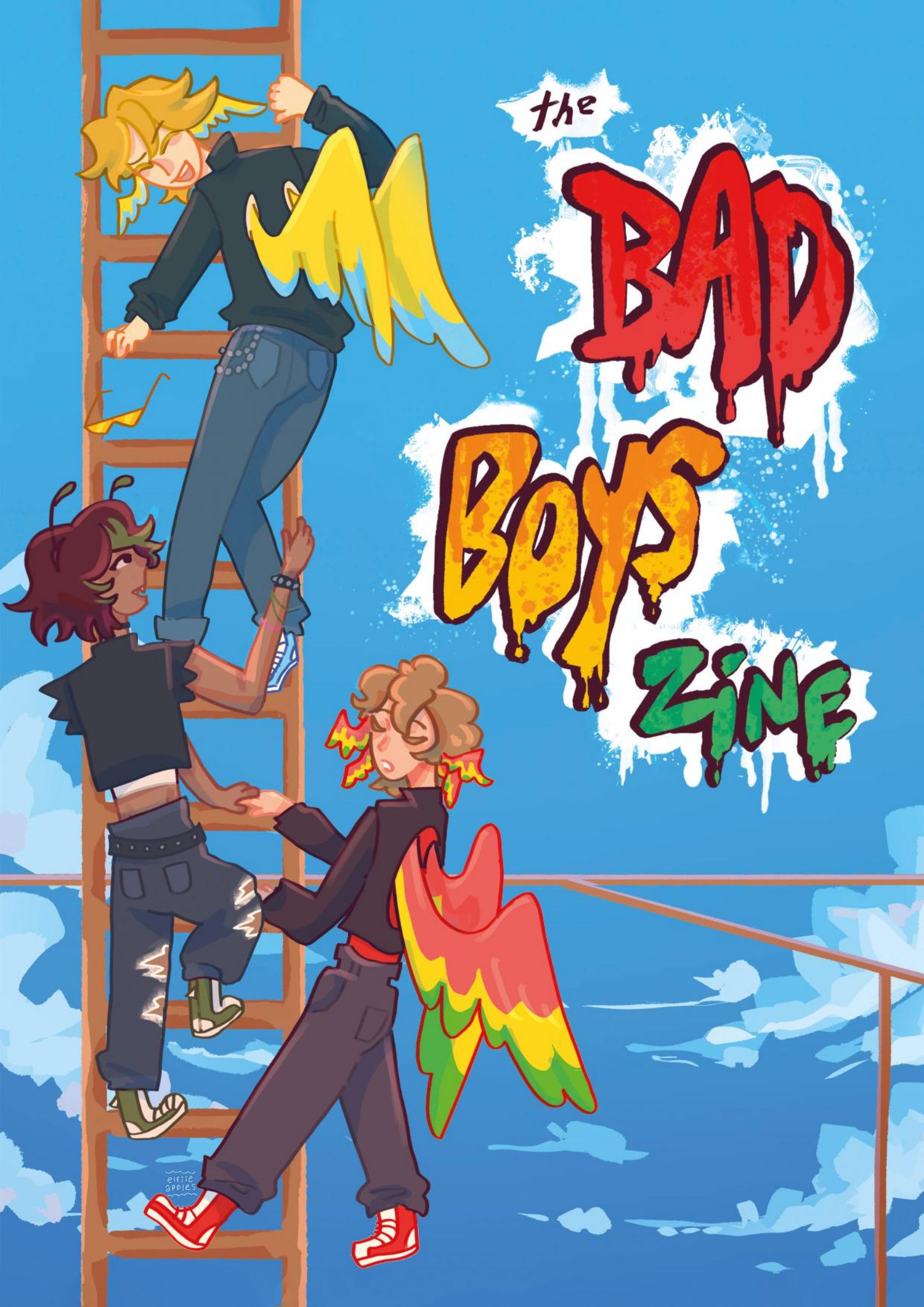




the

BAD

BOYS

ZINE

erotic
apples

FOREWORD

What you're about to see is a collection of creations from 38 wonderful artists, writers, crafters and cooks. 5 months of drawing, drafting, prototyping, rendering, refining and occasional panic have formed this beautiful phenomenon known as The Bad Boys Zine, and I could not be more grateful for each and every person who has helped along the way.

Thank you to my beautiful moderators, the contributors, and you! Go! Go and experience the amazing ideas that three boys in matching leather jackets have brought to these people, and when you're done, you can say that you've finally zine bad boys too.

TRIGGER WARNINGS



Discussion of death/blood



Eyestrain



Mild violence



Tattoo Needles



Guns









SHRIMP AND SESAME TOAST



Ingredients (serves 2):

Allergens: Shellfish, sesame, gluten, egg.

Shrimp paste

Shrimp or prawn (Can be frozen or fresh)	300g
Egg white	½ of an egg
Salt	1 tsbp.
Cornstarch	A pinch
White pepper	A pinch

Toast

Stale white bread	2 slices
Egg	2
Toasted white sesame (breadcrumbs)	200g

Instructions:

1. Wash, deshell, and devein the shrimp.
2. Take 4 shrimps. Butterfly the shrimp so it could be spread open, leaving the tail intact. Use the back of a chef's knife to flatten and tenderize the butterflied part while not touching the tail.
3. For the rest of the shrimps, use the back of a chef's knife to flatten the shrimp before mincing them into a paste. Put the minced shrimp into a bowl.
4. Add salt, egg whites, cornstarch, and white pepper into the bowl and knead with your hands until it comes together to form a sticky paste. Set aside.
5. Cut the skin of the white bread and cut it diagonally to form 2 triangles.
6. Spread the shrimp paste on the bread. Place a butterflied shrimp on top.
7. Beat the eggs to make an egg wash. Dip the bread into the egg wash, then coat with sesame.
8. Heat a pot of oil with medium heat until small bubbles form. Deep-fry the toast shrimp side down until the shrimp is cooked. Then, flip it over and fry until both sides are golden yellow.
9. Take out of the pot and place it on a rack to drain excess oil. Serve with a healthy dollop of mayonnaise.

2.



8.

3.





Notes:

For a healthier alternative, you may choose to air-fry the toast, though it will be less crispy.
You may replace sesames for breadcrumbs.

THE BAD BOY



GRIAN RESCUE



ROASTED WING



YES OR NO



MESSY TAIL



COLD NIGHT



COLD NIGHT PART 2



THANKS
FOR
READING!



