# The inquisition

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## \*Chapter 1\*: The interview

dedicated to bad fanfictions in general

SBAC productions presents --

The cornwallace show!

WITH YOUR HOST! ME! CORNWALLACE! YAY! I'M SO AWESOME! (and a kickass writer, too)

Welcome to the show. My show. That's right, I've gone all the way now. Selling out in every aspect, and now it's time to cash in with a good old ask-fic! I mean, how could I possibly not get at least two hundred reviews? At the very least.

Next I'll be doing a cute sonamy where they love each other a lot. After that, I'm going to be doing a tradgedy in which Amy loves Sonic, but Sonic doesn't even acknowledge her! Sadness induces suicide! GASP! She cuts her wrists in the bath tub, only for Sonic to find out and admit only too late that HE ALWAYS LOVED HER!! -cries- SAD!!1111 All the while, I'll be working on the epic saga of cornwallace the fifteen tailed kitsune with super powers that even I don't understand. I CAN'T WAIT!! READ AND REVIEW!!

Either way, we have a very special guest on the show today. A good friend of mine. Our companionship has lasted over ten years, ladies and gentlemen, I BRING YOU SONIC THE HEDGEHOG!

The audience applauses as Sonic makes his way to the couch next to my desk. The applause refuses to die down. Machine must be malfunctioning or something. Someone takes a baseball bat to it, and the applause stops. Finally.

So, Sonic. What brings you to town?

"Uh… you forced (A/N: invited) me to come to this dumb(A/N: awesome) little (A/N: big) show of yours(A/N: cornwallace's(A/N: mine))?"

Right. I meant to ask how you were doing.

"Why fan fiction?"

What?

"You heard me. Why fan fiction?"

Shuffle through my deck of index cards. Responses. I'm at a loss. Confused, even.

Uh. Let's talk about you, Sonic. You're the famous one, here.

"I don't want to talk about me, cornwallace. I want to know what the fuck you're doing here."

What do you mean? I'm doing an interview.

"You're fucking pathetic."

What?!

"You heard me. You're fucking pathetic in all ways."

Gulp. Take a sip of water. Shuffle my cards.

So, is Robotnik still on your nuts?

"Do you still have nothing on yours?"

What's that supposed to mean?

"Don't worry about it."

Can I just ask you some questions?

"No. Let me ask you something. Do you think you're being original?"

Of course I do. Am. It's the cornwallace show. There's no other cornwallace show. Just this one. Just me. cornwallace.

"That's bullshit and you know it. Right now you're blatantly knocking off two different sources."

What?

"You're ripping off the ask-fic parody and the ask fic all at once! Look at you! Have you an original bone in your body?!"

Of course I do! I wrote.. uh… Bummer may Horus didn't I?

"Oh! Are you referring to Pulp with characters from my fandom?"

It was only inspiration!

"Shut the fuck up. It was a rip off. A sham. A waste of time."

But I'm writing Seasons!

"The Reflections knockoff?"

God damn it, it's Reflection! Only one. Singular. By the way, how does one rip off his own story? I wrote Reflection.

"You're proud of that?"

You have a point there. But-

"Didn't you used to be a troll?"

Alright now, what does that have to do anything?

"Just reminding you how low you are."

What? You asshole.

"Then you ran away like a little bitch. Years and years you hid, like a fag, then some book made you want to write again, didn't it?"

That isn't entirely-

"Some book you could hope to never be as good as. You should have taken it as a sign that YOU ARE WORTHLESS! INSIGNIFICANT!"

NO!

"Then you started posting again, presenting your unwanted face among a group of original, creative young minds AND RAPING MY BELOVED FANDOM WITH YOUR BULLSHIT! YOU FUCKING PATHETIC BASTARD! I'LL KILL YOU!"

He's on top of me, hitting me and choking me. I'm begging him to stop, or trying to, when another punch lands me on the jaw. I think it's fucking broken.

"Did you honestly think you could rip off Wingless Rain and get away with it? Did you really think you could go on writing your little fan fictions and suffering the world with the travesties you have committed upon ME?! UPON MY PEOPLE?!"

He gets up and starts kicking me.

"You're a fucking worthless hack!" he says. "Holding all the good writers like Simon and Royce back by sucking up all the creativity! The good writers are stuck behind blocks because you keep pulling your pud and cumming all over ffnet!"

Another kick to the head. I deserve this.

"Now" he asks, breathing heavily. "Why fan fiction?"

I get bored, I tell him. You can only jerk off so much before it gets boring, too.

"And that's your excuse?"

No, I tell him. That's my answer. You asked a question, dickhead.

My face catches his foot again. My nose is broken for sure. Blood running all the way down my neck and shirt.

"You've been controlling me for too long, cornwallace. You would fuck me up when you played the games, and you're fucking me up now with your bullshit stories. I'm not leaving here this day without your resignation, you son of a bitch. You fucking lazy ass pothead. You lifeless loser. Cheap knockoff."

I can't, I tell him. I'm too pathetic.

He shoots me a look. One I can't seem to describe.

Writing fan fiction is like playing with toys, I tell him. I pick a doll house (A/N: setting) and some dolls (A/N: characters) and I play. Can't build my own toys. Too lazy. Too pathetic.

He looks down upon me and he smiles. Not a warm smile. A smirk. Like he's won. This is want he wanted. Me to admit how pathetic I am.

Suddenly the entire Sonic gang kicks through the doors and comes storming down the staircase. Coming towards us. Carrying a big fucking cross. Something tells me to run, but I'm too weak.

Too pathetic.

They set the cross next to me. I want to run.

What are you doing?

"Saving you"

From what?

"A useless existence of smoking pot, jerking off, and stealing other people's ideas."

I don't want to be saved, I tell them, as they pick me up and place me on the cross. Holding me down. Before I know it, nails are halfway through my hands and I'm crying like a little bitch. Getting hammered in, like the whore I am. Once I'm nailed in, I'm erected.

And everybody is screaming at me all at once.

Sonic: You turned me into a junkie! AND an alcoholic!

Bunnie: You get my fucking name wrong! Scarlett O'Hare? What the fuck is that stupid Archie bullshit?!

Sally: You made me a fucking lesbian!

She's throwing things at me. They all are.

That story isn't even posted anymore, I tell her.

Antoine: You fucking racist! Just look at what you did to my accent!

Rotor: Yeah! What the fuck was with all that 'walrus' shit?!

Amy: You helped make me a guy, you sick fuck! Not only a guy, but a FAG!

Nack: You turned me into an idiot, because you are an idiot.

Knuckles: You're trying to say that I can't get laid? No. You can't get laid, so you hide behind a cartoon character.

Shadow: I NEVER LOSE!

Tails: I'm not gay. And I'm not fucking feminine, either. You asshole.

Griff: You didn't even do anything to me. I just hate all you morons and your ask fics.

Cream: You couldn't even get in my head. Because you can't think outside your own. All your characters are the same 'sarcastic' retard.

Cheese: i¿

Rouge: You made me a whore!

Big: Learn to spell!

Metal: You use "I" too much.

Snively: Do you even proof read? Ever?

Robotnik: Even I'm with Sonic on this one. You suck. Die.

Sonic steps forward, and starts spraying me and the wooden cross. Kerosene soaking into the wood and through my clothes.

Oh god.

Just tell me one thing, Sonic. Just please tell me this one thing.

He strikes a match and stares at me for a few seconds.

"What? Make it quick. We don't have a lot of time left, and someone has to die. It's a cornwallace fan fiction, after all. You predictable turd."

His words sting like moonshine on an open wound. Not that I would know what that feels like. Probably stings lots. Kind of like his words. Wait, have I already used that? Daaamn.

Clearing my throat I put as much bass in my voice as possible. Trying to regain composure. Get down to brass tacks. What this is all really about.

Sonic, what in the world makes you run so fast?

"You do, you idiot! You control everything I do! Even now, it's you! The penholder! There isn't a set speed I can run, because every jackass with a keyboard thinks he can make his own shit up. Jesus Christ, is this all you do?! Sit around and jerk off? When you aren't physically jerking off, you're mentally jerking off, and WE are the ones who suffer for it! It's SICK!"

The match burns through the finger tips of his glove. He curses, dropping it.

Hahahahahahahahahahah.

"You little shit!"

He lights another match.

Wait! Hold on a second! Give me a break, man. I'm sorry!!

"Sorry doesn't put it back together."

And with that magnificent sign off line, he flicks the lit match at me. Suddenly I erupt in a massive ball of hot and pain. Flames lick my face. Blacken my clothes. Burn through. My skin is sizzling. The stink of melting flesh, burning hair and kerosene might overwhelm me, if I wasn't currently breathing in fire.

This is it. The end.

The tragedy is the fact that I'll be back. Writing more fan fictions. I'm kind of an antichrist of sorts. The antichrist of ffnet. It may never stop.

!! !! !! !! !! !! !  
¿IS THIS ART?  
!! !! !! !! !! !! !

## \*Chapter 2\*: The trial

"ORDER!" she says, hammering her gavel down repeatedly. "We call this site to order!"

The uproar slowly dies down as everything gets quiet. Judge Beatrice Lily presiding, decked out in long black robes and fake curly white hair. She hammers the gavel down onto the wooden surface a couple more times, for good measure.

"This is the case against Sir cornwallace McThathle against the site of fanfiction dot net. Will the defendant please rise?"

cornwallace looks over to his lawyer, Fish, and waits for the signal. Fish stares at him like he's an idiot, and slowly nods his head. The defendant stands at the judges request.

"cornwallace. You have been accused of one count of rape, unfathomable counts of murder, bad writing in general, use of an ancient word processor, writing MA content (sex), badly, I might add, over use of 'tragedy', constant misuse of the ratings system, Mary Sues, Gary Stus, self insertions, one count of script format, at least twelve counts of poor attempts at the humor genre, whining, trolling, and pissing off everyone on the website with your retarded shenanigans. How do you plead?"

"Not... guilty?"

A sigh of disgust from Fish, as he stands up and starts stuffing papers into his suitcase.

"And just what do you think you're doing?" Judge Lily inquires.

"I quit. I told that moron to plead insanity, and he didn't listen to me. He never listens to me. He sucks. I quit!"

"Weak, dude! You're my lawyer!"

"Not anymore."

"Are you aware of the repercussions of what you are doing, Mr. Impaler?"

"I know very well. Hell, I may lose my job and piss away years of schooling only to die on the street. I don't care. Fuck this. To hell with it. To hell with it, I say!"

He storms out of the courtroom, slamming the doors behind him.

"Who's going to defend me now?" The defendant dumbly asks the judge.

"The court appoints Maverick87 to defend cornwallace in this case"

"Are you shitting me?! No. No way am I defending that asshole."

"Maverick87, do you like your job?"

"Of course, but-"

"Than fucking do it, or you won't have it anymore. Understand?"

"But-"

"I said do your fucking job!"

"Yes ma'am."

Maverick87 sits down at the little table next to cornwallace, glaring daggers through his soul. cornwallace, on the other hand, is doing his best to avoid eye contact at all costs.

"cornwallace..." says Maverick87

"Maverick87..." says cornwallace.

"How's little Maverick Wallace doing?"

"Wouldn't know. I locked him in the closet until he finishes the second chapter of Creak."

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"How in god's name do you treat a kid like that?"

"The little fucker needs to learn a thing or two about laziness."

"You moron. You had better get comfortable, because after this case, I'm suing you for custody."

