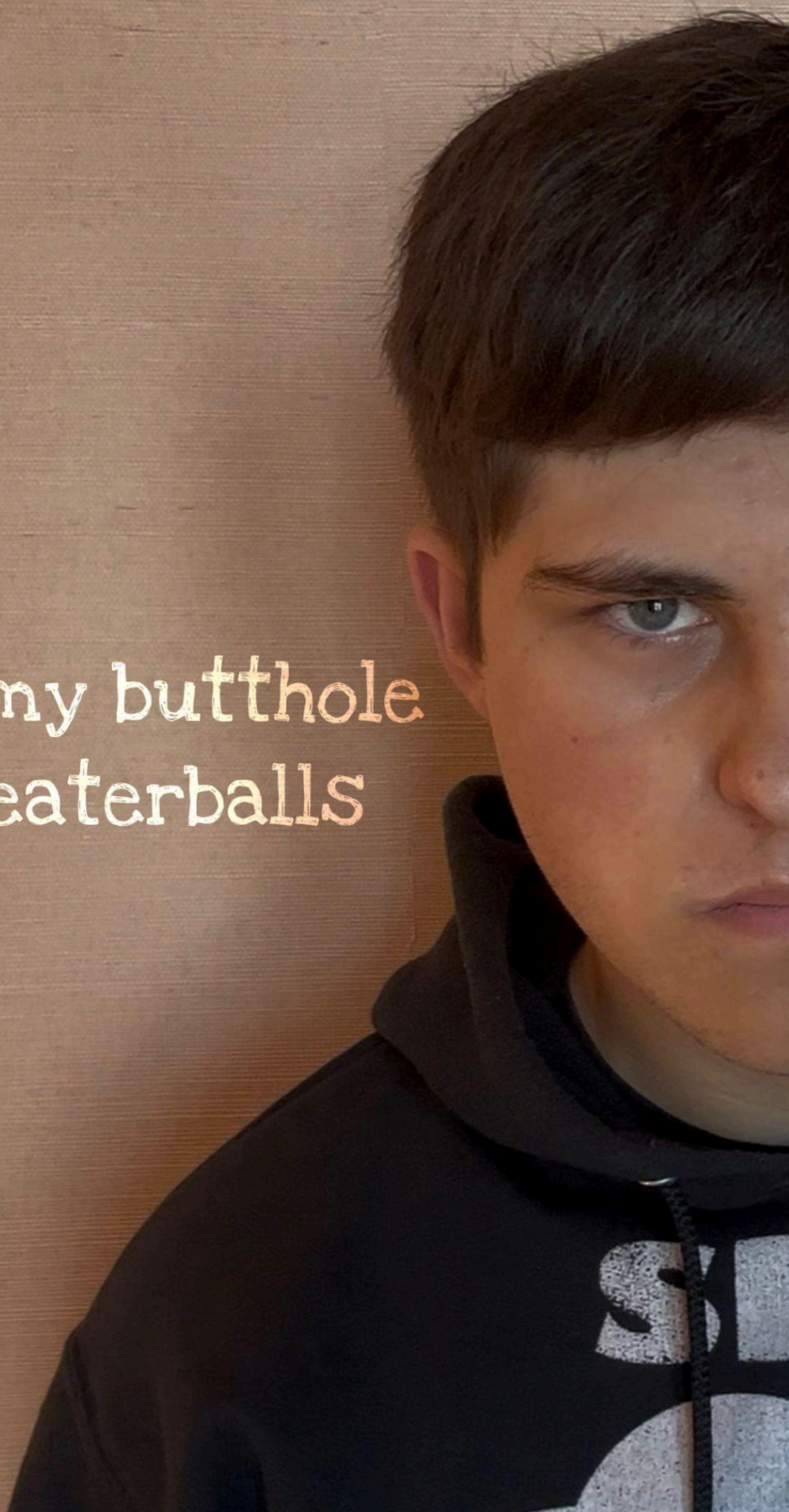


farted in my butthole
by DJ Theaterballs



Synopsis

Senior year at Skibidi Toilet Elementary starts off with a bang. Mr. Docty's new changes to the device policy have left Sky Sniper, Jacobo Barsusse, Piratebooty, and the rest of the group with a bad taste in their mouths or in Sky's case, a fart in his buttohole. Watch Sky transform into DJ Theaterballs as he drops fire songs, devastating diss tracks, and even stages a school-wide rebellion. Can DJ Theaterballs and his army defeat Mr. Docty? Will DJ Theaterballs ever reveal his true identity? Is it possible for Jacobo Barsusse to be dethroned as the most attractive sigma in the school? Find out in the one and only "farted in my buttohole" by DJ Theaterballs!

Main characters

Sky Sniper: The man behind the mask. He just does whatever he wants and calls it a day.

Jacob Barsusse: The most attractive sigma at Skibidi Toilet Elementary, but not for long...

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

The Donginator: The chaotically funny restaurant-running sharpshooting 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.

Mr. Goodteacher: The good teacher. He's very wise and knows more than he lets on.

Mr. Docty: The principal of Skibidi Toilet Elementary. Strange, mysterious, and unknown.

About the author

DJ Theaterballs, Sky Sniper, or Michael Thomas, is a content creator, producer, and game developer. "farted in my buttohole" is a real song he released under the name DJ Theaterballs. He usually goes by Sky Sniper online. Characters and story elements are loosely based on real events and people.

Chapter 1: Last First Day

Sky Sniper sat on his bed and gazed out of the balcony window as he pondered what the new school year might bring. He was deep in thought when all of a sudden, his clock struck 7:38am. Sky quickly rushed down the stairs, out of the house, and to his car. He had reached the city's church just in time for his high school's annual first day of school chapel. Exiting his car, two familiar faces approached him. "Wassup Brojobs?" said Jacobo. Jacobo Barsusse was the hottest guy in school. He was an absolute sigma who could mog everyone else in existence. Jacobo was so hot that he could punch a student in the middle of class, fully beat him up, finish him off by ripping him apart with his bare hands, and eat him for lunch and nobody in the school would bat an eye. At least at the dead student, since they'd be too busy staring at Jacobo Barsusse in pure sigma action. Beside Jacobo stood Mr. Piratebooty. Mr. Piratebooty was a silly little—or big—guy who could cheer up even the most depressed individuals with his charming quirkiness and interesting outbursts. He has a bad habit of gambling and stalking and isn't afraid to put it out there. Piratebooty commonly wears shirts that would imply that he considers stalking to be legal. Another insane obsession of his would be the holiday of Christmas of which he thinks occurs during the month of July as opposed to December. "Oh my gosh, it's Sky Sniper!!! Where have you been, you gay cocksucker?!" Piratebooty continued. "Lowkey I just got here bro chill out Piratebooty" Sky replied. As the group walked over to the church steps to greet their other friends, the Donginator suddenly appeared behind them. The Donginator's parents owned a local restaurant that he had been helping with. All of the friends would commonly eat and meet up with each other there. Soon enough, the group reached the man, the myth, the legend...Greg. Sky Sniper tapped Greg on the shoulder. He turned around and instantly hugged him. "Sky!" he exclaimed. Greg was the type of guy who was friendly with everyone. He'd be there to lift you up and help you out. He had a strong relationship with God and had helped with starting up the Bible Study club the year before. "How's your summer been, dude?" Greg asked. "It's actually been great man, I—" Sky started to say, before the principal, Mr. Docty, announced that it was time to enter the building. "Alright everyone, go inside and find yourselves a seat. Seniors, please stay outside for just a moment for a class picture." It was senior year for Sky and friends. "Ts chapel pmo bruh" Jacobo commented. "I just wanna go home and play more Rogue Lineage bro..." The class walked into the building after the class picture, all of the boys sitting in a single pew together. Jacobo once again whispered to Sky "School is so ahh bro." Sky responded saying "Man I lowkey wanna go home and do more random stuff. I don't want summer to be over bro I'm not ready." The boys sat sadly, but Sky thought of how he could make everything better. All of a sudden, he stood up and started singing out very loudly. "SKIBIDI TOILET WILL BE MINE YEAH!!!" A second later, Jacobo stood up and sang too. "OHIO TOWN YEAH!" Next, Piratebooty stood up and tried his best to sing. "DIAMONDS TO MINE, I'M ON THAT BIG SIGMA GRIND." This time, The Donginator and Greg both stood up and sang together. "WORRY BOUT IMPOSTORS, I'M WAY TOO SUS YEAH, FOR SIGMA TRUST YEAHHH..." The rest of the boys stood up and everyone standing at that pew sang along. "SKIBIDI TOILET WILL BE MINE YEAH, OHIO GYATT RIZZ, RIZZLERS ON MY MIND YEAH, SKIBIDI TOILET WILL BE MINE YEAH, WHEN YOU'RE NOT AROUND ME THE SIGMA'S ON

