

## **Smash Bros: Orchestrated Chaos Part 17: Somebody Set Up Us the Dumb**

*Previously, on Orchestrated Chaos:*

*An army of wireframes enters the ring as Lucas watches in terror. Bowser grabs a bucket of popcorn and gets ready to signal the beginning of the match.*

Lucas: This doesn't seem very fair.

Bowser: Then you can lodge a complaint with our tournament organizer, the Shadow Queen.

Lucas: And where would I find her?

Bowser: Past the legendary Thousand Year Door, in the ancient ruins beneath Rogueport. To enter you must collect the seven Crystal Stars, which are scattered throughout the world, and are heavily guarded by those who desire their power. She's also in the corner office on Fridays.

Lucas: What day is it today?

Baby Mario: Wednesday.

Lucas: Poo.

*And now, the exciting non-conclusion...*

*Lucas hangs onto the edge of the field for dear life while the wire frames march off the ledge to their death in a vain attempt to attack him.*

Bowser: We probably should have tweaked their AI a little.

Baby Mario: This isn't fun at all!

Bowser: Wait a minute... the hand said they're for training purposes. Shouldn't we be able to change their setting?

Baby Mario: And how would we do that?

*Bowser holds up a remote control and presses a button with "Frighteningly Competent" written next to it.*

Bowser: There are advantages to being in a poorly-written parody with very little actual continuity.

*Meanwhile, in the announcers' box:*

Ryan: And the wire frames have dragged Lucas back into the ring and started beating the living crap out of him. This is simultaneously cool and terrifying.

Chad: It's coolifying!

Ryan: Are they... no... The wire frames have ripped off Lucas' head and are using it as a kickball. I'd say they've won.

*Suddenly, a new contestant enters the ring.*

Andrew: I spent days searching the pipe labyrinth for the restroom! I faced innumerable dangers, battled Bowser's most powerful minions, and was trapped in a horrible nightmare closet with people I hate for countless decades! And I never even got to use the restroom! So I'm going to work out my frustrations on these guys here.

*The wire frames attempt to attack. Andrew launches himself in the air and lands on one of the wire frames, crushing its head. He then uses the body as a club, killing two more, before discarding the impromptu weapon. More wire frames appear. He rips the heart out of one of them and eats the organ before crushing another frame's head in between his thighs. Still having not fully worked out his anger issues, he proceeds to rip two wire frames in half at the waist and attaches the two sets of legs to each other, then does the same to the two legless torsos.*

*The entire time he is screaming "SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!"*

*The newly-spawned wire frames do the only thing they can do.*

*They run.*

Ryan: The wire frames have actually retreated back to wherever they came from, forfeiting the match. Despite being dead, Lucas has won.

Chad: I'm sure they'll find some way to bring him back to life. I mean, it's not rocket science.

Ryan: No, but it would require a huge amount of surgery. I don't even know how they'd do it. They ripped off his freaking head!

Chad: Oh, come on. It's not like the head is important. It just has the brain.

Ryan: And that's not important?

Chad: Most people do just fine without using their brains.

Ryan: Point conceded.

Andrew: Hey, guys! I'm back!

*Ryan stares at Andrew warily.*

Andrew: What? Do I still have some bits of heart in my teeth? Here, let me get a toothpick and I'll take care of that.

Ryan: Where did you learn to do that?

Andrew: Do what? By the way, I just had a funny thought. If this were Banjo-Kazooie, I'd be Banjo and you would be Kazooie!

Ryan: What?

Andrew: I had a lot of time to think in the nightmare closet. I came up with cures for every fatal disease, but I forgot those. I then started working on a Theory of Everything and had just finished debunking Einstein when "The Three Stooges" came on TV, so I dropped the idea.

Ryan: What?

Andrew: I also figured out that Chad is the Banana King.

Ryan: What?

*Ryan looks expectantly at the Explanation Fairy.*

Explanation Fairy: You're on your own.

*Orchestrated Chaos brought to you by: Baby-Be-Gone, the contraceptive for a new(ly diminished) generation!*

*Woman: Not having kids is great! It's given me the free time to learn how to play blackjack!*

*The woman gives an enthusiastic double-thumbs-up.*

*Warning: Baby-Be-Gone may increase the risk of cardiac arrest and stroke. If you think that heart disease and permanent brain damage are preferable alternatives to having children, you may be an idiot. Baby-Be-Gone is not for people who are nursing, pregnant, may become pregnant, or have said the word "pregnant" in the last ten days. It is also not for bears, Iron Maiden fans, a hypothetical human-Vulcan hybrid, men, people who disliked "Dead Poets' Society," inanimate objects, inhabitants of the fifth dimension, and those suffering from really bad breath. May contain nuts.*