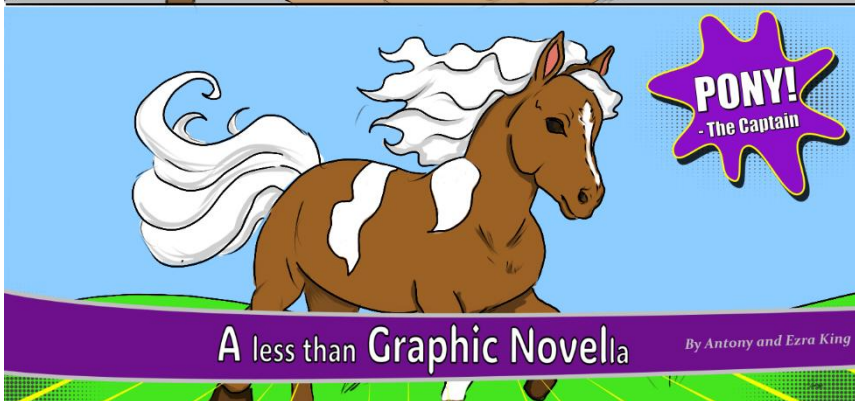
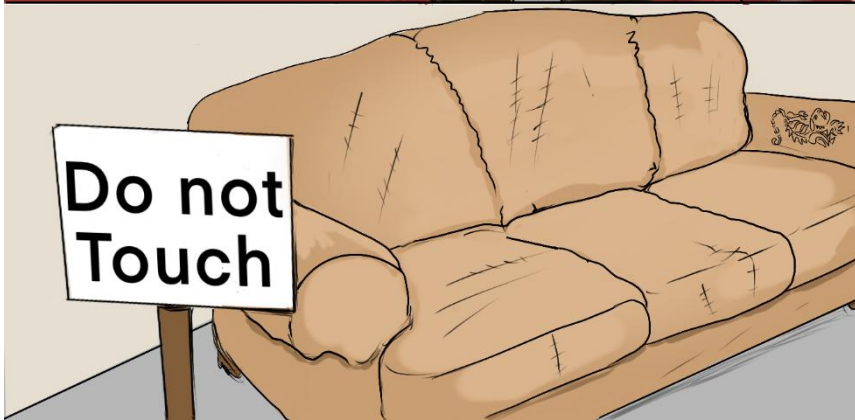


#4

110
PAGES

The Oh Force: The Ire Chronicles

A MISSION, A COUCH,
AND A PONY



A less than Graphic Novella

By Antony and Ezra King

Written by Antony and Ezra King

Illustrated by Michael Hong

Edited by Krysti Sanders



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Previously on The Oh Force!
-By The Captain

My Dearest Digital Diary,

After our previous headquarters burned down, we had to move into, eh, there's a debate on whether it was a motel or hotel. Running low on money, and unable to pay the rent, they kept telling me there was free food then yelling at me when I ate stuff! I got so hungry I bit a tree! And it wasn't even a real one!

I got the most epic of brain freezes and was kicked out of the motel hotel place. So, we followed this postcard to a boring white building that had a ton of people in front of it. Apparently, they were waiting for us! I was forced into putting on a big show for the opening ceremony of this cube thing that wasn't a cube but it was still called the cube. Anywho... everybody applauded at my awesomeness, but I still wish someone would've told me!

Found out that when I hired Cubicles in the elevator, he got right to work! He re-setup our headquarters just like it used to be, but now we have a really rude robot butler... botler? Eh, we'll let Andy figure it out. He's good at names and stuff. We also got a new ride that we thought looked just like our old ride but was a totally new ride.

That mob outside left but then came back and they were really angry about who knows what. It turned out all they wanted was this doctor guy. So, I fetched him for them, and they left. Everything was fine. The End!

#1**11
PAGES****A Mission, A Couch, and A Pony.**

THE NEW HIRE

A massive turtle standing on two legs cracks the tiles underneath as it leaps into the air, crashing down near what can only be described as a mountain of rodents. The hulking green turtle's eyes narrow as it raises both scaly fists into the air, bringing them down with the intent to smash the swarm. The vicious vermin split just in time to avoid its crushing blow. In a frenzy they whip up like a tornado, attempting to jam themselves into the shell of the super-sized snapping turtle.