MY MIND YEAH, SKIBIDI TOILET WILL BE MINE!!!!!!” The boys were now all happy. It was a great start to their senior year at Skibidi Toilet Elementary.

Chapter 2: The Admittances and the Docty

The first class of the day was history. This year, history was taught by Mr. Goodteacher. Goodteacher had all of the students previously, so he had everyone go around and confess something quite sinister. One kid confessed to dropping their friend's toothbrush in the toilet and putting it back without washing it. Another kid confessed to not wearing underwear at the airport. Someone even admitted to breaking state and federal laws in multiple countries. The Donginator admitted to bank robbery to the fourth degree, and Greg admitted to accidentally tripping someone. Eventually, it was time for Jacobo, Piratebooty, and Sky to admit something. Jacobo admitted that he just wanted to go home and play Rogue Lineage. Piratebooty admitted that he had an addiction to buying unnecessary stuff like shirts, t-shirts, and gambling. Lastly, it was Sky's turn. He stood up, looked Piratebooty dead in the eyes, and began to speak. "My name is Sky Sniper. And I confess that while I was at Piratebooty's house this summer..." he stopped as Piratebooty began laughing already. "I-I..." Sky mumbled. He turned his gaze fully at Jacobo, the only other soul who knew. Jacobo instantly got the message as he looked at Piratebooty, then back at Sky. Piratebooty, Sky, Piratebooty, Sky, Piratebooty, Sky...he knew what would come next. "I couldn't make it to the bathroom in time. That's all I'm gonna say." He sat back down. Piratebooty instantly stopped laughing. The rest of the class was confused, but he got the exact message. "You wouldn't dare..." Piratebooty said. The implications of this were absolutely insane and a lot for dear old Mr. Piratebooty to process. Of course no one else understood the inside joke, but it was very clear. Sky Sniper had peed in Mr. Piratebooty's trashcan. And it was the furthest thing from an accident, but all that can wait until after lunch, of which the lunch bell just rang. At lunch, Jacobo was on his phone scrolling on silly ahh TikTok. Sky and Piratebooty came on by and sat with him on the couch which they were now allowed to sit on due to their seniority. Jacobo came across a particular video about music production. "Bro imagine if we had Ableton or something like that and could make beats. It would be so tuff fr." He said. "Please give me your special rim job I'm quivering" Piratebooty responded. That gave Sky an idea and he began to whip it out. Soon enough, his big giant laptop was sitting on his lap loaded on FL Studio which he bought years ago but never ended up using. The Donginator sees the boys and goes to sit on the other couch. Piratebooty goes to greet him in his insane manner along with Jacobo who ended up leaving his phone on the table and unlocked. Sky quickly deleted TikTok on his phone and went to greet The Donginator. All of the boys were sitting around the table and talking, Jacobo playing some flip ahh mobile game on his phone, and Sky lowkey tryna make a beat. All of a sudden, the principal, Mr. Docty comes over. Mr. Docty used to be named Dr. Misty, but one day Sky decided to change his name to Trevor Docty. Eventually, Mr. Docty came to his senses and accepted this change. "GIVE ME YOUR PHONE NOW!!!! >:((" Mr. Docty snatched Jacobo's phone. Jacobo replied "Nuh uh" before highkey mogging the heck outta Mr. Docty who instantly gave him his phone back. "GIVE ME YOUR LAPTOP NOW!!!! >:((" Mr. Docty snatched Sky's laptop. "Bro wth??? What's wrong with a laptop Mr. Docty?" Sky asked. "Oh you'll see alright. Be downstairs in the theater after lunch for some...announcements. >:)" Mr. Docty said before running away on all fours. "He's almost as much of a furry as Piratebooty bro" said Jacobo. "SHUT UP BEFORE I TIE YOUR GIANT PENIS INTO A PRETZEL!!! >////<(" Piratebooty said calmly. "Whatever brojobs. I'm gonna watch more clickity clock TikTok" Jacobo said. He opened his phone, but he couldn't find TikTok. He looked

up from his phone and stared directly at Sky “Bro Sky how’d you get into my phone again?” Jacobo said. “You actually literally just left it open lol” Sky replied. “That’s crazy, you’re never gonna stop doing ts are you bro” Jacobo asks, picking his backpack up. “Nope! Never.” Sky answers with a smile. “Haha please never stop it’s lowkey funny as heck” Jacobo finishes, heading downstairs with his friends to go in the theater.

Chapter 3: in the theater

The school was packed in the theater. It was that one time of that one day of the year where stuff was boutta go down. New school rules would be announced, and with the direction the school's been going, this year's new rules would probably be universally hated. This year, since they were seniors, the boys got to sit at the front of the theater. They got a front row seat to see everything that would soon unfold. Mr. Docty took his place on the stage. He introduced himself and started yabbling on about the school rules and dress code and blah blah blah, until eventually... "Now, our new device policy. We have a new rule. No cell phones in class from 8am to 3pm." Sky whispered to Jacobo. "Bro that's a new rule every year. We just always ignore it lol." Greg chimes in. "It's not even that bad to live without your phone for a few hours honestly." Everyone tried to ignore Greg's unculturedness as Mr. Docty goes on. "This includes lunch." Everyone starts gasping and acting surprised. The Donginator gives his input as well. "Bro why lunch this makes no sense. Why do we get all this on our last year here too?" Mr. Docty continues with the bad news. "This is not just a school law, it is a state law." Everyone starts looking at each other confused and worried. "No laptops either. Not even during lunch." Everyone starts screaming towards the front. Even Greg is less than thrilled. "But what if I use lunch to get a lot of my work done?" A student interjects. "Don't worry! We're not taking away good ol' fashioned pen and paper." Mr. Docty replies. "The majority of our classes require us to do work online!" Another student adds. "Why can't I use my school chromebook to finish coursework that needs to be completed online?" Greg asks Mr. Docty. "You can talk to your teachers about issues you have with their coursework." Everyone is freaking out and wants to cry to their mommies. "Wait wait wait, so if I need to finish one last slide on a slideshow project due next period right after lunch, I can't work on it during lunch?" Sky decides to ask. "That would be correct." Mr. Docty confirms. "Alright folks, that's all the time we have for questions today. One last thing, you will now have a mandatory 20 minutes of reading at the start of free period starting next week." At this point, the students were fighting each other and even some of the staff. Punches were thrown, backshots were given, insults were said...it was a mess. Sky and friends, however, just moved along to the next class. Before they exited the theater, Mr. Goodteacher approached them. "Say Sky, could you think of any iconic buildings that happen to appear wherever you go?" He asks. "Oh, well I'm unsure honestly..." Sky says, caught off guard by the question. "A building that you'd walk into so you can 'do your business' if you catch my drift?" He adds. "I get it now! A bathroom!" Sky answers. "Ding ding ding, correct! Maybe try a toilet instead of a trash can next time." He says before walking away laughing, leaving Sky in shock. How could he know? It wasn't possible, was it? Or—no... Sky slowly looked up to Piratebooty. Was this revenge? "You wouldn't dare..." Sky said. "Oh yes, Sky. Yes, I did. I told Mr. Goodteacher all about you peeing in trash cans. Now you have to let me suck your cock." Sky teased his questionable acts, but Piratebooty leaked the whole darn truth.

