

DEFECTIVE



inspe♥ctors

By sir ovreskil and cutlemaster

A *cool story of passion and rage in an*

evil *minecraft server*



Chapter 1 - A Close Shave

Once upon a time there was a lovely little boy who was bitten by a radioactive tiger and gained the powers of radioactive tigers. This little boy went on a long series of adventures and ended up saving the world from an evil plague of vegetarianism. But this is not the story of a little boy who was bitten by a radioactive tiger, or a man who was bitten by a radioactive spider. This is the story all about sex, drugs, and Oxford commas.

One day, as she was walking along the street, our fearless protagonist was not bitten by anything radioactive, but instead by a vicious man wearing nothing but a great big bushy beard. Gunthidr (for it is she (she, that is, who is our protagonist (the one previously referred to as "our fearless protagonist")))) was obviously a little distressed, but she knew exactly what to do in a situation like this.



With the reflexes like a startled cheetah, Gunthildr laid the man flat with a single hefty punch and ran off. Nevertheless, as a perfect heroine, Gunthildr held a healthy respect for authority and decided to follow official channels to get the man arrested and rehabilitated, perhaps channeling his rampant deviancy into the creation of several confusing cooperative puzzle maps on portal 2. Gunthildr didn't know what that meant exactly, but she was sure it was a nice place for some zesting around. In any case, she knew it was time to bring in Johnny Law.

Upon her arrival at the local police station, she was confronted by a woman who looked like she would easily misinterpret works of satirical sculpture. "Who goes there?" asked the steel-eyed policewoman.

"I demand justice!" yelled Gunthildr, unhelpfully.

"You weren't bitten as well, were you?" said the iron-badged policewoman, with either remarkable guesswork or a degree of foreknowledge. "You're the eleventh this morning. Come inside."

Upon entering the constabulary, Gunthildr immediately noticed a haze of blueish cigar smoke enveloping the office. From what Gunthildr could see, reclining in the corner of the room on an old, musty futon, was the lower half of a nubile man in early middle age. His head was concealed in heady mixture of mystery and smoke, but mostly smoke (the mystery

was in fact a side-effect of the smoke". With a black beard and a blacker eye, he muttered with a grim expression: "Damn this bearded vagrant, I'll catch him if it's the last thing I do."

"Golly," said Gunthldr, "It looks like someone laid you flat with a single hefty punch!"

"This?" the man gestured to his bruised eye. "I cut myself while shaving. Name's Wick. Zed Wick. This here's Detective Sergeant Banterful. I'm enlisting you as of this moment. We'll need the help of a young, empowered woman like yourself to take down this hairy horror."

"What?" exclaimed Gunthldr, but it was too late - the cigar chomping policeman had already pinned the badge to her chest, painfully.

"Welcome to the force" shouted the titanium-trousered DS, over the screams. "I'm looking forward to showing you how we do things in these parts."

Gunthldr caught her breath. It was going to be a long day.

Chapter 2 - To Catch a Grand Wizard

It's not often said, but burning crosses make a fantastic light source. Zed Wick's good eye glowed with hate (but not a racial kind) as he surveyed the assembled ranks of Klan members, readying to do battle.

"Goodness," said Gunthldr, clutching her double ended runic battle axe eagerly, "There must be at least four hundred of them."

"That means they outnumber us three to one," said Sergeant Banterous, for whom mental arithmetic wasn't a strong suit.

"Don't worry," said Gunthldr, channelling Sir Overskill's thoughts directly, "The KKK is an organisation of cowards who I do not approve of in any way and I am glad we have this in writing."

Wick moaned, for it was too late: He was making a brave attempt to channel Cuttlemaster's thoughts. "Eeeuurgh. Splsplspl." he said.

The copper-bottomed Sergeant Banterous lifted her golden AK47 and took aim at the assembled mob of pointy-headed racists, trying to disguise the fact that she was sad about not being one of the authors' mouthpieces in the story. "Let's engage with the community."

When her first bullet made contact with the KKK member, the figure in white erupted in a shower of blood, organs, and swastikas, staining his nearby comrades almost ceremoniously. The horrible, grisly death suffered by the deviant was clearly deserved, as it

was of no doubt to any of our intrepid heroes that racial violence begets actual violence (not to say that racial violence is not actual violence, of course - we aren't racist).



A chunk of the neo-nazi's brain landed in DI Wick's beard, getting stuck in the thick bushy hair. Enraged by the sully of his pride and joy, he charged the enemy bare-handed, instantly ripping the heads of two Klan members clean off.

