I awoke early in the morning and quickly threw on my clothes, for I was eager to see if my master plan to capture all of Threed’s zombies had been successful. My eagerness wasn’t appreciated by my two companions, who were both worn out from the events of the previous day. As much as it pained me, I let them both sleep for another hour before I hurried them out of bed. After they tiredly got dressed in their usual attire, a green coat for Jeff and a pink dress for Paula, we assumed our normal formation and marched out of the hotel. I made sure to keep up a moderately speedy pace, but I didn’t go too fast in order for my friends to keep up with me. We eventually arrived at the “Anti-Zombie HQ” tent, and were greeted by the four members of the “Anti-Zombie” squad, who all had anxious looks on their faces. As we approached the group, Mayor Priscilla stepped forward.

“Hey there chief. You look like you just drank 10 cups of coffee, but that’s beside the point. We all got here about 5 minutes ago, but we haven’t looked inside the tent, mostly because we wanted you guys to get here first. Now that you’re here, I don’t see why we’re delaying the grand finale any longer. Go on kiddo, take a peek inside the tent; hey, it was your plan after all,” the mayor said as she shoved me towards the tent’s entrance. My eager demeanor instantly turned into anxiety as I walked closer to the tent’s maw.

“Oh crap... What if my plan turned out to be a failure? What will the mayor say? What will Jeff and Paula think of my leadership skills? Oh man, my heart is pounding really hard...” I thought to myself. I nervously reached for the cloth covering the tent’s entrance and pulled it away. I immediately started to gag and choke from both the smell of the tent and its contents.
Inside of the tent was a mass of wriggling corpses stuck to the floor. The aroma that permeated the interior of the tent made my innards twist and turn like a pretzel. Upon seeing my reaction to what was inside the tent, everyone else present came to look inside as well, and, well, let’s just say that a lot of breakfasts were tossed.

“Holy mother of everything holy, that’s just sickening... *gag*” Mayor Priscilla choked.

“I’m glad I skipped breakfast, ‘cause it would be on the ground right now...” Paula said as she covered her mouth.

“...I say, how positively revolting. And yet, I am not phased. My prior research has led me to much worse. I, don’t like to talk about it. But I digress. Congratulations, Ness old bean! Your plan was successful! Look at all of those pungent zombies in there, trying in vain to escape from your brilliant trap!” As Jeff insulted the struggling zombies, one of the undead suddenly came to life and stared right at us.

“HEY! Who are you calling pungent, you blonde smartarse! I’ll have you know that it was our mentally deficient commanders that led us into this freaking stupid trap! I didn’t fall for your ‘brilliant’ plan! It was the fault of the other idiots that Master Belch employs! Now look at where I am! Stuck to this freaking floor, forced to spend the rest of my afterlife as a laughing stock! I am a bloody zombie! My name strikes fear into all that hear it! And I have been reduced to a freaking joke! Screw you! SCREW YOU ALL! *sigh* Bloody flesh sacks...” the zombie groaned angrily. While the enraged zombie was carrying on, I scanned the tent’s floor and spotted the two dark guardian zombies furiously wiggling on the ground. I assumed that these two were the “commanders” that the angry zombie had ranted about. After I had looked around enough, I stepped away from the tent’s entrance to escape the horrendous odor, soon followed by the others who were also looking in. Mayor Priscilla quickly walked over to me and began to shake me vigorously.

“You did it little champ! You saved Threed from this infernal zombie plague! I guess today’s generation isn’t so bad after all! On behalf of
the people of Threed, I say a hearty thank you!” the mayor said as she released me from her grasp. As I tried to recover from the rapid shaking, I saw Paula step over to us with a gloomy look on her face.

“Um, sorry to burst your bubble mayor, but we’re not out of the woods yet,” she said as she crossed her arms.

“Whaddya mean? All of the zombies are trapped in this tent where they can’t do any harm! Is there something I missed?” Mayor Priscilla asked.

“Well, you’re correct in saying that we’ve captured all of the zombies that were currently occupying Threed, but that’s not the end our problems. You see, even though there are no more zombies in Threed, there’s nothing stopping more zombies from coming to replace them. In order to truly rid Threed of the zombie menace, we must destroy the leader of the zombies, who goes by the name Master Belch. If we take out this Belch character, then I’m certain that the zombies will leave Threed forever,” Paula explained.

