<http://farragofiction.com/AdventureSimWest/?nostalgia=intermission2.txt>  
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> DM: Start Intermission

INTERMISSION 2 START!!

> do a little jig

You fail to do a little jig, as you currently find yourself tied up to a chair. You do, however, feel dazed enough to get in the spirit. You languidly wave your feet instead.

You gain +1 jig, or fucking, something. You're not too tip-top to be making any funny jokes right now.

> Look around

You do as such.

From what you can make out from the darkness, you are in some sort of storage room. Dusty boxes are most of what you can really see-- the little you can see, really, as their outlines are made visible by some light behind them.

> Look around for any other chair-tied persons

You appear to be a special little fellow, as it appear that you are the only person in this room currently tied to a chair. Any more menacing huge guys and it would start to remind you of your 18th birthday.

> hotwire the chair

Oh, yeah, of course, it's just a chair, right? You just gotta remove the little plastic shit, and whatever, and then... uh...

You spend a rough 4 minutes pretending your finger is a screwdriver. You then spend a solid 3 more thinking about how you could possibly hotwire this without a screwdriver and no screw... shaped things.

It's a total of 15 minutes before you remember it's a fucking chair.

> try talking to the menacing huge guys

You start trying to get in conversation with one of the boxes. The box is very shy and does not respond back to you.

> Inspect the material binding you to the chair

Seems like rope. Lotsa rope. Usually you just cut it and get it over with, but whatever these guys are up to, uh, they don't... they don't like you very much.

> try to tip the chair over

You swing your legs back and forth, adding some motion to you, and then you tumble forward, slamming your face directly onto the linoleum floor.

You'd be feeling stupid if you weren't kind of enjoying the nice cool of the floor on your face.

> vibe for a while

You fail to vibe, as you're pretty damn sure that whoever is keeping you here wants you pretty fucking dead. You can't really narrow it down, though. Could be fucking, uh... Giulia, maybe? No, no no... you're pretty sure she already tried burning down your house, so you're pretty much even. Uh... you still owe Nico for bailin' you, but the guy can just call you, you know? Uh... you didn't give back a library book once, but it's not like those guys can't find you, you don't even go by that anymore.

Or can they? A shiver crawls over you. You are filled with newfound fear for the american machine of progress.

You've gained +1 Paranoia!

Your soliloquy is interrupted by some guy,now in front of you-- real rugged guy, god damn, that's a big fella. He slams your chair back into position.

"Boss d'n't like y'r stunt last time," he grunts, "We h've you good this t'me. Sol'd rope. B'st money can buy." He smirks at you. "As for you? Maybe you'll make a nice turkey dinner to end the night."

> ask to use the bathroom

The guard snorts. "The bathroom? Sure, let me j'st get'cha s'tuated, why don't I?"

He grabs a bucket from behind the box and tosses it at your feet.

"And d'n't forget to wipe!" He guffaws, as he leaves you to your own. You're not fully sure how far he went, though.

> try to figure out if you're alone now

You *think* you are. There's some mild chatter off in the distance, but they also might still be there. Just... real sneaky-like.

Except for... uh... some weird light up on the vent thingy, but you don't know why that'd happen. Unless... unless the librarians heard you talking SHIT.

> warn the potential librarian you have a library card

You start loudly slurring about how they shouldn't come any closer! You're a legal american citizen *and* you have a libardy card! Libarby. Lybar... whatever, you got the card shit!

The potential librarian seems to retreat as your captors peek in to see what the fuck you're rattling on about now. The large one from before, now more disgruntled at your shenanigans, grabs a round of black tape from one of the boxes and slams it directly over your mouth.

"Keep h'llerin' 'nd I'll close up y'r nose holes, too," he grumbles, walking away once again.

> listen to the ps1 inside your mind

Oh yeah, it's him, the PS1, speaking to you inside your brain. You're listening to it. It's tempting you with making you leave 'the girl' so you can play Ridge Racer.

You can't really leave the girl right now, but getting to play Ridge Racer sounds pretty dope. But not now. Later.

There's a loud crash from somewhere outside, and the guards inside your room that are not boxes seem to leave. You think. It's mighty quiet, now.

