

Intermission 1

He met the most beautiful girl...

> dm: Begin Intermission Speed Round

Well okay then.

> make sure to tell people where they can find the backup of the main story, so they can read it while the intermission is live

Oh right. <http://farragofiction.com/AdventureSimWest/?nostalgia=playthrough1.txt>

> dm: explain yourself

> hello dm

> Hello, uhh, anybody here?

JR: so...its thursday, which is a free day for me but not often for the Observers

JR: can we do something weird?

JR: i feel like going...

JR: *fast.*

IC: define weird?

IC: you know, in case the spooky soulless robot tied up in this engine isn't weird enough right now.

JR: honestly i just wanna do an intermission

JR: like i know that peewee is our special lil boi

JR: but i think the yugioh plot could benefit from this as well

JR: we just do a quick lil thing

JR: and we'll be back to peewee before anyone is the wiser

JR: unlike normal you and i can submit commands

JR: so we're never waiting on Observers

IC: god. this is going to get so confusing, isn't it? that's probably on brand.

IC:fuck it i'm down. i'm starting to get tired of formatting
gamer moment hue shift spans anyway.

INTERMISSION 1 START!!

Your name is...unimportant. And you like it much, much better that way, actually. Your parents are WAY TOO IMPORTANT to fit your vibe, and you're stuck here, at this VERY IMPORTANT party, with all their weird work friends. You'd really rather set some hard distance, awkwardness aside. They never bring up what you ACTUALLY want to talk about, anyway.

You are pretty sure NONE of them even PLAY the Zampanio card game. You are SO bored... and awkward. How do you even talk to people? At least with all these masks and costumes you don't have to worry about eye contact...

This sucks.

> eat tiny snacks

You sample some assortment of cheese and ham on a stick. It tastes... it's alright, you guess. You eat cheese and ham enough times, and you really just stop tasting whatever the distinct flavors are supposed to be.

> Slip away while nobody is looking, stealth style

You know in your heart of hearts you're never going to hear the end of it from your parents if you slip out. It just so happens that in that heart of hearts, there is also a heart of cards.

The way your brain worded that made it sound like a heart condition. Sheesh.

> look for someone to play cards with

You start looking for a playing partner again, eagerly showing your cards at anyone who will look at you in their near-faceless porcelain masks. One of them mightve look interested, you think. That or you just wanted it to really stop looking at you.

> look for your parents

You'd rather die. It'd be a mercy.

> if you can't find someone to play with you, try playing by yourself

This would be an issue for someone with just one deck. Except you've come ready. This is what your Deck Belt is for.

You try leaning on a table and dueling yourself for a couple of minutes. You very quickly remember that it's not very entertaining, but you do figure out some tweaks to your water deck. Your dragon deck is still pretty solid, though.

> hey look at that commotion over there

You look over at the commotion, not too far from the entrance. It's hard to see at first, with the stillness that's suddenly taken the air, and see that all eyes in the room are drawn to... oh, wow. The most beautiful girl you've ever seen, easily. You eat something else from the charcuterie board as you glance over, staring maybe a bit too much. Is that weird? You think it's weird. It's hard not to, though; it's tunnel vision, you just can't look away. It's like something out of a movie.

Her smile is wide, with the whitest teeth you've ever seen. Your eyes trail down, sizing the elegant black dress she's wearing, and then they focus in on something on her hands.

She's got a death grip on some Zampanio cards.

> play with her

> play with her

Do WHAT with her?! You literally just saw her, you can't--

Oh. That thought meant play cards with her. That... you're almost upset at how hard you misconstrued yourself, there. You eat some more ham. Some of the guests are starting to stare at you, but in that mildly uncomfortable way, coughing into their handkerchiefs. It's not like they can tell you to stop, either.

But...

> panic about how out of your league she is

Face it. She's not going to want to play with you, what do you have to show for it? You avert your eyes, but they still glance back every back and again trying to keep track of where she is. Seriously, what are you thinking? You walk into a party, and then this rando goes 'hey, sexy, you ready to d-d-d-duel'? Come on. You clearly know better than--

Oh GOD she's slightly closer now.

> Dude, she has zampanio cards. Just talk to her about them, it's not weird to share interests

No, it is ABSOLUTELY weird to share interests. It's all about the scene. This rule of etiquette he ACTUALLY knows. You show your cards in a tournament? That's fine. That's expected. You try to show your cards in an elegant mansion party? That's probably kind of weird. You try to show your cards to the kid that came over for dinner? Well--

Man, those are some UNEARTHED repressed memories. You immediately stick them right back where they came from.

That kid never did come back again for dinner after your dad beat up his dad.

> make sure your cards are visible

You FLASH your Deck (Belt), ostentatiously letting a couple of the cards stick their heads out from their opened sheaths. Mobius the Frost Monarch and Spiralling Serpent are the apex of your little collection, their proud names and star levels showing in a very teasing manner. Their card art isn't shown yet, no. That has to be something more... personal.

