

## **Smash Bros: Orchestrated Chaos Part 20: Fox Only. No Items. Final Destination**

Andrew: Hey guys, I got some ice cream. Want some?

Ryan: You never did this sort of thing before.

Andrew: So?

Ryan: Well, it's just that you've been a lot less annoying recently. For example, you stopped making disturbing comparisons between us and various fictional characters.

Chad: Yeah. It's almost like someone kidnapped you and replaced you with some kind of doppelganger.

Andrew: You don't really think that, do you?

Chad: Nah.

Andrew: Good. Because if you did, I'd have to kill you. Slowly and painfully.

Ryan: Uh...

Andrew: Who wants nachos!?

Ryan: Anyway, the next match is between Fox and Wolf.

Chad: Oh, great. Two characters who are exactly the same. Whoopee.

Andrew: Actually, there are a few differences.

Chad: Like what?

Andrew: I think Wolf's Landmaster is a different color than Fox's.

Ryan: Whatever. Let's just get this over with.

*The contestants enter the ring.*

Ryan: You know, up until now I hadn't really thought about it, but didn't Bowser say he'd use the losers as slave labor?

Chad: Yeah. But the important thing to remember is that no matter who ends up working in his vast underground mushroom mines, they're all losers... uh, winners. Yeah, that's it.

*The match begins.*

Wolf: Now it's time for you to pay, Fox. I'll kill you like-

Fox: Let me guess – like you killed my father, right?

Wolf: Actually, I was going to say “like the hardcore fans killed the fun in Smash Bros.”

Fox: Classy.

Ryan: Come to think of it, why is there a food court in Bowser’s castle? I don’t think that was ever explained.

Andrew: I thought it was because he just scooped up the stadium.

Ryan: But wasn’t the stadium destroyed before he showed up?

Chad: You guys are both wrong. It’s so he can feed all the guards. Duh.

Andrew: Hey, look, something’s happening.

*Fox breaks a smash ball.*

Fox: Landmaster!

*Through sheer luck, another smash ball appears nearby. Wolf breaks it.*

Wolf: Landmaster!

Falco: Landmaster!

Wolf: What? You’re not even in this match.

Falco: I know. I just wanted to show it off.

Fox: Is there anyone here who **doesn’t** have this as their final smash?

*Pikachu breaks a smash ball.*

Pikachu: Pika pi pikachu! [Translation: Landmaster!]

Fox: All right, this is just ridiculous.

Wolf: For once we agree on something.

Bowser: I thought I show that annoying rodent out of a Bullet Bill cannon.

Baby Mario: You seriously expected continuity?

Bowser: Not really.

*Meanwhile, somewhere far away:*

Tabuu: Yes! Every time someone breaks the fourth wall, I grow stronger! Soon, I will be the most powerful character of all! You pitiful fools will bow before the mighty might of my mighty mightiness!

Andrew: Hey, whatever happened to that robot tournament storyline?

Tabuu: Oh, and I have special things planned for you, my friend. Your colleagues have no idea that you have been replaced by a clone!

Andrew: An evil clone?

Tabuu: No. A **competent** clone!

Andrew: N00000000000000!

*Tabuu laughs maniacally.*

Tabuu: And there's nothing you can do to stop me!

Andrew: Hmm... Your plan seems very well-thought-out. Which means it's bound to fail!

Tabuu: Huh?

Andrew: Who would you say is the happiest character in this story?

Tabuu: Uh... you?

Andrew: Exactly. And that's because I don't think!

Tabuu: Yeah, well, a different set of rules apply to me.

Andrew: Why?

Tabuu: Uh... I don't know. Still, I have this gun that turns people into trophies! That's pretty sweet. And I will use it to capture the cast, removing the only obstacle to my plans!

Andrew: Why?

Tabuu: Because I'm the villain, that's why!

Andrew: No, I mean, why are you telling me all this?

Tabuu: Because... uh... I don't know!

*Back in the ring:*

*Fox has picked up a super scope. He aims the weapon at Wolf and charges it.*

Fox: I have you now.

Wolf: Too bad you're forgetting, Fox.

Fox: Forgetting what?

*Fox fires a fully-charged shot at Wolf, who activates his personal shield, sending the projectile back at Fox.*

*One giant explosion later:*

Ryan: And Wolf is the winner.

Chad: That was kind of anti-climactic. Then again, it did have an explosion. I like explosions.

Andrew: Let's go blow stuff up!

Chad: Yeah! But what?

*Andrew thinks.*

Andrew: The **moon**.

Ryan: Why would you do that?

Andrew: Because the moon is made of cheese.

Chad: Makes sense to me.

Ryan: Forget what I said earlier.

Andrew [thinking]: Little do those fools know that I'm only **pretending** to be an idiot! Now it's time for some maniacal laughter. AH-hahhahahhahahhahahhahah! Man, I'm good!