BLUE HOUR

bookworm39

Three hours, twenty-five minutes, and fourteen seconds.

Jimmy sat at the top of Bread Bridge 2, dangling his feet over the side. He wasn't worried about the height at this point—he knew the exact spots that were safest above the water, exactly how to angle a fall so he wouldn't hit the ground. He was as safe up here as he was anywhere else, if not more so.

“...that bloody idiot, I swear next time I see that arsehole it's...”

Jimmy glanced over his shoulder, chuckling as Joel cussed the whole way up the ladder. “Any luck with Scott?” he asked, as if he couldn't check his own chat and see the lack of a death message.

“No.” Joel slapped his hand onto the cobblestone, clawing his way up. He huffed, sunglasses sliding down his nose. “The next time I see that man, it's over for him. Him and his stupid, kill-stealing teammate.”

“Yeah...” Jimmy shook his head. “Does it make you feel any better to know that was his pufferfish?”

“Wh— You're kidding!” Joel's hand lit up as he started furiously digging in his inventory, while Jimmy scrambled to his feet to stop him.

“It was an accident! He was trying to set a trap, he didn't mean for it to be me—”



“C’mon, no, now you need to come kill ‘im too—”

“No, Joel!” Jimmy grabbed his friend’s shoulders, trying to hold him in place. Joel was bulkier than Jimmy by enough that it wouldn’t work if Joel was really set on something; but thankfully he waited to hear Jimmy, even closing his inventory. “If I don’t go out of my way to kill Scott, he’ll let me have a free kill, no fighting, once I’m down to my last half-hour. We made a deal. Alright?”

“Alright, fine.” Joel rolled his eyes dramatically, crossing his arms. “But that doesn’t apply to me and Grian, right?”

“Yeah, you guys are good I think. And if I just happen to get him, that’s also cool I think.” Jimmy slapped Joel’s arm. “But for now, let’s take a bit to regroup, alright? Take a break?”

“We don’t have time for a break, Jim!” Joel grabbed Jimmy’s wrist as he went to back away. “Look, lemme go wrangle up some more TNT, we can run a few more carts—”

“No. Joel—”

“I have less than five hours left!”

“Well, that’s ninety minutes more than I do,” Jimmy snapped. “So I don’t see what you’re so fussed about!”

Joel dropped Jimmy’s hand. Jimmy stepped back, taking a deep breath. He ran his fingers through his hair; Joel rubbed the side of his neck.

Jimmy didn’t want to apologize first (he was too stubborn for that, especially when he still felt he had a point), but he couldn’t help it when he saw the look in Joel’s eyes. “Sorry, mate.”

“No, I— I’m sorry, too.” Joel shoved his hands in his pockets, scuffing one boot against the stone floor. “You’re havin’ a worse day than me still.”

“...A little, yeah.” Walking back to his perch, Jimmy stared out over the server. The sun had finally dipped below the horizon, but the torches dotting the landscape gave the ground a soft orange glow. The sky wasn’t black yet, just a deeper shade of blue. As he sat down, a soft breeze ruffled his hair. If he had all the time in the world, it would be quite a nice view of quite a nice evening.

“How many hours do you have, exactly?”

Jimmy checked again, just to be sure. “Three hours, twenty-two minutes.” He heard a pained noise behind him, and he almost wanted to laugh. “Yeah, you’re telling me, man.”

“We’ll figure something out.” Joel dropped to a squat next to him, kicking his legs over the ledge one at a time.

“There’s only so much time left on the server, y’know.” Jimmy could see the faint movement of the other players, of livestock and monsters. He wondered what would happen when the last player’s timer ran out, assuming it would still tick down after everyone else was gone. Would the server shut itself down? Would it carry on without any players on it, just a patch of empty wilderness and abandoned homes?

It wasn’t like Jimmy knew what happened to the last player under normal circumstances. He’d asked Grian after his own win, and the way he’d clammed up and hurried away discouraged Jimmy from asking Scott or Pearl.

His thoughts were interrupted by an elbow in his side. “Yeah, well...” Joel trailed off, seemingly unsure what he was going to say.

Jimmy scoffed. “Real encouraging, mate.”

“Agh— you— shut it, I was getting there!”

“Sure you were,” Jimmy said, trying to hide his smile behind adjusting his sunglasses. He leaned back, staring up at the sky above them. He heard a *thump*, and looked over to see Joel laying on his back.

“You won’t be out first,” Joel muttered. “I swear. I won’t let it happen.”

I don’t think you can do much for it, Jimmy thought. I don’t think it’s something that can be helped. But he kept those thoughts to himself.

Instead he asked, “Where’s Grian? Still downstairs?”

“Yeah, heeeee...” Joel hesitated. “He thought you’d want some space. From him.”

Jimmy didn’t know if he wanted space away from Grian. On the one hand, he was still bitter about his lost time at Grian’s hands; at the way Grian refused to return the half he could repay. But a tiny voice in the back of his head chided him for expecting anything else. Grian was a chaotic whirlwind at the best of times. And though it wasn’t as noticeable as Jimmy’s own frantic nerves, or the way Joel thirsted for blood whenever the excuse was given, Grian struggled with the late game himself. His usual high-energy self picked up a fidgety, desperate edge, easy to miss if someone didn’t know him.

Jimmy knew Grian well enough, or at least he felt he did. Grian was a nightmare of a teammate. And he was just as scared as the other two. Jimmy couldn’t really hold this against him; if he wanted to, he should’ve refused to recruit Grian in the first place.

And besides, Jimmy wouldn't mind the company right now.

Three hours and twenty minutes. It wasn't like they had the time for a grudge.

"Can you bring him up here?" Jimmy asked before he could change his mind.

"Hm?"

"Grian. Can you call him up?"

"Yeah..." Joel sat upright, digging his communicator from his pocket. This season it resembled a busted old flip-phone, which he opened with his thumb. "D'ya think we're good to send him a message? Or would someone take the chance to try to get a kill?"

"If someone tries to farm time from the two of us," Jimmy grumbled, "they're sick in the head."

Joel let out a short laugh. "Yeah, what, Skizz and Scar are probably having a worse day than me? Maaaybe a worse day than you, at least in Skizz's case?" He typed with one hand, using the other to prop him up as he leaned back.

It only took a few minutes (two minutes, twenty-four seconds, by Jimmy's math) for them to hear someone climbing the ladder. Jimmy reflexively drew his crossbow, only for Joel to slap it down. "Do you wanna talk to him or not?" Joel hissed, shooting Jimmy a dirty look over his glasses.