"Fuck you, Maverick87. If that is your real name."

"It is."

"Oh... right."

Beatrice Lily starts smashing her gavel down wildly and in an uncoordinated manner until she has their full attention.

"If the prosecutor would please make his opening statement."

The Archaic Minister gets out of his chair, and straightens the tie beneath his shiny blue wizard robes. He adjusts his hat, and clears his throat. He makes his way over to the jury, and addresses them.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I am not the reason you're here today. Stuck in court. Awake at six in the morning. Getting paid something like seven dollars a day for a full day's work. No, and again no. This is not my fault friends. It's his!"

Minister points at cornwallace dramatically, who is taking a swig from a ten dollar bottle of unnamed alcohol, and everyone gasps for full effect. He stops drinking and screws the cap back on. A stupid, confused look on his face.

"So, remember this, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. While you're sitting there in those uncomfortable wooden chairs, in this unbearably cold temperature, while your bladders are full and your stomachs are empty, while your thirst goes unquenched just remember; who's side are you on? The side of the one who sympathizes, or the side of that asshole sitting over there, drinking whiskey and forcing us all to be hear for hours on top of hours because he doesn't have the common decency to just tell the truth and plead guilty for these heinous crimes? I leave the decision up to you."

"Thank you, Minister. You may sit."

He bows and the jury starts clapping. He giddily prances back to his seat, snickering to himself wildly.

"Maverick87? What do you have to say in the defense of cornwallace?"

"I don't know. Something about how he didn't do it, or whatever."

"You call that a defense?!" cornwallace whispers to Maverick87 furiously.

"You call this fanfiction?"

"Good point."

Before he can finish speaking, Beatrice is at it with her gavel, again.

"ORDER! ORDER IN THE COURT!"

Silence.

More gavel pounding. The wooden object's handle snaps in half and she angrily throws the pieces at the ground.

"Bailiff! Get me a new hammer-thingy!"

"Right away, boss!" Vernon replies.

When she receives her new one, she tests it out about eight times and calls for order again. Everyone just stares nervously at her in silence.

"The Archaic Minister goes first, because he had the better opening." she says, then leans back.

"Thank you, ma'am. I would like to call Sonic the Hedgehog."

"Shit" cornwallace laments.

"You know you're fucked, right?"

"Hey, man. You're my lawyer, alright?"

"You're soooo fucked."

"Dude!"

Guess what Beatrice Lily does next. No really, guess. I want to see if you can get this. Quickly write down your answer, and be sure to include it in a review. Remember; don't cheat. That would just be unlawful.

Because she actually doesn't smash her gavel against the wood and call for order.

No, instead she writes a badass fanfiction on her nearby computer, then posts it on fanfiction dot net. Then she smashes her gavel against the wood and calls for order.

"ORDER!" she calls. "ORDER!"

Sonic makes his way up to the stand. Vernon meets him up there with a copy of Sonic 3 in hand, which he sets before him.

"Place your right hand on the cartridge."

Sonic wordlessly complies.

"Do you swear to tell the fanfiction, the whole fanfiction, and nothing but the fanfiction to the best of your ability, so help you GOD?"

"Uh.. right. Yeah. Okay."

"You may sit."

"Thank you."

Vernon makes his way back over to Beatrice's side, with his thumbs hooked around his belt loops.

The Archaic Minister straightens his robes and stands up, making his way over to the stand, eyes locked on the jury bench. A warm smile stretched across his face. Ear to ear.

"Mister Hedgehog. Are you familiar with the work of cornwallace?"

"You call that work?"

Laughter.

Minor applause.

"Yeah, you could say I'm familiar with it. I've suffered for it. He's killed me more times than I could count. He's made me kill myself. He's turned me into an alcoholic numerous times as well. He's made me kill others, including my friends. He's a vicious, lie spreading fiend. He claims my name is Maurice, when it obviously isn't. Why else would they call me Sonic?"

"What of the allegations of him writing scenes of explicit sexual activity, and posting them on this website that strictly forbids NC-17/MA rated content?"

"What? He's written sex? That must have been awful! And why the fuck wasn't I having it? Fuck that! Burn the asshole at the stake! No further questions!"

He steps down, and storms out of the courtroom. The jury applauds, for whatever reason. Minister bows again and reclaims his seat.

"Just get me on the stand, okay?" cornwallace says quietly to Maverick87

"Dude, I know how to do my fucking job, alright? I call Sally Acorn to the srand!"

"You stupid son of a bitch."

Sally makes her way up to the stage, trembling and coddling a dead mutant fetus.

"Do you swear to tell the fanfiction, the whole fanfiction and nothing but the fanfiction, to the best of your ability, so help you GOD?"

She wordlessly nods, cradling the aborted, bloody half human/half squirrel child in her arms.

"Miss Acorn! Are you familiar with the works of cornwallace?"

"He... did this to me. He did this to meee..."

The Archaic Minister jumps up and runs over to the stand.

"Aha! Exhibit A!" he snatches the dead baby from her hands with a pair of metal tongs, and throws it into a plastic ziplock bag, sealing it and tossing it onto a table. "A dead baby!"

"MY BABY!" Sally starts shrieking and crying, arms flailing wildly before her as she reaches for the evidence until she is snatched and handcuffed by the bailiff.

"Objection!" shouts cornwallace.

"Overruled!"

"Now, now ma'am, we can't have you tampering with the evidence. Come on, ma'am. You have to spend the night in contempt of court."

Her screams can be heard as she is dragged out of the court by Vernon.

A few moments later, he returns. His thumbs hooked around his belt loops.

Beatrice calls for order once again, and demands respect from her courtroom, like the badass she is.

Everyone complies.

"And once again, it's The Archaic Minister's turn. What have you for the court, good sir?"

"If the court will allow it, I would like to call Miles 'Tails' Prower to the stand."

"Fuck!" cornwallace exclaims.

"Haha!"

"Alright, god damn it. You're my lawyer. Start fucking acting like it, okay?!"

Maverick87 snorts and laughs as Tails makes his way to the stand.

"Do you swear to tell the fanfiction, the whole fanfiction and nothing but the fanfiction to the best of your ability, so help you Satan?"

"Sure."

"Alright, Mr. Prower. Are you familiar with the fanfiction that cornwallace writes?"

"If you can call it fanfiction. That son of a bitch is the anticanon. And he keeps spreading this rumor that I'm effeminate. And gay. Also, he kills babies. Seriously. He's done it twice."

"OBJECTION!"

"OVERRULED!"

"You go judge!" Vernon yells. "Hachacha!"

"ORDER!"

More pounding by Beatrice. And she pounds the shit out of it. Hard.

"ORDER IN THE MOTHERFUCKING COURT!"

"Sorry, Judge."

"Shut the fuck up, Vernon. Tails? Your closing statement?"

"He's a baby killer."

Everyone boos at cornwallace, some of them throwing fecal matter.

"No further questions, your honor."

"I suppose it's your turn again, Maverick87"

"Alright. I guess I call cornwallace to the stand."

"YES!"

"Do you swear to tell the fanfiction, the whole fanfiction and nothing but the-"

"Get the fuck out of my way, asshole! I have a story to tell!"

Beatrice rolls her eyes and puts a set of headphones over her ears, drowning out cornwallace's entire testimony with the song Jackass by Beck.

"First off, I would like to address the fact that-"

"I'll ask the questions, cornwallace. Are you at all familiar with the fanfictions of cornwallace?"

"Uh... yeah?"

"Are you aware that he breaks rating rules on a regular basis??"

"Yeah, but- wait, what?! You're my lawyer!"

"Hey, I don't tell you how to do your job, you don't tell me how to do mine, okay?"

"I don't have a job."

"So you admit to breaking rating rules?"

"What? No!"

"Sean, could you please read that back to us?"

Sean the stenographer flips back a page, and says in a monotone voice "Are you aware that he breaks the rules on a regular basis? Yeah, but- wait, what? You're my lawyer. Hey, I don't tell you how to do your job, you don't tell me how to do mine, okay? I don't have a job. So, you admit to breaking the rules? What? No. Sean, could you please read that back to us?"

"Wait. Someone's writing all this shit down?"

"You're so fucked."

"You're my lawyer! We're on the same team, man! What the fuck?!"

"Is it true that you've been guilty of trolling?"

"I would like to plead the fifth amendment."

"That doesn't work in Sonicland."

"I'll not be answering anymore questions."

"The prosecution rests."

"You're the defense, asshole. My defense."

"Whatever. I'm finished, your honor."

Beatrice Lily looks up from her mp3 player, which is currently playing The Engine Driver by The Decemberists, and pulls the buds from her ears. She sighs.

"Closing statements?"

"Let the record show that cornwallace is a baby killer." says The Archaic Minister.

"Seconded" says Maverick87

"I would like the record to show" cornwallace starts "that I am a writer. A writer of fictions. I am the heart that you call home. And I've written pages upon pages, trying to-"

"If you steal another line from brilliance, so help me god, I will shove this gavel up your ass. You got me?"

cornwallace shuts up.

"The court will take a five minute recess, so the jury can render a verdict."

"Not necessary, your honor." Gadget shouts from the jury bench. "WE ALL VOTE GUILTY!"

The courtroom erupts in applause once again, and Beatrice is hammering the shit out of some hard wood. Pounding it real good. Yeahh...

"ORDER! I sentence Sir cornwallace McThathle to death by the flame! Everyone out there, do your part!"

Everyone starts throwing rocks at cornwallace and the song (This is) The Wet Page (Mo...).) by PFFR plays. This is where you leave a bad review, so we can put that smug asshole in his place.

## \*Chapter 3\*: The last temptation of cornwallace

"It's a whore." - I AM The SpookShow Baby in regards to fanfiction(dot)net

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Loud footsteps pounding against tile. Flip-flops slapping loudly, echoing throughout the plain white walls decorated with blue stripe. Floor is white. So shiny you can see yourself.

"THERE HE IS!"

"GET HIM!"

"DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!"

Frantic gasps of breath. The dumb author wearing brown sandals cuts a left, slamming the side of his shoulder into the painted brick wall. He fumbles the keys from the pocket of his brown zipper hoody.

"STOP RIGHT THERE!"

The frantic author fumbles with the keys as he juggles them with shaky hands, finally choosing the right one to unlock gigantic sliding steel door. He's weak, and the door barely budges for him, gliding ever so slowly along its steel track as he digs his brown flip-flops into the ground and pushes with all of the weight in his body. He squeezes through moments before the disgruntled moderators arrive.

"Oh god."

"We're fucked. We're so fucked."

One of them removes the walky-talky from his belt and pushes down the button to speak.

"Security has been breeched, I repeat, Security has been breeched. Requesting backup."

He releases the button and turns his attention to his comrade, who is turning to leave.

"What the fuck are you waiting for?! Close it!"

"I don't know about that, man. That's the Resident Evil character vault!"

"That's why you need to close it, you asshole! Do your fucking job!"

He gulps ridiculously and steps slowly towards the ajar door. Trembling and cautiously stepping forth, he peers into the darkness beyond the old steel door and sees nothing. He forces himself to chuckle as he grips the side of the door and strains to put it back into place. Just as it starts to move, a mangled hand grabs his shirt and before he can react, a faceless zombie is sinking his teeth into the moderator's cheek. He's screaming for his partner's help, but his partner just drops the walky-talky and flips a bitch, hauling ass back down the hallway he chased the unknown author into.