She does not seem to be looking towards you, though. Uh. This wasn't very planned out.

> She's showing her cards tho, yes? Let's fight those repressed memories and ask her about the goddamn cards

You know what? Maybe your subconscious is right. You CAN start a conversation. It's not... it's not TOO weird, right? All you have to do is get there. Your legs start taking you near her, right until you're around twelve feet away from her, which is... still, not very close. But at least from here you can wave over. You can do it. You can feel it! You--

> flee

--are running in the complete opposite direction!

You push past a couple of the guests as you break into a near-sprint, spilling their champagne glasses (and you swear that guy is just drinking straight- up vinegar?) onto the perfectly polished floor. You aren't sure where you're going, actually-- you just keep heading in a straight line until you make it to the stairs, then climb up to the second floor.

You aren't completely sure, between the ruckus of the party, but you SWEAR you can hear hurried footsteps behind you, dulled over the stair rug. You do NOT want to look back. Dad taught you to never look back.

> try to duck under a party table

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You baseball-slide underneath another appetizer table and your foot hits one of the legs, causing what you think is the punch bowl to tumble, shifting the table weight. You feel it wobble on its edge, spilling drink and ice onto the carpet beneath it and onto the tips of your hair, before--

You hear the clacking of heels from where you're at-- and the wobble stops. It's hard to see from underneath the ornate white tablecloth, so you can't get a good look at them, but whoever that was, they just stopped the damn thing from falling over. You sigh in relief.

Then that same pair of heels kicks at your head.

> Rude! Think of a swear that etiquette permits you to yell out at them

You think of all the swears that etiquette permits. All you come up with is 'ow'.

> try to grab at the heels

You find purchase on one of them. You start to pull--

Oh god you're about to trip a party guest. You can't do that. You can't just trip a PARTY GUEST, let alone a LADY. Oh SHIT. You stop mid-motion as you go stiff. The person you're grabbing does so as well. Neither of you are moving. The air is tense and it smells of assorted grape flavors.

That might just be the punch, actually.

> apologize profusely

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You don't even need your conscience to prompt you for that. You crawl out of the table. You're so sorry, you are SO sorry. It's just, he freaked out a bit at being kicked, and he also felt like running, and also it's a thursday, and sorry his hair smells weird now, he actually went to a hairdresser before this so it kind of sucks, and--

You finally realize. The nervous laughter leaves you before you can even think it. Shit. It's her.

Your eyes meet. Your head is sticking out. She's looking at you, eyes as wide as plates-- scratch that, she only has one. That's... that's kind of cool, actually? Kind of like some of the guys that visit your mom (not like that not like that not like that) every so often, it

has an air of... experience to it, you think. But nevermind that. She's staring at you. She's still very pretty, from this angle. She's staring at you. Her eye shines a nice purple, the scar from her other eye very modestly hidden behind her black hair. And she's staring at you.

One of you has to say SOMETHING.

> Stop simping for two seconds and ask about WHY SHE KICKED YOU, that was very rude no matter how pretty she is

You cannot stop simping. It is impossible. Your dick has already taken the wheel, it has no arms and it does not have a driver's license. You can, however, muster asking about it as you rub your head.

She doesn't really answer you back, but you kind of get it, from her body language. She breaks eye contact for a bit with a guilty look, arms crossing, one of them scratching the side of her jaw. Her left foot retreats further back from your head, but it still paces back and forth ever so slightly. It all comes off to you as something like 'my bad, it's a habit'.

> tell her its water under the bridge

She looks back at you, confused. It doesn't look like she gets what that means.

You elaborate that the situation in which you're both in is not of concern any longer.

She squints at you, somewhat shaken by that.

You sigh. Listen, it's cool. You two are cool.

Ah. Okay. She nods once, and then she extends her hand toward you, trying to (hopefully) help you stand up.

You are Keenly Aware your palms are getting sweaty.

> tell her about your moms spaghetti

You rattle off about your mom's delicious rigatoni. She listens as you go into extensive detail about it, down to when your great grandfather came up with the recipe around seventy years ago. It lasts about fifteen minutes. You are now also Keenly Aware you have just given her +1 italian cuisine.

She still has her hand open towards you.

> try to dry your hand off on the tablecloth, then take hers

You dry your hand then grab onto her as you stand up. She shows... IMPRESSIVE resistance as she pulls you up, shifting her stance to better take on your weight. You are now successfully... upright. You are standing. Winner is you.

Your hand takes no time in getting sweaty again, but you can let go before she can really sense it.

> Look if she has those zampanio cards on her still. You HAVE to pursue this gamer opportunity.

You size her up as you try to locate if she still has those cards-- it takes you a second, but then you see the timid head of Pumped-Up Jock from a small hidey hole right before her waistline. It looks like she has distributed one deck across several hidden pockets on her dress, for... some reason.

How the hell are you supposed to bring that up, though?