"Sorry, sorry. Instinct." Jimmy shook his hand, returning the crossbow to his inventory.

"Hi, boys..." Grian barely looked up as he climbed onto the platform. His shoulders were slumped, and he took a deep breath. Jimmy didn't know if it was the tension or

all the running around they'd been doing, but Grian looked exhausted.

"C'mon, Bad Boy." Jimmy couldn't help the inexplicable smile on his face. Maybe he was just that tired, too. "Come sit with us."

Joel scooted closer to Jimmy, patting the open spot on his other side.

Grian didn't approach them. He straightened up, staring past the other two. Jimmy turned to follow Grian's eyes, but saw nothing but the darkening sky. Joel, meanwhile, leaned forward, watching over the edge, as if there was some tiny movement down there Grian could've noticed.

When neither were looking, something grabbed them both. Joel tensed up silently (other than a sharp inhale), while Jimmy let out a yelp. Quickly though, they realized it was just Grian: huddled between and right behind them, clutching one of each of their arms. his forehead rested on their shoulders.

"Aw, Gri..." Jimmy reached up to squeeze Grian's hand.

Grian's breath didn't catch in his chest. His eyes didn't water. It was like he'd already made peace with it. That whatever this strange life they were living was, it was going to end sooner rather than later.

"What do your times look like?" Grian asked, as if just asking who could hang out later.

"Three hours, fourteen minutes." Give or take a few seconds, but Jimmy didn't want to check.

"Like four hours, fifty minutes"

"That's..." Grian sat up, now looking a bit concerned. "That

shouldn't be right, Joel."

"Should it?" Joel asked.

"I think you got shorted time from the double kill." Grian dug through his pocket for his communicator, a small red gaming handheld. "Hang on, lemme fix that—"

"Can you really just do that?" Grian had to push Joel away when he tried to look at the communicator. "Can you pad it out a little more while you're there?"

"No." Grian averted his eyes when he said it. Whether he couldn't or he wouldn't or he shouldn't, Jimmy didn't know. Shoving the device back in his pocket, Grian sighed. "There. Five hours, something-teen minutes. I can't do much, but there's that at least."

Grian's hand was barely out of his jacket when Joel smacked his fist into it. "Eh, I'll take it." Joel grinned, and it was a little bit fanged and a little bit sad. Grian gave him a tiny smile in return.

"Well, I'm trying my best to keep you two alive." For a moment Grian's eyes fell on Jimmy, and Jimmy thought that was the closest he'd get to repayment in the time they had left.

"Yeah, and on that note..." Joel grunted as he stood up. "I should probably go collect more TNT, huh? We've got to get our Bad Boy some extra time." He nudged Jimmy with his boot.

"I think I know a few more ways to branch off of SkyNet," Grian added. "Hang on, we can talk on the way down."

"Works for me." Joel put a hand on Jimmy's shoulder. "You coming with, mate?"

“Uh... Not yet. Gimme a minute, I’ll be right down!” Jimmy waved the others off, even as he knew he shouldn’t. He didn’t have the time—none of them did—to sit up here and watch the sky, talk about nothing, enjoy their time together.

No matter what happened, there was no way they’d live to see the sun rise again. Even if one of them did, it would have to be alone.

Three hours, twelve minutes.

If they weren’t going to see the dawn, they’d just have to content themselves with the night they had left.





"Say 'Love You' Back."

"...you have 10 seconds."



The Bad Boys in...

CLOCKERS' Convenience 24/7!

FLICKER
FLICKER

Reads
left → right

Script by friend
Art by azei

Enjoy!

"ETHO" do
not come back"



??



SUSPICION...



seriously—
we're NOT getting
those "health
snacks again.

they were
pretty bad

Wha- no
they're NOT!

they're
good for the
body...

... again?

... and
good for
the soul!







is it a text from Liiii zziee?



i don't know what you're talking about! LOSERS. shut up. making stuff up

That's expired, Grian.



Can you believe this guy? Tryna make us the Food Poisoning Boys...™





HEY.

I've been watching you...
what do you think you're doing?!

Oh, BDUBS!

this is
such great
timing!

since we're
such good
friends

POP

That's not
true.

clasp
hands

BEST BUDS,
as you know!

TIMMY QUICK-

CAN YOU
HELP ME???

and i was
just Thinking...

man he's such a
hard worker...

Uh huh...

FREEZE

SKID
!!!

Bdubs could really
use something that
shows how much
we appreciate
him ♡

Y'know.

I don't think I
trust what you're
saying.

not even the
SLIGHTEST bit...







© Bee Wave

PINEAPPLE BUN



Ingredients (for 4 buns):

Allergens: Milk, eggs, butter, gluten.

Dough

Bread flour	100g
Instant dried yeast	1g
Sugar	20g
Salt	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsbp
Milk powder	3g
Egg	10g
Milk	50g
Unsalted butter	10g

Crust

Unsalted butter	20g
Caster sugar	20g
Egg	15g
Cake flour	50g
Baking powder	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsbp

Wash

Egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ of an egg
Water	1 tsbp

Instructions:

Crust

1. Bring butter and egg to room temperature.
2. Whisk the eggs so that the yolk and white is combined. Set aside.
3. Use a spatula to mix the butter until it becomes soft. Add caster sugar and whisk well.
4. Add egg mixture bit by bit, whisking as you go until fully incorporated before adding again.
5. Add cake flour and baking powder, then use a spatula to fold until it comes together to become a soft dough.
6. Split the dough into four equal parts, shape them into a sphere, then flatten into a thin disc. Put in the freezer and let it set.

2.



(Corner lifting)



(Fold it back onto itself)



(Repeat)

Dough

1. Add all the ingredients into a large bowl and mix until they stick together. Move the dough to a bench and knead until it becomes a coarse dough.
2. Grab onto a corner of the dough, lift it and slap it onto the bench to stretch the dough, then fold it back onto itself. Rotate the dough 90° and repeat until the dough is completely smooth and elastic (enough to stretch out into a thin sheet). (When the dough can stretch thin enough to be translucent in the centre of the pulled part, it is ready.)
3. Shape the dough into a sphere and set it in an oiled bowl. Cover with cling wrap and let rise in a warm room until it expands to twice or thrice as big. It will take around 1.5 hours depending on room temperature.
4. Lightly flour the bench and take the dough out, flattening very lightly with your palm to deflate it a little. Quarter the dough and shape them into spheres, cover the surface with cling wrap and let rest for 10 to 15 minutes.
5. Fold the dough into itself, making the shiny surface be on top. Squeeze the bottom to close the opening until the dough is a shiny ball.
6. Place the dough onto a baking tray pre-lined with aluminum foil before letting rise again for 30-40 minutes in a humid and dark place.