“Hmmmm… Ok then. How do you propose that we get rid of this ‘Master Belch’?” the mayor asked.

“I have it all worked out. You see, when Ness and I were exploring the southern cemetery of Threed per your request, we came across a sarcophagus guarded by two dark zombies. Although we were unable to past the zombies, we knew that whatever was behind them was important. Now that the zombies in question are tightly trapped on that tent’s floor, we can finally access what the two were guarding. If my hunch is correct, (which it usually is), then the sarcophagus that was being guarded actually leads to a secret underground passage. If we follow this passage, then we should be led straight to Master Belch’s lair!”

“......I like it. Alright then, you got me sold. If you think you’re all set to head off, then I won’t keep you any longer. Remember to be careful, especially if you’re going against something as powerful as a zombie armada. We’ll stay behind and get this mess of rotten flesh outta this town. You do whatcha need to do. Godspeed... Ok, for real, that’s all I
got to say,” the mayor said as she shrugged, turned, and began directing the rest of the “Anti-Zombie” squad into the tent filled with the undead.

“You heard the woman, let’s get going! Go on Ness, lead the way!” Paula said as she and Jeff got in line behind me. Without wasting anymore time, I took off towards the graveyard at the south point of Threed.

In a short amount of time, our group arrived once again at Threed’s southernmost graveyard. We hastily entered through its rusty iron gates and began following the trail that Paula and I had previously traversed. At the end of the path stood the sarcophagus that we seen before, only this time, it was no longer being blocked off by the two guardian zombies.

“Here we are. Now that the coffin isn’t being guarded by zombies, we can finally see what’s inside of it. Stand back boys, I got this covered,” Paula said as she walked over to the casket and tightly gripped its edges. Remarkably, Paula lifted the sarcophagus’s heavy stone seal right off of it almost effortlessly. “*huff* *puff* S-surprised? I told you I work out. Seriously, I’m taking you guys to the gym sometime; but, we’ll cross that gap when we come to it. For now, let’s take a peek inside this conspicuous casket. Come on, don’t be scared. I’m here, remember? *chuckle*” Paula giggled as she motioned for us to come to her. Drawn by my curiosity, I hurried over to the dark coffin and peered into its shadowy maw; inside of the stone structure was a flimsy rope ladder leading down into endless darkness.

“Eureka! Paula, you were indeed correct with your hunch that this casket would lead to a secret passageway. Excellent work. Now, onto the next course of action, delving into these darkened depths! Do not fret about our visibility my good chaps, for I have in my possession a most fantastic flashlight, which will allow us to see in even the most shadowy of spots! Because I am the holder of this light, I will go first
to provide us with the optimal illumination. Wish me luck, for here I go!” Jeff cried as he grabbed onto the rope ladder and began climbing down into the abyss of blackness. After a minute passed, Jeff’s voice sounded out from the bottom of the chasm.

“Alright my friends, I have safely landed on the bottom of this crater! Although it is dark, there are no signs of hostilities anywhere, so you are free to descend! Do be cautious, however, for the rope ladder is aged and sticky, and there is a 19.94% chance that the whole thing will collapse! But, try not to think about that, okay?” As Jeff’s voice trailed off into the air, I told Paula that I would go ahead and start climbing down. I clutched onto the creaky rope ladder and began to climb down into the recesses of the chasm. Because of the thick darkness, I was eventually unable to see myself or the rope ladder, so I was startled when my feet finally touched the bottom of the hole. I began to feel around for anything solid and collided straight into Jeff.

“Ooph! Oops, sorry about that pal! Could you turn on that flashlight you have so I’m not as blind as a bat?” I said in Jeff’s general direction.

“Oh, that’s right. My bad. Here we are. *click* Ah, much better,” Jeff said as a ray of golden light burst from his convenient utensil.

“Hey guys, is it safe to come down now? I don’t like the feeling of standing in this dark clearing all by myself!” Paula’s voice echoed down from the top of the chasm.

“Yeah, we’re all clear!” I yelled back.