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MEANWHILE IN THE SONIC WRITER'S GUILD FORUM!

"I call this meeting to order!" says Tareana loudly, folding her arms across her chest.

"What's this about?" azngrlchibi asks tiredly, yawning into her open palm.

"I'm sorry to have called you all here at this hour, but we're in a state of emergency."

"Get on with it!" Ryan Duran snaps, leaning against the wall.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Today, the day of whatever day this story ends up getting posted on, if it gets posted at all, Sonic the hedgehog was pronounced dead."

Gasps and shocked reaction from the tired, perturbed crowd.

"What the fuck do you mean 'he was pronounced dead'?!" Gadget demands angrily.

"I think that mean's he's dead" remarks Bruce.

"Duh"

"Actually," Frozen Nitrogen chimes in, pushing the glasses up the bridge of his nose "he's been MURDERED!"

The group gasps.  
"MURDERED?!"

"Yes. Murdered. As in killed."  
Frozen Nitrogen steps forward into the light, adjusting his lab coat.

"What the fuck do you mean 'murdered'?!"

"Gadget, are you drunk?" azngirlchibi asks.

"You stay the fuck out of this, alright?"  
He directs his attention back to Frozen Nitrogen.  
"What the fuck do you mean 'murdered'?!"

"You already asked me that."

"Well, you didn't answer."

"You didn't give me a chance to ans-"

"Shut the fuck up!"

Frozen Nitrogen adjusts his glasses and stares at Gadget strangely.

"Well?!"

"Well what?"

"What the fuck do you mean 'murdered'?!"

"You told me to shut up. Do you want me to shut up, or do you want me to answer your question?"

Gadget stares daggers through Frozen Nitrogen, reaching into his pink Amy Rose jacket decorated with flowers and Piko-Piko hammers, and pulling out a pocket bottle of Goldschläger and taking a swig before he smashes it on a nearby wall, spilling gold flakes all over the floor and swinging the jagged pieces around wildly.

"I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

The moderator dives in Gadget's path, trying to pull off an elaborate karate move or something he had seen on Tv, but instead, he just gets in the way of the bottle. The neck is buried deep within his diaphragm, causing blood to spurt out of his mouth and all over Gadget's jacket, causing him to utter a shriek of pure terror. He dodges two people and bolts for the door. The team can't be bothered to go after him.

"He'll come back. He always comes back."

"Yeah. Uh. Dr. Namgge, you want to like... save his life, or whatever?"

"Right."

"You're really a doctor, right?"

"Uhh... sure. Whatever."

Namgge drags Master hunter out of the room and things resume.

"MURDERED?!"

"Yes. Sonic the hedgehog has been murdered."

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MEANWHILE AT THE ÆdS FORUM!!! (located behind the library of cornwallace)

"Where the shit is that little turd?" Beatrice Lily asks, throwing her fake judge hair down angrily.

"It doesn't look like we're going to be able to take him into custody today, Beatrice."

"Shut the hell up, Minister. Where do you think he went?"

"I don't know. After the trial, he just ran. I thought I saw him come out this way."

"Well, apparently you were wrong, jackass."

"We'll catch him, Beatrice. We'll catch him."

"Shit, I don't want to catch him anymore. I want this asshole dead."

She pumps a shotgun which she is suddenly and inexplicably holding.

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"How?"

"Forensics say he was bludgeoned to death with a hammer. We found him dead with severe trauma inflicted to the cranium, and a bloody claw hammer laying on the ground next to him. The door linking the site to the Sonic fandom was unlocked and left open. But that isn't all. The sick bastard ran over to the Resident Evil section, leaving the door unlocked and wide open."

"Who?"

"We don't know."

"Why?"

"We don't know that, either."

"When?!"

"A couple of hours ago."

"You mean there are zombies and monsters running around fanfiction(dot)net and you called us here to tell us that Sonic is dead?!"

"Uhh... yeah."

"How do you know all of this?"

"The updates on the homepage?"

"Did they manage to close the door and take care of the problem?!"

"No. We've been quarantined, actually."

"WHAT?! You called us here to tell us that anyone who's here can no longer leave?!"

"Hey, I just started up a thread. You all came to it on your own free will. Don't get mad at me."

"But why didn't you just leave?"

"I had to.. warn people."

Everyone glares at Frozen Nitrogen and Tareana. Suddenly, they are all distracted by gunfire.

"Are those doors locked?" azngirlchibi asks.

"Nope. Forum's free to all."

They all stand there in silence for a couple moments before racing over to the door and barricading it.

-

"What the fuck am I doing here?"

Mister Takeda sighs as he stares forlornly out across the Resident Evil section. So many people trying to call attention to themselves at once. A cluster fuck of people shrieking at the top of their lungs mindless jumbled undecipherable jargon, all concluding with the vaguely understandable words "READ AND REVIEW!!"

Takeda just shakes his head in disgust, staring at the masses whore themselves out for reviews. He reaches into his pocket and retrieves a pack off cigarettes. He removes a stick from the pack and places it between his lips. He starts patting himself down with his free hand trying to locate a lighter when suddenly a scream catches his attention.

"AIEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!"

Blood sprays out in a ridiculous fountain from the center of the crowd of thirteen year olds, into all directions. More shrill screams erupt from the clusterfuck of bad writers as more crimson eruptions occur throughout the crowd. Mister Takeda, being just far enough away from the massive crowd to not be able to tell what is going on, can only study the bloody screaming little people and wait for an answer to come.

"Need a light?"

Mister Takeda is slightly startled by this. But only slightly. He turns his head to see the author in flip flops and a brown jacket.

"cornwallace..."

He steps forward while digging in his jacket pocket and produces a green lighter. He tosses it to Takeda, who lights his cigarette and throws the lighter back. cornwallace, who sucks at catching things, accidentally smacks it, causing it to bounce off the railing and fall to the chaotic crowd below.

"Eh. Fuck it."

"Did you do this?"

"What? Let out all the characters of the Resident Evil section?"

"That's what you did?! You crazy bastard! Is that why you called me here?"

"Yes, actually. I needed help. Need help, rather. That one."

"You know this is considered internet terrorism, don't you?"

"It only gets worse from here, dude."

"And what makes you think I would help you?"

"Simple. I didn't really think it out thoroughly. Just sort of winging it, here."

"Fuck. Good enough for me, I suppose." He takes a drag from his cigarette. "What do we do next?"

"I was thinking we'd get back to the basement level game section. It's mostly cleared out by now, I think. Shouldn't be much in the way of trouble down there. Most of the monsters have made their way up the featured game section by now, as you can plainly see. That should keep the moderators busy long enough to open up some more sections and hopefully cause irreparable damage to the site and escape just in time to see a cool explosion."

"What, like in Resident Evil?"

"Exactly like in Resident Evil."

"Sweet."

-

"What's in this direction?"

"That's, uh... shit. I think that leads to the anime boards."

"Maybe he's in the book section."

"Pfft. I doubt it."

"Right. Can that ignorant fuck even read?"

"Probably not. We'll find that fucker, though. We'll find him or my name isn't Asuka Langley Sôryû"

Her name was, in fact, not Asuka Langley Sôryû. It was Beatrice Lily. And she was speaking with The Archaic Minister. And no, I didn't describe this earlier. I could have, but I didn't. I thought about it for like eight seconds. I was like "How should I introduce them? Maybe through dialogue?" And then, instead, I end up making a retarded Evangelion reference. Why? Fuck, man. I don't know. Why am I writing this? Why am I writing, like, AT ALL? I'd like to sum it up by saying 'shit happens and at unexplainable cause'. Also, I would like to blame white people. They just suck and cause a ton of unnecessary nonsense. It's like, seriously whiteman. You're fucking white. It sickens me. I don't like it. When I see chalky people, it makes me sick to my stomach. Thin lipped Nazis. All of them. No, really. They should all be put on a boat, right? And on the boat, we put, like bees or something. Like a shit ton of them, right? And the bees will sting the white people until the TNT goes off and blows them all to high heavens. Oh, wait. That's right. White people don't go to heaven. Forgive me. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!!!!!!! Anyway, where was I? Oh, that's right. Lily and Minister are talking. Lily speaks first, because I don't give a shit enough to make tags, or whatever. I can't be bothered.

"Wait! I got it!"

"What?"

"Well, the asshole makes a new horrid piece of shit creation like every five minutes right?"

"Yeah. He's posted like fifty fucking stories since he returned in 2007. At least he's humane enough to destroy some of them after a while. We can only hope this story meets the same fate."

"So, he's probably in the Sonic section, whoring himself out right now!"

"You're brilliant, Beatrice."

"I know, Minister. I know."

-

"Where are we?"

cornwallace is fumbling with his keys, trying to force the wrong key into a padlock on a gigantic rusty steel door. He finally finds the right key and discards the lock. Putting all of his weight into it, he forces the door halfway open, and skips away from the door into a speed walk.

"D section." He says. "And we need to hurry. I just let the necromorphs out."

"Necromorphs?"

"Don't worry about it. Let's get down to Diablo."

"Oooo."

-

"Holy shit. What happened here?"

"Looks like zombies. That's my guess."

And Beatrice Lily, as always. guessed right. They stand in the entrance of the game section, watching everyone scrambling to try and escape to different fandoms, only to find the doors locked and barricaded. Confused thirteen year olds run back and forth, some of them dodging zombies, others not so quick.

"How come no one's attacking us? Do they not see us?"

"Nah. We're protected characters."

"Protected characters?"

"Yeah. We have a purpose. We're immune to death, at least for now."

"How do you know this?"

"The person who's controlling us. Our temporary god, whoever that might be, he doesn't know how to do his job. He's lazy and predictable. Shit, I wouldn't be surprised if we were trapped in cornwallace fanfiction."

The Archaic Minister shudders.

"I don't even want to consider that a possibility."

"Believe me, neither do I. To be safe, we'd better take a different route. Looks like the thirteen year olds will be stampeding this way soon, attracting monsters and shit out onto the homepage. God only knows what kind of havoc is wreaked from then on out."

"Where are we going, Lily?"

"Don't worry, I got an idea. Follow me."

-

Something's already banging on the barricaded door to the Sonic writer's guild forum. Everyone jumps slightly with each loud knocking sound coming from the other side of the door. Familiar voice screams and begs for help.

"Sounds like Gadget!" azngirlchibi points out. "I think he needs our help!"

"Not a good idea" says Frozen Nitrogen.

"Why is that?"

"The drunk bastard tried to stab me with a bottle. You want that kind of instability in here with us at a time like this?"

"He has a point" Tareana states. "Besides, we're better off without his consistent shipping drama, as mean as that sounds."

"Right. Hey, I got copies of some of the newest fanfictions before coming here today! Anyone want to read some of them?"

"Not now, thanks." Tareana rubs the bridge of her nose and sighs with her eyes closed. "I need to keep my head clear."

"Alright. Suit yourselves."

-

"What are you opening now?"

"Silent Hill"

"There's a decent game that didn't need to be a franchise."

"I never played them."

"Of course you didn't. I think I hear something coming."

Mister Takeda turns around and unsheathes his sword. He sees nothing, and turns around to catch cornwallace forcing open the door, sweat beading on his forehead.

"I think you're paranoid."

""Why aren't they coming for us?"

"What do you mean?"

"Cut the shit, cornwallace. You know something."

cornwallace turns to face Mister Takeda and smiles.

"We're writers, dude. These are our toys. We control them."