> Remember who you are

***SIMBA***

> send mental commands to the boxes that are not guards

You spend the following minutes inducting every box in the room as a lackey in your plans. You now have the following allies:

Boxerton:  
An expert in espionage. Can blend in with any box. He lost his wife and kids in the Cold War after a Russian ship sunk its cargo, and moved to America to find his luck.

Box-Ox:  
A spanish immigrant and previously a toreador. After sustaining an imapiring injury in the ring, she now no longer serves as a container box, but as a box with two holes in it.

Boxxy:  
Boxxy is a mime and deserves no spot in your elite box squad. However you're running out of boxes to recruit that you haven't mentally declared as dead so you guess they can stay for now.

A Clown Costume rapidly descending from the vent:  
Wait fucking what.

> fire boxxy, replace him with Clown Costume

You tell Boxxy to fuck off from your elite squad. Boxxy does not react because of their mime heritage, but also because they are a box. You feel that they've gained some sort of moral victory from you firing them and they mime smugly at you.

The fucker.

You're about to recruit the clown costume before it falls out of your field of view. Some fucking... weird coat falls off as well, so you guess they're a groupie.

> Apologize to boxxy

What are you, a narc? A clown narc? Huh???

> recruit the groupie

Ah, fuck it. Well, may as well, right? You try to mouth something out through your black tape, hoping your latent psychic powers.

Weirdly enough it. It WORKS? The clown costume slithers towards you, grabbed by the puffy collar by that trenchcoat person. They seem to take it off to reveal... a perfectly normal girl in a dress? Okay? Sure. Sure this is probably part of your powers anyway.

You're about to complain about this before she pulls out a knife-- oh FUCK--

And starts cutting your ropes. Oh.

Recruit success????

> Why are you an asshole to boxxy

You haven't respected mimes ever since the Mime War.

> put a hit on Boxxy and see if your newest lackey has what it takes

Fuckin, SURE, man. As soon as your hand is free, you point at Boxxy and try to say something along the lines of "Get that bitch", except, you know, your mouth is taped shut.

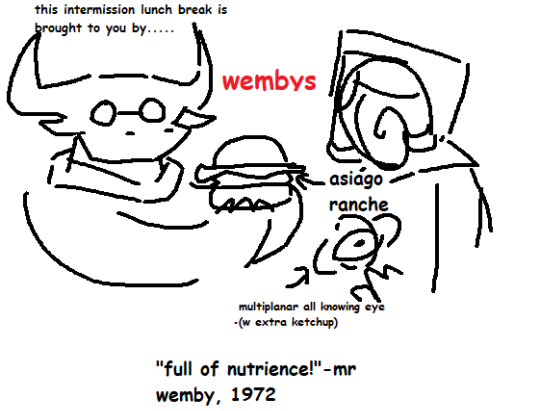
She raises an eyebrow at you, then looks at the box. She drives the knife handle-deep into it several times, then tries to see if there's anything inside.

Ah. Excellent. She'll do.

> go back to thinking about the ps1

You long for the PS1's embrace, as the shot transitions cleanly into a Be Right Back scene.

IC: y'all we're fucking hungy. just hold on to your sources.



> No funny music?

IC: no you're right. here you go.

> That file doesn't work bruh

JR: consider it a puzzle

> Ask JR if any wasting will ever be required on this path

IC: sure. the answer i got was 'i don't expect it, but it's me, y'know?'though, so figure it out i suppose.  
IC: also we're starting up in a minute. just getting some kinks out of the robot.  
IC: kinks as in not *that* you animals.

> https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qJuZmfOMpm0&list=PLnxF\_JwN1G8V5glJd1TOdAH6mm00haBh6&index=8&ab\_channel=DaveSameTv consider your puzzle solved, I want stat increase for this, or at least an achievment

IC: maybe? I guess? not to spoil the surprise but I actually just fucked up the command, there.  
IC: but I mean sure lmfao. deploying achievement at random for uh, hostage number one.

