The Final Boss of the **Internet**

A car had just driven up to John’s house. The door opened and Sam, John’s best friend, climbed out. Tim, John’s other friend, had already arrived.

Sam was tallest out of the three, and was around a meter and a half tall, and always wears his blue T-Shirt and black sweat bands. He had dark black hair and bright blue eyes. John wasn’t too tall, or too short, just right for their age ,which is fourteen years old by the way, and would never take off his green hoodie, black shirt, and green visor. He had brown, hair, and abnormally green eyes, and had a few freckles across his cheeks. Tim was a little shorter than John, and the only color trait about him is his black fingerless gloves and some custom dogtags. Tim had messy dark blonde hair and somewhat grey looking eyes.

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Sam walked up to the door, which swung open before he could even knock. “Hey, Sam,” said John. “Thought you would never get here,” chimed in Tim, who just walked into the room.

John looked at Sam, and didn’t notice anything out of the norm, same tee, and same sweatbands. “So come in, come in,” John began, as they walked into the kitchen, where his mum had lunch ready. “How is your Weekend so far?” He finished in an attempt to make conversation. “It’s good,” Sam replied, “what’s that I smell?” “That’s Lunch! John’s mum bought two take ‘n’ bake pizzas from Papa Murphy’s, Tim began. “So let’s dig in,” John finished for Tim. “Half pepperoni and half cheese. Your mom knows us well, John,” Sam said gratefully, between large bites. John simply replied, “Indeed…”

After lunch they went into the living room and started playing Halo Reach for a while. John was winning. He was the best at almost everything, and could adapt to any situation. Sam was in second and specialized with certain special weapons, but not so much the conventional sort. Tim was struggling to keep up, with all the rockets, sniper bullets, and ambushes flying everywhere. He was great with vehicles, except Sam kept blasting him out of the sky, or blasting him into the sky, depending on the situation. Sam had just been slammed by a grenade from John’s grenade launcher from behind, he managed to doge, but the explosion sent his careening over the cliff he was sniping from, and John had won. “Man, you are good at this,” Sam exclaimed as he looked at the K/D ratio. “I just got lucky, that’s all,” John replied. “You don’t get lucky 18 consecutive times, John!” Tim laughed, and soon they all were laughing. They were right too. John was always lucky.

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After they finished with another three games (one was miraculously won by Sam who just barely survived a firefight with John by using his last rocket) they decided to surf the internet. Tim was the funny one, so he got to be the one looking for things. They were at one point watching funny videos, but eventually they got bored and started to use the “I’m feeling lucky” button on Google. One thing caught their attention, though. It said “Click Here to Enter the Internet”. After staring at it for a while John and Sam simultaneously said “Click it.” Tim saw John glance at Sam before adding “We’re curious to see what happens.”

Tim looked back and forth between the two for a moment speaking “But the odds are it’s a virus or something else best not seen,” Tim protested. If anyone knew computers, it was Tim. “If there was a problem I’ll fix it,” John argued. After a full 2 seconds of hesitation Tim finally gave up. “Alright fine, but it’s not my fault if something happens.”

He thought about it for a few more seconds and figured, *eh, John’s always lucky. What’s the worst that could happen?*

He clicked it.

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Something flashed behind them. John, with his fast reflexes, was turned around before the others even registered what just happened. It’s a cylindrical pod, with only a top and a bottom with no kind of glass or anything. It’s perfect size for a tall basketball player (and that’s by a basketball player’s standards) with an hourglass-shaped beam of light emitting from the bottom of the device. Or the top, He wasn’t sure. He recognized it as a Halo teleporter. *That’s very coincidental, isn’t it?* John thought to himself.

By now the others were gazing at it. Then all eyes fell on Tim. “That was not there before Tim,” Sam said, with a hint of accusation in his tone. “Whaaat?? I said it wasn’t my fault if something happens.” Tim said, defending himself. Then it was John’s limelight. He looked around and picked up a pen, tossed it in the air once, then threw it towards the object. It disappeared into the light. John walked around the thing in the center of the room. He made a sharp gasp, to his own humiliation, and realized that the pen was gone.

“What is it John?” Sam asked nervously. “It’s… It’s a teleporter… I think…” John answered, trying to sound confident. “Well… Let’s enter the internet!” said John, cheerfully as possible. “*WHAT?* Your cra—“ but before Tim could finish, John was gone. “That brave so—“ Tim began, but then realized Sam was gone. He sighed to himself before reluctantly entering the device, which disappeared behind him, not that he had any way to know.