Baking

1. Preheat your oven at 180°C.
2. Take the crust out, carefully lifting it and placing it on top of the risen dough. Gently smooth the edges onto the bread dough.
3. Brush the egg wash on top of the crust.
4. (Optional) Use a chopstick or a bench scraper to draw checkers on the crust if you wish to have more uniform cracking on the surface.
5. Put it in the oven and bake for 20 minutes (or until the crust is golden brown). Take it out and leave it on a rack to cool.

3. & 4.



**Notes:**

If you don't have an oven but have an air fryer, you can steam the buns without the crust for around 20 minutes, then finish in the air fryer for 10 minutes at 180°C to give a similar result!

POKING A HOLE THROUGH TIME

Ace

Joel sat on the Bad Boys Bread Bridge. A jukebox sat off to the side, just far away enough that it was out of the way, but close enough that the music still reached him.

While he would typically play more upbeat tunes, they were a little tight on music. So instead of his regular picks he puts in the music disc, "Cat".

Joel had brought up to the other bad boys that they should really embrace the theming - battle vest, sunglasses, the works.

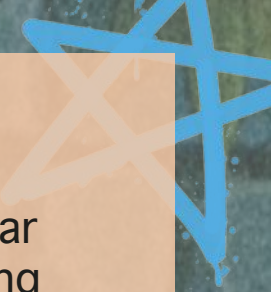
They had enthusiastically agreed.

So now Joel has his black vest in his lap. Various patches and his sewing kit laying by his feet.

It had been a while since he had last added to his battle jacket back home. It wasn't very conducive to building, and frequently got in the way of any elytras. But he knows exactly where it hangs in his wardrobe, and frequently admires it.

After all, his literal blood had gone into its creation. He was never the most graceful nor brightest child.

He got to work, ignoring the almost immediate prick of the needle trying to embed in his thumb. Evidently, he's out of practice.



The first patch he was adding was a small one near the collar of the vest. It was black and rectangular, with white lettering that said "*I love my crazy wife*".

He misses Lizzie.

Although he's glad she isn't here.

Joel knows that she'd be able to hold her own, but it's not like this was a picnic either.

It was hard.

Every death left his nervous system wired - like an electrical current running through his spine. Knees bruised from falling when he dies, and the lack of recovery time between deaths as every minute counts.

Not to mention he wouldn't know what he'd do if he were left alone - not knowing when or if she'll come back.

He'll do this a thousand times if it means Lizzie is safe.

He shuffles through the patches, landing on the big red, yellow and green hearts. These would do nicely on the back of the vest.

He picks his needle back up again when Jimmy walks over.

"Ayup mate."

"Ayup," Jimmy waves.

"Ayup," Joel echos again.

"What are you doing?" Jimmy asks.

Joel gestures at the vest in his lap. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"You're adding patches to your vest?"

"Got it in one. Did you want to join?"

"I've never sewn before," Jimmy shrugs.

"Well, sit down. I'll show you," Jimmy plonks himself right next to him, sitting cross-legged, "Do you have any patches?"

"Just the hearts," Jimmy said, producing near-identical patches to Joel's own hearts.

Joel opens up his sewing kit to find some dark blue thread and another needle. He kindly sets up the needle and thread for him - knotting the thread on one end and stringing it through the eye of the needle - before handing it over. After showing Jimmy how to hold it, he starts.

"Okay, you want to have your needle start underneath the fabric and patch, and pierce upwards just outside the patch, like this," Joel demonstrates, pushing the needle through the fabric so it lands right outside the patch, "and then push the needle back down and through the patch. You want the thread to be perpendicular to the edge of the patch."

"Perpendicular?"

"Make the thread and the edge of the patch T-pose together."

"Ah."

"Then just repeat around the patch," Joel explains, continuing his stitching. "I'll show you the next steps once you've done that."

The two fall into a welcomed silence, being serenaded by Cat as they sew on their respective patches.

“Ouch,” Jimmy hisses, sucking the tip of his thumb.

“That’s a little bit sad, boy.”

“W-what? I got stabbed, stabbed I tell you,” Jimmy wagged his finger in Joel’s face. It only served to make Joel grin bigger.

“Don’t get too mad, boy.”

“Well, I can’t really say that I’m glad, boy,” Jimmy frowns.

“Do you need me to kiss it better?”

“Yes!” Jimmy shoves his hand in front of Joel’s face. The pinprick wasn’t even visible on the thumb. Still, Joel manoeuvred the hand in front of him to his liking, until the thumb was sticking upright.

“Mwah!” Joel gave an outlandishly loud kiss on the tip of Jimmy’s thumb.

“What have I walked into?” Grian asks, leather jacket folded over his arms. Despite his words, a smile is clearly visible on his face.

“Joel is making me sew!” Jimmy complains.

“It builds character!” Joel scoffs, “Let’s see if I kiss your boobos again.”

“What if it’s a bad boy booboo.”

“Hm....maybe,”

“I’m having regrets,” Grian deadpans.

“Ah, come on, Grian. When are you ever going to do this again?”

Grian goes silent, looks far off into the distance at something. When Joel turns, he can’t see anything himself.

“Yeah, yeah, I suppose you’re right,” Grian nods after a minute or so of silence, “I suppose I can’t get one of you lads to sew on these patches for me?”

“Nope! You gotta do it yourself,” Joel shakes his head.

“I miss having an iron,” Grian sighs as he settles down next to the other two boys. Joel wordlessly hands him a third mini-sewing kit. Grian looks at it in apprehension - like it’ll come out and bite him.

“I don’t know, I think using an iron wouldn’t be as rad, boys,” Joel said, finishing up his patch with a double slip knot.

“You want to put in all of this extra work?” Jimmy asks, eyes bugged out in shock.

“I used to do this all the time as a kid. It’s nostalgic,” Joel admits. The music disc pops out of the Jukebox. “Hold on, I’ve got this.”

Joel needed to stretch his legs anyway. He’s never been the best at sitting still, but it feels worse than usual today, and different.

Like a tingling under his fingertips and toes. A need to move, and hunt and capture.

While the feeling is different, it also feels familiar, yet Joel

can't place where he had felt this before. No vague memories, nothing.