Kirby and Jason sit on the couch, staring intensely at the TV as it casts a sickly artificial glow upon their faces. They thrash away at their controllers as they play a video game called *Lemmings vs. Turtles*. Both are completely absorbed in the fast-paced fighting game, frantically trying to win.

Kirby takes a marginal lead as her turtle rolls, freeing itself from the furry fiends, squishing quite a few in the process. "Yeah! Take that!"

Jason smiles almost imperceptibly. Beads of sweat run down his forehead as he tries hard not to laugh, so he does not lose his imaginary controller.

Captain Ohblivious walks up behind them on the couch and lounges over the back of the sofa, eating his horribly

charred piece of toast. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the half-chewed piece of wax apple, sniffs it, shrugs, and puts it on his briquette of bread as Kirby proceeds to squish the few remaining lemmings.

The B.O.T. glides silently across the floor tracking the trail of breadcrumbs that fall in The Captain's wake. It gets right next to Ohblivious, who is oblivious to the fact that it's there. The B.O.T. turns its camera-like head upwards to glare at – what his definitions database has designated as – Sloppy McGee. The Captain begins to take a large bite but is interrupted as his mouth begins to close around the breakfast abomination.

“I'll show you where to stick it,” The robotic home assistant states in its flat lifeless tone.

Ohblivious startles and begins searching around the room for the source of the voice. He slides the toast from between his lips, sucking the wax apple from the blackened surface.

The B.O.T. reiterates in the only way it can, “I'll show you where to stick it.”

Generally, the B.O.T. does not intend to be rude. Usually it is quite content, despite the only phrase it can say often being interpreted as vulgar. In this very moment, however, insult is almost assuredly intended.

The Captain gets his bearings and turns his head downwards to find the household appliance staring back up at

him. The B.O.T's camera shifts between Ohblivious's face and the thoroughly blackened toast, trying to convey its displeasure.

Captain Ohblivious glances at his toast before spitting out the bit of wax apple, focusing his usually divided attention on the B.O.T. He points aggressively at his mouth. "I know where to put it!" He then turns his finger on the mechanized maid. "I'll show *you* where to stick it!"

The Captain shoves the apple piece and toast forcefully into the neck of his supersuit, sending a few more crumbs falling to the floor. The B.O.T. quickly surges forward to catch them as they drop, causing Ohblivious to take a few steps back at its sudden movement in his direction.

The machine slowly states, somehow more malicious than before, "I'll show you where to stick it."

Captain Ohblivious takes another step back, clearly a little intimidated by the boxy robot. He mumbles out, "I'll show you where to stick it."

The B.O.T. slowly backs away from Sloppy McGee keeping its camera affixed on the messy menace with every turn. It rolls out the door, turning right and leaving the headquarters. Ohblivious begins to relax now that the voracious vacuum has left his vicinity.

"I'll show you where to stick it," The B.O.T. says as it re-enters the doorway.

Captain Ohblivious stalks over to the entryway, nearly in a huff. Before he can close the distance, The B.O.T.

wirelessly triggers the door close mechanism to slam the door in his face. Ohblivious stares at the door in disbelief.

Íre Tator still sits on the new bench next to the door. He impatiently swings his legs, letting them bounce back and forth like a Newton's cradle. The armrest has been worn down from Íre constantly scratching at it to fidget away the boredom.

Ohblivious babbles unintelligibly trying to find the words to respond.

Íre, having watched the scene unfold over the last couple minutes, is a little disappointed with the outcome. "Are you really going to let him have the last word?"

"No!" Captain Ohblivious shakes a finger at the door, providing a less than cogent reply, "You stick it where I don't have to hear you when the sun shines! Or when it doesn't shine either!" The Captain thinks about the words that just came out of his mouth. "Yeah! That'll show him where to stick it!"