“Okay then, I’m coming down now! Oh, and if you shine that light up my skirt I’m going to fry you in your sleep!” Paula threatened.

Concerned for our lives, Jeff and I opted to stand a distance away from the rope ladder until Paula came down. After 30 seconds of standing around, we heard the sound of shoes hitting the floor; a quick flash of light revealed that Paula had reached the bottom of the hole. Now that we were all safely together again, Paula and I lined up
behind Jeff, who began to lead us through the dark tunnels below Threed.

The tunnel itself was of course sufficiently dark, being located far underneath the ground, but it also housed an odd, murky odor that was unlike anything that I had ever smelled before; the walls and floor were also coated in a slimy material, the same material that I had witnessed at the hotel where Paula and I were attacked. We walked down the seemingly never-ending hallway for around 5 minutes until we came across a set of stairs that had been carved into the cave floor, which lead farther down into the earth. We followed these stairs and were brought to another long linear hallway, which we continued down. Eventually, after a few more minutes of tunnel travel, we arrived at a large bright cavern with a dome-shaped roof; the massive space was being illuminated by several lanterns peppered around the edges of the room.

“What is this place?” I asked as I looked about the area. All around the cavern stood many wooden caskets with odd symbols carved into them. Feeling gutsy, I carefully strolled over to one of the coffins and gently opened its lid; inside of it were dozens of jars filled with a yellow substance all labeled “Fly Honey”. “Hey guys, come check this out!” I shouted to my friends. They quickly came over to me and peered into the open sarcophagus.

“I say, someone has deposited quite the load of fly honey into this casket. This is quite the peculiar sight, if I do say so myself. I wonder…” Jeff mumbled as he walked over to a nearby coffin and lifted the lid off of it. “Oh dear! This casket is also filled to the brim with containers of fly honey! At this rate, it is safe to assume that all of the other coffins are the same way. From what I have gathered, we must have stumbled onto a storage room that is used by the zombies! Whoever this Master Belch person is, he certainly likes to devour this repulsive substance…” Abruptly, faint voices began to echo from a hole on the opposite side of the room. “Wait, do you hear that? It
sounds like... voices. Oh bother! Someone is coming! Find somewhere to hide, posthaste!” Jeff said as he ducked behind the coffin he was observing. Paula and I quickly bolted behind the casket we were standing by as the voices closed in on the room. After a few short seconds, the owners of the voices were revealed to be two decrepitate bed sheets with glowing red eyes, short arms, and bizarre buck teeth.

“Heuck! Did ya hear what the big bad Belch man said Grandpappy?” one of the ghosts asked with a thick southern accent.

“No I did not Billy Bob Joe, care to inform me?” the other asked in a slightly higher pitched but equally heavy accent.

“He said that them darn teenagers with magic powers ‘n’ stuff done did destroyed his precious Boogey Tent!”

“What?! They did? Them darned kids, they don’t know nothing about respectin’ their elders. Why, I’s been dead for 90 years now, and every generation just keeps gettin’ worse I tells ya! Why, when I was a tiny critta, I tell ya every youngin respected his superiors, or else they got a tasty lickin’. But now? Them hooligans think they can get away with whatever they please! Shucks, I get all riled up jest thinkin’ about it.”

“It’s okay Grandpappy, I know the feelin’,” the ghost said as he patted the other on the back. Seeing that these two were clearly lacking in the intelligence department, I signalled for my companions to jump out and surprise them. Not wasting any time, we leapt out from our hiding spots and pointed our weapons at the two ghosts.

“Freeze you ghastly ghouls! Stand still and put your hands in the air!” I yelled at the specters as they turned in surprise.

“Ah shoot! It’s them darned magic kids and their pale friend! Looks like we gotta surrender Grandpappy,” one of the ghosts said as he stuck his arms in the air.

“What the duck?! Who do yous take me for? I ain’t gonna get bossed around by no youngsters, if my name be Lester Hester Yester Rester
Bob Joe! Watch out Billy Bob Joe, your Grandpap is gonna get wild on these plum fools!” the other ghost yelled as he reared back and charged at us. His assault didn’t get very far as Paula speedily blasted him with a shot of PK Freeze a, turning the ethereal hick into a popsicle.

