

## Orchestrated Chaos 11: Plot?

Andrew: While we're waiting for the ring to be repaired, I'm going to interview the contestants. Zelda?

Zelda: I can't believe Link lost his first match.

Link: Well excuuuuuse me, princess!

Andrew: Fascinating. I wonder what Ganon's up to.

*Meanwhile, at a Pokemon breeder:*

Ganondorf: How's my pikachu?

*Back at the ~~ranch~~ stadium:*

Andrew: Oh well. What are you up to, Waluigi?

Waluigi: Waluigi's been writing his memoirs. They're titled "WAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

Andrew: If God truly is merciful, it'll never be made into an audiobook. And how are you, Wario?

Wario: I'm-a scheming to get back into the tournament. Again.

Andrew: Fair enough. Luigi, how does it feel to win a match, while Mario lost?

Luigi: I'm so popular now, Nintendo is-a making a game starring me, Luigi!

Andrew: Didn't they already do that?

Luigi: Oh, right.

Andrew: And Yoshi, I've been wondering... You know how Baby Mario was in the ring when that massive explosion went off? Whatever happened to him?

*Yoshi is completely silent. Slowly, realization dawns.*

Yoshi: \*\*\*\*!

Andrew: Ohh... this isn't good.

*The Koopa Clown Car appears over the stadium.*

Andrew: We have a new challenger!

*Bowser sticks his head out of the clown car.*

Andrew: Oh, it's just Bowser.

Bowser: Actually, Baby Mario is making me do this.

Andrew: What?

Bowser: He's turned evil!

*Baby Mario appears, holding a gun up to Bowser's head.*

Ganondorf: Hey, everyone, Bowser's taking orders from a baby!

Bowser: Shut up! Fortunately, I have a trump card.

*Bowser Jr. brandishes his magic paintbrush.*

Bowser: All I have to do is give the order, and he'll kill Mario! And then, Baby Mario will have no future. But if you kill me, Bowser Jr. will just resurrect me somehow! I can't lose!

Andrew: Except you just told us your plan.

*Mario jumps on Bowser Jr's head, incapacitating him.*

Bowser: Curse you and your freakishly powerful jumps, Mario!

Baby Mario: Now, kill the dinosaur!

Bowser: Wha... what?

Baby Mario: I hate him! And I hate Luigi, and Peach, and old Mario! **Epecially** old Mario! Just the thought of growing up to become him...

Bowser: So you're saying... that you're evil.

Baby Mario: Yeah, pretty much.

*Bowser starts crying.*

Bowser: You're like the son I wish I never had!

Bowser Jr.: I hate you. I'm going to take you down, Bowser Sr.!

Andrew: Wait. Bowser's son has teamed up with Mario now, and Bowser is working with the past version of Mario?

Ganondorf: Thank you for that unnecessary recap of information we acquired five seconds ago.

Andrew: Shut up.

Ganondorf: Oh, really, that's the best you can do? I'm the Great Lord of Evil, you know. You can't just tell me to shut up.

Captain Falcon: FALCOOOOOON PAWNCH!

*Ganondorf is sent flying out of the known universe.*

Andrew: Thank you.

Captain Falcon: YES!

Bowser: Excuse me, but could you take a few seconds out of your lives to **tremble in fear of our evil plan?!**

Andrew: What plan?

Bowser: We are going to hijack this tournament, run it into the ground, and then force the contestants to do our evil bidding!

Ganondorf: I think this whole farce is already being run into the ground fairly effectively.

Andrew: Wait. I thought you got punched out of the universe?

Ganondorf: I got better.

Master Hand: No! I won't let you ruin my tournament!

Andrew: How are you talking?

Master Hand: Well, you see-

*Baby Mario shoots Master Hand with a tranquilizer dart.*

Bowser: We control this tournament now!

Andrew: What about Crazy Hand?

Ryan: He won't be appearing for another fifty chapters.

Andrew: What?

*And now for something completely different!*

MegaMan: I'm going to have my own tournament!

Zero: With blackjack!

MegaMan X: And reused jokes!

Peppy: And barrel rolls!

Wily: And eight robot masters in themed stages, each of which is weak against one of the other robot master's weapons, and when MegaMan defeats them all he'll be teleported into my fortress, where he'll fight a couple of fortress guardians

and the eight robot masters again, one at a time, before fighting me in one or two of my war machines.

*Silence.*

MegaMan: What?

Light: For an idiot, you sure have thought things through.

Wily: Thank y- WAIT A MINUTE! I'll get you for that, Thomas!

CrashMan: And crash bombs!

QuickMan: And quick boomerangs!

AirMan: And tornadoes!

Dan Quayle: And potatoes!

WoodMan: And leaves!

BubbleMan: And bubble lead!

HeatMan: And atomic fire!

FlashMan: And time!

*Everyone looks at MetalMan.*

Wily: For the love of Sigma, he's killed himself with his own weapon **again!**

Zero: Maybe you shouldn't have made a robot that's weak against its own weapon.

Wily: It's not my fault that I design my robots while drunk! Oh, wait...

yeeeeeeaaaaah...

NietzscheMan: Why would you even build me?

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