Like settling into someone else's well-worn leather couch.

Joel pops the music disc back in, looking towards the other two boys. Jimmy was trying to help Grian to the best of his ability, yet Grian managed to look less coordinated than Jimmy had.

His boys.

He wasn't sure what will happen. But so long as they were together, they had to be fine. Right?



bad Boys



watchers in the sky

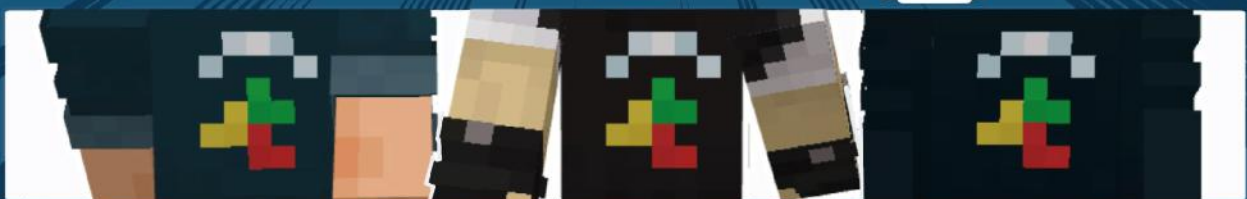


EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW!!!!

With the creator of the Bad
Boys Skins - Daftaiyo

LIMITED
LIFE

The Bad Boys



What inspired the bad boys skins? Any specific images/sources?

I don't think i can find specific pictures again. But i definitely just searched "biker outfit" or smth like "punk outfits" on pinterest and just went with it-

Any progress pics/scrapped designs/sketches? What was your design proccess?

Sadly I don't have any work in progress. I probably had some on my old laptop, where i made them, buut i got rid of it a long time ago. The only thing I've left is this unused pic.

As for design process- It was crazy. I'm gonna answer 3rd question here as well, because- well- No one did! No body asked me to make them and it was completely my idea.

When first ep was out on Saturday i immediately got inspired to make designs for the trio and randomly started with making skins just for myself. Then someone in the video said that they were filming episodes on Mondays and crazy thought came to me "Ok, but what if you ACTUALLY made all the skins in a day and posted them online. WHAT IF they might be used in a vid mb for just one ep- That would be cool ig.

So that's what i did- It was a fun exercise actually. I wasn't very good with mc skins at the time and didn't consider myself as a skin artist. Speedrunning 3 skins in a day was definitely an experience- But then Joel liked my twitter post with those skins and i went bonkers, already imagining how my skins MIGHT be used fr fr - Then some1 told me they saw my skins on the NameMC used by the trio- It was just WOW

How did it feel when they used your skins in the episode?

IT WAS INSANE to see my skins in videos. I was like crazy person showing my friends (who had no idea what Life Series is) random

clips with skins, I was too emotional about this. Was a very big ego boost lmao :”D Especially fact that they got Grian to put on my skin! (yaay to being his first life series skin)

What is it like to have your designs so widely used?

I was so happy to see so many people using my simple skins as a base and adding their own spin to it! Also it was very funny to see skins used but other people, there were so many times i was playing on Mcci and just randomly saw person with on of the Bad Boys skin. Ahhh it was like seeing my child succeed in life.

Your favorite fanart/cosplay interpretation of your skins?

This @/qhideduo (tumblr) is very special to me<3 It was one of the first fanart i saw with my designs literally screamed “YESS YESS IT’S THEMMM MY BOYYSS MY SONSS just how i imagined them” as i saw it. Also this fanart by @/chromacryptid (tumblr) also one of my favs<3 They are just so cute and silly hereee

Would you have changed anything about them?

OH YEAH for sure

As I said- I wasn’t very good with mc skins at the time and I didn’t have a lot of practice. I’d changed A LOT with all the tricks i know now.

I think they work- But for my taste they are pretty dull and need big color tweaks. As much I am happy to be forever tied to Limited Life in some way, I’m VERY ashamed for how immature my work on skins looked :”D

Also! Thing I’d change first- I’d reach out to one of the CC, not just made a twitter post with skins “done”. I would love to ask them for changes and stuff, I’m sure they had ideas about their possible looks



t chromacryptid

t qhideuo



Do you have a favorite design?

Joel's skin is my fav!! He's more punkish vibe is my cup of tea. But my fav bit between all of the designs is different positions for glasses, i still think it's very smart and cute ^^

Favorite bad boy quote and/or moment?

" I don't know whether we're- meant to be The Bad Boys. Feeling a little bit sad boys,, about this.. But- or are we supposed to be mad boys? " @Grian - start of the silliest bit ever!

..favorite bad boy?

JOEL ALL THE WAYYY BABYYYY!

Anything else you want to add?

I'll always love how creative mcyt fandom is<3 The way people can interpret some coloured pixels as cool and unique design is insane- Makes me very glad, boys<3

CLIMBING INTO CONVERSATION

A BAD BOYS PODCAST

JOEL SMALLISHBEANS

GRIAN

JIMMY SOLIDARITY

THE BAD BOYS



RENEATH THE FINE LINES



Foam

“Whadd’ya think, Timmy?” Grian asked as he carefully peeled away the paper stuck to Jimmy’s inner wrist, which left thin, dark blue lines in its wake.

A breathy chuckle escaped him. “That this is slightly terrifying?”

“*Baby*,” Joel fake-coughed, though that did nothing to cover up the mischievous expression dancing across his face. Grian looked at him askance.

“Everyone makes getting tattooed sound a lot worse than it actually is. Like, yeah, it hurts a bit, but I genuinely find getting vaccinated to be a lot more painful,” G continued. He buzzed around his workstation, hands busy with one thing or another. Jimmy couldn’t escape the feeling that he was vastly overestimating his pain tolerance. “How does the placement look like? Now’s the time to be fussy about this; we can very easily wipe the stencil away and try again.”

Jimmy’s gaze was drawn back to his hand. A trio of hearts now decorated his skin, stacked in an upside-down triangle, with a banner floating above them, reading ‘The Bad Boys’ in blocky lettering. The design had been stolen straight off the makeshift patches the three had made when they were still kids, diving headfirst into their rebellious phase.