“Ah shucks. Grandpappy’s been turned into a snowman again, jest like in 1904. Heh, those were the days. Ehh, anyways, whaddya you magic rascals want? Can’t you see we’re busy bein’ dead?” the non-frozen ghost complained.

“Tell us where your leader Master Belch is, or else you’ll be an ice sculpture just like your grandfather!” I interrogated.

“Oh, is that all you want? Phew, for a sec there I thought you was gonna ask me somethin’ private, like what my favorite color is. If you wanna find the big guy, jest keep goin’ until ya get outta this tunnel, and then follow the path down the gorge until ya get to a waterfall. Err, I forgot what to do from there, but I’m sure y’all will figure it out. Oh, and whatever ya do, don’t take a right turn into a weird lookin’ cave, ‘cause some strange critters live at the end of the tunnel, and they talk weird, and they look weird, and it’s jest weird to be around ‘em. Well, that’s all I got, and if it’s okie dokie with y’all, I’m gonna take Grandpappy back to his eternal restin’ place. See ya ‘round the tombstones!” the ghost said as he picked up his iced grand dad and departed through the way we had come in.

“...Well, I think I just lost a few brain cells from listening to those two. But hey, at least we now know that Master Belch’s hideout is located behind a waterfall. All we have to do is get there. Go on Jeff, lead us out of here,” Paula said as she and I got back behind our spectacled friend. We then exited the room full of coffins and continued down yet another hallway.

After walking for a good 10 minutes, we finally saw another well-lit room slowly approaching us. When we arrived at the room, I immediately noticed that it was almost completely empty, save for
one thing; a man dressed in a goofy red and white outfit wearing a top hat. Before I could speak up and ask the stranger who he was, the man turned around, revealing his plumb physique and comical curly moustache.

“Buon giorno! Fancy seeing you here! It’s-a me, Gonzares! Did you like my pizza kids? I made it with love and a zesty blend of 11 herbs!” the man spouted conspicuously.

“Huh? Aren’t you the guy that was working at Mach Pizza? Gonzares, if I remember correctly. What are you doing in this tunn—” I suddenly realized that the pizza man’s eyes were glowing a dark shade of red. “Wait a minute... You’re not the Mach Pizza guy... You’re that creepy imposter pizza man who told me about the zombies’ headquarters and then teleported away! You knew that there was no Zombie HQ, and what you told me was a trick to get us to fall into the Boogey Tent’s trap!” I yelled as a sinister smile formed on the pizza man’s face.

“AH HAHAHAHAHA! Correct you are, amico! I am no Gonzares; my name is Genzoruz, the most powerful member of Master Belch's fleet! Yes, it was I that gave you that tasty pizza, and it was I who lured you right into the Boogey Tent’s maw! It was even I who hired that attractive woman to hypnotize you into getting mugged by zombies! It was all according to Master Belch and Master Giygas's plan! However, every time that something went as was planned, another thing happened that counteracted that victory. Even though we’re able to trap you and your girlfriend in that delightfully murky cave, that nerdy kid showed up out of nowhere and rescued you! And then, when you were trapped inside of the Boogey Tent, primed and ready to be eaten, it was that nerdy kid that stepped up and destroyed our beautiful creation! And even after that, it was someone from outside of Threed that gave you that wretched Zombie Paper, which has trapped all of our zombie forces to the floor of a circus tent!”
“Every time it seemed had achieved victory, something unforeseeable arose and screwed up our master plan! But no more! I’m am tired of sitting around and watching our hard work go to waste! This time, I will deal with you personally. That way, I can guarantee our success.”

“Ooo hoo hoo! Just the thought of your demise fills me with joy! When this is done and over with, I will present Master Giygas with your heads in pizza boxes! AH HAHAHAHAHA! Here I come, you atrocious vermin! It’s pizza time!”

**Genzoruz**
**Devious Delivery Guy**

We all pulled out our weapons as a fiery red aura surrounded the faux Mach Pizza man. At once, all three of us charged at Genzoruz, swinging our weapons wildly. The pizza man quickly teleported behind us and cackled loudly.