Chapter 4: farted in my butthole

Sky was fuming when he got home. He just wanted to get away from everything, but he just couldn't get two things out of his mind. First off, Mr. Docty took away his laptop for the rest of the day before he even knew the rule. Second, he just wanted to keep cooking in FL Studio instead of going to bed. Sky closed Discord and hopped back on FL Studio. For the rest of the night, what he was doing could only be described as legendary. No one truly knows what happened or how it happened, but let's just say that Sky lowkey cooked on FL. His Distructor fade in was clean, the wet and dry at the start was on point, the base beat was kinda heat, the back and fourth bell was banging, the random notes of that one silly ahh instrument was hitting hard, the chorus harmonizations were heavenly, and the shiny sparkly cut offs went hard. The song was missing just one thing; lyrics. He didn't necessarily have to, but he really wanted to add lyrics. He played the song again and again, but nothing. He just waited for some idea of lyrics to come. They just had to be good, his first song had to be impressive, at least he thought. But eventually, he just took the first thing that came to his mind and just ran with it.

*DJ Theaterballs
farted in my butthole*

*I farted in my butthole
I said I farted in my butthole
And when that fart was inside of butt
It was wet and juicy
So I wiped the hole of my butt
And when I felt it
It was dry*

*I farted in my butthole
I said I farted in my butthole (fart noises)
I said I farted in my butthole (fart noises)
(No bear)
I farted in my butthole (fart noises)
(Oh gosh)
I farted in my butthole (fart noises)
I farted in my butthole (fart noises)
No bear, no bear (fart noises)
No bear
Oh gosh
(Fart noise)
No bear*

He photoshopped an image for the song, uploaded it on YouTube under a different name and with voice filters on, and gave it little thought as he went to bed. Sky never knew how big DJ Theaterballs would become. At least, not until a brand new day.

Chapter 5: Brand New Day

Things weren't the same the next day at school. Everyone was excited about this new supposedly up-and-coming musical genius. Sky didn't pay too much attention to it at first. Then Piratebooty walked into class and hit Sky with the "Sky can I please suck your Theaterballs tonight in the bed?" Which threw him off for a second. "Wait..what? Your Theaterballs?" Had he known? Did Piratebooty magically find Sky's song which he anonymously posted on a random account on a platform that gets thousands of hours of content uploaded to it each hour? "Forget it. Bro doesn't know" Piratebooty says as he wanders away to greet Jacobo coming in. Sky breaks the law and checks his phone. Piratebooty didn't find the song; the whole world did Millions of views. Posted about 8 hours ago. DJ Theaterballs was quickly cemented as a household name. His song farted in my butthole was at the top of the charts. Everyone in school knew about DJ Theaterballs, but worst of all...Jacobo Barsusse was now in second place. DJ Theaterballs's musical genius had surpassed the sheer amount of heat radiating from Jacobo Barsusse's body. People still loved Jacobo, but they loved DJ Theaterballs even more. They longed to know who the man behind the balls was desperately, but Jacobo lowkey didn't seem to care. He walked into class and sat next to Sky. "Bro have you heard of DJ Theaterballs? He made the new hit song farted in my butthole!" He asked Sky. "Yeah. I, uh, I sure did haha..." Sky said. "Lowkey he might mog me ngl. I mean I'm sure I'm hotter than him, but everyone just loves him now. Can't blame them though, DJ Theaterballs dropped some heat. I'm fine with him if he's fine with me" Jacobo added on. The gears started turning in Sky's head and he started digging in his backpack and whipped out his laptop. "Bros gonna get arrested lol" Jacobo says when he sees the laptop. "This is what happens every year. The only difference is that I'm not only breaking the school rules, I'm also going against the law. And I'm lowkey fine with that." Sky responds. He starts cooking up a storm, but Piratebooty tries to look over at his laptop. Sky goes numb. Nobody can know. Not even Piratebooty. "Piratebooty, could you stop looking over at my laptop every flipping second of every flipping day?!" Sky wacks Piratebooty on the head with his laptop. "OWW! SKY WHAT THE HECK!!!" Piratebooty responds. "Bro you always tryna get sneak peaks and leaks. You're too impatient, and you need to calm down." Sky tells him. "Would a friend hit their friend on the head with a laptop?" Piratebooty asks. "You literally told a teacher that I pee in trashcans. I don't wanna hear friendship advice from you." Sky states. "Bro Sky lowkey back off. You don't gotta cook Piratebooty this hard" Jacobo says. "And what would you do if I told a teacher about the end of 8th grade?" Sky asks. "...I see your point, but still." Jacobo thinks to himself for a second. "Everyone makes mistakes. They're just unavoidable in certain situations." Jacobo argues. Sky can't really disagree with him there but is still mad at Piratebooty from yesterday. "What would you do if DJ Theaterballs dissed you, Jacobo? In good fun, y'know." Sky asks. "I don't know. And I don't see how that's relevant either. You hit Piratebooty on the head with a laptop." Jacobo says. "WOAH MAN THAT'S NOT COOL" says the random ahh teacher of whatever random ahh class they're in. "Go to the Docty room, young man. And take that darn laptop with you" He commands Sky. Sky takes his laptop and doesn't go to the principal's office, also known as the Docty room. He goes to the bathroom with his headphones and proceeds to cook up two storms at once—one in the toilet and one on FL Studio. He decides to make a diss track on his own school and a funny joke section on Jacobo and Piratebooty while including real fart noises this time.

*DJ Theaterballs
cookin up a storm*

*I'm cooking up a storm
Yeah I'm cooking up a storm (fart noises)
In the bathroom
I'm cooking up a storm
Aw yeah I'm cooking up a storm (wet fart noises)
In the bathroom*

*Skibidi Toilet Elementary
Open your mouth and drink my peepee
No phones no nothing deez nuts in Docty's mouth
No laptops at lunch and Imma hit you with a punch
Lowkey revert the rules cause you guys are fools
If you fail it twice you get a lunch detention
But you won't give Piratebooty an in school suspension
Yeah Jacobo is the mogger and Jacobo is the mewer
But as it appears his fans are also getting fewer
So may he be a sigma or may it all be chatter
And I'm boutta fill your trashcans up ten times faster
Kill Piratebooty with hammers he's a scammer
Can't keep his mouth shut
Can't keep it to himself
Cause he gotta go tell somebody else
Oh well that's the way the cookie crumbles and I've
Hopped to it and locked into it
I'm cooking up a storm in more ways than one
And I'll still be here when I'm done
I'm having fun on a generational run
I've dropped another one I'm aiming for the sun*

*I'm cooking up a storm (diarrhea noises)
Yeah I'm cooking up a storm (big fart noises)
In the bathroom
I'm cooking up a storm (splash noises)
Aw yeah I'm cooking up a storm (one last big fart)
In the bathroom (flush noises)*