Íre seizes the opportunity to do a little brown nosing. "You tell 'em, Boss!"

"I already did!" Ohblivious wheels on Íre, shaking his finger just inches from the diminutive young man's nose. "Do you want me to show *you* where to stick it?"

Íre ceases kicking his feet, hanging his head solemnly. "No sir. I already know where it goes. Just sitting here... waiting for my job interview... patiently..."

Ohblivious returns to ignoring Íre and watches as Kirby and Jason play their fighting game. "I'll leave you to it then!"

Kirby lets out a heavy sigh, trying to eliminate the few remaining lemmings that Jason appears to have just been running in circles around the screen. She notices that her health bar has been slowly dwindling.

Kirby mashes buttons on her controller and the turtle pounds the ground several times, as if throwing a temper tantrum. “Get back here and let me finish you off! And what the drumpf are you hitting me with?”

Seeing his opportunity beginning to slip away and fearing that he will have to sit on this bench for who knows how many more days, Íre blurts out, “Uhm, can I have a job yet?!”

Ohblivious responds, inching forward without moving his eyes from the TV. “Umm, do you think you can find evil people?”

Íre thinks for just a quick moment before nodding with a little unfounded confidence. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure I could find... someone.” Íre shrugs, “Somewhere.”

The Captain stretches out a hand in Ire’s general direction, still watching Kirby try to hunt down the final lemming that scrambles around. “Sure, you can have a job then.”

Íre is over the moon with excitement as he leaps up from the bench to take the outstretched hand in his own. “Thank you, Captain Oh!”

Ohblivious yanks the yarmy youngster off his feet, flinging him into the air and shaking him violently. Íre cringes in pain as he hopes for this roller-coaster of a handshake to end.

Kirby succeeds in smashing the last scurrying lemming. She leaps up from the couch, thrusts her hands into the air, and shoves her nose just inches away from Jason's. "Yeah, in your face!"

"Finally!" Captain Ohblivious drops Ire and starts clapping his hands.

Íre shakes out his throbbing hand, muttering quietly to himself as he makes his way to his feet, "Finally." He then proceeds to give The Captain a sloppy salute with the wrong hand. "You're not going to regret this!" He immediately follows up with a quiet afterthought. "I hope?"

Jason continues mashing away at his invisible buttons, trying to peek around Kirby's far too close face. He takes one hand off his controller and boops Kirby on the nose, stating confidently, "I win."

Kirby wheels around, glaring at the TV. "What?!"

Captain Ohblivious throws his hands up in excitement just as the screen proclaims, "Lemmings Win!"

Ohblivious whirls about and slaps Íre on his backside. "Welcome to the team you... you. Now get out there and solve the world's problems."

Íre skedaddles to the exit with quite the scare and a likely bruise on his rearend, fearing any further friendly, unintended pain that The Captain’s encouragement could cause.

Captain Ohblivious reaches out, grabs the closet door handle, and swings it open. He stares at the empty space. “Huh? That’s not the new old bathroom. Where’s my pot? And my toiletainment? Oh yeah, they upgraded it.” He slams the door shut and shuffles over to the room that is far better suited to his business.

The turtle lays on the ground, wriggling ever so slightly. A lemming crawls out of the shell and climbs on top of the carapace. It proceeds to do a little jig while raising its hands in triumph.

Kirby tosses her controller at the table, knocking over the stack of contracts that still sit there, completely unread and unsigned. “You cheated!”

“Aww,” Jason takes on a mocking tone, “Did I hurt your feelings? Do you enjoy always being such a sore loser?”

Kirby glares back at him. “Does it feel nice knowing you always cheat?”

“If by cheat you mean knowing how to play the game,” Jason shrugs and flashes a prideful grin, “Then yes!”

Andy and Libby enter the headquarters through the door left open by Íre.

Libby raises an eyebrow, focusing on toppled stack of bureaucratic busy work. “What’s all the commotion about?”

“Nothin’,” Jason backs away from the couch to lean on the entertainment center in a relaxed pose that is obviously not meant for Andy. “Just putting your sister in her place.”