Time had always been such a dizzy, unstoppable force that Jimmy could never properly grasp. It slipped through his fingers and took pieces of him with it, smoothing the edges of his memories down like river rocks. It morphed and changed the world around him without mercy. He could swear it had only been a handful of days ago when all the black clothes and painfully loud music had been giving his parents a headache—

And then he blinked, and he was stuck between the walls of a high school, his mind pulled into dozens of different directions—

And then he blinked, and he was in university, his life reduced to lecture halls and libraries, with too many exams and too little time to complete them all—

And then he blinked, and he was standing on the graduation podium, diploma in hand, being told that his life was *really* about to start—

And then he blinked, and he was back in his childhood room, scrolling endlessly through job applications, even though it was all pointless—

And then he blinked, and he was sitting in an office—

And then he blinked, *and*—

And—

And maybe not everything changed.

There were two constants in his life, ones that never left his orbit—or he never left theirs; Jimmy couldn't tell. Joel and Grian had stuck by his side come hell or high water: they were there when he'd failed his first exam, when the pressure of choosing his major weighed down on him enough to crack his bones, when he felt like he'd rather chew off his foot than

finish his diploma, when he'd found out he finally, *finally* found a job.

At this point, the two had been stitched into his being. Jimmy was no longer sure he could tell where he ended and G and Joel began.

He wasn't naive. He knew that people came and went, that there was no guarantee of permanence in life. And he knew when—*if*—the trio were to somehow be pulled apart, surgically removed, that he'd never forget what they had been.

He didn't *need* a tattoo to remind him of all of this.

But then Grian had managed to open his own tattoo studio. Art had always called to him like a beacon in the night, a sure destination in his life's journey. He'd known, before they'd even left high school, that he'd make a home between rolling stools and ink-filled caps. Jimmy had watched as years of practice and daydreaming, months of negotiating and too many headaches to count them all, finally culminated into something he could call his own.

And then came the proposition. Grian had wanted the first tattoos he made in his new home to be meaningful. Something to remember. And who was Jimmy to say no when he so rarely ever asked for anything with such sincerity?

"Joel?" Jimmy asked, turning hopefully to his more experienced friend.

"He's not the one getting tattooed right now, Jimmy," Grian chided. "He can't tell you what you like and what you don't."

"/ think he's simply recognising my greatness and vast expertise in the field." The brunet shot him a cheeky wink. "And the placement's fine, Jim; you can quit stalling."

He huffed out in exasperation. “I’m not *stalling*.”

The looks his two friends shot him told him they didn’t buy a single word he was saying.

“Alright, yeah, I think it looks good. We can go on.”

Grian cracked a smile. “Perfect, then. Get yourself comfortable on the chair while I finish getting prepped.”

Jimmy nodded, letting himself be swallowed by the cushy leather, while very pointedly not looking G’s way.

He’d always admired tattoos—it was kind of hard not to, when he was constantly surrounded by the other two, who had made getting their skin decorated practically into a hobby. But he never thought he’d find the nerves to actually *get* one.

Grian and Joel had long taken their first *plunge*. It hadn’t even been a plunge for them, merely wading in slightly unfamiliar streams, which embraced them as familiar friends nearly instantaneously. Now ink wrapped them like second skin.

Joel, the headstrong idiot that he was, took the matter into his own hands one late evening when they had just started university. Armed with a needle, carved-out pencil, drawing ink of questionable origins and a half-remembered tutorial, he’d given himself an amateur stick and poke. The finished result looked more like an abstract pointillism piece than the sunglasses doodle he had planned, and ended up causing a rather nasty infection—like Jimmy *said* it would, but since when did Joel listen to anyone?

He had at least somewhat learned his lesson, turning to trained professionals in his future spur-of-the-moment endeavours. It didn’t take long before his arms turned into a sticker-book of heavy lines and bold colours, making him

look like a model straight out of an 80s biker magazine. It suited him perfectly—out of the three of them, he'd never quite managed to shed that rebellious phase of theirs, finding a home in leather jackets, messy make-up and studded jewellery. He'd even kept the streak of green shooting through his dark hair, which had begun as a half-drunken high-school dare.

Grian, on the other hand, had been a lot more meticulous when it came to his first tattoo. He had waited for over a year into his apprenticeship, carefully planning not only his first tattoo, but *everything* he wanted to get over the course of the coming years. Jimmy swore he'd spent hours sitting around, listening to Grian explain all his ideas in detail, how he'd wanted the ink across his body to tell one coherent story. His skin was now covered in a blend of delicate, fine lines and realistic imagery, culminating in a tale of all-powerful gods and a fight for survival you could read not through words, but the lines etched onto his skin.

And Jimmy... well, he'd convinced himself he'd only watch from the sidelines.

“Alrightio Timmy!” Grian’s sing-song voice tore him away from his thoughts as he scooted to his side on a rolling stool. “Ready to get your first ink?”

Two sets of dark eyes looked at him expectantly, though Jimmy couldn’t find it in him to pay attention to them. Not when Grian’s gloved hand lingered in his periphery, gripping the tattoo gun, its massive needle reflecting the overhead lights.

His throat tied a knot around itself, stopping his voice from making itself known. He nodded instead, forcefully tearing his gaze away. He could *feel* more than see the glances his two friends exchanged.

“Y’know, we can do this another day—”

“We don’t have to do this at all—”

“*No.*” Jimmy cut through with more conviction than he knew he possessed. “I—I want to do this. It’s just a small tattoo, right?”

After a momentary pause of silence, Grian nodded. “Okay, then we’ll get started. If you need a break, or start feeling nauseous or dizzy, tell me, and we’ll pause”

Before he could help it, a scoff escaped him. “I’m not gonna *pass out.*”

“Trust me, I’ve had guys covered head to toe and twice your size just keel over. I can at least yell at you if you keep your mouth shut about it like an idiot.” Grian rambled as he squeezed a dollop of petroleum jelly onto his gloved hand. “Now, I don’t think this should take more than an hour. The inner wrist is *slightly* more sensitive than, like, your forearm, but it’s still a very forgiving spot...”

Suddenly, there was a steadying weight against his free hand. Startled, Jimmy turned to look, only to find Joel sat by his side, warm hand covering his. His gaze was trained on their friend, unacknowledging of what he’d done, only squeezing Jimmy reassuringly.

If Grian noticed what had transpired, he didn’t comment on it. “Right, ready to go?”

Jimmy swallowed against the lump in his throat and nodded.

The tattoo gun was turned on; loud, persistent buzzing filled every corner of the studio, and suddenly Jimmy’s lungs refused to take in any air. He turned his head to the side, because there was no chance in hell he was about to watch.

He squeezed at Joel's hand like a damned stress ball, bracing for the horrific pain as the buzzing grew closer and—

Huh.