After over an hour in the bathroom and a new song by DJ Theaterballs, Sky headed on over to the Docty room. "Hello Mr. Docty. I broke the flip ahh device policy that I don't really care about. Oh and I slammed my laptop against Piratebooty's head lol" Sky says smugly. "If it were 50 years ago, you'd be bent over my knee right now getting the whooping of your life, young man! Otherwise, good job dealing with Mr. Piratebooty." Mr. Docty replies angrily. "Also DJ Theaterballs just dissed you lol" Sky says while holding up his phone to show Mr. Docty the new cooking up a storm song by DJ Theaterballs. Out in the halls, the kids are singing the lyrics to the song. The words "deez nuts in Docty's mouth" can be heard from each student as they pass the Docty room. "WHAAAAAATTTT?!" Mr. Docty is malding so hard rn. "You're safe from punishment for now while I figure out who this little piece of poo is. Now, GET OUT!!!" Mr. Docty said as he pushed Sky out and slammed the door. It was now lunch, and everyone in the halls had a new kind of excited energy obviously from the new DJ Theaterballs song. This energy was so radiant that it could give even Jacobo Barsusse cancer. And as Sky approached the lunch table, it looked like Jacobo Barsusse actually had cancer. "Jacobo? Are you good bro?" Sky said as he sat down. "I had everything. I was on top of the world. I was Jacobo Barsusse, the sigma of Skibidi Toilet Elementary. And then DJ Theaterballs came along and ruined everything. No one respects me anymore. I'm practically a joke now. Do you know how hard it is to be turned on by everyone you thought would support you? I turned THEM on! They should be thanking ME!" Jacobo ranted. "It's been like 2 minutes and bros already starting his villain arc lol" Sky responded. "Sky, you insolent little piece of—" Jacobo cuts himself off. Something switches in his head. Sky was right. Sky was right about Mr. Docty. Sky was right about DJ Theaterballs dissing him. Sky was right about him needing to start his villain arc—or at least taking a different approach. What ain't broke don't need no fixing. Jacobo's been broken. He needs fixing. "—pie. You sweet little piece of pie, of course not. I don't know who DJ Theaterballs is or why he dissed me, but...I guess that's just how the cookie crumbles. There's nothing I can do at this point. He's doing good work dissing the school, and I was just caught in the crossfire." Jacobo says and leaves it at that as he goes back to eating his lunch. "I'm just lucky he didn't target me as much as he did with Piratebooty." Jacobo says to Sky as he looks over at Piratebooty. Sky looks over to him as well, concerned for what he had to say. "I don't know something and I don't care enough. I just want to meet him so I can stalk him, break into his house, squeeze his balls as I put him in a chokehold, sell his body parts, and gamble the money away :3" Piratebooty said, giving his take on the situation. Sky looked down and slightly disappointed. He didn't realize that with great power comes great responsibility. He dissed his friends jokingly, but his actions had unexpected consequences. Just then, a living baby pinecone wandered into the open lobby. "OH MY FLIPPING GOSH IS THAT DJ THEATERBALLS?!" Piratebooty said, grabbing the nearest pair of hammers and giving one to Jacobo. Sky gasped and quickly spoke. "Wait no guys, I'm D—" Too late. They already killed the baby pinecone with hammers. Jacobo and Piratebooty look back at Sky. "Huh?" Jacobo says, not quite hearing him over his intense baby pinecone killing. "I don't think that was DJ Theaterballs." Sky says. "Why are you standing beside that rock btw?" Sky says as he looks on, confused. The baby pinecone had turned into a giant rock. "Oh this bad boy? Hop on." Jacobo replied as he hopped onto the rock. Sky and Piratebooty sat behind him as the rock started flying through the window and off the balcony. Jacobo spoke up again. "The pioneers used to ride these babies for miles."

Chapter 6: The James Locator

The rock decided to drop off Sky at his house as well since it appeared he had no involvement. "I must visit The James Locator. He's going to be able to find out who DJ Theaterballs really is." Jacobo says, dropping Sky off. "But Jacobo, can't you wait a bit longer? Maybe he'll do a reveal on who he is, y'know?" Sky responds. "Brojobs this flip ahh DJ Theaterballs person dissed me for what? I just wanna find out who he is and talk to him. I ain't waiting for allat" Jacobo claps back. "You can't just mew, mog, and murder someone for dissing you bro" Sky informs Jacobo. "Look, I never said I would murder him, and I never said I wouldn't. Just let me do my thing. I was supposed to be the sigma of Skibidi Toilet Elementary." Jacobo goes on until the boys get a notification on their phones. Mr. Docty just made some flip ahh announcement about how he's gonna get more strict on the device policy and lowkey target DJ Theaterballs's bathroom if he finds out who bro is. He also doubled everyone's homework for the weekend. "You see the problem, Sky? I ain't gonna deal with ts bro" He says as he starts flying away on the rock. Sky knows what he must do. He quickly rushes inside and whips it out once again. As quickly as he can, he begins tryna cook on FL Studio once more. His last song was just a simple diss; this one would be the plan. He did his best work as quick as he could to create an absolute banger in the shortest time possible. He didn't have time to experiment with different instruments and plugins. He had to wing it and wing it fast. He used an unfinished beat from the other day and started cooking. Very quickly, the entire beat was done and he just had to sing the lyrics which came naturally to him at this point. He knew exactly what this next song would need to accomplish.

*DJ Theaterballs
rebel rq*

*Before we begin this one
I just wanna say
I know it's never done
I know we all make mistakes
But what's that is that
And what's done is done
And we gonna come out number one
Ay
Let's rebel rq
Yeah let's rebel rq
Just grab their guns and start a riot
Cmon ladies and gents
Let's rebel rq
Yeah if you got a nose to pick
Let's rebel rq*

*I'd like to announce
I'm dropping the mask*

*The biggest reveal
And yes this is real
Tomorrow meet up in the theater
For the big reveal to make myself clear
And then the plan will be here
And then we'll all be heroes
So when we get a bit
Let's rebel rq*

Next, the flying rock stopped at the house of a kid named jar (James for short) and picked him up. He was another friend sitting at the pew on that fateful first day. James was the best locator of all the locators. He was a Geoguessr pro and could legit solo Rainbolt. He memorized every piece of grass ever in the entire world. He knows your hairline. He can recognize any atom in the universe. DJ Theaterballs would no doubt be an easy find. "Wassup James!" Jacobo greeted him. "Oh hey man! I heard everything about what happened with DJ Theaterballs's new song. Is everything alright bro?" Says the locator. "Jar, I need you to locate DJ Theaterballs. I need to know his true identity." Jacobo says. "Well, he's gonna reveal it tomorrow." James shockingly says. "Excuse me? Don't you lie to me now jar" Jacobo says, questioning him. Jar pulls up the new song and sure enough, a big reveal and a rebel is being planned for tomorrow. "...I see. I'll be on my way then." Jacobo says while walking away. "Hold up. There's one thing I can do for you." Jar pulls a compass from outta who knows where and hands it to Jacobo. "This is The James Locator. I've just programmed the needle to be attracted to DJ Theaterballs. You should be able to find him with ease if you really wanted to now. Beware, The James Locator does seem to have a mind of its own. It kinda chooses when it does and doesn't wanna work and may temporarily expire if around too many people. For example, maybe it won't want you to find who DJ Theaterballs is immediately, but maybe it will." James explains. "Yooo thank you jar! Imma get some sleep tonight but I'll see you tmr" Jacobo replies. "You're welcome Jacobo, good luck!" James says. The next day, Jacobo rides the rock to pick up the other boys. Piratebooty, Sky, Jar, The Donginator, and Greg are on their way to the meetup. "How's The James Locator working out?" James asks. "Appears to be working. We'll test it out when we get to the meeting spot." Jacobo replies. Sky looks confused and concerned. "Are you sure we gotta use that thing? Can't we just find out who DJ Theaterballs is at the meeting spot?" Sky asks. "No we can't I'm impatient. If you suggest that again I'm gonna touch everyone in their funny places :3" Piratebooty inserts. "I don't wanna get touched by Piratebooty so let's find him quickly." Jacobo says as they arrive at the meeting spot on time. "Don't just cater to someone's threats. That just lets the person threatening you know that he can keep bullying you." Sky says. "Bro it's not that deep. Stop reading into ts so deep bruh" Jacobo says. "Guys please, let's calm down. This will all be over soon. We just gotta get through the rebellion." Greg, the glue of the group, says trying to keep his friends together and out of any bad arguments. "Yes we're actually so close to getting our devices back! We should be happy and excited for each other" The Donginator adds on. "As long as Sky doesn't suddenly disappear or something, then sure" Jacobo checks The James Locator. It's pointing directly at Sky. He looks past Sky and sees the entrance to get in the theater. "He's in there somewhere. Let's roll and find out who the real DJ Theaterballs is." Jacobo says, rushing off the rock and in the theater. He keeps walking around the crowd of students