Kirby’s eyes burn into Jason as he casually shuts off the TV. “Rematch! Rematch! You always win. C’mon I’m going to beat you once.” Kirby pleads as she leaps up from the couch to turn the screen back on.

Andy tries to change the subject instead of getting involved in their squabbles. “We’re gonna check out the rest of the CUBE! You wanna come? We just came from Transportation Deck *Two*. Did you know we have jump jets?! They told me I couldn’t fly one though...”

“Thank the Gods for that.” Libby intentionally avoids Andy’s disappointed stare. “So, are you guys in or what?”

Jason wobbles his head a bit as if mulling it over and then smirks, moseying over to join Andy and Libby. “Sure, I’m in.”

Kirby rushes back to the couch, patting her hand on the cushion next to her. “No, No, No, Jason. You can’t go. C’mon step up to the plate.”

Libby and Andy are already halfway out the door, not wanting to be a part of this spat. Jason follows the two of them as he quips over his shoulder to Kirby, not letting her egg him on. “See ya, Kirby.”

Kirby looks down at the controller on the floor just out of her reach, and then over to the door just as it whisks closed. “Ah, bush.”

For the briefest of moments, she contemplates going with them, but her pride takes the wheel and her curiosity takes the backseat. Kirby slumps back into the couch, crosses her arms in a pout, and stares at the controller on the floor. The B.O.T. rolls into her view from around the arm of the sofa with its camera pointed up at her. Without saying a word, the bot follows her gaze and rolls over to the controller. A flexible tubelike appendage snakes out of the B.O.T. and grabs the controller.

Kirby watches the B.O.T. roll over to her. Her self-pity shrinks as does the space between them. “Thanks for always being there for me, Brobot.”

The B.O.T. extends the controller to her. “I’ll show you where to stick it.”

Kirby chuckles and grabs the controller. “Maybe later.”

The B.O.T. extends its camera head up slightly and tilts it to the side. It closes and reopens the aperture in front of its camera a couple times as if blinking. “I’ll...” The B.O.T. turns and rolls out of the headquarters.

Captain Ohblivious wanders back in and plops himself right next to Kirby, taking the middle seat uncomfortably close to her. “Ahh! Now that’s the stuff.”

Ohblivious snuggles his rear end into the sofa as Kirby shifts herself against the armrest as much as she can, giving herself a little breathing space.

The Captain disdainfully looks at the *Lemmings vs. Turtles* start screen that is repeating on the TV. “Ah, not this show again!”

Kirby realizes that she may have an easy win versus The Captain and decides that she could use a confidence boosting victory before joining the others. “Do you wanna play?”

“Do I!?” Captain Ohblivious gets super excited as he shifts over to the other seat, grabbing up the spare controller that sits on the table and holding it heroically above his head. “Spurts of Justice!”

Captain Oh twirls the controller on his finger like a gunslinger as he looks at Kirby anxiously. “I’m sorry in advance. I’m very competitive. And I’m going to be the turtle.”

Kirby looks down at her hands as she lets out a sigh. “Ah, drumpf...”



#2**6
PAGES****A Mission, A Couch, and A Pony.****DELUSIONS
IN THE DINING CAR
OF DESIRE**

Íre slinks into a booth built for four, popping up the collar on his trenchcoat. He tucks his neck in like a turtle, trying to hide behind his collar. The establishment is styled to resemble a trolley car diner, but is far more spacious than a trolley would provide. The 1960s look of the place is quite authentic in a Jetsons sort of way. Íre picks up the menu off the table from beneath a placard labeled ‘The Dining Car of Desire’.

Íre mutters to himself in a voice that seems like it is trying to be more manly than he can muster. “This is where I come to think. They serve a very stiff cup of coffee, and it is here that I will be coming up with my plan. The Assignment: find the bad guys, infiltrate their headquarters, and bring them down from the inside. All in an honest day’s work”

The man that was once the manager of the Bank of New Edmonton, Larry, has now been relegated to working as the sole employee at a mostly automated eatery. He has been forced to trade in his suit and tie for white slacks, a white button up shirt, a black apron, and, to top it off, a white diner hat piped with black around the bottom. Íre has the menu up in front of his face, like he is trying to keep inconspicuous and hidden from view, doing neither one of the two successfully.