"Than why are other people getting killed?"

"Good question."

-

"He's dead. He's finally dead, sir."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Satellite surveillance picked up a strange doorway opening in the center of Knothole. Some crazy human came in wielding a claw hammer and murdered Sonic dead, right there in the middle of Knothole just as soon as we found it!"

"What of the human?"

"He left."

"And the others?"

"We captured them while they were holding a funeral, sir. They have since been taken to the robiticization chamber. We await your instruction."

"Excellent. And the door?"

"It closed back up, sir. We couldn't locate it."

"Do you know what this means, Snively?"

"No, sir. What does it mean?"

"It means we win, Snively. It means we win."

-

"LET ME IN, YOU ASSHOLES!"

Gadget knocks crazily on the doors with both fists in no particular pattern until his hands are all bloody and swollen. He whines and kicks the door a few times.

"Assholes."

He turns around to catch a glimpse of a pink figure at the end of the hallway, slowly making its way towards him. He reaches into his pink Amy Rose jacket and digs out a pair of Super Sonic Sight binoculars. Peering through them reveals a blurry pink blob that slowly focuses into Amy Rose, walking stiffly and limply dragging her piko-piko hammer on the ground behind her. She seems drunk. He squeals with joy and stuffs the binoculars into his coat and skips merrily down the hallway.

He approaches Amy with open arms, leaping forth and tackling her in a ridiculous anime style manner. Kind of like how she would do it to Sonic, only... uh... slightly different.  
He kisses her deeply for a few moments before opening his eyes and noticing that she looked a bit pale. Before he can react, she's biting into his lips, stretching the skin like elastic and tearing it away with her teeth. Her front teeth sink into his cheek as she continues to eat off his face.

-

"Could someone tell azngirlchibi to stop banging her head against the wall? It's getting extremely irritating."

"Lost cause, dude. Lost cause."

"Why in god's name is she doing that anyway?"

"It's all those fanfictions she brought. They're driving her slowly insane."

"Dear god. Is that front page material?"

"Yeah..."

"She's fucked."

"Like I said; lost cause, dude. Lost cause."

"I'm going to scan the boards for an old link to youtube, or something. Maybe we can get out and call for help. What do you think, Nitrogen?"

"Already tried it. All links were immediately disabled."

Mister Duran sits against the wall next to Nitrogen and sighs.

-

"We implore you to calmly step away from the doors" a deep voice booms through a megaphone.

It tells them all not to worry.  
It tells them they'll be let out as soon as the situation can be brought under control.

Ignorant authors step forward anyway, causing the internet police to open fire on them through the window. The group is chaotic, the shots startle them. Some of them start to run, and others are trampled. Authors are picked off one by one as they come pouring out of fanfiction(dot)net's doors. Their little heads explode at the mercy of the standard issue internet police .50 caliber sniper rifles.

A battalion of the officers rush the group with plastic shields, some with crude holes in them made for jamming a shotgun through. Some of them firing away through their tall shields, pushing an army of children back into the website, and sweeping the bloody remnants in after them.

More officers arrive with a microwave gun, stationing it in front of the door. The officers with the shields disperse, and the army once again tries to break through. The microwave gun is turned on, and an invisible ray boils the blood of the front line of people, causing them to immediately turn around and run the other way. The officers quickly begin to seal the doors for good.

-

"I'm so hungry" states Ryan Duran over the growling in his stomach.

"The sound of azngirlchibi banging her head against the wall is driving me absolutely mad."

"Tell me about it."

"Wait.."

"Hm?"

"Guys! I have an idea!"

"What do you have for us, Nitrogen?"

"Turn off your add blockers!"

"What? Why?"

"We can crawl out through an ad!"

"No good" Tareana states, turning her ad blocker back on. "They aren't clickable."

"Clever bastards."

-

"The worlds smallest Jew, right?"

"What, like an evaldoer?"

"Noooooo, like a sideshow attraction/superhero."

"I see."

"He's tiny, but also kosher!"

"Right"

"How could you lose?!"

"I don't think you could, no. Not unless you injected him with ham, or something."

Mister Takeda sighs before speaking again.

"Every religion is insane."

"That's the truest thing you'll ever know."

"Where the fuck are we going? How in god's name do we even get out of here, now? Do you even have a plan?"

"I thought we discussed the uselessness of plans earlier, Takeda."

"No. No, we didn't."

"Right. No. I don't have a plan."

"Great. So, how the fuck do we get out of here?"

-

Maverick87, somehow managing to squeeze his way through the rioting authors, makes his way across the crowded homepage only to see the steel shutters in front of the exit to be close before him.

"Fuck" he says, as he turns to make his way back through the rioting. "There must be another way out of here."

Suddenly, the screech of a necromorph rings through the gigantic room as blood sprays upwards from over by the entrance to the game section.

"Oh shit."

Maverick makes a dash for the cartoons section. He looks to his left to see one author get violently torn in half and his footsteps pick up. He's pushing and shoving thirteen year old kids out of the way, desperately trying to find his way through the thick crowd of people. Without thinking, he runs into some nameless author and they both fall overdramatically.

Cerberus, the dogs from Resident Evil, pounce on both of them out of nowhere, and begin devouring their flesh. Maverick87's neck is torn in half, blood leaking all over the collar of his white shirt. Another bite, and muscle tendon stretches and snaps as it's pried away by the decaying dog's teeth.

"I'm going to personally see to it that the one responsible for this will die by my hand."

"Calm down, Minister. Shit."

"Right. I should save my energy."

"Yessss..."

They watch the chaos from the catwalk, high above the ravenous crowd.

"So, how is this part of your plan?"

"Hm?"

"Your plan? You had a plan?"

"Oh, that. Right. What about it?"

"How does this fit in?"

"What? Watching people die? It doesn't."

"Than why...?"

He has already lost Beatrice Lily's attention, as she stares off into the chaos, eyes sparkling. An expression full of wonder. A smile creeping across her face as she watches I AM The SpookShow Baby get her skin ripped off by Pyramid Head while screaming "THERE IS A GOD!!"  
Pyramid Head throws her bloody corpse into a crowd of people and starts hacking through them like weeds.

"Nevermind..." he says.

She wasn't listening, anyway.

-

"I'm so hungry. I haven't eaten anything in three days."

"Can it, Ryan. We've only been here for a few hours."

"That's not the point."

"Than what is the point?"

"I think you know what I'm getting at, sir. I think you know what we're going to have to do if we want to survive in here, that is. Mister Nitrogen."

"Cannibalism?!"

"That's a good fucking idea!"

"You mean, that isn't what you were inferring?"

"Inferring? No. I wasn't inferring shit. I was asking you what we should do. I like that, though. Let's go with it."

"We can't eat each other! That's barbaric!"

"Hold on now, Nitrogen" Bruce says, cutting him off. "I'm pretty hungry. I think that you may have been onto something."

"Who do we eat?" asks Ryan.

"We don't eat anybody!" exclaims Tareana.

"You're just saying that because you don't want to get eaten! I mean, she did post this thread and call us here, didn't she?"

"Hey, that's right!"

"Alright guys, let's not be rash-"

"Can it, Nitrogen, or you'll be next!"

Suddenly the steady banging on the wall that nobody noticed any longer came to a halt, and the attention of everyone in the form was turned to azngirlchibi. Her head smashed into a bloody pulp, a large red stain on the wall before her, splattering outward. Her head, leaning on the wall in the center of it. The top of her skull caved in, her nose smashed to bloody disfigured holes. Her jaw misshapen and all her teeth falling through her loose lips, dangling from strings of bloody drool.

"I guess we don't have to kill anyone, after all." Ryan Duran says. "For now."

-

"Where is it exactly we're going, Beatrice?"

"You ask a shit load of questions. A shit ton, if I dare say. I do."

"But I need to-"

"How are you ever going to get ahead in life if you're always asking about what's going on?"

"Isn't asking questions how you learn?"

"Bullshit! Shit on that, I say. Shit. No. That's horse shit."

"But I-"

"Deductive reasoning, lad! That's the key! The key to thinking and learning."

"You're so smart, Beatrice."

"Shit yeah."

-

"The romance section has really gone to shit with the rest of it."

"I can only imagine. I try not to wade through that cesspool."

"The romance fiction on here is kinda like you took the worst qualities of romance and multiplied them times a million."

"How so?"

"Well, imagine it. Most these kids get their ideas of romance through polished Hollywood films, right?"

"Sure."

"All these kids see is the stylized versions of a very skewed vision of what romance is. They see the cool characters gazing into one another's eyes, they see the hot actors making 'passionate love' under the sheets and it sets this standard. They see all this, and somehow try to fit Sonic the hedgehog in, for some strange reason. "

"All sounds very furry."

"It is, I think. I mean, the lemons that plague the site? It's almost frightening, really. Horny teenage kids get their hands on some hormones and maybe a little internet porn, and hell. They run to the hills with it."

"Do you read a lot of these 'lemons'?"

"I try to approach everything with an open mind."

"Have you ever skimmed through countless blocks of text to skip all the shit you deemed boring looking for sex?"

Sighing, cornwallace averts his gaze as he answers.

"Yeah..."

"Good man."

-

"Okay, so like.... how are we supposed to do this?" Tareana asks, now on board because she is no longer subject to the feast.

"I don't know." Frozen Nitrogen states plainly. "I've never eaten anybody before. Ryan?"

"Don't look at me, dude. This was your idea."

"No, it wasn't!"

"It sooo was. I was like 'what should we do?' and you said 'cannibalism! Just like that!"

"Okay, first off, I don't talk like a girl, so I don't appreciate the voice you used for me. Secondly, that isn't how it went at all!"

"Can we just eat?" Chiwizard asks. "I'm hungry."

"Whatever. I suppose we all just grab onto a limb, or something and start taking bites."

"We aren't going to cook her?"

"Cook her? With what?!"

"Good point. We'd better just do this straight."

"Is someone going to say grace?"

Tareana clears her throat.

"God is great. God is good. Let us thank him for this dead body that is now entering early stages rigor mortis. We apologize for not eating your blessing sooner, but we had to decide upon such things as the morals behind eating your own kind, and in what ways to prepare it. We are sorry, lord, and we will not question your judgment ever again. I love you. Amen."

"Amen" they say collectively. They all kneel forward towards the carpet that azngirlchibi's body had been spread across. Frozen Nitrogen grabs a leg and starts chomping away, working his teeth out on stringy calf muscles. The rest follow suit, eating away at the poor dead girl, when suddenly there is a loud SLAM emanating from the door. Another crash against the hard wood and the doors break through the barricade. On the other side of the threshold stands two silhouettes holding large guns.

The remaining folks of the writers guild forum are distracted from their feast. Looking up from their meal with blood running down their faces and dripping off their chins.

"OH SHIT!" one of the silhouettes shouts. "MORE ZOMBIES! OPEN FIRE!"

The two figures run in, cocking their shotguns and firing wildly at the group. A concentration of lead pellets bursts from the barrel and into Tareana's neck, collecting flesh, cartilage and bone as it sprays all over the wall behind her. The first gun is cocked while another collection of pellets caves in Ryan Duran's head. The second gun is pumped while the first one puts another two (quite literally) faceless authors in their place with one simple blow. Another shot hits Mister Nitrogen in the chest, taking him to the floor. Hard. He gurgles in protest as more shots echo throughout the room. Nitrogen's monocle falls out of his right eye while he sputters up blood and gnashes his teeth. Wheezing. Gurgling.

