

"THE BIRTHDAY PARTY" QUEST: 3-2

QUEST: 3-2 "GET TO CHURCH ON TIME"

CURRENT STATUS

P1 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

NAME : "DAMAGE" PURR II

RACE : CAT-GIRL

CLASS: FIGHTER

SKILL: INFLICT AN EXTREMELY HIGH AMOUNT OF DAMAGE

P2 ♥

NAME : HANNAH HEAVENSCENT

RACE : VALKYRIE

CLASS: HEALER

SKILL: BAKE PIES THAT RESTORE HEALTH

P3 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

NAME : CANDICE CANDLESTICK

RACE : FAIRY

CLASS: MAGIC USER

SPELL: "BIRTHDAY WISH" LV.16

P4 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

NAME : SVEN O'CLOCK

RACE : TIME ELF

CLASS: ROGUE

SKILL: MOVE WHILE ACTION IS PAUSED

DEAR LADIES AND SVEN,

FATHER PADILLA WILL START MASS IN AN HOUR. THE THREE LADIES OF "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY" ARE ALWAYS HOLDING UP SVEN BY APPLYING MAKE-UP, BRUSHING HAIR AND DOING UNNECESSARY THINGS AT THE LAST MINUTE SUCH AS CHECKING THE WEATHER AND/OR THE CONTENTS OF THEIR PURSES.

UNLIKE QUEST 3-1, SVEN'S ABILITY TO TRAVEL WHILE ACTION IS PAUSED CANNOT RESULT IN AN EFFORTLESS QUEST COMPLETION. ALL FOUR PARTY MEMBERS MUST ARRIVE AT THE START OF MASS. IF YOU FAIL, YOU MUST TRY AGAIN NEXT WEEK OR "THE BIRTHDAY PARTY" WILL NEVER PROGRESS TO QUEST 3-3.

♥,

SISTER MARY PENG0

“THE BIRTHDAY PARTY” QUEST: 3-2

Sven looks at his pocket stopwatch. *Fourteen minutes ahead of schedule.* He is pleased with the punctuality of his companions, for once. Also for the first time, he is not so pleased with the appearance of the shapely cat-girl.

“I can see all three of your bras through that shirt, Purr.”

Purr growls, “Do you know how hard it is to put on such a delicate blouse when you have claws that can’t retract all the way?”

“When did they stop doing that?”

“My claws were lengthened after the quest 2-2 power-up. That came in handy during a later quest when I had to help Mrs. Lebowski’s kindergarteners undo their shoelaces, but when it comes to doing everyday stuff, these claws are a pain--literally. I inflicted two damage to my face the other night when I was brushing my fangs.”

Thirteen minutes ahead of schedule. “Sorry I asked,” Sven says.

But as he enters the kitchen, he sighs with relief. Candy and Hannah are at the breakfast table finishing their tea. But for some reason, Candy is naked.



“What the hell are you doing?” Sven is so concerned about the time he doesn’t bother pausing the action for a closer look at Candy’s feminine form.

“I’m having a bath, of course.”

“On the breakfast table?”

“Well, one of us needs to keep an eye on Hannah,” Candy reasons.

Hannah takes a sip of her tea. Within seconds, tea leaks out through several holes in her torso. Her favorite church dress is soaked.

“Dammit,” she moans. “I’ll be back with my Sunday *Second-Best*.”



The Birthday Party starts walking down Neighborly Avenue.

Ten minutes ahead of schedule.

It’s hard enough for a time elf to keep his watch in his pocket, but on a quest in which time is of the essence, it’s next to impossible.

Sven decides to distract himself with conversation.

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“So... ‘Damage’ Purr the Second. I never heard of a girl junior before. Did your dad hope for a boy, then end up naming you after himself anyway?”

The hair on the back of Purr’s neck stands up. It’s hard for a cat-girl to hide her annoyance. “I was named after my mother.”

“Of course!” Sven slaps himself in the forehead, inflicting one damage. “Ow.” He shakes it off and continues, “I should have known a girl junior would be named after mom, not dad.”