*SECRET UNLOCKED!!! You just obtained Achievement "Ultimate Weaver"! You now automatically succeed at all tasks that require knitting!*

*IC: there. have fun with THAT in some future way that will not have consequences.*

> knit your brow, and ask your newest lackey to take you back home

IC: ...  
IC: oh, FUCK?

Your new recruit, albeit not being able to hear you as per your black tape AND being overall very distracted examining the box, IMMEDIATELY understands what you are trying to communicate. She does also do what should've been done and RIPS it off your mouth. It hurts like hell, but it's not your first time being gagged. Some endurances are only built with trial and error.

Most endurances are built with trial and error actually but eh who cares. You don't cry like a baby, is the point here. She ushers you to put on the clown costume, for some reason, though. You're. Not sure why.

> weave the rope

You believe the rope is already weaved, but you could probably do that later.

> panic and realize this makes you technically a mime

You shed a silent tear for betraying everything you have ever believed in.

> put on the clown costume

You shamefully put on the clown costume, aware that you are a traitor to your own morals and people. The shoes are big, the nose is shiny, and the collar is puffy. You are a disgrace. And, also, high as fuck.

> honk your clown horn

> knit your fingers with your newest lackey and wait for her to lead you home

You successfully knit fingers with your lackey. She looks mildly uncomfortable, but you figure it's the clown costume. It's. It's definitely the clown costume. She's staring at your shoes now, stepping onto them trying to find where your feet are. She gets it on the first try. You try not to cry at the heels go straight to your toe.

You start walking out the room, away from your beautiful box squad and Boxxy's desecrated body. You squint as the new light blinds you somewhat, and you get to take your surroundings a bit better; you seem to be at some sort of large house, and with the amount of guests you're seeing, you assume it's some sort of party. Oh, cool. Parties are alright. Although you wouldn't go to a party with this many people, though. Too many hitmen.

Ah. Right. You were kidnapped. Go on.

> is there a party dog?

There sure's a party, dawg.

> are there fancy party snacks?

Ooh! There is! In a nearby table, you see a whole dozen snausages, as well as some fancy tuna sandwiches and cheese, grapes, the sort. But you mostly want the snausages. God you want the snausages so bad.

> I bet those snausages are poisoned. Or laced with something to make you fall asleep. They must have expected this and hoped you would fall right into their trap! Resist those devilish snausages!

Right. Those librarians are still out there, let alone your KIDNAPPERS. This would be ace to get you to fall right back into their clutches. Only someone with a full history of the books you've read knows your love of snausages. Resist the urge resist the urge resist it resist it resist it resi

> cry you want those snausages so bad

You can't resist.

You IMMEDIATELY burst into tears, crying that you need the snausages more than anything in your life. You shake the hand of your new lackey around as you point at the snausages. Look at them! Look at them and let them tell you they are not delicious! You need them!

> unknit your fingers with the lackey and start shoving double fistfuls of snausages into your gaping maw

You fail to unknit as your lacky grasps your hand with unnatural force. She shoots you a grim look: half surprise, half anger, all murderous intent. But people are staring, now. She pulls you towards the snausages, glaring at you all the while, and you just go to town on the fuckin snausages. Just eat the shit out of them.

You swear, for a second, you feel something sharp near your throat, but then your new lackey hands you some tiny speaker earphone thingy, whatever. Her hand is shaking.

> Take the speaker thingy and plug it into your ear

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You take the communication device, and you immediately receive some pretty direct feedback.

Okay-- I'm assuming you passed the speaker, yes? Well, I will just-- I will *proceed,* then. ██████, can you hear me?

> through mouthfuls of snausages, say that you can hear the ps1

You swear to the speaker that you hear it, and are ready to leave the girl at any moment.

I... yes, sure. Good. I am... yes, that, the PS1. Of course. If it makes you feel better, █████████, then, for the purposes of this conversation, I am the games console PS1, speaking directly to you.

Inside your brain?

No. Inside this speaker. Also-- please do not leave the girl, while we are in that... topic, of course. Well, at least the one that was assigned to you. She should be near you, correct? The one that passed you this speaker. She hasn't left, right?

> Look if the girl is still near you and respond

You successfully confirm that the girl is still holding onto you for dear life. She's not paying attention to you, eye darting around the room you're in... huh. No, yeah, eye. Singular. Funny how you never noticed that.

