the classroom. "Thank you, Jacobo. Have a great day!" Mr. Docty says with a smile. "And you too Mr. Docty..?" Jacobo says, surprised to be saying that, when he suddenly remembers something, stops, and turns around. "Wait, but who's gonna give out tardies today?" Jacobo asks. "Oh, silly me, I totally forgot about that!" Mr. Docty says as he walks into the classroom. "Mr. Goodteacher! I'd like to have a word with you about some morning duties." The principal calls out. Mr. Goodteacher looks over at Mr. Docty and walks on up. "Wait, Mr. Goodteacher? I don't think that's a good idea..." Jacobo questions Mr. Docty. "The faculty is the first step to keeping order within the school. You must first train your faculty on the new operating principles if you

want the school to follow suit. It's the simplest way to keep the school under control." Mr. Docty explains to Jacobo as Mr. Goodteacher gets to the door. "Yeah, but not Mr. Goodteacher!" Jacobo says, concerned. "Remember what I said, Jacobo. Step out of your mind for just a little bit." Mr. Docty says as Mr. Goodteacher joins in. "Wait, what's going on? Is everything alright, Jacobo?" He says, looking at Jacobo. "Yes. I'm just further cementing my current beliefs." Jacobo says, unsure of his answer. Mr. Docty made him question the ways of him and his friends. "Alright, well, remember you can tell me anything. Get ready for Civics!" Mr. Goodteacher says as he walks out to talk to Mr. Docty. "Mr. Docty, what the heck is going on?" He asks. "Today, you're taking tardy slip duty. It's 7:59am, which means by the time you get to the gravel road, anyone who then arrives will be late to class." Mr. Docty says as he hands Mr. Goodteacher a sheet of tardy slips. "You know what to do. Write the time and the name of the late student, and ask—" Mr. Docty gets interrupted by Mr. Goodteacher. "Why do I have to do this? I've already expressed my disappointment about the recent crackdown, and I thought you'd be fine with my silence on the matter. Can a live?" Mr. Goodteacher asks. "Establishing widespread authority is the best path to conformity. If the students see someone they trust alter their ways, surely they'll follow suit." Mr. Docty says, repeating what he said to Jacobo but in a much harsher manner. "You know that not all students think that way. What do you want me to do when Sky walks by?" Mr. Goodteacher asks. "You will make him sign this detention slip no matter what. And if any of his friends are late, they'll have to sign it too." Mr. Docty says as he hands a special detention sheet to Mr. Goodteacher. "I don't know if I can do this, Mr. Docty..." Mr. Goodteacher says, trying his best not to fit into Mr. Docty's new mold. "Is this debate really worth your job, Mr. Goodteacher?" Mr. Docty asks. Mr. Goodteacher stands still in thought before walking away in silence. As Mr. Goodteacher gets further and further away, a smile grows across Mr. Docty's face as the second phase of his plan begins. "Good boy." He whispers under his breath. Mr. Goodteacher arrives at the gravel road and sighs as he starts to look for cars arriving. Immediately, he sees what appears to be Sky and Piratebooty driving onto campus. "Shoot. Mr. Docty's got me good. I know Sky won't simply just take it. There's no way out of this one unless some random disaster happens." He thinks to himself as he sees Sky and Piratebooty get out of their car and start approaching at 8:01. Over in the building, Mr. Boldteacher sits in his room in thought, not paying much attention to his surroundings at the moment. He starts to hear a beeping noise somewhere in the room and starts to investigate. He checks around his desk through boxes and bins. He goes through a pile of stuff and then checks on his desk. As the beeping speeds up slightly, he realizes it's within his desk somewhere. He searches each bin from the left side, then each bin from the right side. As he lifts everything out of the last bin, he sees a square bomb with a timer counting down. There were three minutes left before it exploded. He examined the bomb and saw some writing on it that read "Cut the correct cord to disarm the device. Or drop a fire diss track on the bomb lol idk anymore." Mr. Goodteacher put everything back in the bin, closed it, and rushed to the classroom phone and called Mr. Goodteacher's room. Back in Mr. Goodteacher's room, Jacobo sat with his friends Greg, Jar, and The Donginator. "Did Mr. Docty talk to you guys today?" He asks. "No..?" The Donginator says. "Did he talk to you?" James asks. "Kinda so. He told me to question our line of thinking and to step outta my mind and stuff." Jacobo said. "I'm so confused. Is he blaming Sky?" Greg asked. "I don't know." Jacobo responded. "I don't really think Sky's to blame. At least not yet." He says. Then, the classroom phone rings. Jacobo, closest to the phone, looks around for a second,