“Here comes my regular waitress, Darla,” Íre mumbles to himself as he hears the footsteps of the incoming car hop. He lowers his menu to find that he should probably reevaluate his biased world views when it comes to gender roles.

Larry gives Íre a suspicious once over. “Hi, my name's Larry and I'll be your server today. What can I get you to start off with?”

Íre nods and makes a limp hand gesture that is intended to mean something but could never be interpreted, even by an expert in body language. “Cocoa, please, and make it hot. That'll be all.”

Larry, who had his pen on the notepad, removes the tip from the paper, not even bothering to write the request down, knowing he is going to get stiffed on this tip. “Sure thing.”

Íre puts the menu back up in front of his face. He stares at the menu as if he can see through it and shrugs before deciding it was more fun in his mind if it was a waitress. He mouths out in a hush tone. “I've always known Darla has a thing for me. Things could never work out though. The life of a detective is a long and dangerous road.”

Larry returns with a cup and a can of whipping cream. “Whipped Cream?”

“I will take it black,” Íre says under his breath.

“So,” Larry reiterates his question not quite understanding Íre's stutter in the less audible tone, “Do you want whipped cream, or not?”

“You know me so well,” Íre responds sheepishly at a volume loud enough for others to hear him. Then quietly whispers to himself in his delusional undertone, “Darla.”

Larry raises an eyebrow and takes an uncomfortable step away from the suspect customer.

Íre puts back on the deeper voice and says fair more audibly than he intended, “I might have to call in one of my favors.”

Larry places the mug on the table as Íre continues to look around the menu in an attempt to be incognito.

“Sorry, I didn’t catch that.” Larry says, still expectantly waiting with the whipping cream.

Íre repositions himself to put the menu between him and Larry, disappointed a bit that he is not likely to get whipped cream with his hot chocolate. “Nothing.”

Larry shrugs and walks back to his place behind the counter to put some distance between him and his possibly unstable patron. Íre moves slowly to keep his menu between him and Larry, doing nothing but adding to Larry’s growing discomfort. Íre’s discomfort grows along with Larry’s, but for a completely different reason. He is now questioning his decision to continue wearing a trench coat in a climate-controlled café.

The bell over the entry door rings out as another person enters the barren breakfast establishment. The lack of customers is not surprising, considering it is 10 AM on a Thursday.

Íre lowers his menu only slightly before dropping it altogether at the sight of a familiar face. “Brad?”

Brad Nailer looks up from his newspaper, *The Newsy News*, as he spots Íre Tator with a look of pleasant recognition washing over his face. “Íre! Long time no see bruv!”

Brad wanders over to Íre’s booth, folding up his newspaper and sitting down at Íre’s table. “Mind if I join ya?”

“Yeah, it’s been a bit,” Íre nods his head, as many people incorrectly do to that particular question. “What have you been up to lately?”

Although most people cringe when Íre speaks, Brad is unaffected due to his cochlear implant. Just like most audio-based powers, they tend not to be transmissible across a digital medium, or affect other people with auditory abilities.

Brad stows his newspaper on the seat next to him as he splays his arms out in a gesture that is a half-shrug, with a slight tell of impropriety. “I’ve been working under the table if you know what I mean.” Brad motions a little nudge of his elbow with a wink to convey that what he’s been up to may not be on the up and up. “How about you?”

“Oh me,” Íre completely overlooks the intent and proudly perks up before leaning forward conspiratorially. “I’ve just been working for the CUBE.”

“The CUBE!” Brad’s interest is immediately activated as he leans forward to match Íre’s gleeful intensity. “You don’t say. Woowow. Whatchu doing with them?”

“Well now,” Íre picks up his cup of hot chocolate, unfortunately whip cream free, and rests back into his seat, quite pleased with himself. He swirls the cup of sticky brown liquid around as he says cooly, “I’m just going to have a cup of cocoa.”

