

The Coming of the Great War

Humblest greetings, oh Broken One. Brother Nero Frazz and Brother Nero Godes have taken it upon ourselves to manifest our broken brilliance into this most obsolete remembrance of the tale in which you, the great and broken Matt Hardy, prepared yourself for war with the wretched Decay. After our bath in the waters of the Lake of Reincarnation, the seven deities have inspired us to recount the greatest history that this world has ever seen. It is truly an honor to be the vessels through which this most glorious tale may be told. Please give it a read, and share your thoughts of broken brilliance with us. Onward to deletion! All hail King Maxel!

*T*he sacred shovel plunged deep into the fertile dirt, and Señor Benjamin tossed it aside with a strength and youth beyond his age. It was a most glorious day at the Hardy Compound, and the night was sure to bring magnificent deletion. Señor Benjamin smirked, growing giddy at the thought of burying Decay in the graves which he was currently digging.

"Señor Benjamin, my dutiful servant!" Matt Hardy's alluring accent rang out as he approached. Though the sunshine cast a vivid and wonderful light upon the compound, Matt's broken brilliance seemed to illuminate the world even more. Señor Benjamin thrust his shovel into the dirt and wiped the sweat from his brow. "How are the graves coming, my dear friend?" Señor Benjamin was about to answer, but he was cut off by Matt. "These plots of supple dirt must be ample for Decay's deletion!" As he spoke the holy word, he whipped his hand out sideways. "Delete!" He repeated. Matt gazed upon the work which Señor Benjamin had nearly completed, his mouth open and emitting a nearly erotic moaning noise. He slowly spread his arms out, as if to embrace his old friend. "King Maxel will be quite pleased with your broken brilliance, my most succulent amigo!"

"Gracias, Señor Hardy." Señor Benjamin was pleased with his work as well, and was especially proud that King Maxel would approve of his efforts. Señor Benjamin was nothing if not unfailingly loyal to both Mr. Hardy and the most benevolent King Maxel.

"Methinks it is high time to locate that obsolete mule Brother Nero!" Matt decided, drawing out the word mule with his mysterious drawl. "Vanguard 1, my most loyal compatriot, locate Brother Nero, posthaste!" The drone swooped down low.

"Yes Master. Calculating the approximate location of Brother Nero." Vanguard 1 communicated in a series of beeps. Matt gazed upon its lustrous white shell and its all-knowing red eye. Vanguard 1 had always been a good friend to Matt, and he felt safe entrusting the defense of the compound to his robot. It would keep vigilant watch, and give

its life for Matt should it be necessary. Vanguard 1 sped away in search of Matt's obsolete mule of a brother.

"Carry on with your work, Señor Benjamin!" Matt commanded. "For the deletion of Decay is nigh!" As Matt walked away, his shouts of "Delete!" echoed across the compound. As he thrust his arm out in the violent yet reassuring motion that signaled deletion, his gracious mane of hair blew back in the wind, the sun shining majestically off of his white streak. He had received this gift from the table which broke beneath him. Brother Nero's swanton bomb caused the greatest awakening of broken brilliance that this world had ever witnessed. From the pieces of the table rose the most glorious and inspiring master to ever walk this obsolete earth. Señor Benjamin gazed at the ornate gravestones which littered the yard. Realizing that there was still work to be done, he tirelessly continued his task.

Matt strode off in search of Brother Nero. His thoughts turned to his family, which he would defend this very night.

"Ah, Sweet Rebecca," He thought. "You are both the love of my life and the fire of my loins. And King Maxel, I will not fail in defending you, for one day you shall assume your rightful place upon the throne of this land!" Matt gazed serenely about his glorious abode. "Home is where the heart is!" He decided. While he reveled in the sight of his compound, Vanguard 1 returned.

"Brother Nero located. Across the pond." Vanguard 1 waited patiently for his next command.

"Thank you Vanguard 1! I shall take the dilapidated boat Skåarsgaard across the pond. Go, Vanguard 1, and review the defenses! Make sure Rebecca and King Maxel are safe" Vanguard 1 soared away with a few short beeps that meant "Yes, Master."

Upon reaching the dilapidated boat, Matt once more gave out a moan of delight. He spread his arms out, greeting the boat.