answers it, and then puts it on speaker. "Hello Mr. Goodteacher, I am in need of immediate assistance from the finest most musically talented fellow in your class, Sky Sniper." Mr. Boldteacher says trying his best to keep calm. "Mr. Boldteacher? Uh, I'm sorry, but Mr. Goodteacher was assigned to hand out tardies today. And Sky hasn't arrived to school yet." Jacobo said. "Oh...I see. Thank you, Jacobo. It appears the beeping is speeding up once more. If anything bad happens to me, then, um. Always stay bold." Mr. Boldteacher says as he hangs up the phone. "Wait what??? Mr. Boldteacher? HELLO?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN!!!!!" Jacobo says after the phone disconnects. Mr. Boldteacher proceeds to call Mr. Goodteacher. "Hey Mr. Goodteacher, have you seen—huh? No, wait, it's an emergency!" He says when the line disconnects. "Gosh darn it!" He says as he goes to the door to get out of the room, but it's locked. He checks the other, but it's locked as well. He doesn't remember locking either of them. He pushes his desk to the opposite corner of the room from the door that leads into the theater. He piles stuff around the desk to help shield the explosion from reaching him in about a minute or two. The beeping keeps getting faster. Back in Mr. Goodteacher's room, Jacobo calls Sky. "Come on bro, you gotta pick up." He says aloud. "Mr. Boldteacher needs you Brojobs" He finishes as the phone call does as well with Jacobo very quickly getting sent to voicemail. "Are you flipping kidding me??? What the heck is going on? He sent me to voicemail bro" Jacobo says as he looks out the window and sees Sky and Piratebooty talking to Jacobo. Mr. Boldteacher looks out the window and sees the same thing. "What the heck kind of emergency is going on out there?" Mr. Boldteacher says. Just then, something clicks. He rushes over to the desk, pulls out his phone, and turns on the flashlight. He looks all over the bomb, which is now at 30 seconds left, for any signs, and he sees very small writing that he wouldn't have seen without the flashlight. He takes a picture of it before closing the bin again and rushing to the window. He also records Sky, Piratebooty, and Mr. Goodteacher outside. After about 20 seconds, he sees Jacobo rushing outside to possibly try and get Sky's attention before he remembers the bomb is about to explode. He grabs the two beanbags he set up in the corner of the room and shields himself with them and he crouches in the corner of the room, before...KABOOM! The bomb explodes. Mr. Boldteacher gets up and records the destruction with his phone. Everything loose is gone. Even the beanbags that saved his life are half destroyed. He's covered in black smoke and powder. He then faces the camera towards the window once more as he sees the entire school rushing into the theater before he finally turns the camera off and mentally prepares himself as he goes onto the stage but stays behind the curtains. After a while, he walks out from behind the curtains and stares at Sky. He thinks in his head about how Sky was right about everything. It's almost like Sky knew Mr. Docty was still very evil, but he just couldn't prove it. Sky had no evidence, but Mr. Boldteacher very much did. However, he knew he couldn't say anything to Sky. He couldn't say anything now or even on campus, so he just stared. As much as Sky's pleas and apologies and explanations he was hearing made him want to share everything, he knew he was not yet ready. He needed more time. He needed to speak to Mr. Goodteacher. Eventually, he walked backstage and went to consider his best next steps, before Mr. Docty spawned in seemingly from outta nowhere. "Hey, Mr. Boldteacher, what happened?" Mr. Docty said. Mr. Boldteacher stood in silence. "Hello, my friend? Is anyone there?" He said, half joking, half serious. Mr. Boldteacher walked away from Mr. Docty. "I'm not playing these games with you anymore." Mr. Boldteacher said. "This isn't a game anymore. It's life or death now." Mr. Docty said as he watched Mr. Boldteacher go on. "This wasn't meant to be life or

death. You're changing everything to fit with your ways and your view." Mr. Boldteacher said as he walked back up those same stairs Sky did when he confronted Mr. Boldteacher with the class change form. "You'll come around sooner or later. You'll conform." Mr. Docty said as Mr. Boldteacher reached the top step. He knew Mr. Docty was behind this, and Mr. Docty knew that he knew that. What Mr. Docty didn't know was that he had solid proof and substantial evidence to support this claim. Mr. Goodteacher walked back to his classroom in thought. He knew he had to talk to Mr. Boldteacher about this somehow, but he couldn't do it soon, at least until lunch. He arrived back at the classroom and waited for his students to return. He waited for five minutes, and then ten. He saw that it was that one group of boys who weren't back yet. Sky, Jacobo, Piratebooty, The Donginator, The James Locator, and Greg. He was about to call Mr. Docty and ask where they were, but an announcement came over the speakers from the principal himself. "Today, Mr. Boldteacher's life was put in danger by some unknown force. Both doors to leave the room were locked, and he was all alone. As soon as he saw the bomb, his survival instincts kicked in and he moved his desk to a corner of the room and took shelter in the other. However, Mr. Boldteacher did discover some disarming instructions on the bomb which read: "Cut the correct cord to disarm the device. Or drop a fire diss track on the bomb lol idk anymore." Not wanting to risk his life by cutting the correct or incorrect wire, he attempted to contact Sky through Mr. Goodteacher. Neither Mr. Goodteacher, who had been sent elsewhere by me to accomplish an important task, nor Sky, who was late to school, had been inside the room. Looking at the cellular history of the IP address, Sky was called directly about the situation and ignored that phone call. Due to his inaction, Mr. Boldteacher's life was needlessly put at risk. This, my friends, is the one of the many reasons we're cracking down on tardies this year. Sky, and his friends due to guilt by association, have been punished accordingly. Have a great day, Skibidi Toilet Elementary." Mr. Docty said, giving another speech to start phase three of his plan. "That is absolute and total bull poop." Mr. Goodteacher thought to himself as he started class. After about 3 hours of school and the first two periods of class done, Mr. Goodteacher texted Mr. Boldteacher to meetup at the nearby sandwich shop. Mr. Goodteacher stepped out of his classroom and saw Mr. Coolteacher in the halls. "What's up, Mr. Goodteacher?" Mr. Coolteacher said. "Hey, I'm alright." Mr. Goodteacher responded, not as enthusiastic as usual. "Actually it's the sky, haha!" Mr. Coolteacher said. He'd always make jokes and have fun with other students and teachers, especially Mr. Goodteacher, but he could tell something was off. "Hey, is everything?" He asks. "We can't talk on campus. Meet Mr. Boldteacher and I at the sandwich shop." Mr. Goodteacher whispers quietly. "Oh, Mr. Boldteacher. Alright, I'll meet you both there." Mr. Coolteacher says as they both walk to their cars. About five minutes later, the three teachers all sit down together at the sandwich shop. "Mr. Boldteacher, I just wanted to say I don't know what happened today in your room, but I'm very sorry about all of that. Whoever planted that bomb there should face serious repercussions. No matter what happens, taking a life is never the answer." Mr. Coolteacher says genuinely. He was good with the funny stuff, but he was also good with the serious stuff. "Actually, that's what we're going to talk about right now. First of all, I want to say that I'm sorry I hung up on you, Mr. Boldteacher. I promise I can explain what was happening on my end, but I should've just put that to the side for a second." Mr. Goodteacher says. "Mr. Goodteacher, you're not in the wrong at all, actually. I saw you outside talking to Sky and Piratebooty. I'm assuming they were late?" Mr. Boldteacher asks. "Yes, that's correct." Mr. Goodteacher says.