willing to join the protest and looking back down to The James Locator. It starts spiraling out of control, pointing in every which way, becoming completely unreadable. "JAR WHAT IS THIS?!?!?! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW EVERYTHING!!!" Piratebooty asked calmly. "Bro I already told you. The James Locator has a mind of its own at times." Jar explains. All of a sudden, it randomly stops pointing directly forward towards the stage. At this point, it has become clear. The James Locator has expired.

Chapter 7: DJ Theaterballs

The clock struck 7:38am. DJ Theaterballs walked onto the stage in the theater. He wore a mask and was dressed in all black to disguise his identity. "LISTEN UP EVERYONE! THIS IS HOW WE GET THE RECENT CHANGES TO THE DEVICE POLICY REVERTED!" He said through his mask which added filters to his voice to truly establish that he was indeed DJ Theaterballs. "When are you gonna reveal your identity and apologize for slandering my good name?" Jacobo clapped back. The crowd started to boo Jacobo. "Calm down everyone. I will respond to everything later, but the rebellion requires the participation of everyone it can acquire. Including a sigma like yourself, Barsusse. The plan demands your utmost attention. Is everyone ready to listen?" DJ Theaterballs announces. Jacobo looks down for a second and ponders his mission. DJ Theaterballs didn't really seem to despise him. In fact, it seemed quite the opposite. DJ Theaterballs appeared to admire him, at least a little bit. But Jacobo still kept his guard up. It could at just be some sick, twisted lie after all. Just then, his phone beeped. He had a text message from Sky who was mysteriously absent. "Hey Jacobo it's actually my mom's dad's girlfriend's daughter's pet goldfish's gay cousin Joe's father's third youngest sister's dog's cat's skibidi toilet's birthday and they're celebrating with the Sigma Meal; Skibidi Slicers! So I lowkey went to grab a bite y'know? Good luck voting for rebel lol." This highkey pisses off Jacobo a lot. He knew Sky would bail on ts rebel. Especially since he was the type of guy to get a million punches thrown at him and not throw one himself to keep the peace. What a coward. Not that he could even defend himself anyway. He was lowkey a flipping loser who deserved nothing in life. He just has everything handed to him for what? He's the type of guy to write a whole flip ahh book about some silly ahh dude going to school and accidentally taking over the entire school with a song that isn't even good and write ten whole nothing burger chapters including some flip ahh fourth wall break about how he's writing a book that he can read during the new mandatory reading time at the start of free period. What a flipping loser. That just couldn't be me lol. Anyways, Jacobo continued listening to the plan. "We need one person from each first period class to grab a walkie talkie. Walkie Talkies aren't phones, so they're technically allowed. Rush the teacher during the pledge of allegiance. A gun is located underneath every teacher's desk. Get the gun to the student with the walkie talkie. Head to the Docty room as soon as possible and threaten Mr. Docty with guns. Now, who's willing to take a walkie talkie?" Instantly, Jacobo, Piratebooty, The Donginator, Greg, and James raise their hands. They're all in different starting periods that day, so it all works out. "Very well then. All 6 walkie talkies have a person. Everyone, roll out. School starts in 5 minutes." DJ Theaterballs says as everyone starts walking to class. When everyone gets into class, they wait for just the right time, the pledge of allegiance, to rush the teacher. Tick, tock, tick, tock...until the clock hits 8. "On my signal." DJ Theaterballs whispers through the walkie talkie. "Please stand for the pledge of allegiance." Mr. Docty says over the speaker system. Everyone stands but for a different reason. "I pledge allegiance..." Mr. Docty begins, and DJ Theaterballs signals. "Strike." Piratebooty jumps over the desk and straight up body slams the teacher. 16 broken bones and a few months in the hospital caused in just a few seconds. He grabs the gun and begins to rapidly fire like a maniac. "HAHAHAHAHAHA MR. DOCTY YOU'RE GOING DOWN!!! >:3" Piratebooty says as he keeps spraying, hitting some students on accident. "...to the flag of the United States of America..." Mr. Docty continues on as the flag catches a stray from Piratebooty's spray. The

Donginator looks the teacher dead in the eyes until he has their full attention. And then he just...turns around. By the time the teacher can even say "what", He's already pulled off the sickest ahh karate move and kicked lil bro right in the face, leaving the gun wide open for his taking. Jar takes a more calm and calculated approach. James located the gun beforehand and found a way to access the gun from the other side of the desk. He bends down and literally just puts his hands under the desk, grabs the gun, and pulls it back out from under. Mr. Docty's voice comes over the speaker once more. "...and to the republic for which it stands..." Just as the locator himself stands up with the gun aimed at the teacher as he sidesteps towards the door. Jacobo lowkey just mews and mogs the teacher into letting him take the gun like a true sigma, showing why he's in the top two most liked students. As much as Greg would like to take a more civil approach, he watches on as the other students rush the teacher, pin him down, grab the gun, and hand it to him. He mentally prepares himself for the challenge ahead as he accepts his responsibility and the gun. He looks to the poster of the Ten Commandments on the wall. Mr. Docty chimes in. "...one nation under God..." Greg looks on at the poster. "May God be with us." He says. DJ Theaterballs hops over the desk, kicks the teacher in the face, and reaches for the gun. He gets a hold of it, but the teacher attempts to grab it back. DJ Theaterballs struggles to keep his grip on the gun and the teacher pulls it back. He shoots directly at DJ Theaterballs. There was no possible way he could miss, and he didn't. The bullet hit DJ Theaterballs. The bullet hit DJ Theaterballs's giant ahh balls which he swung at the bullet with and deflected it back at the teacher. The bullet perfectly hit the teacher, and DJ Theaterballs went down to town on him. "Man I should swing my balls cross yo face like a grandfather clock" He said as he did just that. He stood back up with the gun and reunited with the class. Mr. Docty finished up the pledge. "...indivisible with liberty and justice for all." DJ Theaterballs held the walkie talkie back up. "Reunite outside and head up the stairs to the Docty room." He communicated, with several affirmatives, clears, overs, and outs coming through from the other ends. As the students head up the stairs, Mr. Docty comes and starts spraying them up. He does damage and eliminates several students, but not the ones with the guns. Piratebooty sprays the heck outta Mr. Docty. "Piratebooty, why did you shoot him? We were supposed to negotiate with him!" DJ Theaterballs yells. "Guys..." James locates. "There are more Docties." He says. Most of the boys brace themselves. "The Donginator lowkey starts aiming perfectly and headshots plenty of incoming Docties but not nearly enough. Jacobo hops on Rogue Lineage. Greg starts to--wait a minute. "What the heck are you doing, Jacobo?!" DJ Theaterballs asks. "Lowkey hop on Rogue Lineage. I ain't tryna fight the Docties rn and I kinda got a plan. Trust me bro" Jacobo responds. "Why should I trust you?" DJ Theaterballs asks. "Well, why should I trust you? Up to this point, you've dissed me and ruined my reputation. I don't exactly see why I should be following you, except of course to get rid of this new flip ahh policy, but that would unite everyone. Just take a chance with me." Jacobo offers. "Fine. I'll hop on Rogue Lineage with you." DJ Theaterballs says, and the boys all hop on Rogue Lineage together for about an hour until DJ Theaterballs looks up and sees about a hundred Docties at the top of the stairs and that all the other students have been eliminated and despawned long ago. "What's your master plan now, Jacobo?" DJ Theaterballs asks, giving him a chance. He whips out a flipping grenade and explodes all of the Docties. "Bro wth???" He questions Jacobo. "I always keep one on me in case I get stuck in traffic." Jacobo says as the group advances into the Docty room. "Maybe I shouldn't have doubted you. Good work, Jacobo." DJ Theaterballs says, and he was even considering apologizing to Jacobo right then and