Gunthildr threw her axe, slicing the points off four KKK costumes, exposing their occupants to oxygen - an element, which as we all know doesn't react well when combined with racism. Much of the enemy ranks were soon engulfed in a wash of flame, as Gunthildr assessed what to do next.

Despite enjoying the battle and the feeling of killing, Gunthildr remembered why they were there: to find evidence. She strolled over to the newly vacant 'shacks' that were, not so long ago, home to the large and bubbly families of racists currently being 'distracted' (Read: dismembered) by her colleagues. To her surprise, one of the shacks was occupied - but by a singularly groovy looking conehead. With a pair of shades and a squeaky red nose, Gunthildr immediately recognised this fellow for what he was - clearly a satirical mockery of the KKK (also known as a 'wacky racist').

Unfortunately, the house was caught in the crossfire from DS Banterous and obliterated. Gunthildr remained unscathed - protected, perhaps, by her role in the plot to come, while the brilliant satirist was annihilated, probably intentionally. A great loss, to be sure - a young

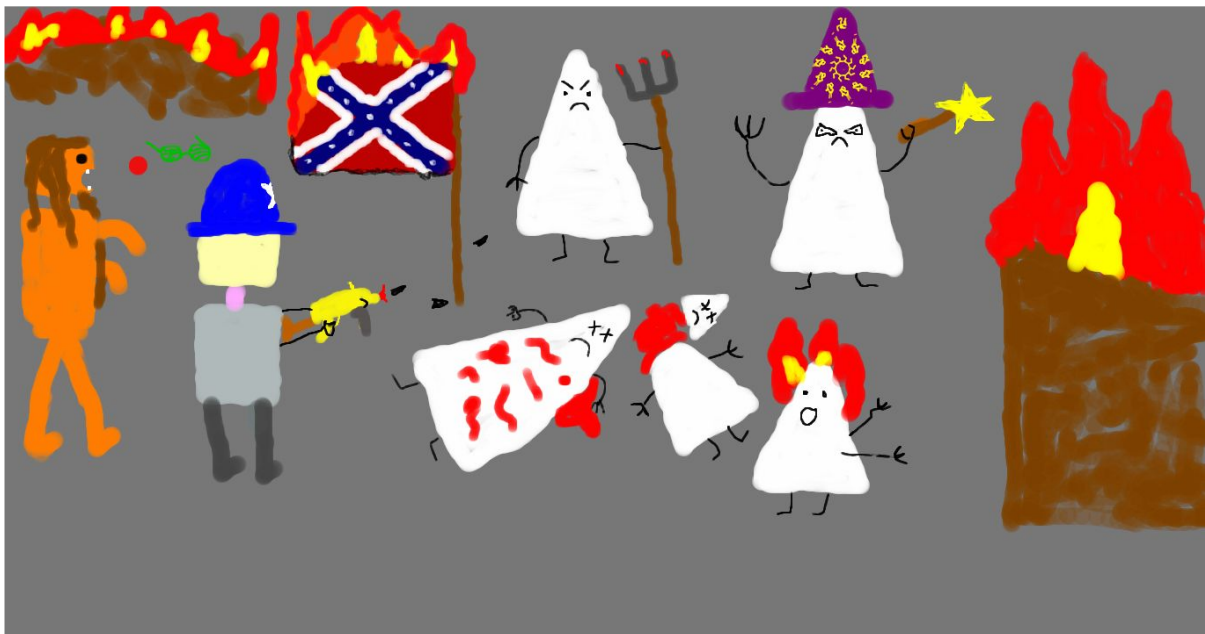
flame extinguished before he had the chance to truly burn (but not crosses), a bright spark of hope lost to the void. Gunthildr wept, for it was hard to contain her emotions after witnessing such a thing of beauty so callously struck down before its prime. After a few moments, she rose again, consoled by the fact that although this satirist was entirely vapourised, he would live on forever, in her memory.

Soon, the roar of battle had abated and a deathly calm descended on the camp. Gunthildr picked her way over the wreckage of houses and red stained sheets to find the two (and only two) members of the thin blue line staring angrily into the carnage. Standing deceptively close was a finely garbed Klansman, adorned with a mysterious flag and probably wearing a snide grin underneath the robes he was certainly wearing. To top it all off, he wore a large pointed purple hat with stars on over his conical hood.