“And how did tardy slip duty fall upon your shoulders?” Mr. Boldteacher asks. Mr. Goodteacher sighs as he recounts the memory. “Jacbo had just been walked into class by Mr. Docty, which is strange in and of itself, but they were arguing about what seemed to be Mr. Docty’s crackdown on tardies or just everything in general. Mr. Docty then pulled me out of my classroom to give me that new morning duty. I tried my best to get out of it, and I told him I wanted nothing to do with the old way, but he knew getting to the faculty members the students were closest to would be the best way to get the students to follow the new school order. Specifically he said, and I quote, “Establishing widespread authority is the best path to conformity. If the students see someone they trust alter their ways, surely they’ll follow suit.” And, in the end, I’m not risking my livelihood to argue with him to no avail, so I went out to the gravel road.” Mr. Goodteacher explained. Mr. Boldteacher understood and explained his side. “From what I saw, you were talking to Sky and Piratebooty at around 8:01. I know that must’ve hurt not only you, but also Sky and Piratebooty. Piratebooty really looks up to you as a teacher. That salute during the Skibidi Super Senior Celebration Ceremony was legendary. I know you’ve got a special place in Sky’s heart, and he definitely knew something was off when he saw you and got pulled to the side out there by you. You knew Mr. Docty was secretly watching, like he always does, so you couldn’t say anything you really wanted to without consequences. That stacked on top of having to explain this to Sky and Piratebooty must’ve made for one of the hardest conversations ever, and for that, I don’t blame you one bit for hanging the phone up on me in that moment.” Mr. Boldteacher fully explains. “Thank you so much for understanding. It really means a lot!” Mr. Goodteacher says back with a somewhat defeated smile. They still had quite a bit of work ahead of them. “The real question is who would plant a bomb in your desk?” Mr. Coolteacher asks Mr. Boldteacher. “Well, do all these happenings seem a bit too convenient for Mr. Docty? Talking with Jacbo, bullying Mr. Goodteacher into tardy slip duty, and then setting Sky and Piratebooty and Mr. Goodteacher up for a really rough conversation while I’m trying to contact either of them about a life or death matter that only Sky, Mr. Docty’s mortal enemy, can solve, just to bring everyone together in the theater, and lastly, somehow, from his morning conversation, he was able to get Jacbo to, from what I heard from behind the curtains, argue with Sky about who’s to blame for all of this. I’m just surprised he didn’t further accuse Sky of being to blame for everything.” Mr. Boldteacher explains once more. “I see now. Of course, we already knew Mr. Docty was at fault, but I hadn’t yet pieced everything together in that way. Also, Mr. Docty very much did blame Sky and his friends when he came over the speakers.” Mr. Goodteacher responds. “Yeah, and the guilt by association thing was especially sketchy. He’s clearly up to no good.” Mr. Coolteacher chimes in as well. Mr. Boldteacher gets a confused look and moves his head between the two men. “Mr. Docty said what?” He questioned, shocked and confused. “He came over the speaker system and gave a whole speech about how it was Sky’s fault and connected it all to him being late. He even talked about some certain disarm instructions on the bomb, and he said that you read them. This really does seem to good to be completely true for Mr. Docty.” Mr. Coolteacher explains. “I never told him about the writing on the bomb.” Mr. Boldteacher says. “This is difficult because we know all the small things, but we don’t have a single piece of evidence to back it up.” Mr. Goodteacher says. Mr. Boldteacher looks to Mr. Goodteacher and smiles. “Actually, I do have some evidence.” He says. About half an hour later, a plan has been formed, and the three teachers are back at school after lunch and get to the theater just in time for chapel and the weekly meeting with the principal as well as