there but just until coming across an upwards and downwards set of stairs. The downwards set says in the theater on it while the upwards set says free robux. "I say we check in the theater." Says DJ Theaterballs. "Well I say we go get that free robux at the top of the stairs first." Jacobo says. Everyone disagrees with Jacobo and decides to go downstairs. "Alright well you guys have fun doing allat, I'm gonna get my free robux!" Jacobo says, rushing up the stairs. "Wait, Jacobo stop! And he's gone. He made up his mind way too quickly." DJ Theaterballs said, moving along. The remaining boys burst in the theater, ready to be ambushed, but instead see all of the other students in seats. It appeared that in the theater was the loser's lounge. Everyone previously eliminated has been spectating from there. The boys rush onto the stage and look around for signs of Mr. Docty. "Wait...I've located something—" Jar says until Mr. Docty swiftly makes his moves and all of a sudden shots get fired. Greg, The Donginator, Piratebooty, James...they all got shot and eliminated. Only DJ Theaterballs survived as he swung his balls to deflect the bullet. Mr. Docty drops down beside him. "Why have you come this far? All of this...for what? To get your silly little phones back? To avoid a much needed overhaul in the device policy? Do you realize you're opposing the law as well?" Mr. Docty states. "Sometimes you gotta take things into your own hands. I see a problem and I gotta fix it." DJ Theaterballs replies. "Is it really worth it?" Mr. Docty throws down his gun in order to throw down with DJ Theaterballs. "Definitely. Most definitely. The definitive edition." DJ Theaterballs says, throwing his gun down as well in preparation of an honest and fair fight. Mr. Docty throws the first punch which is a miss, DJ Theaterballs quickly fights back and lands a punch across his face. Mr. Docty manages to evade a few punches before landing his first hit as quite literally a slap on the wrist. DJ Theaterballs keeps pummeling Mr. Docty before a few more Docties appear around him. He punches one in the head as it approaches him. He slammed two more into each other to knock them out. He lands a kick on another and starts to punch him for good measure when another jumps on top of him which DJ Theaterballs easily throws off and directs his punches towards that one. Soon enough, all of the other Docties are gone. "You deserve this." DJ Theaterballs says, gearing up for one last punch. But the punch lands in Mr. Docty's hands. Mr. Docty grabs his hand, twists it, turns bro upside down, and starts diggin in yo butt. "Bro wth??? ARE YOU OK MR. DOCTY?!" DJ Theaterballs rages so hard he just instantly just puffs up and flings Mr. Docty off him and up to the ceiling. When Mr. Docty falls back down, he starts swinging his balls across Mr. Docty's face, back and fourth and back and fourth, repeatedly knocking his entire head left and right. "Good riddance, Mr. Docty. I have important information to share with my fellow vigilantes." DJ Theaterballs says as he deals the final blow to eliminate him from the game and make him respawn as a spectator. He stands up slowly, facing away from the now silent crowd, and starts speaking. "I'm not just DJ Theaterballs. I have a real name. And my real name is..." And that's when the bullet reached the back of his head.

Chapter 8: The Infinite Staircase

It started with a dozen stairs. And then there were another dozen, and then another dozen after that. Then he looked back to see the path back had become unreachable. That didn't phase the sigma, Jacob Barsusse, however. He traveled the bright white void of endless stairs in hopes of free robux and other rewards. Howling winds surrounded him on both sides. The breeze felt cool but not too cool. He kept walking up the stairs. Each step made him more and more tired, however, and he started going up less quickly. Eventually, after maybe 250 stairs, he stopped and sat down to take a breather. He had been walking for just a bit at this point, but he was already worn out, and he didn't know how high this staircase would go. He decided to keep pressing on and tried his best, but he could only manage around 50 more steps before collapsing. A few seconds later, a familiar face appears beside him. "Jacob? Jacob Barsusse? Are you alright?" The person says. Jacob replies. "Yeah, I'm fine. These steps are tiring, and no free robux is in sight." The person furrows their brow. "Free robux? The Infinite Staircase promises ridiculous things, doesn't it?" Jacob instantly switches from geeked out to locked in. "The Infinite Staircase? What do you mean infinite?" He looks back up to see Mr. Goodteacher standing over him. "I'm sorry Jacob, but you've wandered into one of Mr. Docty's traps." Mr. Goodteacher states. "Mr. Goodteacher? What are you doing here???" Jacob asks. "I wanted to talk to Mr. Docty about potentially reverting the recent changes to the device policy or at least discuss possible compromises." Mr. Goodteacher goes on. "Come on, walk up with me." Jacob gets up and keeps walking, even if he's a bit tired. "Wait, why do you care about the device policy? It doesn't even affect you, you're a teacher." Jacob questions. "Well, being a teacher isn't about looking out for yourself, it's about looking out for your students. I see that many students are upset at the recent changes. I agree with different arguments on both sides, so I wanted to try and negotiate a possible compromise that would at least work without anything drastic needing to take place. What brings you here, Jacob?" Mr. Goodteacher turns the questions back onto him. "You're a good teacher, Mr. Goodteacher. And well, I kind of was participating in a rebellion against the school with DJ Theaterballs and some other friends. I broke off from the group and went up the free robux stairs." Jacob answers. "Ah. I did hear the new song called rebel rq by DJ Theaterballs, so that checks out. Did he ever face reveal?" Mr. Goodteacher asked. "No, not yet. The James Locator has expired. It happened at the worst time, too! Nothing's been going right for me. Ever since DJ Theaterballs dissed me in cookin up a storm, nothing's been the same. No one at school respects me, my canthal tilt feels like it's going negative, and I'm only the second hottest in the school now. Why? Why me? Why did DJ Theaterballs diss me, what did I do?" Jacob says, wondering what went so wrong. "I don't know why he dissed you. You're a great kid, you're quite literally the definition of sigma. Maybe when we get you back in the theater, you can figure out who DJ Theaterballs truly is!" Mr. Goodteacher says, trying to turn it positive. "Mr. Goodteacher, why does every teacher have a gun under their desk?" Jacob asks. "I don't know how you figured that one out, but it's for safety reasons. I personally have a revolver under my desk!" Mr. Goodteacher whips it out and shoots shots in random directions, just for the bullets to go on and on. No visible walls, no barriers, just a big white void. They keep climbing up and Jacob chuckles a little. He's still tired and ends up slowly lagging behind Mr. Goodteacher by a few steps. And then, Jacob hears these strange voices in the wind. They swirl around him, sounding unclear, but making him tired, and less