"What does this have to do with the plan?" the second figure, Minister asks while stuffing some more shells into the shotgun. He pumps it and shoves another in.

"What did we say about asking questions?"

"Right."

They approach the fallen writer who's trying to speak.

"Looks like we missed one."

"He looks human."

"Don't question me, Mister \_Pipeline."

"Sorry."

Another blast quiets the room, except for this ringing I can faintly hear in the distance. Or is that in my head? I don't know. Doesn't matter, I suppose. Man, that shot was loud. My head hurts.

"Okay. This place looks clear. Now, let's get out of here."

"What was the purpose of coming here?"

"Questions, Mister Pipeline, you're always fucking asking questions. Questions, questions, questions. Shit. I bet you'll answer this question with another question. You predictable fuck."

"What makes you think tha-......" Minister trails off.

"..."

"Where are we going?"

"MORE QUESTIONS, PLEASE!"

"...."

"What?"

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to initiate the end of the fanfiction."

"How?"

"You don't need to worry about that, okay?! It's going to be epic!"

"Epic?"

"Yessssss"

-

"So, any ideas on how we get out of here, or are we just going to die now?"

"That's easy. I was hit with this brainchild when Adriana got her skin ripped off."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. We run through a bunch of pages, accessing as many links as we can until the page times out and we've hit an error page."

"Sounds reasonable."

"Let's try it!"

-

Somewhere between nine and eleven seconds later.

-

(IE)/Internet explorer cannot display the webpage.

Most likely causes:

- You are not connected to the internet

- The website is encountering problems

- There might be a typing error in the address

-

"Wow. That actually worked."

"I know. I'm awesome right?"

"Or maybe you just aren't very creative?"

"Mayhaps."

"Let's go to DeviantART. There's a wholes subculture of furry Nazis. You've got to see this shit. Pretty lulzy."

"Sorry, Takeda. As much as I would love to smoke some pot and go laugh at all the morons who think Jews are the cause of all general unhappiness, I cannot."

"Why?"

"It's the end of the chapter."

"What does that mean?"

Sighing, cornwallace lifts his hands to reveal two holes in the center of them. Blood leaking through his fingers.

"God," he says "he's telling me I have to be martyred."

"Martyred?"

"Whether by someone else's hand, or my own. I must be destroyed by the end of the chapter. It's just what I have to do."

"Uh... alright. Whatever. See you around, then."

"I'll be dead"

"Right. Guess I won't."

"I ran into a mud crab the other day.

"Did you hear about what happened to Bravil?"

"Terrible creatures, really. I try to avoid them whenever I can."

"They say the emperor's death was a conspiracy."

"Well, bye-bye!"

"Get bent."

-

Jumping on his trusty laptop, cornwallace gets on the internet as fast as he can, modem screeching as he flies towards fanfiction(dot)net at the fastest speeds he can manage. Which is dial up. So it isn't very fast at all.

Anyway, the point is, he flies his computer into the website and it CRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAA AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH H H H H H HE S S S S SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS---- --- -- -- -- - - -- - -- \ -

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There is nothing.

The grand scheme of things is currently whitespace.  
As far as the eye can see; nothing. White. Space.

In the middle of it all, there slowly forms a pool of pure .html coding. It grows and grows, stretching its tendrils far and wide, until there is nothing but a vast lake.  
A hand rises from the code, The Archaic Minister drags himself ashore and rolls over. He starts coughing and hacking as he rolls out onto the white surface of the bare internet.

He forces himself up onto his knees and looks forward. He sees the limp form of Beatrice Lily off in the distance. Climbing to his feet, he stiffly walks over to her.  
Falling to his knees once more next to his companion, he starts to cry.  
Beatrice's eye pops open and she looks over at Minister.

"How disgusting."

-

\_fin-

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cornwallace - 2008  
All guests in this fanfiction about fanfiction were but poorly imitated likenesses. Not a single person gave me permission to use their likeness in this story, and I didn't ask for it. Mister Takeda's jewperhero idea stolen pretty much verbatim out of a conversation. All deaths in this piece were executed with.. uh.. love. That's right. We'll go with that. No fanfiction authors were hurt in the making of this thing. Except cornwallace. If anyone is offended by this piece of fiction, than please, just look at the person who wrote it. Total hack, right? Nothing to be afraid of or offended by. Just report him, and maybe he'll go away.

## \*Chapter 4\*: The funeral

It was Æds Forum at twelve something o'clock where three participants of the board discussion entered the screen. The Archaic Minister, Radio Interference, and Maverick87 pulling themselves away from their trivial lives outside the forum as they stepped into the white box. At this time Minister decided to post a worldly newspaper foretelling a great catastrophe amongst the virtual realm. Front headlines read, "Sonic the hedgehog, renowned icon and great hero found dead today and forever," written out is blunt bold print. Surely such a dramatic title brought plenty of discussion for the three members as conservation ensued about the topic.  
During twelve-something o'clock the first post was initiated by the Minister which brought much abnormality than what is usually said on the board. He prepared the most crucial case study into light: Who killed Sonic the hedgehog? As for the rest of them, this was the first for Radio and Maverick to hear of this as well.  
Minister: It just sorta happened. Weird. As if it wasn't bound to someday. Look at this! Says the cause was unknown. What kind of explanation is that?  
Maverick: It's not healthy to keep secrets from people. I think they're lying and they do know. They're just not telling us.  
Minister: Yet it remains inconclusive. How stupid do they think people are? That he just died and that's it? There has to be a cause. Always is.  
Radio: You can in your sleep. Just one day you're walking, breathing and alive and the next you're not. Yeah, I was reading that newspaper but I totally missed the article.  
(This is a guy who goes straight to the sports section)  
Minister: Well, that's just sick. Seriously, you just can't refuse to tell people. Those liars better confess.  
Maverick: I kind of got the feeling who's responsible, although I'm afraid to say who.  
Minister: Speak out! I want to know the truth.  
Maverick: Very well. I think Sonic died because of cornwallace.  
A spark lit up in the forum. It took a few minutes for another post to arrive, almost half an hour. Eventually, another came through.  
Minister: Corny? That giant turd did it!  
Radio: It's not like it's a surprise.  
Maverick: I know, really.  
Radio: Evidence? How do you know this?  
Maverick: It's become quite obvious for a while now. cornwallace came about and made Sonic an alcoholic, thus resulting in his death.  
Minister: Wow. Shit.  
Radio: cornwallace, that little douchebag! If you were to kill cornwallace how would you do it? Just for reference. Answers anyone?  
Maverick: Gas chamber. Just put him there and watch him crumble. Now that's pretty sick.  
Minister: That's badass. Me? I get him good, drunk at a wedding. Right when he least expects it, POW! And he's gone.  
Radio: Why should we just merely imagine this? cornwallace murdered someone you know?  
Maverick: Are you insisting actual death on him? Death. Really? Can't we just take it to court?  
Minister: Naw. Tried that before. Didn't work. Radio has a point – execution may be our best option.  
Radio: Well, he did kill Sonic. Who says it's wrong for people like us to press judgment? cornwallace deserves to die as punishment for his deed.  
Minister: Yeah, but we don't know any weddings.  
Radio: Sonic's dead. We know a funeral.  
Minister: Drunk at a funeral? I like the wedding idea better. Are you being serious on this?  
Radio: Dead serious.  
Minister: Woah. Shit.  
Maverick: It will have to do… the funeral thing I mean. Now, to only prepare.  
Minister: We need some machine guns, black jackets, and sunglasses. Cool, sexy sunglasses. If this is going to happen, we have to look especially badass.  
Radio: Sounds like a plan.  
The thread ended after that.