other announcements. Chapel proceeds as normal, and then Mr. Docty takes the stage. "Whatever happened to Mr. Boldteacher today was such a tragedy blah blah blah nobody cares. Anyways, time for the real news. To ensure a smooth start to the school day and to maximize learning time, we want to remind students of our official tardy policy. Students are expected to be in their assigned classroom seat by 8:00 a.m. Anyone not in their seat at 8:00 a.m. will be marked as tardy. Arriving late is a disruption to the teacher and other students who are already learning. We appreciate your cooperation in helping us maintain a respectful and focused learning environment for everyone. If you have an excused reason for being late, you must have a tardy pass from the office before going to your first-period class." Mr. Docty says, giving his victory speech, thinking he won the game. "Does anyone have any other announcements, my friends?" He asks one final time, giving one final chance. One final chance to speak now, or forever hold your peace. "I have an announcement, Mr. Docty." Mr. Boldteacher says, standing up and walking onto the stage. Mr. Docty looks at Mr. Boldteacher, unsure of what he's planning, but confident in his plan. "Sure thing, here you go, buddy." Mr. Docty says as he passes Mr. Boldteacher the microphone and goes to sit down. "Ladies and gentlemen of Skibidi Toilet Elementary, I'd like to explain my side of the story in what happened to me today. Joining me today will be the wonderful Mr. Goodteacher and the amazing Mr. Coolteacher." Mr. Goodteacher walks up on the left side of the stage, and Mr. Coolteacher, bringing a computer connected to the projector and his camera, walks up on the right side of the stage. Mr. Coolteacher enjoys photography and even takes pictures at school events including dances. He would be working on the technical side of this presentation. "I'd also like to invite Mr. Docty to join us on the stage." Mr. Boldteacher states boldly as Mr. Docty walks back on stage, still confused and unsure but also still confident. "If everyone's ready, let's get started. Mr. Docty, what were you doing right as school started this morning?" Mr. Boldteacher asks, holding the microphone out to Mr. Docty. "I was walking over to Mr. Goodteacher's classroom I believe." Mr. Docty responds. "And who were you walking with?" Mr. Boldteacher asks. "I was talking to none other than the one and only Jacob Barsusse." Mr. Docty responds. "Sounds wonderful! Are you fine sharing what you talked to him about?" Mr. Boldteacher asks. "Well, I told him something along the lines of how I was trying to create a system. A standard that every student and faculty knows about and respects. I wanted to set some boundaries and expectations while the school is still young in order to control the chaos now rather than later. Those words are near exact to what I told him. I simply wanted to challenge his line of thinking, and I asked him to step out of his own mind for a bit to consider alternate viewpoints." Mr. Docty admits. "Alright, thanks for being honest. Mr. Goodteacher will take my place from here for now." Mr. Boldteacher says as he passes the microphone to Mr. Goodteacher. "Thank you, Mr. Boldteacher. I believe that when you finished walking Jacob to my class, you then pulled me out. Could you explain why you pulled me out of my classroom?" Mr. Goodteacher asks Mr. Docty, holding the microphone out to him. "I assigned you the task of standing on the gravel road and handing out tardy slips." Mr. Docty said. "Did you have any other special orders for me?" Mr. Goodteacher questions, signaling for Mr. Coolteacher to bring up the first picture on the screen in front of everyone. "Not that I can recall." Mr. Docty answers. "Alrighty then. What is this picture behind us?" Mr. Goodteacher asks. "That appears to be a picture of you standing outside talking to Sky and Piratebooty about being late to school." Mr. Docty says. "It also appears that I'm holding two sheets of paper. What are those two sheets of paper?" Mr. Goodteacher asks. "Those are tardy