“You appear to have bested my underlings,” said the sheeted man from somewhere under his hood, “But now you face me! I am the mightiest and most xenophobic of all Klan Members - The Grand Wizard himself! You will soon feel the wrath of-”

But before he could continue, Lad Banterous, bronze-hearted as ever, stabbed him in the kidney.

The fallen Wizard began muttering under his breath. Gunthildr bent down to listen, but not too close as one side effect of racism is halitosis.



“You may have defeated me, but my legacy lives on! It is too late for you all - the die is cast, while everything is proceeding according to plan! Your greatest allies have been your greatest foes all along...”

With a final undignified splutter, the last of the klansmen breathed his last. Gunthildr rose, wary of the uncomfortable stares from the others.

“We must go quickly,” said Zed Wick suddenly, putting out his cigar on the grand wizard’s body, “The final hours are at hand.”

“What?” Exclaimed Gunthidr, but it was too late - the bearded lawman had already shoved her in the boot of his car, painfully.

“Welcome to the lawmobile!” shouted DS Banterous, over her screams. “I’m looking forward to showing you how fast this baby can go.”

Gunthidr caught her breath. It was going to be a long trip, and there were no air holes.

Chapter 3: A Brief Interlude - Or how I learned to stop worrying and love the filler



The car came to a sudden stop, leaving Gunthidr wedged between what was once a pizza and what smelt uncomfortably like a dead animal. After being extracted from the boot by the boots of the irate policemen, Gunthidr was able to see the cause of their sudden halt. Ahead of them, blocking the road to the final conclusion, was a wall. Gunthidr breathed a sigh of relief - the story needed some comic effect after the bloodbath of the previous chapter and

the gripping end that awaited them. But her peace was not long to last. The trio noticed all at the same time that this wasn't any old wall - this was a wall with writing on.

'As of this point, this road is closed due to the nether hub, totalitarianism democracy and rude comments. Zedwick is looking into it. - smelvs Council'

Gunthidr sharply breathed in. There was no Oxford comma. What was this foolish council, claiming to be democratic but childishly ignoring the story's grammatical conventions? What was with these inane declarations talking about a 'community market' and some Shady guy called 'Zedwick'? But worse, which anti-social miscreant would place a wall of words in the middle of a road? Banterous, thinking quickly, got hold of Gunthidr and womanhandled her into a nearby alley.

"Walls with text make him angry," she whispered under her breath, "And you won't like him when he's angry. We'd better find somewhere to hide before he lashes out at one of us."

The pair sought refuge in a nearby house while the DI handled the situation on the road. It was a little run down, but was full of old pieces of furniture, strewn seemingly at random across the room. There were banners at several points along the wall, exalting the virtues of honour, unity, and **pizazz**. At either end of the room where two grumpy looking men busily at work on some kind of book, a little hindered by the fact that they wore some kind of orange vegetable on their heads. Or were they fruit? Gunthidr couldn't decide.



"Ah," said one, "It's a fourth wall joke. I can't say I didn't see this coming."

"You might as well leave now," said the other, "Your friend should be finishing up, according to our notes."

Gunthidr shook her head at the reckless self-indulgence of writers, and followed her aluminium-shinned superior outside.

Zed Wick was glowering. He glowered at the wall, which could not withstand the glower. After thirty-one seconds of solid glower, the wall became so embarrassed it vanished and reappeared four hundred feet beneath Zed Wick's house. Such was the power of the Law. "Let us move on."

"You mean to say that this section was entirely pointless?" asked Gunthildr, beginning to wonder if the writers had any idea what they were doing.

"Don't discredit the story!" said Wick. "On with the plot!"

"What?" exclaimed Gunthildr, but it was too late - the running gag had already been written down, painfully.

"I hope this story ends soon," Shouted the DS, over her screams. "I'm looking forward to the end of these forced jokes."

Gunthildr caught her breath. It was going to be a long conclusion.

Chapter 4 - The Good Die Young

"So, purely for the benefit of any potential audience, remind me why we're going to the top of a skyscraper." asked Gunthildr, who by this point had lost all respect for the fourth wall.

"Chill out with those fourth wall jokes," replied Sergeant B, "You don't want to go causing a 'total narrative collapse'."

"Well, we're in this lift because the Grand Wizard strongly hinted that there was a bomb on top of this skyscraper, and we need to stop it." Explained Zed Wick, mindful of the need for some exposition.