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The three assembled at the funeral, undergoing their plan to exterminate the infamous cornwallace into action. They strived for justice just as they had aimed for to overcome his great evil by exploiting him as the treacherous hack he is. At that day, The Archaic Minister, Radio Interference, and Maverick87 held out their machine guns as they proceeded to the assassination, flashing their matching leather jackets and sunglasses as they emerged extremely bad-ass against the sun-bleach sky. They were eager to find cornwallace upon opening the entrance, drunk at funeral just as they anticipated, blowing him up into little bits. Instead, they found themselves staring at broken pews, millions of re-colored fanboys and fangirls weeping the death of their childhood hero who lay dead in a casket.  
Some had broken apart a portion of their stomachs, blood dripping down as they notified reality eating away at them. After Sonic died, they saw darkened walls outside of the shiny white box which caused their eyes to become dried up and bloodshot. All were sobbing at the expense of their own burdens whether they're tried to run away from it or from building themselves up from the cliché. These people can't interpret desire or the true essence of love. Now, they suffer in loneliness.  
Others had gone away and made their character designs disproportionate. Their heads became enlarged not able to withstand its weight and brought to a slight tilt. It was at this point that if criticized or insulted in any way, they'd swallow it in as personal and react in a hostile manner never acknowledging that their characterization skills are a mere reflection of ego, very scarce and underdeveloped. The three were sickened to the sight of this, stemming themselves away from the ill-brained fanatics.  
But the crowd all had the same question regarding this occurrence. Who had done it? Who had killed Sonic the hedgehog? The three nodded their heads to that answer. cornwallace. It was his entire fault. They knew this truth and were determined to put the consequences into hand. He must pay the price and face the judgment of his sins. But to their disappointment, he was no where in sight.  
They peered up as they walked into the church, observing how high and stretched out the building traveled from its ceiling. This wasn't just an ordinary church – this was a tower, bonded by thousands of levels which connected many rooms and sections upon venturing its hallways. The sanctuary where the funeral was being held was its base.  
After a few more steps, a man in a large suit, hair slicked back and squinty eyes greeted the three, his expression frowning and displeased. "We're sorry about the loss that has happened here today. Please take a seat and weep like the others.  
"Cut the shit. We're not here for the funeral," Radio alleged, lifting his machine gun closer to his face.  
"Oh my! That's an awfully big gun!"  
"No shit."  
The man was astonished. "What is it that brings you here then?" he asked, trying to change the subject.  
"We're here to promote great justice!" Minister announced as his pointer finger hung up high in the air. "We're here for a hack, a parasite that has done more damage than you actually think."  
"cornwallace," Maverick mumbled under his breath as if greatly ashamed. "We say he's drunk at a funeral, quivering because he knows he's going to die today."  
"How's that?"  
"Fate has been placed upon him. We're here to execute him for the greater good."  
"It will make the world a happier place," Radio vowed as he lowered his head.  
"Oh, is that so? Are you all better than this man?" the guy asked. None of them gave him an answer, stating nothing. He looked puzzled. "Well, no matter. I haven't seen a man of that description. It's to say that some days just aren't everybody's days especially for the man you speak of. This day is Sonic's greatest day in which he will never witness but everyone else will, society's sap, that this day will be most remembered but after that has made to its end. Generations can merely linger on it. Now, may you sit on this only day."  
They were speechless. Somehow they just couldn't agree. The strange man left after that, his departure made away in great mystery.  
It seemed every Sonic fan known to existence arrived, some formally and some in secrecy. Several people came unnoticed, one of which was Beatrice Lily but she really hates introductions so I'm going to skip this part.  
She refused to sit down, just stand and watch. There she recognized two fanboys come up in front of the chapel, hands held behind their backs and faces disgruntled. She viewed from a distance, tilting her head in curiosity as she watched them prepare to astound the crowd.  
The first fanboy came up. "Personally, the fact is that this catastrophe has occurred due to the treatment of Sonic's recent performance. As a retro gamer, I have to say the quality of his gameplay has deteriorated into a mere money-maker that has become nothing of personal value to a person. It's all materialistic. With broken controls and unplayable value, the storylines have become atrocious which resemble a poorly made soap opera with bestiality porn-quality. And the voices now. Oh god! The voices heard make words vomit up the worst kind of backwash that burns like fire. Seriously, where has the passion gone to? It's all flat. No! No! This is unacceptable. I blame the selfish developers and the voice actors."  
The place applauded after his rant, their sobs turning to discussion as they began rambling just as the fanboy had done.  
Although, the praise from his peers didn't last long as one crucial voice left him ruined. "If they're so bad?" a person in the crowd began saying. "Then why are his stupid fans still buying them, including you?"  
This made Beatrice smirk.  
"Well, umm, you see those people buy those stupid games because they're stupid and I have to buy them just to show you people how bad they are. That's understandable, right?"  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, but what about the voices," another person asked. "Can't you just mute the T.V or something if you care that much."  
"Well, no because the thing with the voices is they're so terrible it ruins Sonic's character and its all because of company control. No, no, you just can't do that. We have to find a way to fix it no matter what."  
"Yeah, because voices in a video game are so important," the voice replied, their tone almost mocking the fanboy.  
"Exactly!" he said with excitement, not catching the sarcasm. "It's revolutionary! And if you don't agree to this then you are not a true Sonic fan. You got that!"  
The people became quiet upon hearing this exchange, stepping themselves back from words.  
The second fanboy came up. "Well, I think he died because of you people. That's right! All you niddy-gritty fangirls that create your mary-sues to rape a person's childhood, then you have your fanchildren that go along with those stupid fanfics. People who make fanfiction like that are a complete disrespect to the franchise and ruin Sonic's character, like having him hook up with Amy. He has never shown any interest for Amy and never will because that's not who he is. Sonic's about free-spirit, not any shitty romance, meaning he's not a boyfriend, husband, or father. Trust me! I know! I've known Sonic since the beginning. Believe you me!"  
The audience cheered just as they had done before with the first fanboy, agreeing to his statements as if considered mindless. He took a bow to this response.  
"Can I ask you this?" one person claimed. "Do you write fanfiction?"  
"No! I have better things to do in my life."  
"Oh, okay then," the person concurred.  
"Huh, what's wrong there?"  
"Eh, what?"  
"I don't know. You sound rather uncertain."  
"Well, it seems to me that your interpretation of Sonic is exactly how he is in the games."  
"Well, yeah. That's who he is."  
"Yeah, but something about that seems iffy to me. I don't know, but you make him up to be rather vague. Not to mention rigid."  
"Hey! I know Sonic! I do his voice you know?"  
"That's not my point. My point it you destruct, destruct, destruct, but you've never produced," their voice seemed irritated. "Is that right?"  
"You can say that I suppose."  
The crowd began to talk with one another, stating their opinions about the following evaluations of Sonic's supposed death. It was then they started to generate their own interpretation of the argument based on why they loved Sonic based on their own experiences. They only found diverged viewpoints in the discussion which began to infringe anger and frustration, a cooking rage prepared to burn through the eyes of the witness. They saw humanity's hypocrisy without even realizing it and became livid at the fanboys.  
The crowd rose up. "Hey! What the hell do you know? What makes you so high and mighty?"  
You're just a bunch of furfags!"  
"Hypocrites! Get out of here!"  
The mass began throwing things at them, grabbing chairs and ramming solid objects into their faces. Eventually the two got hit and fumbled to their feet. Their skulls crashed down to the floor and cracking open as brain guts trailed along the hardwood. Beatrice frowned and shook her head in disapproval. She left after that, going about to explore the many hallways of the church.  
The large assembly became boisterous. It bustled in discussion and questioning pulling apart into a constant stream of fury and raging passion. People ranted and shook. The once weeping, melancholy church had become a center of human condition at its finest. People rambled, influenced, and thought out as the free-thinkers they were made to be. Some fumbled their way for an escape, but were consumed in such media that the base controlled their whim. The place had gone frigid as their bodies gradually languished into frozen dust.  
Minister, Radio, and Maverick stood there awed, baffled at the reactions of the people, but at the same time, absolutely disgusted. They would occasionally glance up at the window, a beam of sunlight striking a soft auburn and rose into view. A jubilee of the sky's pleasant melody found to be neglected by the majority. It became a reminder of beauty that's accountable, and it always comes back to you. Always comes back. The simplest aspects in life create the best worlds. How much they longed for that journey. How much they craved the mental release.  
The Minister decided to present himself up to the people. The clashing, consistency of damage jabbering at true inner demons made his head grow numb, floating high above a mountaintop. Before he knew it, everyone had gone against each other, the community spiraling to disarray just to protect one's pride. There were no efforts into inspecting anything on a wide-scale, ideals random and in a state of internal chaos.  
This whole fiasco didn't feel right for the Minister. Therefore, he went up, represented himself and gave out a long whistle to bring up everyone's attention. Some who saw him thought of his actions as foolish, but for the most part he didn't care, filtering out their judgment.  
"I'm disturbed. What's happening here disconnects from anything we know outside the white walls and yet it's the greatest example of human idiocy. Look at you! Would you act like this in front of family? Friends? Is it simply because these people are faceless that it's easier for your true colors to show?" Minister began to chuckle. "You people are so dismantled by mediocrity. It's natural for all of you to be fakes in the real world, but in a place like this, the true beast is expressed. Oh yeah, the internet is some serious shit, bitches! That's what I believe, and let me also add that I'm awfully ashamed for it too," he spoke out, clearing his throat.  
"So, you're saying just because one of us is crazy, we all are!" one fanboy remarked.  
"It's safe to say that everyone's naturally an idiot," Minister replied.  
"Well, what about you. What makes you so different from us?"  
"Not much to comment on that. You hear my voice and that's all you need to know."  
"Don't you hate it?" Maverick began saying. "When you feel like you're the only sane one in the room, then everyone else makes you feel like the crazy one just to cover up their image."  
"I think you know nothing. Dirty hacks!"  
Maverick grimaced, rubbing his brow due to an excruciating headache erupting. He left the sanctuary after that, entering the hallways which were now open due to Beatrice sneaking in. He wanted to find a place to clear his head.  
"Now, speaking of the likings of fanfiction I myself have wrote, I find it necessary to criticize much more into its foundation unlike this prick," Minister began explaining, throwing a small kick to the dead fanboy whose face has become pale and frost-like. "When it comes down to it, the Sonic franchise is a joke. Complete poppycock and embarrassment. The game's storylines have become garbage as designers portray characters as sprites for a goodtime during gameplay. Nothing has even been built up into actual depth. SonicX is for weeaboo losers about some whiny brat's life and his gayness towards Sonic. Archie comics always suck, never recognizing Sonic's true essence of his character. So, what's the answer to all this? If everything about Sonic is so horrid then what's there to write about? The answer to that is alternate universe. With an alternate universe, you're able to extend ideas and interpretations that are often limited, centering into internal conflict the characters can represent. You dare challenge normalcy, not caring what others think and gaining such control you will never obtain from other universes. It's the true fulfillment of actually writing for yourself. Sure, we're a couple of hacks, but when we write we fucking love it!"  
His audience was stoic. The sun had shifted its position, the room becoming a touch brighter compared to the dreariness it was before.  
One fangirl stood up. "What do you know? What makes you so perfect? Right now you're not being smart but extremely rude! Don't you care that you're hurting people's feelings? If you hate this place so much then you can just go! Leave everyone alone and get out of here!"  
The Minister sighed. "You're right. I don't care. I show no emotions, therefore there aren't any." He peered up to the window, where the sun suddenly disappeared. "Although I must say I do know the truth."  
"Truth! What truth?"  
"The truth everyone's been asking about lately: who killed Sonic the hedgehog?"  
The room suddenly grew enthusiastic. No one had ever guessed that someone would resolve the issue, the whole situation so puzzling. Deciphering it brought their heads to a perplexing fuzz. Therefore when someone knew, all concentration was focused upon this straight answer.  
"Sonic died because he was an alcoholic, but he didn't get there on his own," The Minister confessed. "This is the result of a certain person. This person just grabs a pen without any consideration of the damage he is doing to these characters. He made Sonic an alcoholic and even after the complaints, he still carried on with his writing. Sonic fell so far from himself it's sickening. This hack, this infamous being, cornwallace, a disgrace!"  
People began to talk. It was baffling that a colorful character, one with such carefree nature and spark was in that condition at the end of his life. He didn't appear troubled when he was alive, but this response astonished the crowd. So they rambled about this sudden news regarding their hero's death. This was so unexpected. The crowd disapproved and they too wanted cornwallace dead.  
The Archaic Minister said nothing after that as he allowed the group to carry on their discussions. He left his position at the front, letting out a brief "adieu," and walking away.

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Beatrice lurked far beyond the church's corridors notifying the sleek walls becoming narrower as she went along. Uncomfortable, an anxiety arose over her she couldn't ignore. Somewhere was an aspect one can grab unto and grow from, intangible and driven by that spark. Somehow she felt the need to be there, even if it was ridiculous to mingle in such predicaments, but there was something yet to be uncovered hidden beneath the deepest corners. So, she continued forward aside from her doubtful thoughts.  
Beatrice passed by a certain room, the ghost walls completely laminated like paper and headlights blaring out from the ceiling. At the end was Amy Rose, sitting in a wooden chair as she stared out of a window right beside her. Beatrice noticed as she played with a pocket knife fiddling about in her palm.  
She approached the girl. "You alright?"  
Amy sniffed. "I'm not sure. I mean, you see what's going on down there." Beatrice stared at her instinctively. "He's dead! Sonic's dead and he isn't coming back!"  
"It happens," Beatrice remarked as her response.  
Amy's eyes darted furiously at her. "How can you say just that? Cold-hearted bitch!"  
Beatrice backed up a bit stunted.  
"It's just," Amy began saying. "I've always loved him and for such a long time too. He became my one and only purpose without a day I didn't long to see his face. But I was confused. So much I became sick to my stomach when I saw him with other women and I couldn't get the image out of my head of him with someone else. I would feel really stupid and silly every time I imagined us being together because he meant the world to me while I meant nothing to him. Now that he's dead, there's no point to carry on in life anymore. I just wish that someday I'll be happy in this world."  
"Don't kid yourself," Beatrice muttered. "This world isn't made to make you happy no matter what happens. It just goes on and on."  
"I know, but you see, I like gave up my soul for this guy. My confidence, my dignity, and it's so unfair sometimes. Now I'm just completely disgusted with myself. I'm such an ugly person." The young girl sighed. "I do wish for a world made to be happy for me."  
Beatrice scrunched her eyes as she glared at the girl. Everything she was saying gave her a rotten taste in her mouth bounded by Amy's internal struggle she fell apart from. Surely it interested her, but as of now she can never let go of that fascination. Her insides began to jump and soon Beatrice was totally naked to her anxiety. Just hearing Amy's desperate plea urged her to act in some way.  
She was overwhelmed. Beatrice snatched the knife from Amy's hand, the hedgehog alarmed and unaware to what was happening. Before she was able to take any defense to the disruption, Beatrice sliced the girl's stomach apart. Her entrails gushed out as blood spewed everywhere to the flooring of the room. She stared in horror witnessing the girl scream a shrieking holler that sounded like an intense cry from an unnatural world. The throbbing pain caused her eyes to bulge out and soon the room itself began to spin in all directions. Amy fumbled as her guts surged down to Beatrice's feet, body fat emptied out of the girl's body causing her face structure to turn into a thin skeleton.  
"Oh shit! Shit! I'm sorry! No, I can't be sorry! I can't change this! Uhh, shit!" Beatrice yelled. "But I wanted to do it. I know I did. All the things you were saying made me think about my self and during the time I didn't like who I was. Not at all. It was out of pure desperation why I did that because I prayed for some hope, but then I heard a voice. Something that told me it's okay to be flawed, but then I would feel so alone because there's no one else who can say the same thing. And every time I try being myself people make me feel like shit for it and I saw that in you. I didn't want to but I did. I'm sorry. Truly I am. You never deserved punishment for my insecurities," Beatrice confessed.  
Every word she said made her want to hide away and run. Beatrice hurried to get supplies to clean up the mess before someone else noticed the rotting smell.