energetic. He looks around frantically, swatting around his face, but then he trips on a step and falls to the ground. He sees Mr. Goodteacher walking further up the spiraling staircase now out of view as he reaches his hand towards him, trying to mouth out his name. "...Mr. Goodteacher..." he barely manages as his blinks become slower and more dramatic. After what felt like the longest blink, he opens his eyes to see a blurry and now deformed Mr. Goodteacher walking towards him. He's able to keep himself awake long enough to hear Mr. Goodteacher's next words. "It's alright. You'll wake up soon." He says just as Jacobo's vision fades away. After what felt like forever, it comes back and Jacobo wakes up, but he's on flat ground. He looks around to see Mr. Goodteacher, and the lack of stairs spiraling up. "What happened...I thought the staircase was infinite?" He says, clearly confused. "The Infinite Staircase is what only you believe it is. It analyzes your brain and mirrors your mind." Mr. Goodteacher teases. "How so?" Jacobo quips back. "For about how long do you *feel* like you were out?" Mr. Goodteacher questions Jacobo. "It felt like I was out forever, honestly." Jacobo responds. "That's your answer. You've satisfied the sole requirement of The Infinite Staircase; feeling like you've been here for an infinite amount of time. It was on a technicality, but The Infinite Staircase runs off of your thoughts and feelings. Yours must have been strong enough to put an end to the stairs. You're very lucky that you reached the exit as quickly as you did." Mr. Goodteacher explains to Jacobo. "Mr. Goodteacher. Who do you think DJ Theaterballs is?" Jacobo asks. "I know who DJ Theaterballs is." Mr. Goodteacher looks away and forward. Jacobo does too, just pondering. Does he really know DJ Theaterballs? And how would he know DJ Theaterballs? Who else knows DJ Theaterballs? Do they know what DJ Theaterballs thinks of me? "Why would DJ Theaterballs diss me just to turn around and lift me back up? Does he suddenly respect me now, or is he using me?" Jacobo asks. "Have you considered the possibility that DJ Theaterballs dissed you in good faith and never intended it as a way to ruin your reputation?" Mr. Goodteacher replies. "I mean no, I haven't considered that. But do you really think it's a possibility? Would DJ Theaterballs make that kind of mistake?" Jacobo asks. "Everyone makes mistakes. They're just unavoidable in certain situations." Mr. Goodteacher says. He wants to make Jacobo think, which he's doing a great job at. "I remember...that's what I said to Sky once. What if he's not the enemy? What if he's my friend?" Jacobo thinks aloud. "You're getting much warmer." Mr. Goodteacher smiles. "He could do anything with the power he's gotten after his songs blew up, and he used that power to stage this rebellion against the device policy. I wonder why he chose this route. He fit right into the friend group during the rebellion, and it even seemed like he was having fun. We all were!" Jacobo says. "Maybe DJ Theaterballs is one of your friends." Mr. Goodteacher suggests. "Is that even possible? We were all there killing the Docties, I think...speaking of the Docties, since when could Mr. Docty make clones of himself?" Jacobo asks. "He's Mr. Docty. He does whatever he wants. I mean, doesn't everybody? Think about it. You mew and mog everyone. Sky renamed Mr. Docty. James can locate anything. Do you see what I mean?" Mr. Goodteacher explains. "Yeah, I understand. Are my friends following DJ Theaterballs because they believe in him or because they think I fell off? Do I even want to stop DJ Theaterballs or just become him? Is he supposed to be my enemy, or is he here as my replacement? I don't even know what my actual mission here is anymore." Jacobo lets his thoughts out. "Your original mission was to uncover the truth. The man behind the mask. The real name behind DJ Theaterballs. You could continue with that and adjust your further plans accordingly." Mr. Goodteacher suggests. "Where do I start?" Jacobo questions. "There are two

players remaining. You, and DJ Theaterballs. Everyone else has died and respawned in the loser's lounge, in the theater. DJ Theaterballs also happens to be fighting Mr. Docty on the stage in the theater as we speak. I'd say that's a good starting place." Mr. Goodteacher says, laying a plan out. "Mr. Goodteacher, how do you know all of this?" Jacobo asks, confused. "In this world, you can know almost anything if you think about it hard enough. I don't understand it either. But I could if I really wanted to!" Mr. Goodteacher tries to explain. "I still don't get it, but I'm grateful for everything you've taught and told me." Jacobo replies. "You're welcome, Jacobo. DJ Theaterballs promised to reveal himself after the rebellion. It's your job to make sure he keeps his word." Mr. Goodteacher hands Jacobo his revolver and goes on. "Just please try to be understanding when you learn of his identity. Now, go. Jump down the middle of the staircase to be transported in the theater. The rest is up to you." Mr. Goodteacher explains once more. "Jump down? Fine, I trust you. Are you gonna be okay?" Jacobo asks. "Yes, I'll be fine, but I won't end up in the theater. Go on. Your people, the students, your friends...they need you." Mr. Goodteacher says, giving his temporary goodbyes to Jacobo. "Thank you so much, Mr. Goodteacher." Jacobo closes his eyes, jumps down the middle of the staircase, and eventually lands. He opens his eyes up to see The James Locator from earlier on the ground in front of him. He looks at it closely to see it point immediately and directly to his right. The James Locator has no longer expired. He faces right to see DJ Theaterballs on the stage swinging his balls across Mr. Docty's face like a grandfather clock. Everyone is cheering for him. Jacobo slowly walks down the center aisle in the theater. DJ Theaterballs deals the final blow to Mr. Docty. As he stands up, the crowd goes silent. "I'm not just DJ Theaterballs." He starts. Jacobo aims the revolver at the back of DJ Theaterballs's head. "I have a real name." DJ Theaterballs states. Jacobo makes sure he's perfectly aligned with his true target. DJ Theaterballs continues. "And my real name is..." And that's when the bullet reached the back of his head.