It wasn't that bad. It really wasn't that bad.

Cool air snaked into his lungs. The tension slowly evaporated from his muscles. Grian was surprisingly gentle with his work—applying the petroleum jelly and pinning the skin in place with gloved fingers. The needle—*don't think about the needle*—left behind an almost hot, burning sensation, which he'd managed to think away by focusing on the teasing chatter that had built up between them. The cool alcohol wipes meant to clean away the excess ink felt like salvation against his inflamed skin.

Like always, time passed, just another blink among millions of others, and suddenly the buzzing ceased.

“We're done?”

Joel clapped his shoulder, his voice light and teasing. “See, you survived! No passing out needed. You can take a look; Grian's hidden away the gun.”

Cautiously, he turned his head.

The dark blue of the stencil had been replaced by crisp black lines, standing slightly raised against his reddened skin. Almost automatically, he shook off Joel's grip, his now free hand ready to trace the art in marvel—

Grian quickly slapped it away. “Unless you want to experience what it's like having an infected tattoo, I suggest you get those fingies away.”

“Oh, right...” He shook his head, trying to rid himself of the

awe-struck fascination which filled his mind.

“C’mon, you need to see it from another perspective,” Joel urged on, not even trying to hide his impatience.

After waiting for a second to make sure his body wasn’t going to blue-screen on him the moment he stopped sitting down, Jimmy found himself being tugged onto his feet and dragged to the large, wall-mounted mirror.

Three figures stared back at him.

Three patches of inflamed skin.

One design tying them together for eternity—three stacked hearts, ensuring that no matter how strong time’s currents became, they could never be disentangled from one another.







**BAD BOYS BLIMMIN BIG
BUTTERED BACON BROCCOLI
BLACK BEANS BETROOT
BREAD BUTTIE BAP**



(aka the tredecuple b)
(also known as the baker's dozen)

This recipe is broken into 3 steps. I recommend doing the patty first, boil the broccoli whilst those are frying, then doing the bacon using the already hot pan.

This recipe has excess! You can use the leftovers to make.. another sandwich. Or you can use as snacks.

Ingredients (for 1 bap) :

Black beans, drained and rinsed (<i>about 240 g drained weight</i>)	1 × 400 g can
Breadcrumbs	50 g
Finely diced onion	40 g
Garlic, minced	2 cloves
Large egg (or 1 flax egg for a vegan version)	1
Ground cumin	2 g (1 tsp)
Smoked paprika	1 g (½ tsp)
Ground black pepper	0.5 g (¼ tsp)
Chopped fresh cilantro or parsley (optional)	5 g
Vegetable or olive oil, for frying	15 mL (1 tbsp)

Instructions :

Black Bean Patty

1. Drain and rinse the black beans, heat them in the oven until mostly dry
2. Place the beans, breadcrumbs, onion, garlic, cumin, smoked paprika, pepper, and herbs (if using) in a large bowl and mash them with a fork or potato masher until mostly smooth, leaving a few whole beans for texture. Mix until well combined.
3. Add and mix in the egg. If the mixture feels too wet to shape, add more breadcrumbs
4. Divide the mixture into 4 equal portions (about 85–90 g each) and shape into patties about 2 cm thick.
5. Heat the oil in a frying pan over medium heat.
6. Cook the patties for 4–5 minutes per side, until golden brown and heated through.