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The base of the church had burst into a sphere of conflict. Fanboys wrestled, some of which were once allies, but due to opinions and statements intertwining with one another their friendships were contradicting. They would insult and ridicule their opponents planted with an eerie smile on their faces as battles ensued from the groups. Fangirls cried, being reminded of Sonic's dead body as they observed the room becoming dismantled from the outcomes of this tragedy. Soon the fans began laughing as if something was made to be humorous, their brains left deranged where they would burn fire inside the skull and melt. Hollow hearts lost control and forced corruption upon the bulk of people, everyone consumed by such ultra-media that enclosed itself inside the tower.  
Originally, the church was a rather pleasant arena consisting of lovely windows and a glass roof that cascaded a wild canvas on the floor. Now all light was diminished and the place was left a dark gloom, not even recognizable anymore. Radio and Minister stood there appalled.  
"Look what you did now, Minister. After saying all that, everyone's gone crazy!" Radio commented.  
"How is it when something happens people naturally search for a blame? I was just being honest you know."  
"Yeah, but stupid people don't take in honesty very well."  
The room continued to escalate in destruction. Radio looked around. "Where did Maverick go?"  
"Don't know. Maybe he left before this place trapped us in here."  
"Yeah, but did he forget? Corny at a funeral, drunk out of his mind? He caused all this so we plan on killing him, right?"  
"Perhaps, but then again, maybe he went off without us for the kill. Somehow, I don't blame him."  
Radio sighed. He quickly glared at the dead hedgehog, wet from tears of fangirls. But the noise caused by those in full assault jaded his concentration, leaving him aggravated. As some tumbled to the ground injured, he snarled at the sight.  
"I'm really tired of this!" he pledged, particularly at Minister without realizing that everyone had heard him. "Seriously, is this where the world has come to? I mean, come on! As if this is actually a big deal. We're animals Minister. Just a bunch of big-mouthed animals that need to shut off from the world."  
A weeping fangirl spoke out after his remark. "I haven't known anything better from this. There's no way to grow up when you're trying to escape to security. I guess that's what Sonic does to people sometimes because I can recall playing his games every day as a child. I guess that feeling's addicting to some people and they never want it to go away. I mean, why do you think people draw pictures and write fanfiction? It all seems rather silly after a while."  
"Yes, it can be very silly when you put it like that and when people think that way their heads get tied up in knots. You can never return to that state of mind," Radio agreed. It was then he realized everyone was in tuned to what he was addressing. "Sonic used to be so simple. Ever so simple, but now the guy's evolved into a pedestal presented amongst the mass, any depth or emotion disregarded. Hasn't anyone ever wonder what's driven underneath? His insecurities? His thoughts or feelings? No, because he has become an icon to you people. A representation of a state of mind he can never control. He's a rumor, society's bitch. All you people see is a genuine, almighty hero but when reality sets in he's just an average fifteen year old kid. He's just a kid, yet he's treated like a god and everything about his character becomes boring. Actually, I'm just a kid too. I know you're younger than me but I'm just a kid too. Don't you get it? I'm too young to be doing this kind of shit, Tails. What do people expect from me? But no, it's not like they do expect anything else. I'm so vague."  
Sonic was at a bar with a long-time friend, taking up shots as he prepared himself for another drink. His voice was very slurred and out of reach.  
"These days I feel nothing. Nothing at all. It used to be for the fun of it, you know, until they called me a hero. But last night I witnessed a stage, one I was put up on as I faced the most crucial judgment of all. My fanbase disturbed as they were watching me, all because I had failed and allowed Sally to get killed. Such humiliation was so overwhelming and the thought of her being dead haunted me. I fell apart and couldn't deal with it. So I came here and got a few drinks. Now, it's great! No, it's more than great. It's terrific! My head bleeds which stings into foggy waves and the best part is I don't even care! No more emotions, just float. All going away, like I used to feel when I would run. Freedom. The great escape. You understand me, Tails?"  
Miles studied his friend's face which cocked a slight smirk but eyes dead inside. They had lost their luster; an emerald glow and energy he used to define himself from. The fox's thinking lingered on the idea of failure which forced him to speak out due the sickening tension of it all.  
"I think people just don't realize you're more than just an icon. You're not lifeless but a symbol of hope for those who admire you, but at the same time you can't uphold that ground since you barely know structure. That's why it seems like fanfiction writers fuck up Sonic's character. They're forced to make him interesting, and if you can't do that, writing becomes awfully bland don't you think?"  
Radio cleared his throat.  
"And another thing – did you know he broke a tendon in his leg before he died? That's right. He was having too much to drink, began driving, and ended up in the hospital. He was in such brutal pain, too high off of medications to even think straight. Don't you see? Before he died he was helpless. Now look at him. He's dead. Existence has become a meal for the worms. He's lower than dirt on the ground. Sonic's become nothing."  
Everyone was attentive to his speech, but still, everyone's jumbled opinions wouldn't allow the chaos to subside.  
"Hey! I know you! You were at that one forum acting like an asshole. You're nothing but a troll. A dirty, stupid troll!" one guy pointed out.  
Other people caught on. "Yeah! You have to make everything so dramatic. I betcha you troll over other places too. You're just stupid!"  
"Stupid prick!"  
"Douche-bag!"  
"I'm guessing you're probably Kaiser. You know – that asshole troll. You're Kaiser, aren't you?"  
"Who the fuck it Kaiser?" Radio shouted, absolutely boggled by these people assumptions.  
"That's it! We're blocking you right now. Someone get rid of this guy!"  
Two men in huge black suits walked in, broad faces and muscular arms as they dragged Radio away from the scene. He flicked off the whole crowd as he went, the Minister following them as the chapel began fuming up once more.

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Maverick had traveled his way towards the third floor of the church. After passing by a few rooms, he came across a kitchen, stretched out like a hallway and the place unorganized in its arrangement. Cupboards were wide open revealing mixed up cups and dirty dishes on countertops. After taking a closer inspection, he discovered a vile sight of mold attached to stale bread, isolated spider-webs that were harbored by daddy-long legs, and several cockroaches dancing about the plates. Every corner was neglected, overcome by any recognition compared to the much cleaner rooms of the church.  
Maverick noticed a familiar two-tailed fox at the end of the room. He stood in front of the sink permitting it run water as the dishes drowned. Mile Tails Prower, sulking in his thoughts.  
"You alright?"  
Miles peered up at Maverick with a distinct glare. He tilted his view back to the filthy sink.  
"Hey," Maverick responded. "I'm only asking because you seem to be alone. I don't know why but I hate seeing that in a person. If you want me to leave I can."  
The fox didn't answer. Maverick backed away a bit, preparing to leave after a long, prevailed silence. Miles noticed this.  
"I can't stop washing my hands," he quickly said. Maverick stopped moving. "They're disgusting. The fact I have dirty hands makes me want to wash them a lot. And this water flows so nicely like an abstract mind or a rhythm of a drum. It's a funny thing, you know? But then I put my hands in it, seeing my reflection beneath the pool and everything becomes tainted. It's so gross and the only reason why I came here was because I was hungry. Really hungry. So much you start to appreciate the times you weren't, but at the same time, it feels like a punishment. Shit. Now I'm just rambling again as if I can't get my point across."  
Maverick stared at him. "No, I get you, and it's not like I wasn't listening." Miles still remained quiet. "You can continue."  
The fox sighed. "It's not easy to explain," he concluded as he planned on saying nothing else.  
"Explain what? Life? Yeah, we're in it. I know it sucks just as much as you do. You feel so dirty because you're a damaged, flawed, broken person. Water is there to cleanse but it doesn't do any help because you are the water. Human emotions always wash back up to you," Maverick attempted to explain.  
Miles glanced at him but still proceeded to not say a word. Any source of connection had left his eyes brought to be so distant between himself and the world around him. Maverick couldn't let Mile's condition dwindle about and wanted to make amends.  
Maverick began talking again. "Like guilt. That's one of the worst. It can make you feel so low on yourself, sucking you as dry as a leech. I hate guilt because it's not like you can blame someone for it. It's something you place upon yourself. Are you even listening to me?"  
"Yes," Miles assured. "Don't worry. I was. What about leeches?"  
Maverick took a deep breath. "Guilt. Guilt's a leech."  
The fox settled his head low peering down at his feet. "One time when I was really hungry and I mean starving with no more options, I turned to cannibalism. I killed and ate my aunt just because I was desperate. Therefore, I became a savage. But you think after an occurrence like that I would feel so strong and yet these days I'm weak. Don't you hate that?"  
"Feeling weak? Yeah I do," Maverick agreed.  
"And everything that's happening downstairs right now too. I knew what was going on with Sonic and all that shit that was in his head. And even if I knew it, I still couldn't save him for that. I failed to save him! See, guilt goes along with being a failure. All my regrets that cling unto failure are the true essence of being weak."  
The fox began to tremble, palms quivering as they were close to his chest. He carried on with his words.  
"So, I came here, telling myself to get food and wash my hands. My thoughts would consistently say, 'Everything's going to be okay. Don't worry. Don't worry. Everything's going to be okay.' Over and over again. Yet, I still feel anxious."  
"Lying to yourself makes things better, even if you've tried so hard but end up a failure. I can understand that." Maverick admitted.  
Miles head was still set facing down. His eyes indicated falling tears trailing down to his tuffs of fur. Maverick tilted his head gradually.  
"I find your character very ironic, Miles," he began saying. "Out of the whole cast, you're one of the most intelligent of the series, but at the same time you're young. Hell, you're eight years old and can create a plane. That's pretty impressive considering your age. But the fact that you're young signifies such irony. Your knowledge is what makes you unravel the corruption in this world and therefore you're made to be bitter. That child's innocence you're supposed to portray is all a big façade. It doesn't connect well, you see."  
Miles lifted up his head. "Why did I run into a person like you?" he hollered in heaving sobs. "Is it because you're so right it's sickening. What do you see in me sir? The greatest example of my character? Perhaps an aspect of yourself? What is it then?  
Maverick stood there stunned. Miles continued to sob.  
"I've gotta get out of here!" the fox announced. "No! Wash it down! Wash it all down!"  
"Wash what down?"  
"Everything! My whole body! Just get rid of all the filth," Miles demanded as he augmented the amount of water falling from the faucet.  
It began filling up to the rim, the bottom clogged up from the dirt underneath. Soon, it overflowed countertops and spilled to the floor. Maverick came upon realizing out uncontrolled the situation was becoming. The water rushed vigorously and rapid as it reached up to Mile's kneecaps, the whole kitchen becoming entangled in a huge flood. Maverick motioned his way to leave only to be followed by a flowing river crashing down towards the church's hallways.  
Miles became buried in the wretch fiasco, drowned and stilted of life's core. He bounded himself to become the water's prisoner within its depths. Maverick refused to submit to this manipulation and hurried his way to the stairwell, only to find the river consuming him from behind as it caught up his way.  
From that encounter between him and the water, Maverick heard such a wild collision that sounded like crazed screams echoing out into a vast space. Then there was no voice, just the motion of water surrounding him. Mellowed silence grasped his breath to the point of suffocation. One push up to the surface and his face joined in with air. The strength of the bend subsided and all he could do is float.