The room was filled with silence.

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John was surrounded by a golden light and felt lightheaded, then an instant later it was over, and he was in a grid type of area, below him a round platform , like that of the teleporter he stepped into, but no top. It only glowed on the bottom. A receiver node. The teleporter he stepped into was a one-way ticket to wherever they were, or were going. Sam followed him, and eventually Tim came in, looking quite shaken.

Sam looked around and asked “Where the heck are we, Tim!?” Tim was about to defend himself when John cut in “The internet. We’re inside the internet.” They both looked at John quizzically. “What?” Tim asked with a course voice. “You must be kidding me,” Sam half sneered half hoped. “That’s my job,” Tim chimed in. “Not the time, Tim, and no, no I am not kidding, I’m serious.” John answered.

John looked around. He noticed they were standing on a hard-light grid type of thing. He took a step forward. His foot landed firmly as if the bright blue light grid was regular old concrete.

The others stared at him like he went mad. He would admit it, he felt crazy. This entire situation was insane. Suddenly, Larry Page appeared in a corner in the dark, yet light room. “Oh, what NOW??” Tim yelled. “SAVE ME!!! PLEASE!!!” Larry screamed. The boys were taken aback by this outburst, and Tim asked John, “Why is the creator of Google here? Why did Edd Gould appear beside him?” “How should I know Tim? Let’s check it out… isn’t that Edd guy a European internet show host?” John responded “Yep,” Sam answered.

By the time they got over there the creators of Bing, Ask, Star Wars, and the iPhone have joined them, along with 12 or so random people. “What is this?” John asked as he tapped on Jim Parson’s (better known as Sheldon Cooper, from the Big Bang Theory) area. It glowed bright yet dull blue every time his finger made contact. Sam, however, decided to be a little more blunt and kicked the recently arrived Mack Zuckerburg’s cage, and he flew backwards. He had to divert his attention away from the cage, the impact made the invisible wall flash blue light for around two seconds.

Larry had just stopped babbling and calmed down some. “You must save us. You must save us from the Final Boss of the Internet!!!” Larry’s eyes darted back and forth as he made out his shaky words. “Excuse me? What are we looking for here?” John asked, doubting he was going to receive an answer more than pure gibberish. “It has trapped us here, we have been here for years! Just wait… They’re loading…” before Sam could say something snarky, thousands of people appeared in rows all around them.

“How do we fight this thing, and why us,” John asked, “We’re all fourteen and all we’ve ever shot are medium-close range empty beer cans.” “Actually I’m not a half bad shot, John,” Sam corrected. “Even still, we are the wrong people for thi-“ before John could finish arguing, another teleporter appeared behind them. Larry began to ramble again. “We have don’t have much but we do have these apples, this portable teleporter to Iceland, and this gauntlet .We assume the Final Boss of the Internet can get you guys home, so after he’s gone, we will help you guys get home.” They stared for a while before Tim spoke up, “What portable teleporter? What gauntlet?” As if by answering his question, five apples, a thick disk, and a thick green pale gauntlet appeared in front of them. “What good will the apples do?” Tim asked, in a greatly confused tone of voice. “And who gets the gauntlet?” Sam asked, almost excited. Larry pointed at John, and said, “He is the one to wear this gauntlet. Now make haste, before something happens!” There was silence for a while and John turned around and put on the gauntlet, handed 2 apples to Tim, 3 to Sam, and took the pocket teleporter himself.

He walked toward the teleporter and Sam stopped him. *Odd.. I expected Tim to try and stop me.. He isn’t too big a fan about this adventure…* John thought to himself.

“Are you sure you want to continue this, John, because I will take Iceland if you agree. I know Tim agrees, but he just doesn’t like this entire situation.” (“Hey!!” Tim yelled in the background) “No. There are hundreds of people trapped here by an evil beast, and we must save them!” John heroically announced. That’s why Sam respected him so much. He’s a born leader. Tim never said anything, but he knew that he would agree.

He turned around and he walked into the teleporter, was surrounded by the familiar golden light, same feeling of floating, atomization, lightheadedness, ext, ext, ext. He was just waiting to find out what horror awaited them at their destination. Something was echoing behind him for a minute.