Brad smirks at the subterfuge laid out before him, picking up a pack of saltines and spreading the complimentary butter on the complimentary crackers, much to the dismay of Larry. “Well, Íre, if you’re interested in an interview, the people I work for are lookin’ for someone inside the CUBE. We might be able to fill your pocketbook a bit. How much they payin’ ya?”

Íre has to think about this, as it did not come up in his far too brief, and *far* too painful, interview. “I don’t know.”

Brad doesn’t miss a beat. “I bet you we can match that.”

“You know what?” Íre contemplates the idea as he sets down the untouched cup of chocolatey goodness. “Alright, I’m in!”

“Can I get you anything to drink, sir?” Larry has made his way back to the table to see if Brad will need anything to go with his plundering of free tableside ‘hors d’oeuvres’.

“Nope,” Brad waves a half-eaten cracker smothered in butter as he speaks with his mouth full, spraying crumbs on the table. “Got everything I need right here.”

Íre points to his cup of hot chocolate. “Can I get this to go?” Larry grabs Íre’s cup and before he can lift it from the table, Íre adds, “And some whip cream, please.”



#3**8
PAGES****A Mission, A Couch, and A Pony.****A GREASY
INTERRUPTION**

The pair of misfits, Íre and Brad, amble down the sidewalk. They are in an area of downtown New Edmonton that is mostly quiet and unoccupied. It is underdeveloped, not in the sense that it is not built, but as if the city was designed to support a much larger future population than those that currently call it home. The hustle and bustle that you'd typically expect from a downtown area in a large city is bizarrely absent. Empty skyscrapers line the quiet streets. A handful of automated ground-level shops are sprinkled here and there.

Íre's coat is wide open. He grabs at the break point, flapping the front to circulate some air. His shirt is a new shade of off-white due to the severe sweating that has permeated the drenched fabric. His cheeks begin to lose some of the redness as he cools off.

Íre sighs and searches around, as they've been walking for more time than he would've thought was necessary. "Hey, how far away did you park Brad?"

"I didn't drive, I walked." Brad nonchalantly states, as if this is what he would naturally do.

“I’ve seen you take your car to go a block before,” Ire looks at Brad’s feet with a scrunched brow. “You on a health kick or something?”

Brad smiles as he puts on an expression of mock hurt. “How dare you imply I would ever diet! I am going to die eventually. Might as well kick it doing things I love, you know, like not dieting. My car got a little crunched in a work thing.”

Íre nods understandingly. “Oh, so your car’s in the shop. I get it. Is your work covering the repairs?”

“Yeah, they would totally pay for it,” Brad laughs at Íre’s unintentional joke, sarcasm thick in his voice. “It is not like my boss is someone *super* unreasonable.”

Íre takes it at face value as he sips from his biodegradable foam cup. He smacks his lips before pursing them together in disgust. “I think she spit in this.”

Brad sniffs the air, becoming a little distracted. “I don’t think you’re that lucky.”

Íre looks conflicted as if he’s not sure whether Brad is joking or truly serious, seeing how he inadvertently used the pronouns for his imaginary Darla over the reality that is Larry. “I’m not quite sure where you’re going with this, but uh... where are *we* going?”

Brad stops in his tracks as he realizes that he has been leading them in the wrong direction. Though Brad had intended on taking Íre to meet his boss, it seems his subconscious has been leading the way. “I don’t know.”

“But you’re leading the way!” Íre says, suddenly concerned that he may have made a very large mistake. “You don’t know where we’re supposed to be going?”

“No, I do.” Brad points behind them, “It’s that-a-way.”

Íre blinks at Brad a couple of times before finding the words to respond. “Then why are we going this way?”

“Iunno.” Just as Brad is beginning to turn around, a soft wind wafts in his face, carrying the scent of freshly cooked uncured meats. “Wait, I know where I’m going. Apparently, my gut was doing the walkin’.” Brad gives his belly a friendly pat, as if to say thank you. “Since we’re here, might as well stop at the fried bacon stand on our way.”