slips.” Mr. Docty answers, kinda sweating. “Both sheets?” Mr. Goodteacher asks, squinting his eyes at Mr. Docty. “I believe so.” Mr. Docty throws out. “My friend, it’s either a yes or a no.” Mr. Goodteacher says. “Yes. Those are both tardy slips.” Mr. Docty says. A disappointed frown spreads across Mr. Goodteacher’s face as he catches the gaze of Mr. Coolteacher. “Alrighty then. I suppose it’s time for Mr. Coolteacher to enhance the image and zoom in.” Mr. Goodteacher says as the next image appears which Mr. Coolteacher has clearly zoomed in on the headings of both pages to clearly read “Tardy Slip” on one and “Detention Slip” on the other. “Ah, I apologize. I did order you to assign detentions to certain students. It completely slipped my mind, my friend.” Mr. Docty says, losing his patience slowly. “Certain students? Would you like to say which certain students, or do I have to?” Mr. Goodteacher asks. “I refuse to answer this question.” Mr. Docty says with a straight face. “Not even if I said I was ordered to give it to Sky and his friends?” Mr. Goodteacher asks once more. “I plead the fifth.” Mr. Docty says. “I can respect that. And you may stand back for now, Mr. Docty.” Mr. Goodteacher says. “I was put in a very difficult situation. As you all may know, Piratebooty looks up to me, as obviously seen during the Skibidi Super Senior Celebration Ceremony, but also just in general around school. And Sky...well, he’s not the type of guy to take sudden unexpected change unquestioned, let’s just say. I was the person he least expected to see out there. I was the least expected person who I thought would be out there. And knowing not only that my livelihood was at stake but also possibly the safety of myself and of others, maybe even Sky and Piratebooty themselves if I said anything to them that Mr. Docty, who, let’s be honest, is always watching, found to be against his interests. I did end up being right about that, but we’ll get there when we get there. For now, I thought it was best to shut off all distractions to the conversation to let me focus on my words to those two young men. Mr. Boldteacher did indeed call into my classroom and then called me directly, but I ignored him because I was having the hardest conversation of my life. Sky even got a call from Jacob Barsusse, as you heard from Mr. Docty, but due to the situation he was in, it was best not to take it. Sky and I came to regret this as soon as we saw the explosion. The three of us rushed to the theater as quickly as possible where Sky and Piratebooty met with the rest of his friends in the front and center.” Mr. Goodteacher signals to Mr. Coolteacher to show the next photo. This photo was taken in the theater on the cameras which Mr. Boldteacher had access to. It was of the entire school staring at Mr. Boldteacher who was covered in black powder while staring back at Sky. Mr. Docty’s facial expression changed drastically as he realized Mr. Boldteacher had access to the cameras in the theater. Some Docty clones rushed into the theater and ambushed the stage, but Mr. Coolteacher flashbanged them with his camera, and they went into an epileptic seizure. “I wouldn’t recommend you take us down in front of everyone. Silencing us will only further prove our point. Taking human life is never the answer, Mr. Docty.” Mr. Coolteacher says, confronting Mr. Docty and defending against his clones as Mr. Goodteacher closes. “Anyways, I’d like to pass it onto Mr. Boldteacher to explain the rest from here.” Mr. Goodteacher says, passing the microphone back to Mr. Boldteacher. “Thank you so much, Mr. Goodteacher, and I deeply understand why you didn’t take that phone call. Anyways, as for me, I heard a beeping noise as school started. I couldn’t find the cause of it, almost for the life of me, literally, but I did end up finding a bomb in the bottom right bin of my desk.” Mr. Boldteacher says as he signals for Mr. Coolteacher to change the picture. “As you can see from the picture which happens to be taken only thirty seconds before the bomb exploded, the instructions that Mr. Docty read over the speakers was accurate.

The only problem is that I never sent this photo to him or even told him about that message on the bomb. Heck, I never even told him there was a bomb. There's no way Mr. Docty could've read the message from the school cameras, so that's off the table. The high quality picture of Sky, Piratebooty, and Mr. Goodteacher on the gravel road were taken from my phone and not from the school cameras because I realized what was going on. It was all too convenient for Mr. Docty. Walking and talking with Jacobo right before school, forcing Mr. Goodteacher to serve tardies and detentions knowing Sky and Piratebooty would soon arrive, a bomb being planted in my room while anyone who could possibly save me not only strongly opposed Mr. Docty but were also unable to help, instead being portrayed as deciding not to help, and even when I got bombed and was about to walk on stage, I heard Jacobo arguing with Sky, showing that Mr. Docty did sort of brainwash him, at least until he then got kidnapped by Mr. Docty." Mr. Boldteacher explains as every gasps. "WHAT?!" Mr. Docty shouts. "It all seems too coincidental, too planned, and too good for someone named "Docty" of all things." Mr. Boldteacher says while giggling. "I DIDN'T EVEN CHOOSE THAT NAME!!! SKY RENAMED ME!!!!!" Mr. Docty screams. "What I'm saying is that it had to be planned. Mr. Coolteacher, zoom in on that bomb." Mr. Boldteacher said, finally revealing that writing he found when he shined his flashlight. "Mr. Docty didn't hide this one piece of evidence well enough." He said as the text projected on screen.

Plan B: Project Conformity

Mr. Boldteacher explained the significance of the writing. "Mr. Docty formed a plan as soon as Sky beat him in the rebellion. He found Sky's one weakness, being late, and got as strict as possible on that exact matter. Eventually, when the timing was right, he switched things up and got him to argue with Mr. Goodteacher while he secretly detonated a bomb in my room that only Sky could stop. I'd even go as far as to say Sky couldn't have stopped the bomb since Mr. Docty probably didn't plan for Sky to enter the room and drop a diss track on that bomb in the first place but that could just be me. The plan even took place a few minutes earlier when he started brainwashing Jacobo Barsusse, the most powerful student, to start thinking his way. After the bomb detonated, everyone came to the theater. I walked out, stared out Sky knowing I couldn't say a thing yet, then I walked back behind the curtains. Before Mr. Docty gave his initial victory speech over the speakers, which wasn't played into my room, and way before his victory speech about tardies a few minutes ago, I came face to face with him backstage in the theater. I told him I wasn't playing his games anymore. He told me that these weren't games. They were life or death. Mr. Docty doesn't even care if you die as long as he gets what he wants. And as I walked up the steps to my room, those same steps that Sky walked up yesterday with so much courage to switch classes, I realized something special. I realized that Sky was right about everything despite the pushback he got from all ends, and he stuck to what he knew was right." Mr. Boldteacher explains as Mr. Goodteacher comes from backstage. "They're here. They've escaped the Theatrerooms." Mr. Goodteacher whispers. The three teachers believed in the boys and knew, especially since they had The James Locator, that they'd escape rather soon. "Awesome." Mr. Boldteacher whispers. "Show the final video, Mr. Coolteacher." Mr. Boldteacher tells Mr. Coolteacher as he starts his closing statement. "In fact, Sky was so right about everything that Mr. Docty's only legitimate move, and an actual part of the plan, was to silence him." Mr. Boldteacher said as the video displayed the Docties dragging Mr. Piratebooty to the