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Mack Zuckerburg watched as the boys disappeared. He didn’t know why he did, but he randomly sang “*Soon or late the day is coming, the tyrant shall be overthrown, And the amazing world of the internet, Shall be used by people alone*.”

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Then he was in a flowery meadow, complete with butterflies, rainbows and a river. He was waiting for it… “ARE YOU KIDDING ME???” there it was. “This is a pathetic place for a final showdown. Let’s find this guy and get out of here,” Tim said astounded at the unexpectedness of a beautiful field being their destination.

“OKAY, BOSS MAN, SHOW YOURSELF!!” John yelled into the empty space. There was a rustling and a large, fat, lizard llama thing galloped out of a nearby forest wearing a crown and riding it was a meter tall orange armored alien wearing a gas mask and a big triangular tank on its back. Four more of the lizard llamas followed the first one.

The first one was wearing a crown so he addressed the alien riding it. “Why are you holding those people prisoner??” John demanded. In an extremely gravely voice, practically a grunt sound turned into English, it responded, “I am not the FINAL boss of the INTERNET, he is,” and he pointed at the lizard llama. They all eyed him quizzically, and John had his gauntlet raised. He noted the strange alien glanced at it fairly often. “Okay then… so why are you keeping those people prisoner?” John asked, this time addressing the creature. It let out a huge guttural roar. The alien began to talk, “The Final Boss of the Internet said ‘I dunno… I am the Final Boss of the Internet I guess… I’m supposed to rule the internet.’ By the way, my name is Yayap, and I’m the Final Boss of the Internet’s translator.”

The three stared at them in disbelief. Tim finally spoke up after his long silence. He pointed at the green llama lizards and said “Are those bunchies??? Those things are all over the internet, they have nicknames, and now that I think of it, one of them is the Final Boss of the Internet!” “Oh, that makes sense,” Sam replied.

One of the creatures eyed one of Tim’s apples, and suddenly it started to pad at the ground. He held up the apple and all the creatures stamped the ground and Sam figured it out. “Do you guys want these??” He raised his apples, and Tim followed suit. The lead one screeched. Yayap barked twice and it calmed down, though it was still padding the ground rapidly. “He would like the apple,” Yayap stated, “After you give them up he is going to take you prisoner too, aren’t you, Boss?” The creature appeared to think about it, then made a grunting noise.

John had noted everything, the apples, the odd behavior, Yayap, the so called “translator”. He tossed the teleporter, and to his surprise, the top flew up and a teleporter appeared 7 meters from their spot. “Hey ‘Final Boss,’ fetch! Toss ‘em, boys! Hand me one, Sam.” Sam handed one to John, and all four managed to enter the Internet-Iceland teleporter. The bunchie herd followed the precious apples, and Yayap grunted, almost roared. John was still shocked that he knew how to use the teleporter. Lucky guess? He tossed his apple and Yayap dived off of the Final Boss of the Internet, just in time for the crown wearing bunchie to take off. The crown flew off and right onto the meter tall alien.

“ How fitting, after all; you’re the real Final Boss aren’t you?” John sneered. “Release the prisoners, and send them home. Now.” “Fine, fine, they’re free.” Yayap reluctantly obliged. “By now they should be in front of their computers amazed that you misfits did it.” The alien began to walk to a recently appeared a hovering purple fish shaped motorcycle thing.

But then he turned around and raised a blue crescent shaped thing. *HE’S ARMED!!!* John realized. He dove forward and it managed to shoot off a green ball of fire from the weapon, but was too late, because John already made it and he punched with his gauntlet hand, with surprising speed, and the alien’s weapon hand made a large cracking noise, and odd gun flew from his now limp hand. “Uh, oh, I should go to my Ghost now.” Yayap quickly said as he made a break for what he’s assuming to be his Ghost motorcycle thing. No one stopped him, but he threw something back. A harmless looking chip. It fit right into his gauntlet. It glowed and something told John to tap it. He did.

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They were home, and glad to be. That was insanity of mass proportions. He was relieved to see his friends appear safely next to him. “What was that about?” Sam asked dazed. “Did that just happen?” Tim wondered. “Yes, I think it did,” John answered. “ Let’s go play outside, guys, enough internet for today.” They all agreed very enthusiastically.

THE END