"Did he? I don't remember that. Perhaps the writers forgot to include that vital plot point." Said Gunthildr, who didn't understand the struggle involved in creating compelling, witty dialogue.

Before she could continue, the writers tried to save some face and the doors slid open, moving the plot forward.

"Alright," said Wick, ominously, "It looks like we're here."

Outside, it was a beautiful day - for killing (meaning it was stormy). The thunder echoed, the rain poured down and lightning flashes gleamed off the chunk of brain still lodged in Zed Wick's grizzly mane. Gunthildr shifted awkwardly, feeling some kind of imminent conclusion.

“Special Constable Gunthildr,” began Sergeant Banterful, osmium-lined forehead set in a frown which may have been pity, or may have been because rain was in her eyes. “There’s something we must tell you.”

“This dark secret,” Wick took over, “Is that I was the cannibal villain all along! It was I who has been terrorising the neighbourhood in a never-ending quest to satisfy my infernal hunger for flesh! It is I who-”

“Wait!” Gunthildr interrupted, “That’s a ridiculous twist. For starters, why did you take me on as a special constable? Why did we kill all those KKK members? You wouldn’t even have had time to get back to the station and get manicured before I went. This is just lazy writing. Did you idiot pumpkin-men even think ahead beyond forcing that stupid cameo by the two of you?”

She was by now shouting at the world in general, lost in her anger at the lazy writing and general poor chronology of the authors who were even now penning her dialogue. In response, the world began to fall apart, as it was too poorly designed to withstand even a little criticism. The wind picked up, the sky began turning purple, and the characters’ noses began to cinematically bleed.

“You fool!” Shouted Sergeant Banterous, over the sounds of reality falling apart, “You just had to be a smarty-pants, didn’t you? This was meant to be a nice simple ending - we’d throw you off the edge, shattering your young body and displaying the cynical cruelty of the world to the readers!”



Zed Wick, attempting to salvage what was left of the world, bit the end off his cigar, spat, and leapt forwards to tackle Gunthildr off the building and put an end to this mess in a suicidal act of valour.

But by this point it was already far too late. As the DI leapt, the story's timeline heaved a last pathetic second and unravelled, dumping a number of KKK members around the trio (for a brief second, our darling satirist was momentarily resurrected, only to be destroyed once again). The scenery around them flickered and died, showing that little to no consideration had been put into the skyscraper's location whilst scattered pages of storyboard flew through the air.

The purple sky was now fizzing, as the storm fought a desperate battle with the chaos engulfing it. As the sky splintered, our fearless protagonist (for it was she) overheard the frantic scribbling and panicked voices of the writers.

"We'll never reach a satisfying conclusion at this rate! I knew we should have never broken the fourth wall, they've become self aware."

"Well / wasn't the one who insisted on having two cameos. The plot was messy enough as it is."

"This is unsalvageable. We're going to have to start again, just pretend that it was all a dream and we can forget this ever happened."

As the disembodied voice spoke, a bright light began to envelop Gunthildr, DI Wick and the lead-scalped Banterful. She struggled to keep her eyes open. She felt a drowsiness overtake her, and began to fall a w

a
y

t
o

s
l
e
e
p
.
.
.
.



Jimmy yawned. He was glad that the radioactive tigers had remained just a dream. He caught his breath. It was going to be a long day.

Alternate Ending 1 - The Romance Ending:

“Special Constable Gunthidr,” began Sergeant Banterful, osmium-lined forehead set in a frown which may have been pity, or may have been because rain was in her eyes. “There’s something we must tell you.”

“The dark secret,” Wick took over, “Is that I love you, Gunthidr. I loved you since the moment I laid teeth on you.”

Gunthidr was staggered, not by the sudden expression of his feelings, or even by the the revelation that Zedwick was the perpetrator of the biting - she was awed by the tenderness she saw in his deep amber eyes.

Before she knew what was happening they were kissing; the hot, passionate, hairy embrace was as surprising as it was inevitable. She delighted at the feeling of Zed's strong hands holding her, and the taste of stale cigars in his mouth.

As their first kiss finally ended, Zed smiled, suddenly the happiest man in the world. "I only bit you because I was too shy to talk to you."

"What about the bomb?" Interjected the apparently unphased Sergeant Banterful, who wasn't letting the romance of the scene get the better of her.

"The bomb? I almost forgot!" Said DI Wick said, once again back in business. "It's right there!"