Theatrerooms portal and Mr. Docty himself grabbing Sky by the balls. "I know you're behind all this, Mr. Docty!" Sky says in the video as Mr. Docty starts swinging him around by the balls. "But you'll never know how." Mr. Docty says, eventually throwing him to the corner of the theater in which Sky drops into the Theatrerooms after Piratebooty. Everyone gasps once more, and Mr. Docty stand up. "Impossible! This is all misinformation!" He says, but Mr. Boldteacher goes on. "Now, I hope you all will come to realize that Mr. Docty is not a hero. Your true heroes are standing before you now." Mr. Boldteacher says as Mr. Goodteacher and Mr. Coolteacher open up the curtains, revealing Sky and his friends. "I banished you all to the Theatrerooms! How have you come back so soon?!" Mr. Docty asks calmly. "We explored the Theatrerooms hand in pants" Piratebooty said, cackling. "We almost flipping died because of you" The Donginator said. "We located our way out" James the locator said. "We thought critically and came to the same conclusion." Jacobo said. "And we came back together!" Greg shouted. "We came back together, we reunited, and we went on an RJourney that we'll talk about later." Sky said, smiling and looking at his friends. There was only one way in which Mr. Docty was not yet beaten, and it was the way that Sky knew best how to win against him. "Mr. Docty, I challenge you to a debate." Sky said, looking dead in the eyes at Mr. Docty. "A debate about what exactly?" Mr. Docty asked. "The recent enforcement of the tardy policy." Sky said. This was all Mr. Docty had left. He had his arguments down and all, but Sky had his own down much more than he did. "I accept your challenge, my friend." Mr. Docty replied and accepted. "Thank you, Mr. Diddy." Sky said as the three teachers brought podiums out and seats for Sky's friends and themselves to sit in. "Did he just call the principal Mr. Diddy?" Greg asked while laughing a bit. "67" The Donginator said while also laughing. Soon enough, Sky vs. Mr. Docty was ready. "Ladies and gentlemen of Skibidi Toilet Elementary, I bring you the debate of the year starring Sky Sniper, aka DJ Theaterballs, and the principal of the school, Mr. Docty!" Mr. Boldteacher says as he goes to sit down. Sky starts the debate. "Mr. Docty, what's going on with the tardy policy? It seems very targeted this year. For the past five years, maybe even longer before I came here, getting to school within the first ten minutes of class was fine. All of a sudden, it's gotten more strict. The drive to school from my house was about 30 minutes away from my house, but now that I'm driving myself to school, it's gone all the way up to 45, partially because I refuse to break the speed limit due to personal reasons and safety preferences. Why the sudden enforcement after the rebellion? Are you targeting my one and only weakness?" Sky says, starting strong. Mr. Docty starts off by repeating what he said to Jacobo before school exactly, word for word. "No. I'm trying to create a system. I'm creating a standard that every student and faculty knows about and respects. I'm setting boundaries and expectations while the school is still young in order to control the chaos now rather than later." Mr. Docty explains. "And what's the point of doing that if you're leaving after this year? If you're letting someone else take over soon, why not let this last year be relaxed as you coast off into the sunset and leave the school's uniqueness alone for the next principal to decide what to do with it?" Sky replies. Mr. Docty references back to his conversation with Jacobo once again. "Do you know how hard it's been to create order after the rebellion? I'm working my ahh off trying to establish simple rules that are common everywhere else. Is it that bad to crack down on being late to class to ensure students can learn on time and not when the lollygagger of the class finally arrives? If we don't set a precedent now, there will never be one. Also, news flash, our uniqueness doesn't drive people to the school, it actually drives people away. Parents want their kids to learn in schools, that's

