The Halloween Trip Gone Bad

AKA

The Tim vs. The Haunted House, Part 2: Electric Boogaloo

DA Timeros “The Tim” Caesus Entar Arconae

*Your Excellency,*

*As per your request, attached the most recent files in Timeros’ personal log books. These were obtained at great cost both personal and professional: I fear K’tana may never walk again (though if she does, expect some* really *funny walking), and I still nearly lost my fingers when I snuck in halfway through to steal his datapad. I hope the test results are worth it.*

*The events contained herein have been transcribed as accurately as possible. I made some initial attempts to remove colorful descriptions of sex acts, personal and varied insults aimed at ourselves, obscene references to “The Lightsaber” and a sundry of miscellaneous vulgarities, but I abandoned the effort when I realized how little would be left. Also, my eyes may have been bleeding.*

*As such, and unfortunately for all of us, you get to see what he actually said. My sincerest sympathies in advance.*

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Biiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitch. I mean, seriously, what the fuck? This gal is un-fucking-believable. There I go, visiting her stupid fucking scary story night, and she ends up showering me in glitter. And that, for the record, is *not* a euphemism of any kind. Fuck that. I look like a Christmas tree if it it were decorated by a delirious Miraluka in a Galaxy populated solely by Ysalimiri. Do you have *any* idea of how terrible I look when I’m wearing black and orange? K’tana, may your rancor chew long and slow with her teeth when she eats you. And that, for the record, *is*.

Still, I got my revenge in the end. She’s now found out why my sabers are known as the Double Penetrators. She also discovered the reason they have tines. And, with my Battleteam Leader floating in a bacta tank for what I’m sure are completely unrelated reasons, I guess it’s time for vacation.

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So bad news. I guess I should start with the most devastating and terrible: I paid for a double session with Miss Vacuum, the Black Hole of Estle City, and The Lightsaber \*still\* isn't clean. Have you ever seen someone cough up flakes of metal beneath your desk? It's like someone shredded an R2-model of a spectacularly terrible color scheme right on my floor. When she got up and left, she mumbled something about this not being part of the deal. Well, sucks to be you, Miss Vacuum (actually, it kind of does). I altered our deal. Pray I don’t alter it any further. Also, it’s surprisingly hard to argue when your mouth is filled with metal flakes, but then I should have known that from back when I was dating Guri.

Anyway. The *other* bad news is that my vacation has been canceled. In this case, mostly by my shuttle exploding on the launch pad, scattering pamphlets through roughly half of Ol’val informing me it was and that I’m to see Celevon in his office in the Citadel ‘at my earliest convenience’.

Well, convenience can wait. I have an appointment with another industrial-strength Lightsaber-cleaner, first.

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Okay, so I’ve learned a few interesting facts today:

1. ‘At your earliest convenience’ is apparently a euphemism for “right the fuck now. Why weren’t you here yesterday?” Also, comments on the relative oral fixations of Estle City’s unattached young women are not an appropriate answer to that question (though Celevon did seem grateful).
2. Apparently, what I did to K’tana is not strictly legal. Not even though she wanted me. Apparently, my argument that a Jedi’s lightsaber should be a part of their body and hence, I did exactly as she asked did not carry much weight.
3. Also, I’m being *punished*. And, before you ask, no, flat out refusing is not an option. The bastard actually threatened to cut my expense account and leave me stranded on Hoth without a single Zeltron girl to keep me company.
4. “I hope a lamprey sucks your cock” is not an appropriate mode of address for your Quaestor.

Anyway, my punishment. Apparently, there’s a haunted house somewhere in Estle City. Yes, I know, what the fuck? I’m barely out of my *last* stint with ‘suddenly, ghosts!’ in Ol’val, and already the universe has found a fresh way to vomit cheap horror tropes over what I *think* used to be a space opera setting. Nuking it from orbit is apparently not an issue because of something to do with civilians or something, so out I go, right back into the bowels of terrible storytelling at the behest of a little sister whom I am increasingly sure ate her common sense while still in the womb, as well as her peckerwood Summit with Celevon as the apparent retarded runt of a not-terribly-bright litter. Man, fuck this.

Right, where was I? Oh, right. Estle City. My *beloved* and *valued* sister-Consul has discovered the probable location of a haunted house right in the middle of Estle City through what I am imagining was her fevered imagination. As she apparently desires an equally fevered communion with pottery-obsessed ghosts, I’ve been ordered to go and check it out. Fine, I guess. Apparently, I’m just supposed to go the fuck in and, provided that I am not horribly murdered and my entrails used as fashion accessories by gruesome monstrosities, to then report back on what I’ve seen.

Can you tell I’m enthusiastic yet?

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Well, then. I’m at the building and oh, boy. So, it turns out that Atyiru’s psychosexual fixation on ghosts is not actually the cause she thought the place was haunted. Several alternative explanations have now popped up. Like, oh, the fact that someone just ran out of the house, tearing at his skin, shouting “they’re in me, they’re in me!”

Ironically, when I opened him up it turns out the only thing inside of him was, well, him. Whoops. Oh well, live and learn, I guess.