Íre props up an eyebrow at the mention of food prepared in a way that seems wholly unnecessary. “Firstly, it’s not on the way. Secondly, fried bacon?!”

Brad just beams over at Íre. “Don’t you tell me you’ve never had fried bacon before?” Brad is quick to answer his own question. “Well, aren’t you in for a treat.”

Íre shakes his head slowly, trying to come up with an excuse not to participate in this unexpected activity. “Uh, no thank you, but thank you. I’m a bit Jewish on my mom’s side.”

Íre begins to turn around to save himself from this culinary fright. Brad swings his arm around Íre’s shoulder, redirecting him back on the path towards the fabled fried food.

They round a corner to see a large man, in a sullied butcher’s smock. On top of his head sits a large brim straw hat

that would easily be construed as a sombrero if it was not fixed on the dome of a man of obvious Caucasian descent. He sits on a barstool whittling away at his fingernails with a small knife.

Edwin Nigel Trampus lounges behind a wooden counter that looks like it was made by a kid in a middle school shop class. His makeshift setup is not one that you would trust to sell pork, let alone anything in need of refrigeration. An oil drum, posing as a smoker with more rust than heat resistant paint, is attached on hinges to the shaky stand. An old wooden placard that has loopy pyrography declaring it as ‘Ye Ol’ Bacon Stand’. Underneath the word bacon, a strip of packing tape obscures the word ‘Lemonade’, but not all that successfully.

Trampus belts out his barker’s cry, “Bacon, get yer bacon. Bacon for sale.” He gazes up from his crusty fingertips and spots Brad. “Hey, nice to see you again, Brad.”

Brad gets right to business, “Good to see you too and even better to see your bacon. I’d like some bear bacon please.”

Trampus nods, lifting the countertop to reveal a large interior to his stand. “What’ll it be? Slabbed, sliced, or fried?”

The inside looks far better than its rough exterior. It has two compartments, one being in heat and the other being refrigerated. Íre has taken a keen interest in the tape on the sign, trying to figure out why it is on there.

Brad gives Trampus quick half roll of his eyes. “I’ll take it fried, my friend. Is there any other way?”

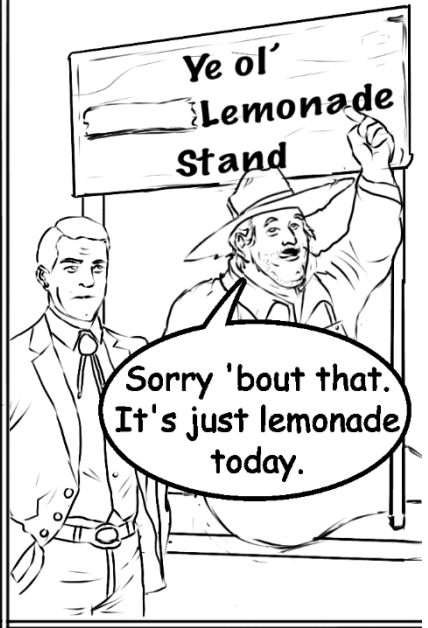
“Well, yes, slabbed or sliced,” Trampus grabs a bag of crispened bacon from the heated side of the cart, slapping it onto the counter with a soggy clatter, “But I get what you’re puttin’ down.”

Íre has redirected his attention from the painter’s tape that is over the sign to the grease-stained paper bag. He shudders slightly and fails to not make eye contact with Trampus.

“Edwin Nigel Trampus at your service,” Trampus pinches the brim of his hat, giving it a little tip in greeting. “But you can just call me Trampus. What’ll it be for you, little feller?”

Íre returns his focus to the covered word on the sign, mentally picking at the corners of the tape. “What’s this tape here for?”

Trampus closes his lid and hunches his considerable girth across the counter. “Oh that. My little girls use this for a lemonade stand on the weekend. Had to put it on there so as not to cause a confusion. We had that happen once.” Trampus stares into space recalling a vivid memory of the event.