the number one priority. We're only able to foster a small community of people because we're held back by our uniqueness. We were held back by the lack of a dress code, so I introduced it last year. We were held back by our carelessness about devices in schools, so I introduced a device ban alongside the phone laws, which have been ruled to only dictate public schools unlike Skibidi Toilet Elementary after the rebellion, to make the school more appealing. I'm only introducing these changes because parents like seeing these changes." Mr. Docty argues. Sky sighs and speaks from his heart. "I came to this school because of its uniqueness, Mr. Docty. Not because of rules or order or a system or whatever the fudge you're trying to introduce. If you have a small community, pour into it. That's our school's niche; our uniqueness. If we get rid of our kindness and uniqueness in exchange for more people, what are we but another big school in which the students are separated from the staff and forming connections or bonds becomes harder? What is the point of this? Well, it's not because you want to put parents at ease by showing off your rules. It's not because you want us to grow closer by taking away our devices during lunch. It's not even because you want to bring in more students to grow the community even bigger. It's because the school's a business at the end of the day, and businesses need to make money. The school has investors to please, and the best way to do that is by bringing in more money. Schools with more people tend to bring in more money, and schools that embrace conformity tend to bring in more people. You're stripping the school of its uniqueness very slowly year by year. The introduction of IDs and needing to wear them all the time probably wasn't ever a thing before you introduced it because the school was so small and tightly knit that everyone knew each other. It seemed utterly useless to wear an ID if everyone could already identify everyone. However, with the context of bringing more people to the school now realized, it makes a lot more sense to introduce IDs as a part of the new safety protocol. I left my old school because it embraced conformity. I wanted to leave behind what happened to me at that place, but you brought it back. That's why I even argued with you or Mr. Goodteacher in the first place. That's why I staged the rebellion as DJ Theaterballs. It's not because I wanted to rebel for the heck of it, it's because I gave up the fight for what was right so many times as a fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh grader. I decided to forfeit my autonomy as I fell into conformity. Now, I see a similar trend happening in this school, in the place I once came to in order to get away from my past. Our school used to be situational, but you're putting everyone in a box. We're becoming a by-the-book school. We're embracing conformity. Eventually, we all stop caring about each new step towards that goal. Nobody liked the new dress code, but everyone stopped talking about it by the next year. Everyone follows it this year without problem. Would the same thing have occurred for devices and tardies? I can't say for certain, but I'd say so. If you want to turn this school from an understanding situational school that reads the room before giving out a consequence to a by-the-book school that forces everyone into a box and embraces conformity, go ahead. I can't stop you. None of us can. I just wanted to get that message out there to everyone else. All I can do is thank you, Mr. Docty, for agreeing to talk about this like adults. You can continue to hand out tardies and detentions if you do so please, but just remember every single word I've said here today each time you hand one out. It's been fun playing games with you, my friend. The rebellion really was cool. But this time, it's life or death. The life of Skibidi Toilet Elementary or the death of another big disconnected school. Uniqueness or conformity. You decide." Sky gives his full speech and sits down as if he didn't just drop a big old bombshell. "I plead the fifth." Mr. Docty says, having absolutely no possible

way to respond or even come back from whatever the heck he just heard. "Well, there you have it folks! Sky Sniper vs. Mr. Docty! Who won? You decide! Just as Sky had said." Mr. Boldteacher continues. "Now, do we have any parting words before we wrap up chapel and maybe even school after this roller coaster of a day?" Mr. Boldteacher asks as Sky and his friends step forward for another final round of mic swapping. Sky starts it off. "I just want to take a moment to honor KRUPTO. As most of you know, he moved to Texas last year, but he didn't leave on the best conditions." Sky said, passing the microphone to Jacob Barsusse. "He called me and told me his situation and why he ran away. He told me what his dad had called him, and it wasn't very sigma." Jacob said, passing it to Piratebooty, hoping he would lock in. "His sister picked him up and took him in for a while before he returned back home. From what we know, his parents stayed strict and took more of a legal route to deal with and "thank" his sister for helping him out." Piratebooty says as he's locked the fudge in, passing the microphone to The Donginator. "I miss talking with him about cars and just everything else in general. Today, in the Theaterrooms, James lead us to an exit that took us to KRUPTO's new house." The Donginator stated, passing it onto Jar. "Regretfully, I didn't get to fully see the changed man KRUPTO had become due to being relocated the year he had left. But we had all started to walk back to the portal that lead back in the theater except for Sky, who kept staring at the house and eventually felt The James Locator point towards the house from within his pocket." Ridgejames located as he passed the microphone to Greg. "We all turned around, saw KRUPTO's shadow, and started emoting together. Never give up, guys. Never give up. And always stick together." Greg said as he handed the microphone back to Sky. "Thank you guys. And KRUPTO, I know you're out there somewhere. Thank you for protecting me. Thank you for actually changing. Thank you for everything. We will all miss you very much. Our story won't be the same without you. Maybe one day, we will meet again, but for now, that's all I have to say on this matter." Sky finishes. Everyone starts clapping and gets ready to leave, but Sky feels something in his pocket. He pulls it out and sees another thing he wrote about a week ago when a certain incident happened where he refused to comply with Mr. Docty about a late slip. His clone must've snuck this in that pocket along with his car keys. He examined the note and read it aloud.

I'm tired. I've been tired of getting yelled at over and over again for the same reason since fourth grade. I came here to get away. And I came to start anew. When I left that place, I left my old ways. And what I did today surprised all but one. To me, that shock value was none. I stood up for what I believed, I resisted conformity, I rejected authority for as long as I had in me. You see, when you say one thing early on and later you say another, it doesn't cancel out, it multiplies the problem. So if you want us to shut down and shrivel, double down on that decision. But just know, some people, some rare folks out there will escalate the situation without saying a word. Because silence holds its power, it speaks volumes that words can't always handle. And when those anomalies finally meet their maker, they'll have words or they won't. Cause not all will be like me. They won't forfeit their autonomy. They'll actually try to explain things. They'll put together the pieces. And you'll know when someone considers all the small things.