They turned to see a small black ball with a hissing fuse and the word "BOMB" conveniently written on the side, lying unnoticed on the floor. Gunthildr knelt down next to it, trying to diffuse the explosive before it killed them all. All she had to do, she knew, was open up the device and remove the blowing-up mechanism. But as she carefully slid the bomb open, all she found inside was-

"A ring?" She turned to see DI Zed on one knee.

"Gunthildr," The bearded romantic asked, "Will you do me the honour of becoming Mrs. Wick?"

She looked into his eyes and they both knew the answer before she spoke.

Alternative Ending 2 - The Overskill-Approved Ending:

"Special Constable Gunthildr," began Sergeant Banterful, osmium-lined forehead set in a frown which may have been pity, or may have been because rain was in her eyes. "There's something we must tell you."

"The dark secret," Wick took over, "is that Sir_Overskill has an 8-pack".

"No way!" exclaimed Gunthildr - she could hardly believe that one of the witty and creative writers could also be so ripped.

"It's true" agreed the Sergeant, who was not one known for lies. "I'm not prone to give out praise, but that man is wonderful, majestic, sexy & handsome."

Gunthildr could hardly breath. The thought of such a dreamboat being literally completely in charge of her destiny filled her with an inescapable feeling of pleasure.

Suddenly, an uncomfortably loud ticking noise began to reverberate around the trio. It didn't take them long to realise that this was due to the long-awaited bomb.

"Oh no, what are we going to do?" Cried Zed Wick in a girlish wail, tears clinging to his long eyelashes. "If only there was a hero who could save us in our time of need!"

Then, as if on cue, a bright angelic light appeared in the distance. Out of the splendour came a mighty horse, with wings of purest silver extended on either side. Not a hint of any other colour was seen on this horse or on the man, who glowed with a pasty white that could only be achieved by generations of selective breeding. His blond hair flowed in the wind and his blue eyes glistened with the knowledge that he was the ultimate human being.

"I'm not racist" Said the man.

"Are - are you Sir_Overskill of legend?" asked Zedwick, who fell to his knees simply from the overpowering presence of the man.

"*The* Sir_Overskill? Creator of the Wacky Racist?" exclaimed the cobalt-livered DS, who now thought back to her destruction of the white-clad satirist with regret and dismay.

Gunthildr also began to kneel, over-awed by the power emanating from the man - no, the God - standing before her.

"Yes." Said Sir_Overskill. "Did I mention that I hate the KKK?"

"Oh, please, help us Sir!" begged Zedwick, prostrating himself before the near-deity.

"The bomb! It's going to explode!" Shouted the sergeant, who had only just made the association between bombs and explosions.

"Didn't you have a vegetable on your head?" Asked Gunthildr.

"I think discrimination is wrong" Said Sir_Overskill, but nevertheless boldly began to walk towards the source of the ticking.

"Hurrah for our hero" cheered Zedwick, tears streaming down his face in rapturous joy. DS Banterous began distributing build off rewards in celebration.

"What happened to the other one?" wondered Gunthildr.

"I make Mexican food" Said Sir_Overskill. "I love hispanics!" As he spoke, the non-discriminatory hero began to fiddle with the bomb, skillful fingers weaving their way between the cracks and faults of the badly planned plot device.

Zed wick swooned, and the sergeant's mouth twitched into what may have, at a stretch, been a smile.

"Please, Overskill. Save us!" cried the trio.

Their words, however, fell on ears. She had asked the right man for the job. "We should seek out and destroy all those who are prejudiced." said Sir_Overskill, somewhat mechanically.

"I love this ending!!!" screamed Gunthildr, who hadn't realised that apparently the ungrateful readers didn't care for meta jokes or breaking the fourth wall, despite the fact that this was clearly the height of comedy and they were cretins for not appreciating this literary gold. The first part was better? What madness. This book only got better as we went through. Zedwick is a fool, a fool I say. Plus, I'm not racist.

Sir_Overskill had located the trigger mechanism, and promptly began to defuse the lethal device. As he worked, various phrases leaked from his mouth, seemingly at random:

"It's not OKKK to be in the KKK"

"Black or white, either is right"

"Someone, please, help me."

"Klu Klux Klan? You should get given a ban!"

With a last, triumphant cry of "Just say No! (to racism)", Overskill lept off the side of the building and flew off into the sunset, just like in Dark Knight Rises (so it was really cool). Zedwick and Lad Banterous both saluted (but not in the Nazi way), tears in their eyes as they witnessed the ultimate sacrifice of this ultimate hero.