“Especially a cat-girl junior, dummy. We don’t have fathers.”

“Wait. What? Are you saying... there’s no such thing as a cat-guy?”

Purr, Candy and Hannah exchange looks.

“Cat-girls reproduce asexually.”

Candy giggles, “You’re a time elf and you didn’t know that?”

Sven blushes. “I didn’t want to, really. Sorry if I’m...”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Lemme put it this way,” Candy replies, “have you ever seen a male fairy?”

“Or a male valkyrie?” Hannah adds.

Sven stops in his tracks, trying to process what he just heard.

Nine minutes ahead of schedule.

He keeps walking. Keeps processing.

“So how... how do you, y’know, make *more* cat-girls and fairies and valkyries?”

Purr shrugs. “It ain’t easy.”

“In that case...” Sven deepens his voice to sound manlier than usual. “It’s up to me to protect your kind...s.”

“LOL” sez a troll.

A nosey were aardvark adds, “Just ask, mate.”

“Ask what?” Sven demands.

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The troll sez, “ask em wutz rly on ur mind.”

“You wanna know...” The aardvark ogles the three ladies, which even Sven finds offensive as they can see they are being ogled when the action isn’t paused. Finally, he goes on, “...if your party has three virgins in it.”

Sven starts, “I don’t want to--” but is interrupted.

“Well what do you think, nitwit!” Purr snaps. “What part of ‘asexual race’ do you not get?”

A were hyena cackles. The troll starts rolling on the ground laughing, “ROFL, i mean, ROGL”

The were aardvark grins. “Looks like I got their number.” Approaching Sven, he adds, “But I also think I got the *wrong* number. I think there are *four* virgins in your party.”

“That’s because I--I... respect women. And I’m still young.” Sven sees his party members enter their support formation. “One thing a time elf has a lot of,” he jokes, “is time.”

“L0000SERZ” sez the troll as he attacks all four virgins of The Birthday Party. None of his attacks inflict damage, but his comment incites laughter from the were hyena, whose laugh is so loud that Purr’s sensitive cat-girl ears can’t bear it.

Eight minutes ahead of schedule. Sven knows the party won’t stay ahead of schedule for long if their most powerful member is unable to fight.

“Nuts,” Sven says as he pauses the action. “I really like my battle music. Why can’t it keep playing during a pause?”

No one answers. No one but Sven is aware of the pause.

Sven wanders down Neighborly Ave, takes the third left and heads down Item Shop Lane. Unable to slip through the partially open door to Li'l Too Convenient Store, Sven unpauses the action.

“A roll of duct tape.” Sven slaps 10G on the table.

“Ever wonder what the G stands for in our currency system?” asks Shopkey Purr, the cat-girl shopkeeper.

“Nope.” Sven takes the duct tape. He pauses the action. He is unable to budge the closed door. He unpauses. While opening the door, he tells Shopkey, “It stands for gold.”

“Thank you.” Shopkey blows a kiss. A magenta heart floats across the room, hits Sven, and increases his health by ten percent of his maximum.



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Sven smiles at the cat-girl before pausing the action again. But as he heads back to the battle he wonders, “Should I have let Hannah tell her that?”



“Mmmmmphaw, mmmmmphaw?” the were hyena attempts to laugh.

But before he has time to contemplate how his entire face is suddenly mummified and sticky, “Damage” Purr slugs him so hard in the torso his intestines and spine tear through his back. The intestines flop to the pavement in the shape of a five, the spine forms a one, and the zero-shaped ring of blood confirms that Purr’s damage was enough to end a were-being in a single blow.

The were aardvark decides to pick on someone *not* his own size. He sucks Candice Candlestick into his snout.

Tiny tears from the fairy plop to the ground, forming a zero, a decimal point, and a two. She frantically claws into the were aardvark’s insides, spraying ones of blood each time her fingernails connect. But it’s no use. The digestion process will kill her long before she can unleash another five hundred attacks.

She whips out a candle that’s bigger than her. She has no time to cast a spell, so she simply ignites the candle with a four-shaped flame.