Trampus comes back to the present after telling his tale with an expression that conveys some possible regrets with his past decisions. “That was some greasy lemonade.”

Íre is beside himself knowing that he is absolutely not considering buying anything from a man that would knowingly sell something so confounding to anyone, even if they asked for it. Íre is able to chunter out, “I can see how that would be confusing?”

Trampus gets back into the game of selling his wears. “So, what'll it be then, little buddy?”

Íre backs a step away from the stand with his hands held out in a pleading motion. “Oh, I don't do bacon.”

Brad enters the conversation. “He's just a little jew... ish.”

Trampus looks at Brad with a slow raise of a single eyebrow clearly waiting for more explanation.

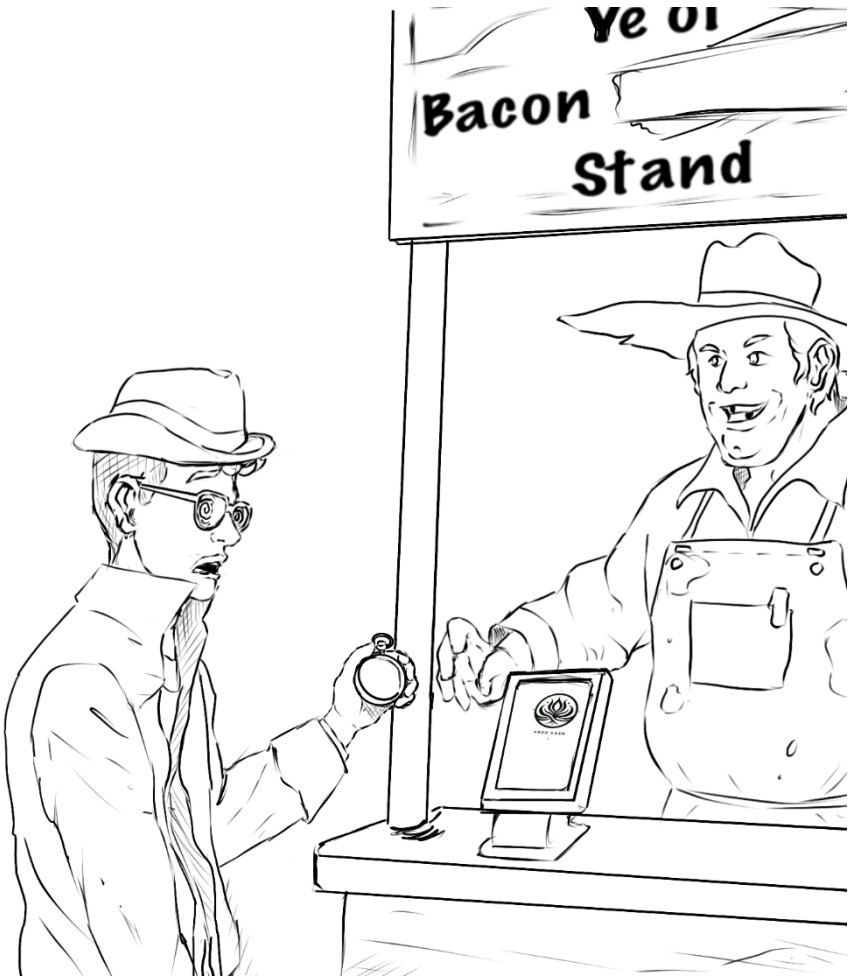
“On his mother’s side,” Brad adds.

Trampus grabs the edges of his smock in pride as he proudly states, “Moose Bacon is kosher.”

“Yeah, still going to pass. No thanks.”

“So, what'll it be then?” Trampus shows his real power as laggardly enunciates in his southern drawl. He warbles out his original request louder, and in a hypnotizing tone, “Slabbed? Sliced? Fried?”

Íre's face droops as he stares, slack-jawed at the hypnotic motions of the Hychnocist's mouth. He mindlessly replies, taking his COMM from the inside of his coat. "Yes." He extends the pocket-watchesque device forward and taps it on the Kosh Kash payment pad on the counter.



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