“Ah hahaha! I thought you kids were a lot smarter than to utilize such a frivolous battle tactic; I suppose I was incorrect. But hey, you look hungry. Minds can’t work without energy! How about some pizza, fresh from the oven?” Genzoruz said as two pizza boxes materialized out of thin air and landed in his hands. The boxes opened up, revealing two pizzas, completely engulfed in flames. The man then sent the pizzas soaring at us, which narrowly missed hitting us dead on. Enraged, Genzoruz began rapidly summoning pizza boxes and throwing them at us. Although Jeff was able to shoot some of the boxes down in mid-air, I was unable to keep up with expeditious pace of the pizza boxes and was smacked squarely in the face by one, knocking me on my back. I could hear the sound of Jeff and Paula’s screams and Genzoruz’s laughter as I tried to regain my senses. My vision returned to me quick enough that I was able to see the
imposter pizza man getting blasted by Paula’s PK Fire a, which knocked him back and disintegrated his top hat.

“Gah! My hat! Impetuous brat! Don’t you know that such unpleasant actions have consequences? If you are confused as to what I mean by this, allow me to elaborate!” Genzoruz cried. On his command, a massive ball of flames burst from his hands and came speeding towards us. Even though we all dodged out of the fireball’s way, we were all caught in the residual blast and were burned severely; a part of my shirt was burned away, a bit of Paula’s golden hair had been charred black, and Jeff’s cheeks were torched badly. “Ooo hoo hoo! Nobody told me that they were making bacon pizza right now! Bacon is my favorite food by the way; and soon, you’re gonna get sliced up like the fresh bacon strips you are!” Genzoruz said as two pizza cutters materialized in his hands. He then rushed forward, ready to slice Jeff up into many small pieces. In desperation to save my friend, I quickly casted PK Rockin’ a with the last of my strength. The psychic blast hit the pizza man in the back and knocked him onto the ground, making him drop his pizza cutters. While Genzoruz was defenseless, Paula casted PK Freeze a at him, encapsulating him in a block of ice. Finally, all three of us rushed at the frozen man and smashed him as hard as we could with our weapons. The combined force of our strike caused Genzoruz to flash bright white before exploding in a glorious burst of flames.

After we realized that we had defeated Genzoruz, we all stood still and examined ourselves. We were all worn down and tired from the fight, and Jeff badly needed some medicine for his burns. “Phew. I’m glad that’s over. That guy was absolutely nuts to the bitter end. At the very least, we managed to defeat one of the higher ranking members of Giygas’s army, so now they’ll have a harder time trying to do... evil stuff,” I said, trying to be as positive as I could.
“I say, we all got pretty battered down from that struggle. Ness, a large part of your shirt got torched, and Paula, I’m sorry about your hair,” Jeff said, pointing to the piece of Paula’s hair that had been scorched by the pizza man.

“Oh this? That’s nothing to me, hair can always grow back. The one we should be concerned about is you Jeff. I mean, just look at your cheeks! You might have second-degree burns!” As I peered over to Jeff’s severely burned cheeks, I suddenly remembered one of my most useful PSI techniques.

“Hey, I just thought of something! Stand still Jeff, this won’t hurt a bit! On my command, a familiar green light burst from my hands and encompassed Jeff; however, the burns on his cheeks remained as they were. “What? How come my Lifeup didn’t work?” I asked, highly confused.

“Hmm, that’s weird. I thought you had the ability to heal people Ness.”

“I do! I’ve used that power before to heal myself and others. But for some reason, it didn’t work this time.”

“...Strange. Well, my guess is that Jeff’s injuries are too severe for your low level PSI. Maybe if you had a β-level Lifeup you could heal him, but that’s purely speculation. *sigh* Well, I guess we’ll just have to keep trucking. The end of the tunnel can’t be far from here. You can lead us the rest of way if you feel like it Jeff, but if you don’t feel up to it, Ness or myself could lead us just as well,” Paula said.

“Oh, no, I’m quite alright, for now at least. I can get us out of here. Come on chaps, let us exit this damp dungeon before something more dangerous than that pizza man comes our way,” Jeff said as he reactivated his flashlight. We then marched out of the murky room, which still smelled of smoke from our fight with Genzoruz.