The were aardvark explodes. Candy flies out of the explosion, unharmed, tossing aside her expended FIREFIGHTER’S SHIELD, which grants the bearer a once-ever ability to increase fire damage 128-fold.

“Shame you had to use your shield,” Sven tells Candy. “Immunity to fire could come in handy when we start taking conventional quests.”

“WTF!!11!” sez the troll, striking Sven for eleven damage. “ur not gonna get into her tiny pantz so y u carez?”

“You’re going to use my elven sense of honor as a weapon against me? Seriously?”

“srsly,” sez the troll, “& wut r u gonna do about it other than ph34r me?”

Sven shakes off the thirty-four damage and continues his advance toward the troll. He knows his twin daggers are useless against this kind of enemy. But the open manhole ahead of him sparks an idea.

“I don’t fear you or your opinion of me! Do you really want to know why I haven’t seen any action with the ladies?”

“rly,” sez the troll. “i mean it 2”

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“Ow. Then I’ll tell you.” Sven gets the troll to back up to less than a yard from the manhole. “I’m saving myself for marriage.”

“ROTF” the troll laughs as he rolls *around* the open manhole. “wtf did u think id fall down teh manhole?????”

The troll charges Sven with his most powerful battlecry: “FTW!!!!1!!!!11!!!!111!!!”

The combo is more than Sven can bear. He falls. A ten bleeds from his ear, followed by a nine, an eight...

The troll sez, “LMAO” but suddenly cries out in pain as flesh, blood and bone burst from the seat of his pants. “OMG i laffed my @\$ off 4 real” He coughs up blood in the shape of a four and collapses. Figure eights spray from the place where his buttocks once were. As he dies a slow, painful death, all he can do to express the realization of his inevitable demise is say, “:(”

Sven continues to bleed, five... four... three... but suddenly the bleeding stops. The time elf sits up, wipes his mouth, and examines the red wetness on his hand.

Purr licks it. “Mmmmm!”

“Dammit, Purr!” Sven pulls his hand away in disgust. “It’s bad enough when you lick enemy blood from your claws, but drinking my blood and enjoying it? What the hell is that?”

“Strawberry rhubarb,” she replies.

“But Hannah...” Sven’s health meter increases to its maximum. If he had a guilt meter, it would do the same. “You’re allergic to rhubarb! If you had baked a just plain strawberry pie back in quest 2-4...”

“Strawberry rhubarb is your favorite,” Hannah explains. The valkyrie staggers over to the elf and meekly embraces him. She almost passes out. As she shakes off the dizzy spell, she realizes that Sven is cradling her in his skinny arms.

“I... ung... won’t let you die, Hannah!”

“Then I won’t let you carry her.” Purr easily lifts Hannah’s limp body. “My WEIGHTLIFTER’S BELT allows me to run faster while carrying a heavy object.”

Sven checks his pocket stopwatch. “We’ll be five minutes early if we keep moving. But is Hannah heavy enough to make that item effective? I’m pretty sure that frilly church dress weighs less than a chain mail bikini.”

“You’re right,” Purr begrudgingly admits. “And the kicker is that she’s only a fraction of an ounce short of the item’s minimum weight requirement.”

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“How do you know that?”

“Feminine intuition.”

“Does that work for asexual races?”

“Yes.”

Dejectedly, the party moves on at normal speed.

Four minutes ahead of schedule.

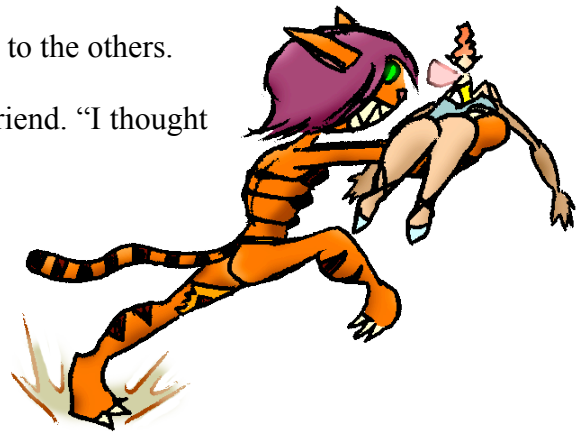
Make that a speed slightly slower than normal.