Chapter 9: back in the theater

The bullet traveled through the air and hit Jacobo's target flawlessly. DJ Theaterballs was still standing, but his mask hit the ground. The strap keeping his mask on, Jacobo's true target, was broken in half. DJ Theaterballs still faced away from the audience. "Go on, DJ Theaterballs. Your real name is..?" Jacobo says, ready for the reveal. "...Sky Sniper." Sky says, turning around to show his face to the crowd. Everyone stays silent for a second before erupting into applause and praises. Jacobo lowers his revolver and his gaze for a second, pondering the implications, and thinking to himself. "Sky. It was him all along. I've been arguing with him for what? He never wanted to hurt me, he wanted to help me. He must've started creating those songs after I told him about that TikTok I saw. He definitely didn't diss me because he hated me, it was just all in good fun like Mr. Goodteacher said!" Sky, surprised at everyone's acceptance, throws his arms up in the air. Jacobo, still holding the revolver, walks down the center aisle more and jumps onto the stage beside Sky. "Hey Jacobo, I'm sorry I dissed you. I really didn't know how much it would spiral into everyone hating you, and I just—" Jacobo throws down his gun and hold his hand out. "Don't worry, bro. I understand, I accept your apology, and I forgive you." Jacobo says as Sky daps him up into a hug. Everyone starts cheering even more seeing as the top two in the school are actually good friends. "YEAHHHHH THOSE ARE MY FRIENDS!!!" Greg yells, happy to see his friends making up with each other. "Start kissing!" The Donginator randomly throws out there. "I'm locating all over the place!!!" Jar yells since no one can hear him over the crowd anyway. Jacobo sees Mr. Goodteacher behind Sky during the hug at the exit of the theater. Mr. Goodteacher winks at Jacobo, and Jacobo smiles back. "I learned some important stuff on those stairs. And I can't believe you were swinging your balls across Mr. Docty's face! I'm kinda jealous bro" Jacobo says to Sky. "Yeahhh, it was really fun to rebel for once. Lowkey let's get outta here though. I gotta talk to Piratebooty about some stuff right quick though, so you go ahead, I'll catch up. Good job winning the game btw! You got DJ Theaterballs's mask, so you technically did win." Sky says, jumping off the stage. "Thx brojobs! See you later, Sky." Jacobo says as he jumps off of the stage and exits the theater. Sky walks up to Piratebooty and pulls him aside. "Piratebooty, I gotta tell you something. He says. "What is it, Sky? That you're DJ Theaterballs???" Piratebooty claps back. "No. I told Mr. Goodteacher about those books." Sky says, a smile forming on his face. "WHAAAATTTT???? SKY ARE YOU CRAZY!!!!!! I'M GONNA SHAVE YOU WITH BALLOON HAMMERS!!!!!! >:C" Piratebooty threatens calmly. "You told him about me peeing in trashcans. I told him about your books. It seems pretty fair to me." Sky says, trying to reason with him. "Sky there are some things you don't tell a teacher you stupid cocksucker! I'm gonna start diggin in yo butt like Mr. Docty if you don't fix this..." Piratebooty once again threatens. "If there are things you don't tell teachers, wouldn't your friend peeing in trashcans be one of those?" Sky once more tries to reason. "Well yeah, I suppose that's fair. I'm really sorry Sky, I guess I honestly just wasn't really thinking when I told him. I'm just really comfortable with Mr. Goodteacher, so I shared away and never considered how you felt. I'll try my best to restrain myself next time." Piratebooty says and honestly does truly mean it. "Don't worry, I understand. Sorry I dissed you so hard haha. Also, I never told him about the books. I just wanted to give you an example to make the explanation easier. Sorry for lying to you lol" Sky says back to Piratebooty. "It's ok Sky. I'm glad you did, now I understand and won't do something like that again. We'll always be friends, and you can always touch my no no square

:3” Piratebooty says cutely. “Bro. Bro never changes. Bro is never a changer and is a changer never. But anyways, that’s beside the point. Lowkey let’s skedaddle. We can probably even leave school and just get outta here.” Sky walks to the exit. “Ok and maybe we can have some fun together later on hehehe~” Piratebooty says while cackling and walking his silly lil ahh to the exit.

Chapter 10: One More Time

The next day, the students are walking to the theater after lunch for an extra announcement due to a recent event that has occurred within the school. Sky and friends all smile and laugh with each other, once again getting front row seats to the announcement of a lifetime. They all sit together and wait for Mr. Docty to take the microphone. "All of our hard work paid off guys!" Sky says to his friends. "And our hard cocks too!" Piratebooty chimes in. "It wasn't easy. We learned a lot on this RJournal." Jacobo says. "And not every location was always exactly obvious." Says Mr. Locator jar. "But hey, we did it all in the end..." The Donginator starts. "...and we did it all together!" Greg finishes. Mr. Docty walks up and takes the microphone. "Due to some recent occurrences, I've been forced to make some changes to certain school rules. Specifically, the changes to the device policy will officially be reverted." As Mr. Docty relays this information, the entire school erupts into applause. Everyone starts crowdsurfing the boys and chanting DJ Theaterballs over and over over again. "Quiet! Quiet!!!! I SAID QUIET!!!!" Mr. Docty attempts to calm everyone down but fails miserably. "Ok everyone, calm down, calm down! I've got some stuff to say too." Sky speaks up, and everyone listens. "First off, I wanna say—actually, I think Mr. Docty has something to admit?" Sky lets Mr. Docty do his admittance. Mr. Docty sighs, then starts. "I admit I'm a sussy ohio baka and that Sky Sniper is awesome and DJ Theaterballs makes the best songs ever. I admit that Jacobo Barsusse is the best sigma chad mewer in Skibidi Toilet Elementary and is awesome. I admit that I secretly love Piratebooty and that James is the best locatorer of all the locatorers, including Rainbolt. I admit that The Donginator is the best restaurant runner and he has the best laugh ever. I admit that Greg is the most incredible guy in the world and everything would fall apart without him. Is everyone happy now?" Mr. Docty says, hating every moment of it. The entire school starts laughing at him and Sky comes up to the podium. "Ok, ok, you're crazy Mr. Docty. Everyone give it up for Mr. Docty!" He says, and everyone starts clapping kinda. "Now recently my lower area of my body which has a certain hole in it has been letting out some rather smelling gas inside of it. These gases, known as farts, keep coming out of said hole, called a butthole. This causes a phenomenon the can only be described as that I "farted in my butthole" a bunch of times. Or in other words, let's all have a DJ Theaterballs farted in my butthole song sing along!!!" The entire school gets hyped, starts screaming, yelling, and picking each other's noses. Sky starts. "3, 2, 1, one more time!"

***I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!!
I SAID I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!!
And when that fart was inside of butt
It was wet and juicy
So I wiped the hole of my butt
And when I felt it
It was dry***

***I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!!
I SAID I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!! (fart
noises)
I SAID I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!! (fart
noises)
(NO BEAR!)
I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!! (fart noises)
(OH GOSH!)
I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!! (fart noises)
I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!! (fart noises)
No bear, no bear... (fart noises)
NO BEAR!!!
Oh gosh
(Fart noise)
No bear***

"This energy was so radiant that it could give even Jacob Barsusse cancer." – Narration

"His Distructor fade in was clean, the wet and dry at the start was on point, the base beat was kinda heat, the back and fourth bell was banging..." – Narration

"Punches were thrown, backshots were given, insults were said...it was a mess." – Narration

"And not every location was always exactly obvious." – James

"...and we did it all together!" – Greg

"You told him about me peeing in trashcans. I told him about your books. It seems pretty fair to me." – Sky Sniper

"Bro. Bro never changes. Bro is never a changer and is a changer never." – Sky Sniper

"I learned some important stuff on those stairs." – Jacob Barsusse

"Go on, DJ Theaterballs. Your real name is..?" – Jacob Barsusse

"Everyone makes mistakes. They're just unavoidable in certain situations." – Jacob Barsusse

"Everyone makes mistakes. They're just unavoidable in certain situations." – Mr. Goodteacher

"Maybe try a toilet instead of a trash can next time." – Mr. Goodteacher

"I'm gonna start diggin in yo butt like Mr. Docty if you don't fix this..." – Piratebooty

"I'M GONNA SHAVE YOU WITH BALLOON HAMMERS!!!!!! >:C" – Piratebooty

"We'll always be friends, and you can always touch my no no square :3" – Piratebooty

"Quiet! Quiet!!! I SAID QUIET!!!" – Mr. Docty

"I admit I'm a sussy ohio baka and that Sky Sniper is awesome and DJ Theaterballs makes the best songs ever." – Mr. Docty

"I admit that I secretly love Piratebooty..." – Mr. Docty

"I FARTED IN MY BUTTHOLE!!!" – Everyone

"Man I should swing my balls cross yo face like a grandfather clock" – DJ Theaterballs

"3, 2, 1, one more time!" – Sky Sniper / DJ Theaterballs