> Sooo.... Have you heard about updog?

If looks could kill you, you'd be dead right now.

> Just, shut up and show off your deck instead, you can't fuck *that* up right

You bring out your water deck out of its deckbox and you spread it out between your hands as best as you can! You try to get a good show of your Mobius, letting her see it in all its foiled glory.

She focuses her attention directly at it. Then, at you. Her hands dart around parts of her pocket, slowly assembling a deck of ten, twenty, thirty... forty-two cards. On top, you catch a glint of a Caius the Shadow Monarch, and you understand EXACTLY what it's about to happen.

It's time.

> D-D-D-D-D-D-DDDDUELL!!!!

HELL FUCKING YEAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

> Hey man just a fair warning, I think you're gonna get killed if you lose the game to her, but you do you

Wait what--

You both put down your decks on the nearest non-occupied table, giving each other's decks a thorough shuffling. You have a coin for these moments, of course-- you flip it, and it says you're going first. Interesting!

Cue yu-gi-oh babble!

Your initial hand is not fantastic. You have a couple of strong 4-stars-- your Sea Serpent Warrior of Darkness and your Great White-- but no way to transition into your tributes, which are currently still in your deck. You don't have Legendary Ocean, either. Without your Sangan you won't find the former, but they won't be able to do much without the latter. You summon your Warrior of Darkness and hope she can't withstand its mighty 1800 ATK points.

The battle goes slow, but the narrative is a bit focused on not burdening the unsuspecting audience member with Yu-Gi-Oh knowledge. She brings out her own 1800-- that Jock from before, which you swear you've never seen. You're at a stalemate there, so you try trade to clear the board and summon your white-- she hits you with a Waboku, forcing him to stay and killing your Fish. You draw Pot of greed, draw twice, then look down-- Reload and Terraforming. Perfect.

You use your terraforming to bring your Umi onto the field, summon your Great White, then use Reload to reset your hand- Sangan is now on your hand, but you've already summoned. She hits you with the classic MST, sending your Umi back where it came from. She summons another monster, clearly looking to overwhelm your field-- then she pulls out some spell card, Night Terror Revival, and Special Summons some 2350 beater out of her deck, then sets two other facedowns. You SWEAR that card was a dragon monster and not a wyrm last time you saw it, but it's clearly a Wyrm, right there.

Enough of that! You summon Sangan and then use the Dark Hole in your hand, sending both of your monsters to the graveyard. You then activate Sangan's effect, letting you search for your Fenrir. She summons and hits you the next turn. It's not looking good for your lifepoints. But you don't need to worry about that. You reach into your next card...

It's Mobius!

You use Fenrir's effect from your hand to Special summon him, then you tribute summon Mobius onto the field, wiping the set spells out the field. You hit her for a solid half her lifepoints. She cannot counter it. She sets one more card down, staring at you with death's intent, as you go to hit her for game...

And she flips down the card, Contagion of Madness! It makes you also take half the damage from your monster, and you realize what that means.

Her life points go to zero. Yours go to zero.

Did you just draw?

Her expression seems almost relieved at that, hand trembling as she picks up her cards.

> Be a gentleman and thank her for the game

You extend your hand at her, giving her a polite thanks for indulging you.

She reaches into her ear to take off what you think is an earchip for a moment, which you're not going to question because your dick is driving again and you don't want to think of the implications. There's some muffled panicking coming off from it-- whoever is on the other line is not happy. But she doesn't seem to care. You hope it wasn't some tournament recruit agency choosing the weirdest possible way to test their applicants.

It doesn't matter. She smiles-- smiles, you recognize, with a hint of actual relief, or enjoyment. Different compared to before, in which you think she was just showing her teeth for politeness-sake, as most do during these parties. He can undersatnd that. She goes to reach for your hand, and gives it one firm shake.

You think that if she was in the mood to speak-- or if she can actually speak-- that would translate as a 'GG'.

> rematch?

She shrugs it off, something which you think (and hope) means 'don't worry about it'.

> rematch?

She glances at the earchip held tight between her fingers, then at the cards-- and gives a weary exhale. Her brow furrows, and puts it back on, shoulders tensing as whatever the yelling is about goes right back into her hearing range. You don't know for sure, but you hope, oh so desperately hope, that was a 'maybe later, job to do'.

You, again, also hope hard that whatever that job is has nothing to do with anyone you actually know.

> Ask her if she'll be free later, you two could go for a dinner maybe?

You try to say it. You try so hard to.

It's no use.

You swear she was there. You blinked and she was already gone. Like an angel's kiss. That was... fun. That was actually super fun, strange newly-learned boner for strong, mysterious ladies aside.

You hope you just didn't let a serious security issue slide by.

> Hey you're not the bouncer, not your fault if there's a possible murderer moving around

Wait, a wha--

Storyline Complete! Congratulations! Your Rating is: B! 2/3
Stories Remain in this branch!

Reloading previous save file...