“I... weigh a fraction of an ounce,” Candy confesses to the others.

Hannah looks up to the blurred image of her fairy friend. “I thought you... weighed a *percentage* of an ounce.”

“I guess I can’t resist your cooking,” Candy says as she seats herself on Hannah’s chest.

A gaseous cloud rises from Purr’s tail, forming the letters S, P and E and an arrow pointing up. “Let’s roll,” she says as she sprints toward Church Street.



Unable to keep up with the rest of the party, Sven starts pausing and unpausing the action, effectively slowing the world down.



An army of work orcs carrying pitchforks led by an itch witch carrying pork on a fork guards the corner of Neighborly and Church.

The itch witch cackles for a very long time.

Two minutes ahead of schedule. Sven wonders if she’ll ever shut up.

“Ah, ha-ha... ah-ha... ha.” The itch witch wipes acidic tears of laughter from her green cheeks. Zeroes of steam rise from her face, indicating an immunity to acid damage.

“Darn,” Sven says to himself as he tucks his acid balloon back into the inside pocket of his vest.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to laugh for so long,” the witch says. “It’s just that you heroic adventurer parties always limit yourselves to four members. I’m beginning to think that ninety-nine work orcs is overkill.”

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Sven winds his music box. The battle tune plays. Purr darts to the front of the attack formation and strikes the nearest orc with a First Attack.

Her fist slugs him so hard, the contents of his breakfast and last night’s midnight snack project from his maw in the shape of a six. Her fist rises *through* the orc’s sternum, shattering his jaw. Tusks and fangs fly in a two-shaped formation. Her fist immediately twists on impact, completing the uppercut. The orc twists and twirls through the air, coughing up a three of blood followed by his soul.

Another orc lunges at Purr, raking three ones into her back and snapping her two lower bras. She back-fists all thirty-two teeth from the orc, then follows with an aerial hook kick into flying scissors, landing with an axe kick. Three fives of blood indicate the damage was not quite enough.

The orc stumbles toward Hannah and sees her as an easy target. Hannah quickly reaches into her purse. She pulls out a human-sized ice sculpture of an angel carrying a sword pointed straight up in the air. Grabbing the angel by her bare ankles, Hannah swings downward, cleaving the orc in half vertically with the sword of ice. Shattering ice forms a seven between the two sevens of blood spilling from each half of the felled foe.

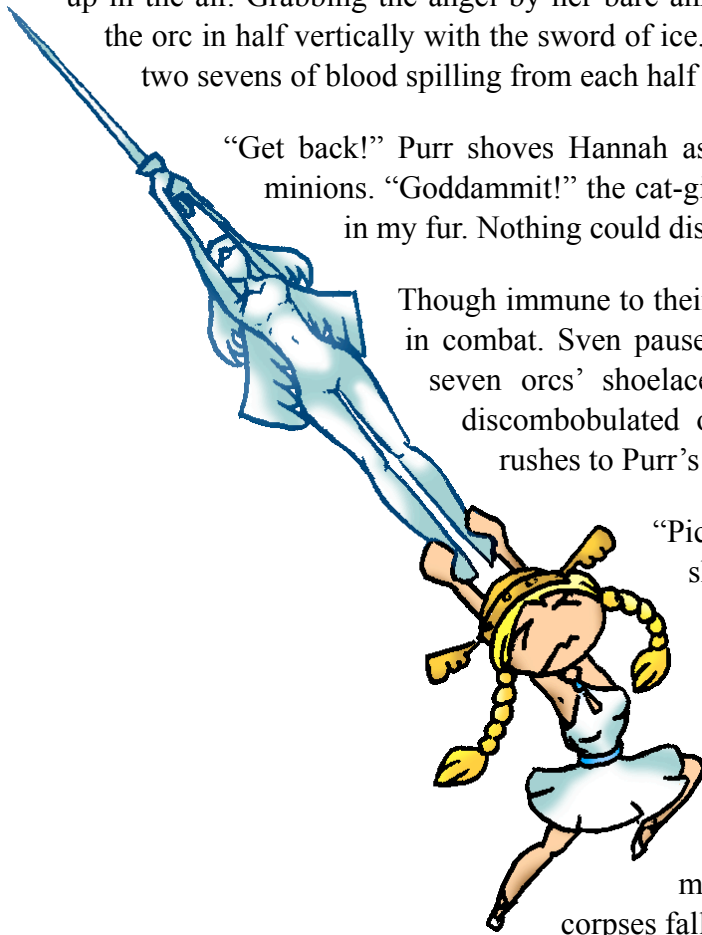
“Get back!” Purr shoves Hannah aside just as the itch witch unleashes her minions. “Goddammit!” the cat-girl curses. “I hate fleas! They’ll reproduce in my fur. Nothing could disturb me more!”

