

Super Smash Bros: Orchestrated Chaos Part 7: Whose Brawl is it Anyway?

Andrew: OK, so here's what's happened so far. Wario fought Lucas and lost, but then disguised himself as Mr. Game & Watch and lost against Ayn Rand. Except Rand was disqualified for being a self-righteous jerk. So, I guess they both lost or something. Anyway, Link fought Luigi and was knocked out by a bob-omb. Bowser defeated Captain Falcon. Shadow fought Ganondorf and lost, again due to bob-ombs. Sonic fought Mario, and both were KO'd by bob-ombs. So, it looks like they both lost, too. That means that seven contestants have been knocked out of the tournament, leaving... a lot more.

Ryan: Is it just me, or do the bob-ombs have the highest win ratio of anyone in this tournament?

Andrew: I think it's more fun that way. Sure, it may be "unfair," like some people claim, but it's just boring without items. It's like cheesecake without the cheese.

Ryan: Cheesecake doesn't have cheese.

Andrew: YOU LIE!

Ryan: Let's just show the highlight reel.

Andrew: Oh, goody. You know, I already got someone to comment on it, so we don't have to.

Ryan: What?

Andrew: Play the video!

A video of highlights from the previous fights plays. There's a small picture in the corner of the commentator – the [Hypnotoad](#).

Ryan: Why isn't he saying anyth- All glory to the Hypnotoad.

Everyone in the stadium starts chanting "All glory to the Hypnotoad in unison. Everyone except one person."

Andrew: He brings up a good point. There's a Kirby/Donkey Kong match coming up, and each of them is probably going to try to grab the other and jump out of the ring. How are the refs going to rule that? Also, if you pause the video right here, you can see Bowser flipping off a baby. And can you blame him? That is one **ugly** baby.

The video stops, freeing everyone from the influence of the Hypnotoad.

Andrew: Also, did you know that "racecar" spelled backwards is "racecar?"

Ryan: What just happened?

Andrew: You're asking the wrong person.

Ryan: Wait, what's that in the ring?

Andrew: Oh, that's Master Hand. He's in charge of the tournament.

Master Hand makes a series of gestures.

Ryan: He's making an announcement. In sign language.

Andrew: It looks like he's saying... Either there's a serious waddle dee infestation, or we're seriously off schedule and the next match will be between four contestants.

King Dedede, the Ice Climbers, and Mr. Game & Watch enter the ring as Master Hand leaves.

Andrew: Oh, I see.

Referees help Falco – and his hospital gurney – into the ring.

Andrew: There's five of them?

Ryan: I think the Ice Climbers are fighting together.

Andrew: Come on! If that's true, then shouldn't I be allowed to get twenty people together and enter the tournament as one contestant?

The bell rings.

Dedede, the Ice Climbers, and Game & Watch break out their hammers and start bashing away at each other. Suddenly, an item appears. Dedede reaches it first and holds it aloft.

Dedede: Behold – the mighty golden hammer!

Game & Watch smacks Dedede with a golden fiddle.

Andrew: Wait, what?

Nana (one of the Ice Climbers) collects all three Dragoon pieces, allowing her to launch an attack that knocks Game & Watch out of the arena. Unfortunately, the other Ice Climber is also hit by the attack.

Ryan: It looks like the Ice Climbers are out of the fight.

Andrew: Now it's down to King Dedede and an incapacitate Falco.

Falco's gurney slowly rolls toward Dedede, who laughs and starts charging his jet hammer. Once Falco is in range, Dedede sends his mallet crashing into the gurney, which sends Falco flying across the ring. However, Falco's foot gets caught on the ropes, sending him rocketing back into Dedede.

Dedede: Looks like Dedede's blasting of agaaaaaaaiiin!

Ryan: I don't believe this. Falco has knocked Dedede out of the ring!

Paramedics rush into the ring in order to attend to the victorious Falco, who is lying on the ring's floor facedown.

Andrew: What a gracious winner.

Ryan: I think he's dead.

Andrew: Does that mean this is a stock match? Because I thought it was timed.

Ryan: At this point, I don't think the rules really matter.

Andrew: Join us next time, when a monkey with sub-Homsar intelligence battles a pink, omnivorous puffball.

Ryan: This is so wrong.

Andrew: And yet it feels so good. Now let's finish watching the highlights reel.

Ryan: NO, wai- All glory to the Hypnotoad.



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