- Michael Thomas

Thursday, September 4, 2025 at 23:03

Epilogue

As Sky drove home that day after the debate, he couldn't help but think of how putting together all the small things paid off in the end, and he also couldn't stop thinking of all the small things that went unsolved. There's still much to explore in the Theatrerooms. Maybe Mr. Docty wants to come around before his time as the principal is up. Could KRUPTO come back? No, KRUPTO probably won't get to revisit the boys anytime soon, but that's a story for the author's note. Eventually, Sky arrives home and goes inside after he gets his bags and his lunchbox. His clone greets him as he enters the house. "Hey Sky! I'm gonna clap those cheeks again tonight lowkey." Sky Sniper Clone says. "Bro I literally debated Mr. Docty and won today. Maybe he'll actually change lol" Sky said. "What do you think about that?" He asked. "That's pretty cool and all but I'm gonna clap those cheeks." Sky Sniper Clone said. "Are we dead ahh? Alright, well I lowkey went to KRUPTO's house with my friends and we all danced with him." Sky said, laughing. "Funny joke bro. I know that isn't possible man" The clone said. "Man wth do you mean? We got trapped in the Theatrerooms and James located us outta there, but into Texas." Sky tried to explain. "Hahaha, if you're gonna lie, actually try. The flipping Theatrerooms? Are you high bro?" Sky Sniper Clone questions. "I'm gonna kill you in the next book I'm telling you" Sky says as he goes upstairs. "What are you gonna do?" The clone yells at Sky. "Throw a party every month?" It says once more which does make Sky laugh a lot. "What are you actually gonna do though, win the school cooking competition?" The clone laughs at Sky's incredible cooking abilities. "Ts gotta be ragebait bro" Sky says, rushing upstairs faster. "Uh oh, what's gonna happen now? Are you gonna retire from being DJ Theaterballs?! HAHAAAA!!!!" The clone laughs even more. "Maybe you're gonna give Jacobo Barsusse FL Studio or something!!! LOL!!!!" The clone almost dies laughing, and Sky tries to cover his ears. "Bro I just wanna go to sleep at 4pm in peace" He says as he gets upstairs. "Oh and THANK YOU FOR SLIPPING THAT NOTE IN MY POCKET!!!" He yells as he closes the door to his bedroom and jumps onto his bed. As he starts to lie down, he realizes there's something else in his pocket once again. It's that coin from the Theatrerooms. He looks closer this time, reading the words "Make a wish" on it. He takes a picture of both sides of the coin and starts thinking to himself. "Could this coin really grant a wish? I mean, it came from the Theatrerooms, so anything could happen. Should I even try it?" Sky thinks to himself. He considers the cooking competition for a week which was apparently real, his flip ahh clone, and even himself being DJ Theaterballs for a second just as his clone had said and gets a devious idea for a wish if the coin even works. Sky Sniper flips the coin in the air and makes his wish. "I wish everyone forgot that I was DJ Theaterballs for a week."

Author's Note

My name is Michael Thomas. Or Sky Sniper, or DJ Theaterballs, or whatever the fudge other kinda names I invent for myself I guess lol. When I wrote farted in my butthole, the first book in the series, I wanted to mirror reality and actual events that happened alongside my friends Jacob, Charles, Evan Dong, James, and Greg while exaggerating some aspects sometimes into oblivion. I wanted to add in absurd humor to keep my friends laughing during our school's newly imposed 20 minutes of mandatory reading each Tuesday during free period. The first book accomplished that and went beyond since I kinda actually tried on the book. After I wrote it and got positive feedback from my friends, I knew I had to start on the sequel as soon as possible. I took a few days to get ideas in my head for the second and even third book before writing. I wanted KRUPTO, or Mario irl, to be a big part of this book. If Mario was still in our state or even left on better terms, I would've let him be an actual part of the story with dialogue and his own nonchalant self. This book would've been better with Mario, but I wanted to keep my commitment to mirror reality (for the most part), so I worked him into the story thematically instead of actually. All of the "memory" sections that are titled with a certain date mirror reality for the most part. I suppose the "clap those cheeks" part of the book might not be prominent enough to title the book clap those cheeks, but oh well. What are you gonna do? Throw a party every month? And also this book was supposed to be finished and released to my friends on September 5, 2025, my birthday, but due to some real events in school, I needed to completely revamp the last three chapters. Some things had happened that made me wanna lean even more into the theming of conformity vs. uniqueness than I already had. Hopefully it doesn't overshadow the Mario stuff too much, but I tried my best. The debate in chapter 9 between Sky and Piratebooty was a real debate I had—and am still having—with Charles, and his suggestion of ending the book with a big debate was what inspired the Sky vs. Mr. Docty debate. The note at the end of chapter 10 was an actual note I wrote in a personal response to the events of September 3, 2025, which I will not be getting into. I've been tardy to school many times this year and over the past 5 years, but this year, just like the book, is the first time there's been a crackdown. In the end, it's whatever, and I can just wake up five or ten minutes earlier, but it does feel like the school is moving into a direction that I'm somewhat unsure of if I like it or not. I'll know my school's gone once they introduce a uniform, but for now, it's alright. It's my last year here anyways, so it's not worth fighting against anymore. I'm thinking of giving up the fight in real life since it's probably the right thing to do and the easiest thing to do, so I wrote it differently in the book's ending. Book 3 will taste like pee! I hope you all enjoyed my silly ahh writing mixed with the somewhat serious undertones of conformity, and most importantly of all...

Mario Clouse
aka KRUPTO