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Radio and Minister were held up in another room separate from the others with the two guards prior to Radio's banishment blocking the doorway. The two were troubled, not because of how they were treated but due to their chance of reaching their objective was diminishing in hope. Instead of killing cornwallace they were made as laughing stocks to the public, not even coming close. Circumstances had made them frustrated but their thoughts still swirled with the commitment of the deed. Almost obsessive which drove their determination and focus. Nothing was a closed deal but simply made more difficult.  
Still, the two found themselves in a state of alienation. They've become a disgrace and outcasts to their peers waiting in isolation as punishment for their disruption.  
"Do you think he did it?" Radio finally said. Minister turned to him. They had been silent for a while, wallowing in their infuriated thoughts that rejected conversation.  
"Did what?"  
"Maverick? Do you think he beat us there and killed cornwallace?"  
"Probably. Lucky bastard."  
"Yeah, but it's not like you couldn't do the same. You didn't have to follow me here either. I was the one who got banned, not you."  
"You say that like it's bittersweet. But naw, I'd rather be here then be in that room with those insane fanatics." The Minister stared at the two men, appearing as gruff and in perfect stances to convey their authority. "Although don't think I won't take that into consideration. Let's say Maverick did kill him. Just an assumption, but how would you know he did it?"  
"You want to check first? Sounds like a plan," Radio murmured, but he said this with a small ounce of sorrow to his tone, dissatisfied that he won't be there to witness the act when the time came.  
Minister prepared his way passed the guards only to cease at the last second. There he heard a trembling roar that grew closer within the chapel's base. The rush frightened him, looking down to indicate his feet getting wet. "Something's happening," he murmured.  
"What wrong?" Radio questioned as he overheard this comment. But after coming to a quick realization, a huge tide came towards the two. Once the impact hit, they sunk into the crash and were buried in a choked blue.  
The river bend had penetrated the church's corridors which traveled to the base. At that moment, traumatized fanboys and fangirls became washed up by the waves surpassed by the astonishing storm that barricaded their bodies into limp ragdolls. Many could not grasp any control to remain up the surface being wisped into the dark corners and disappeared. Flowing water began carrying furniture along with Sonic's dead body falling under as everything dispersed into the shadows. Minister and Radio heard a violent wale within the water as Sonic's final time fumbled as a lost soul in this world.  
Beatrice Lily heard this cry. Fortunately for her she was at a higher level, not even confronting the rapid water. Once it came to her attention, she witnessed this vast river on the stairwell. Consuming the entire hallway, Lily spotted a lone survivor floating on the surface.  
"Maverick?" she called out.  
Maverick angled his head to her as he floated on his back with a blank expression.  
"Did you hear that noise? That cry? What happened here?"  
"Cry? Yeah, that was eerie. I don't know. I've just been chilling here for a while," Maverick replied.  
"Oh," Beatrice murmured. The whole situation made her rather perplexed.  
"What are you doing here?" Maverick asked. "Here for the funeral?"  
"Naw, don't really care about that. Sonic can rot for all I know. Somehow, I sorta forgot why I came here and then I got bored. I actually started cleaning, the whole upper level just because I had the sudden urge to. Come see for yourself," Beatrice addressed.  
"Cleaning? What kind of cleaning?"  
"I don't know. Just cleaning. A lot of it too, because I was thinking. About people and all that shit and how everyone naturally longs for acceptance. It's weird but when you feel so down on yourself it becomes impossible to get back up. All I think it takes though is for someone, a totally different being outside of yourself, to see you and say I like you. That's what I was thinking about."  
Maverick stared at her for a few seconds.  
"Am I talking too loud?" she asked.  
"No, not at all. That's an odd thing to ask you know. I was thinking myself while floating here too."  
"You're still floating."  
"I know, but it's relaxing. But anyhow, there's nothing wrong with cleaning. I was thinking about this place and what it does to people. I mean, Maverick87? People don't call me that in real life. No, no, none of its actually true. It's all a persona, a complete delusion of identity. Nothing's real in this place."  
"Yeah, I see what you mean by that. Beatrice Lily? People don't call me that either. In fact, I don't even like my real name."  
"It's like you can't have it . . . both ways . . . ." Maverick began trailing off into a mumble.  
He noticed a person at the far corner of the upper balcony. Everything about the strange figure seemed familiar, just by an instant sight.  
"cornwallace! There you are!"  
"cornwallace? That turd's here too?"  
"Now I remember why I came here, although I lost my gun."  
Upon saying this Beatrice acknowledged his intentions. "Holy shit! You're going to kill him!"  
"Yeah. Me, Radio, and Minister were on our way to."  
"So they're here too. I hate it when I miss good shit."  
Creaking stomps echoed through the ceiling and made its way out of the balcony. The whole atmosphere turned into a growing fury. Radio and Minister, which were trending water, peered up to the high view. Right before their eyes was cornwallace and within that moment, they traveled towards the church's corridors.  
"cornwallace! Now we've found you!" Minister hollered ecstatic.  
Without uttering a word, Radio and Minister swam their way to the higher levels meeting up with Beatrice and Maverick in the process. Just by looking at one another, no orders had to be directed as they raced to catch up with cornwallace. Time flew by rapidly as they rushed in with full adrenaline exaggerated unto their haste. A cowardly silhouette breached away from their outlook as their eyes burned with focus and intensity. Everything that was prior to the chase became forgotten. Their mindsets were in the present and that alone to infiltrate the grounds in which cornwallace trended his feet on. They watch as their victim slipped away into another room on his right.  
He closed the door behind him. The four stood in front of the entrance once this commenced as an erupting anxiety filtered into their stomachs. They made a few deep breaths to cure this tension only to follow a striking bang from inside the door that triggered it to return. A prolonged silence exhausted their thoughts into a pattern of disbelief as an unpredictable fate had occurred, one of which they never considered before. Therefore, their heads froze numb and the adrenaline made it awkward to breath. But they uncovered this outcome anyway just to bring it into their full acknowledgement.  
There he was, cornwallace's face lying down on a desk with a bullet hole in his head. A creepy smirk spread across his face, his eyes set open as mere white substances. All life had drained away from his body, now a pale corpse in appearance. A huge puddle of blood stained his skull as it covered the desk which dripped down to the floor. Steady, like a ticking clock. His witnesses stood there speechless.  
A single leaf of paper sat next to his arm, indicating a pencil in his palm. The slate had a few droplets of blood on it, but text was still readable. Beatrice lifted if off his arm and began reading it.  
"Dear Fellow Reader(s),  
I know what you're thinking and I won't deny anything. Yes, it's true what they say – I killed Sonic the hedgehog. I have much to blame for what has happened, judging from downstairs and what the public believes. I'm such a fool. And so, I prepared myself for death.  
Let me explain on how it all began. After I killed Sonic, I grabbed a mirror and took a strong gaze at my reflection. I didn't like what I saw. Not one bit. Then I began thinking about what it was like for him, to be dead and not essential to this world. To be made of nothing. How torturous that must be, deprived of spirit, and it's sickening that I did that to someone.  
Every moment of my life was consumed with the image of his dead body. I couldn't get rid of it. I couldn't stop smelling rotting flesh. Every second became a notion of chronic self-indulgence. I wanted to destroy myself.  
I held onto so much grief. My depression became an addiction causing me to hyperventilate as I dreaded the consequences of my deed. I couldn't control my self pity, an unbearable sorrow I became a victim to. I destroyed myself. Therefore it was all destined. I prepared myself for death.  
So, to who is reading this, think about all the aspects you make up about yourself. Your inner perspective hidden from those on the outside. I want you to think about all your faults that prevent you from being the best version of yourself. The confidence you lack. The constant loneliness and distrust for other people. Feeling weak or feeling like a failure. Or simply trying to get your perspective across and having the world completely against you. Your individual self and anarchy. Hypocrisy and insecurities. Your emotional state washing you away into a storm. Your need to find a blame during catastrophe.  
Yet, you're all here and everything just seems so random. Waiting for a precise answer to everything. No structure or control. Where's anything meaningful in that? Life just becomes pointless, not just out of others but the soul existence of yourself.  
But just remember one thing. No matter what that conclusion comes to you're always better from what I've become. Wait, no. I feel like there's more to it than that. Ask yourself whether you are any better than me. How much would that be? What makes you say such things? Surely, we're different, but we're all people in sense. Are you really any different from what I am?  
Anyhow, this has become the final portion of my life. It's my last words prior to my decease. So, to whoever reads this, my letter's dedicated to you.  
Sincerely, cornwallace."  
All of them stood there dumbfounded. They figured after cornwallace died they would be thrilled, but instead they were disturbed by his letter. It sunk down deep into their gut and it churned and radiated to their feet. The world had spun around, spiraling whirls that generated into their thoughts.  
Beatrice put down the letter. "I guess that's it."  
No one said anything else.  
A chilling wind blew across the building, heard as creaks which eventually flew the room's window wide open. All four of them walked outside, feeling the gentle breeze which uplifted a warm embrace having them realize how frigid the church really was. In front of them sighted an exquisite outlook of the sunset, a masquerade of gold delight that melted their hearts to tranquility. A serenade of beauty invaded the whole sky granting such a heavenly and everlasting display. The view reminded the four what it was like to be alive.  
"You know cornwallace. Maybe he didn't deserve it," Beatrice pondered.  
Maverick turned to her. "Maybe it's something we all deserve."  
They stood there for a few minutes, watching as the sight descended into a soothing blue, and then one can finally sleep.

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Sonic rested in his hospital bed, his right leg tied up by a splint. He was zoning out into a hurtful agony with no relation from those surrounding him. Miles and Amy were there with him, keeping his friend company.  
"The doctor told me you were going through withdrawal symptoms," Miles muttered. "You should hear what the news is saying about you too. It's crazy!"  
"Tails."  
"I don't like being called that anymore."  
Sonic's eyes widened. "Miles then. Yes, Miles. Have you ever been alone?"  
The fox was silent along side with Amy right next to him "Who hasn't?"  
Sonic sniffed as both of them remained quiet. Miles shoulders scrunched up into his body, studying his friend's stale expression.  
"You know Sally's dead, right?"  
"Yes," Sonic claimed. "And I couldn't save her."  
Amy and Miles took a few steps backward, leaving without a trace and any consideration of sympathy towards the hedgehog. Regret began to build up after that,

After it was certain the two exited, Sonic's body began to shake. The hedgehog took out a gun hidden beneath his pillow so no one noticed. Lifting it up to his head, the trigger was pressed without a second thought. One bullet tore apart his brain, cells deteriorating and wires disconnected, and that became the end of it.

Beatrice Lily - 2009