"Salutations, dearest Skåarsgaard! May I request a ride across Lake Hardy, the Lake of Reincarnation?" Matt waited for the boat to respond. Satisfied with the silence, he flipped over the boat and pushed it into the cool water, hopping in with an elegant grace that was no doubt attributed to his broken brilliance. Grabbing the paddle, he deftly rowed the boat until the distant shoreline loomed upon him. He spied Brother Nero across the lake, meticulously shaping his ornate designs into the verdant grass. Upon the sight of his brother, Matt was reminded of the material remains of his obsolete mule that had been cast into the waters. As Brother Nero carved away at the grass, he sang to himself.

"I fade away and classify myself as obsolete!" Matt resisted the sudden urge to decimate his brother's obsolete work as he had done previously. "How marvelous it would be to engulf Brother Nero's obsolete lawn in the flames of broken brilliance!" He thought. "Perhaps another day, for at the moment we must prepare the defenses!" Landing the boat on the shore, Matt hopped out and strode over to his obsolete mule of a brother.

"Come, Brother Nero, there is deleting to be done!" Matt's glorious voice seemed to possess his brother with a reverent light. He powered off his weed wacker and ran his hands through his hair, widening his completely-white eyes.

"Delete!" Brother Nero cried. "Decay! Delete! Decay!"

"Yes, Brother Nero," Matt approved, his jaw gaping open and releasing his lilting moan of approval. "Let the broken brilliance consume you!" He reveled in his brother's fervor a moment longer. "Come, you obsolete mule!" Matt demanded, interrupting Brother Nero's spasm of broken brilliance. "We must protect the Hardy Compound at all costs, and give our lives for King Maxel if we must!" Matt led Brother Nero to Skåarsgaard, all the while the obsolete mule muttered "delete!" under his breath.

They rode the dilapidated boat in great style, and landed upon the shore of Matt's estate posthaste. Stepping out of the boat, Matt made sure to thank Skåarsgaard.

"Thank you for your services, dear Skåarsgaard! I shall be sure to reward you with green beans! But do not worry, I will not bring mustard! For we all strongly despise mustard!" Matt's elated face grew into a foul grimace at the thought of mustard, while Brother Nero's obsolete countenance remained satisfied at the mere thought of the delicacy that were green beans. Turning quickly, Matt strode off to his mansion to meet Rebecca, and Brother Nero followed in his wake.

Señor Benjamin had joined Rebecca and King Maxel upon the doorstep of the estate, along with scribe, the waitress, and Vanguard 1. They all anxiously waited for the return of their most beloved Matt Hardy. Upon reaching his family, Matt spread his arms around Rebecca and emitted his sound of elation. The two lovers stared passionately at one another, and they embraced in a brilliant kiss. The lovers' embrace was anything but obsolete. Matt then turned his gaze upon King Maxel, who sat in his mother's arms. Matt planted a kiss upon his son's forehead.

"I swear, King Maxel, this world shall be yours after once this war is ended." Matt declared. King Maxel stared back with a countenance so sophisticated and brilliant that mere mortals could not comprehend what thoughts ran through his glorious mind.

"Loved ones, friends, and obsolete mules," Matt began. "Decay has brought a war to our doorstep! However, we shall persevere! We will not decay, for our broken brilliance shall guide us through these troubled times! We will defend this compound with our lives, and most importantly, we will protect King Maxel, our most magnificent overlord!" Scribe's wrist moved furiously as it scrambled to record every last word of Matt's broken brilliance. "Rosemary, Crazy Steve, and Abyss, will decay this night! They shall soon be obsolete! May the seven deities watch over us! Onward, brothers and sisters, to final deletion!" At Matt's mention of the seven deities, it almost seemed as if the ground trembled beneath his very feet. All who stood before Matt cheered their agreement, both rallied and inspired by his broken brilliance.

"Señorita!" Matt suddenly addressed his self-proclaimed Armenian waitress. "Por favor, prepare the green beans, posthaste! And remember, do not bring the despised mustard!" The waitress was about to lie and say that she was not Latina but in fact Armenian, but Matt interrupted her. "Our most succulent and supple stomachs must be well fed, for we have a war to ahead!" The waitress rolled her eyes and quickly ventured to the kitchen to fulfill her master's request. Matt's comrades took up their battle cry in their ardent passion.

"Delete! Delete! Delete!" They thrust their arms out in unison, and scribe scratched his pen furiously across the page in his salute. Matt spread his arms and looked up to the heavens, moaning his orgasmic laugh slowly and maniacally. He began to spin around, looking at the domain that had been touched by the influence of his broken brilliance.

"Decay," he decreed. "Will be utterly and completely DELETED!"