Though immune to their bites, Purr is too annoyed to be effective in combat. Sven pauses the action to tie the remaining ninety-seven orcs’ shoelaces together to buy some time. As the discombobulated orcs struggle to free themselves, Candy rushes to Purr’s rescue.

“Pick on someone your own size,” she says as she lands in a forest of rust-colored fur.

Dozens of fleas surround the fairy. They are twice her size, but Candy uses her close contact with Purr to activate the Power of Two Attack Bonus. Every punch and kick she strikes with inflicts an additional two damage. Within a minute, dozens of flat, three-shaped flea corpses fall from Purr’s furry body.

Candy flits away to see Purr, no longer incapacitated, charge through the army of orcs. Broken pitchforks and triple-nine-shaped bursts of blood and guts fill the air.



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“There are still too many,” she squeaks. “Sven, when is your birthday?”

“On the ninth day of the month of the wild boar.”

“So from today, that’s seven moons...”

Candy reaches into her purse and holds up a cupcake several times her height. Sven takes it before the tiny fairy crash-lands and is crushed by the pastry’s weight. Candy sticks in seven candlesticks--each much larger than herself--and ignites the candles with moonlight.

“...three weeks...”

She adds three more candlesticks. Each is lit with a weak flame.

“...and five days...”

The last five candles are ignited by daylight.

“Make a wish, soon-to-be Birthday Boy!”

“My birthday’s more than half a year from now,” Sven reminds the fairy.

“Blow!”

I wish those orcs would just... just... go away! “Ffffff!”

The work orc foreman shouts to the few survivors of the cat-girl’s attack, “That’s enough exercise, fellas. Break’s over!”

Pitchforks slung over right shoulders, the orcs march down Haywagon Drive. Perhaps they will confront The Birthday Party later in quest 3-4: “Milk the Hermaphrodite Bull,” but for now, their retreat is peaceful. Even the orcs who almost slip and fall in the chunky remains of their fallen brethren bear no grudge. They march on as if nothing happened.

Purr, Candy and Sven do not handle loss with the same amount of composure when they see the itch witch fling the pork from her fork, bopping Hannah on the head, inflicting one damage.

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A one-shaped beam of light evacuates Hannah’s soul. All that remains is her empty dress, which folds somewhat neatly as it falls to the ground.

The three converge onto the witch. Her skin is too tough for Purr’s claws. Sven’s attempt to strangle her is futile as she can hold her breath for days. Tiny Candy can do nothing physically, and to cast magic would only make it easier for a powerful witch to instantly kill the remaining members of the party.

As the three continue their futile attacks, tears of sorrow pour from their eyes. The Birthday Party didn’t lose a healer. They lost a beloved friend.

Six-shaped tears drip onto the witch’s green flesh. The tears are made of water, a substance harmless to all sentient beings. Except witches.

Soon Purr, Candy and Sven find themselves beating on, jumping on and strangling a heap of dry bones. They don’t bother with a victory pose. Even in death, the witch won.