Okay... okay! Excellent. Then, everything is going... according to plan, then. ██████, I would like to assure you that you are currently in no harm. My partner and I have been sent here to ensure a swift and safe return to your home, as you can see. We just need some cooperation with you, if that's okay. I will be happy to disclose anything that might ease your nerves.

> Uhhhh, hey Simba, if that's your actual name - do you get saved by mysterious powerful organizations often or is this a first

You ask the speaker if they are some kind of mysterious, powerful organization.

Oh, ██████, you'd be surprised the influence the mundane can have in matters such as yours. Although I suppose mystery does play a part... but nevermind that. Let us get you somewhere safe, shall we? Feel free to let, hm, 'the girl' know that it is getting late.

> sober up

You fail to sober up, as the dangerous coctail of snausages inside you is not playing nice with all the shit that got pumped into you. The entry of food into your system, though, has helped clear your mind ever so slightly.

> ask how youre supposed to leave

I believe through the front door. We had already made sure to survey it all in preparation, so it should not prove itself a challenge.

The girl glances at you after you ask, as well, and starts pulling you over towards the entrance. You try your best to appear as a clown would, pathetic and circus-like (which works, due to your enhanced drugged state for purposes of clownery).

As you make it closer to the exit, your partner freezes in their tracks. When you lean over to ask what's going on, she only points to what's in front of you, eyes wide open.

Ah, shit. Okay, a checkpoint. No, you're sober enough to understand THAT is not good news.

You can feel her hand start trembling again, staring directly at you.

You're not getting a good feeling about that.

> squeeze her hand to reassure her

She squeezes back, again, with ... no, very fucking precedented aggression. Not like you get what the fuck is going on with these two, but it appears that if she is not allowed to let you go, she's very much deciding you can both die. Or at least, you think so. Hard to not compare what's going on with what happens with the family ever so often.

> take a deep breath, look back at her--and smile, smiles make people feel at ease, right?--and then step through the checkpoint. you can do this.

You smile. She grins back at you, and normally, you would just take this as assurance. But in a glimpse of sobriety, a part of you-- the part that has been dealing since people for as long as you've been born-- that part knows better. Her eye is still wide, staring directly into yours, teeth bared. There is no comraderie in this smile. This is the smile of someone who would prefer you very, *very* dead.

Yeah sure. This is. Uh. This is great. You drop that smile mighty quick as fear for your life is transmitted directly into your soul.

> Ask the PS1 for help

Ah. You say... there's a checkpoint, then?That is... inconvenient, I suppose. Any hints on what they might be looking for?

Oh. Wow. No, wait. Idea emerging.

> reassure her that you've been at PLENTY of parties like this and people will be gossipping about the checkpoint so you know what they're looking for. go mingle

You try not to reassure her physically, but you do just tell her straight that you can find some uh, people to talk to, and see what they want in the checkpoint.

She... seems aggreeable to that, her grip on you loosening. Well, that gives you... a JOB, to do.

You gossip with the party guests. They all look funny, with their masks and ornate outfits, but you are also a clown, so what can you say. You don't really get a read for what, uh, the checkpoint's for, though. You're also still loopy, which doesn't help, but they all just seem to be searching for *someone,* which you can only assume is you. Well, love being popular, but not like this, personally.

You eventually get approached by some... other gentleman.

Oh, fuck. You swear to god you've seen that face before. You wish you could tell. Who the fuck?...

But he's not here for you, oh no. He's approaching your partner, all smile, happy to see that the suit fits her...

*Friend.*

You see the realization hit him in slow-motion, his expression shifting ever so slightly to that of a kicked dog. In tandem, she lets go of your hand as she tilts her head, gaze locked onto his expression.

You have nooo idea what's going on here.

Instead, you try asking for something, uh, simpler. This might just work. They were looking for somewhere... private?

He blinks. Oh. Sure, for them, uh. He rubs the back of his neck in what you can only assume is embarrassment.

He... knows a place.

Storyline Complete! Congratulations! Your Rating is: C! 1/3 Stories Remain in this branch!

Reloading previous save file...