In the distance, the bomb exploded, and Sir_Overskill died fairly painfully, fulfilling his twisted suicide fantasy.

The end.

Alternate Ending 3 - The Tried and Tested Ending

"Special Constable Gunthildr," began Sergeant Banterful, osmium-lined forehead set in a frown which may have been pity, or may have been because rain was in her eyes. "There's something we must tell you."

"The dark secret," Wick took over, "is that

This isn't really working is it? It definitely needs work. It just seems a little too silly. Aha! I have an idea. Bear with me on this one. An ending even you can't find fault with:

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Zedwick's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Gunthildr's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the Zurvival rolled on under the night.

Zedwick believed in the green light, the orgasmic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning -

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

Alternate Ending 4 - Helpful and Informative Ending

"Special Constable Gunthildr," began Sergeant Banterful, osmium-lined forehead set in a frown which may have been pity, or may have been because rain was in her eyes. "There's something we must tell you."

"The dark secret," Wick took over, "is that kids just love Skittles™ - *taste the rainbow®!*"

"It's true," Interjected Banterful, "but the colourful treats are also loved by adults - *taste the rainbow®!*"

The pair of police officers smiled cinematically, the proceeded to dance around scattering Skittles™, Pepsi Max™, and packets of Wotsits™, spreading tasty and surprisingly low-calorie treats to the world.

Gunthildr knelt and picked up one of the Wotsits™ packets on the floor, which looked particularly enticing. She opened it up and took one of the orange cheese-puffs inside. It glistened seductively.

"Mmmm," she moaned with pleasure, "*You only get a whoosh with a Wotsit®!*"

Zedwork. Sponsored by Wotsits™, Skittles™, and Pepsi Max™.

Alternate Ending 5 - One Ending Too Far

zurd wok went up to rooftop and pashonatley tastied the foor. 'mmyum'he said, oit tastets like peenutz.

"hahahahah' sed metally bantenfrfull,, awo ta fonny joke frukm the writerz, espshully keltemister he is a cool dood.

'yes said gunthldr i also think thits becose it is truy."

ok so zod went an put bomb on astandby. 'harharhe 'said becaus he was the vil won in the end.

he push gunthlf of the endege, oh nono.

thend.

Alternate ending 5: Reality Ending

"Special Constable Gunthldr," began Sergeant Banterful, osmium-lined forehead set in a frown which may have been pity, or may have been because rain was in her eyes. "There's something we must tell you."

"The dark secret," Wick took over, "is that

Pause

Zedwick took off his Oculus Rift and smiled. This game sure was a bit strange. Maybe he shouldn't have torrented his copy of *Defective Inspectors* from that strange website.

He assessed his near-empty room. A dusty collection of servers were roughly piled in the corners, their wires tangled. Was this all that remained of Zedwork? Was this his life? He who had once been a god reduced to this? Finishing each day desperately trying to get the good ending on Pyrite Heart (why is that rock so inviting?). He thought that this new game would have been a distraction, but it only served to remind him of what once was. Moving to his bed, he lay down and turned to stare at his most beloved possession, a framed photograph. A single tear ran down his face, and was lost in the tangles of his beard.



About the Authors



Cuttlemaster is a name known to us all. Born in 2008 to a family of cheesemongers, he quickly rose to become a sensation in the literary world - actually persuading six people to read his first novel, *My Dog Ted*. Quickly building on his early success, he moved into scriptwriting, penning an 11th series of hit TV programme *Friends*. Unfortunately, it was rejected, leading to Cuttlemaster's first bankruptcy, the end of his marriage, and his retreat from public life. However, after two years, with the release of his hit autobiography, *Cuttlemaster: Life in the Gutter*, he made a triumphant return to writing. Known for his friendly demeanor, love of a good Pina Colada, and occasional psychotic breaks, Cuttlemaster loves to live by his motto: "The worst is yet to come!"

Sir_Overskill was born into a warm and loving family in the best of suburban english comfort. Sadly this did not affect his temperament and he developed into a mischief maker and provocateur with possible sociopathic tendencies. This did not stunt his love for writing, however, and he has produced many works of literature, both as collaborations and entirely original creations. His continuing quest to prove that he is the best regularly puts his life and the life of his friends at risk, showing a courage that regularly crosses the line to stupidity. Unfortunately this is unlikely to be the last we see of Overskill as his unhealthy obsession with Zedwick drives him to greater feats of insanity.