Sven curses himself for having the audacity to check his watch. *One minute behind schedule.*

Candy’s tiny fingers caress the elf’s shoulder. “Hannah would want us to finish the quest.”

“We’ll be late.”

“Not if I carry the two of you,” Purr says. “You’re skinny, but you weigh more than Hannah...” Picking up the empty dress she adds, “...did.”

As Purr carries the others and runs to the church, Candy suggests, “Perhaps Father Padilla can hold the Mass in Hannah’s honor.”

Purr listens to the Mass from afar...

“As we begin this Mass...”

...wondering if they’re too late...

“...we do so in the name of the Father...”

...she accelerates anyway...

“...and of the Son...”

...knowing her effort is wasted...

“...and of the...”

...but since when did that stop her?

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“...holy crap!”

Purr, Candy and Sven see the shocked expressions on Father Padilla, Sister Mary Pengo, and the entire congregation. Wide eyes, gaping jaws, and even a few drooling tongues are all fixed in the direction of the altar.

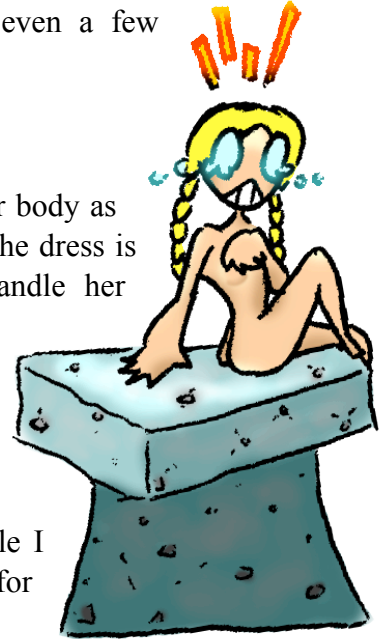
Seated on the altar is Hannah. Healthy. Radiant. Naked.

Sven pauses the action. Not to gawk at her, but to get that dress on her body as quickly as possible. He hopes she won't be upset when she discovers the dress is the only thing he put on, as he is too uncomfortable to even handle her undergarments, much less put them on her body.

He unpauses the action.

“How did you...?”

“My birthday wish,” Hannah explains, “was that should I fall in battle I will be reborn. I figured ‘the nearest church’ would be the safest place for a rebirth. And speaking of...”



“Already on it,” Candy says as she has Purr carry a cupcake to Hannah. Lighting the Birthday Candle, she reminds Hannah, “Since you have been reborn *today*, you can make a Level Sixteen Birthday Wish, the sweetest kind!”

Hannah blows out the candle.

“You made the same wish as last time, didn't you?” Sven asks.

“Sort of. This time I included the three of you in the wish, so if any or all of us fall, this is where we'll be. Safe at church.”

Purr adds, “Good. So if we're late next week we can just kill ourselves and appear here on time.”

“Late, my holy ass!” Father Padilla grumbles. “Your nakedness caused me to lose my train of thought. Now I need to start over!”

The Birthday Party members make a quick victory pose, then find the nearest empty pew.

QUEST: 3-2 "GET TO CHURCH ON TIME"

CURRENT STATUS

P2 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
NAME : HANNAH HEAVENSCENT
RACE : VALKYRIE
CLASS: HEALER
SKILL: BAKE PIES THAT RESTORE HEALTH

P3 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
NAME : CANDICE CANDLESTICK
RACE : FAIRY
CLASS: MAGIC USER
SPELL: "BIRTHDAY WISH" LV.16

P4 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥
NAME : SVEN O'CLOCK
RACE : TIME ELF
CLASS: ROGUE
SKILL: MOVE WHILE ACTION IS PAUSED

PURR'S HEALTH BAR IS SO BIG IT EXTENDS OFF-SCREEN/
HANNAH'S CREAM PIES CAN INFLICT DAMAGE WHEN THROWN
CANDY CAN DARKEN CANDLES TO CAST "UNBIRTHDAY WISH"
SVEN'S ACTION PAUSE NO LONGER INTERRUPTS THE MUSIC