What’s that, diary? Oh, right. I meant for me.

Time to enter the house. Let the horror movie trope count begin!

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Aaaaaaand I’m lost. Again. Because no haunted house would be complete if it didn’t loop back on itself in defiance of physics, common sense, and what seems to be the increasingly lost and ancient art of not being a dick to me. Seriously, what’s your problem, you ghostly assholes? Did Euclid run over your dog and turn it into a flat plane or something?

Anyway, the usual shit started when I walked in. Yes, paintings, I noticed the eyes were moving. Yes, lights, you’re flickering. I’m sure it was very impressive. Yes, the rotten wood looks marvelously creepy, though I suppose less so now that I’ve carved names and addresses of Summiters into it, along with a note to call them ‘for a good time’. Yeah, choke on that, you assholes. I hope you get seven-dayed and Samara tries to make out with you.

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My ‘exploring’ is going about as well as I’d expected. Which is to say I’ve twice fallen through rotten wood (it’s called borate powder, fuckers. Just because you’re dead/undead/some sort of spawn straight from the bowels of Hell doesn’t mean you get to be a slob about your home). Also, several mirrors decided that the presence of an angry Dark Jedi was their cue to start fucking with one. Listen, you assholes, I know how funhouse mirrors work. Showing me with rotten teeth or creepy cesarian pictures (anatomy, how does it work?!) does not impress me, but it *is* a great way to piss me off.

Also, you reflective assholes? I can kill you with my brain. Literally. Telekinesis does not care what illusions you conjure. The next mirror with creepy faces is going to get dicks drawn over it with shards of its own glass.

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You know, it was daytime when I got in, so could whoever is currently fucking with me explain why it’s suddenly night outside along with a beautiful, cinematic, full…

Oh, fuck me.

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*Really?* Fuck you. Listen, you asshole furries. I love *An Odanite Werewolf in Estle*, too, but that doesn’t mean I’ll just let you come rampaging up the stairs. If I wanted to see a hirsute, drooling, thoughtless animal shout the rallying cry of mental retardation and pretend to be the Hound of the Baskervilles I would have gone to last year’s Plagueis Convention.

Oh, well, it turns out that whole thing about silver? Meh. I mean, sure, shooting them with a silver slugthrower would have probably killed them, but, uhm, it would probably kill me as well. Anyway, no werewolf holo has ever shown them survive getting torn into bits, although by now I really hope they can, just so that one can spend time explaining to his proctologist why he needs his head removed from his rectum. I hope you accidentally stumble into your barber’s instead and he gives you a reverse mohawk.

Anyway, time to turn another corner, though I’m really not sure why I bother. I haven’t checked out the basement, yet. I’m sure that, in what seems to be a haunted house with infinite horror tropes, will not lead to any fucking problems at all!

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Uh, fuck you? Seriously, what the hell is a gas generator doing down here? I mean, the open pipes make a cool decor and all. Very sexy, provided you don’t mind your basement looking like a parody of every mad scientist lab in the world. Still, the smell coming out of those pipes is worse than the last time Marick and Skar had a drinking contest using drinks brewed by Sashar. I didn’t even know Kaleesh could literally projectile vomit, or I would’ve worn a different set of robes.

Also, yes, creepy ghost chick, I noticed you. No, I’m not getting into the chair that’s been fitted with oh-so-innocuous straps. I’m pretty sure that if I made the mistake of sitting down, I’d have less chance of escaping un-raped than if I passed out at Strat’s birthday party. Here’s a hint, darling: it’s called makeup, and you need a metric ton of it. Take some time off. Buy some nice clothes. Perhaps get a tan or something. From what I hear, people tend to go for women who are *not* drowned corpses, though if you want to hook up with that fucker from The Cell (he’s a few blocks over, but he seemed rather busy fitting roughly sixty million chains to his back), I won’t stop you.

Right. BRB. Time to seize the bull by the horns, and see how the Double Penetrators work when used on immaterial ghosts.

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Uhm...what? Seriously? Fuck you, ghost chick. Yes, I know you’re still there. Yes, you’re very terrifying. Yes, your booming voice of judgment about how I’m ruining the mood and need to get the fuck out is very threatening. I’ll show myself out, now that you assholes have stopped making every room spin around like Atty at a children’s crayon exhibition. Seriously, next time you want someone to stop fucking with your tropes, stop playing “Let’s do the space warp again!” when I try to *find the fucking exit*. Fuck you. I hope I trailed glitter all through your house, bitch.

Anyway, I’m out, and fuck reporting this shit. If anyone so much as asks me about this place I will grab them, dress them up like a Japanese schoolgirl, throw them inside and take video when the tentacle monster arrives.

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*At this point, several terrified witnesses saw Timeros jump from the house, looking wild-eyed and disheveled. He immediately proceeded on a rampage through the Estle City red light district. I later found a bill itemized by, uhm, performer and activity. It was stuck to my door, and I really don’t want to think about what he used as glue. I wear gloves now. Everywhere.*

*A personal note: Apparently the hallucinogen we placed in the basement worked, but may I suggest lowering the dosage?*

*Your servant,*

*Celevon Edraven*