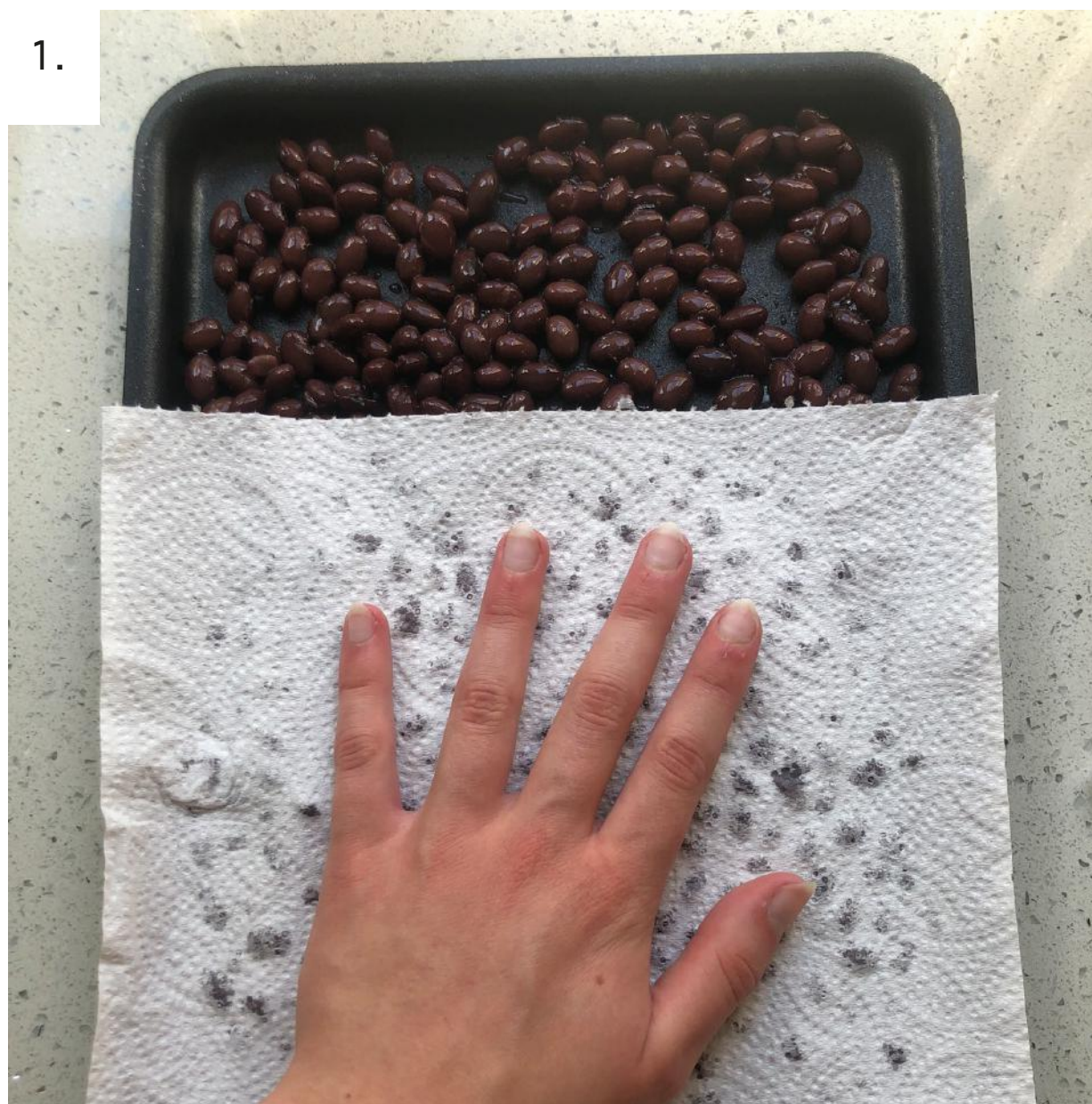
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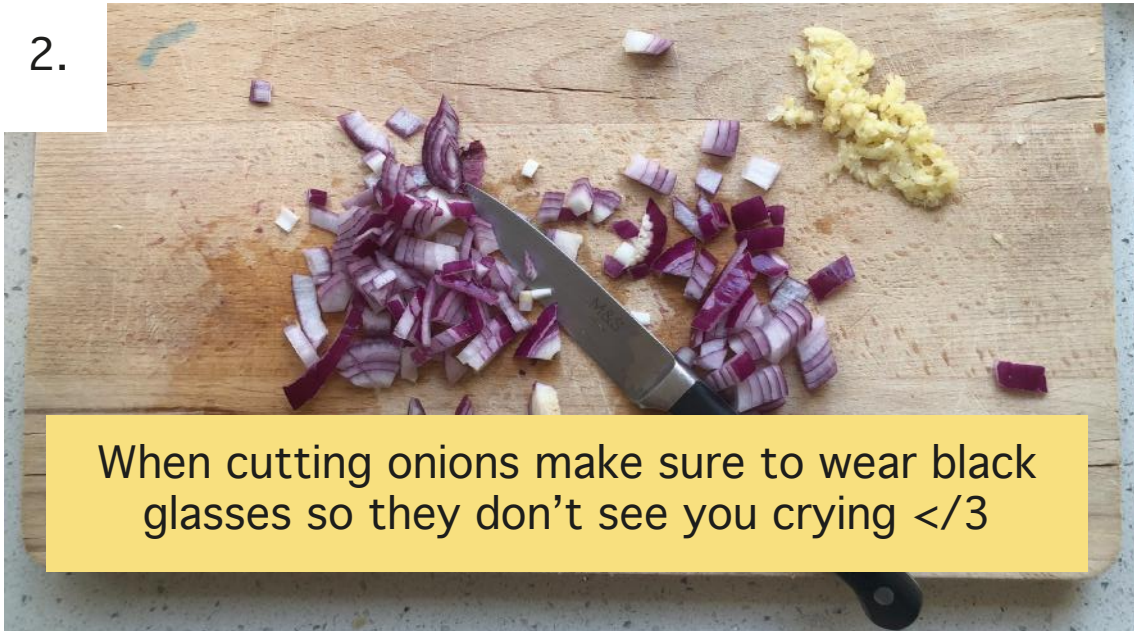
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When cutting onions make sure to wear black glasses so they don't see you crying </3

3.



4.-6.



Broccoli

1. Heat a pan of water
2. Cut the broccoli so you are left with the florets and no stems
3. Boil the broccoli florets for 2-3 minutes until soft
4. Drain and set aside

Bacon

1. Heat a frying pan over the stove (you can do this step straight after the patty) for about 30 seconds
2. Throw in 3 rashers of bacon, then fry until desired crispiness, flipping halfway through (I do mine 5 minutes per side)
3. Assembly
4. Cut the bap in half using a bread knife
5. Butter both baps
6. Take your pickled beetroot, wash off the vinegar with water, then lay them on the bottom
7. Arrange florets on the bottom
8. Choose the best patty and lay it on top
9. Garnish with bacon
10. Apply final bap half

Ta daaa!! You made a Tredecuple B!

but·ty  (bŭt'ē)

n. pl. but·ties *Chiefly British Informal*
A sandwich.

bap  (băp)

n. Chiefly British and Scots

1. A soft bread roll that is often dusted with flour and eaten for breakfast.
2. **baps** *Vulgar Slang* A woman's breasts.



CONVERSATIONS AT NIGHT

Indigo

Grian glared at the horizon, where you could faintly see the outline of the mountain. The remains of the mansion roof still smelled like smoke, and he could hear Jimmy trying to find a comfortable place to lie down.

“Bloody Family,” Joel cursed, taking a seat next to Grian. “Couldn’t deal with us claiming this sick mansion.”

“Is this a record for the fastest arson in the series?” Grian mused in response. “Seems a bit early for these shenanigans.”

“We’ll get them back in the morning,” Joel decided. “Let them face the wrath of the mad Bad Boys.”

“They’ve got no idea what’s coming to them.” Jimmy laughed, in a failed attempt to sound intimidating.

“Let’s get some sleep, boys!” Grian commanded in a joking tone. “Real Bad Boys are well rested.”

They all lay down together, gathered in the area with the least amount of damage.

“Bad boys cuddle when they sleep,” Joel said sleepily, his arm draped across Jimmy’s chest.

“Obviously,” Grian agreed, wedging himself in between the

two.

Bread Bridge was beautiful as it extended into the distance. The three Bad Boys sat, legs dangling off the edge.

“We got them!” Jimmy cheered, almost falling off before he managed to steady himself.

The bloodlust had faded from Joel’s eyes, and now he simply looked proud of himself and his carnage.

The wheat tickled Grian’s arms as he sat there, but he ignored it, relishing the quiet of the server at night.

“I can’t believe we spent all day doing this,” he finally said, breaking the silence.

“Worth it,” Joel replied, still riding the high from his successful kill.

“And we have food now,”

“The best food.”

“How could they!” Jimmy ranted, pacing back and forth.

“It’s just a frog,” Joel groaned, rolling over in bed in an attempt to block out the sound of Jimmy’s loud grieving. “Go to bed.”

“It’s not just a frog,” Jimmy replied hotly. “Judge Judy And Executioner was my frog, and I want him back.”

“We can get him back in the morning,” Grian reasoned. “We

can't be proper Bad Boys if we don't get enough sleep."

"This means war, you know," Jimmy continued, swinging his sword in the direction of the Nosy Neighbors.

"Sure, Tim," Grian said, pushing Jimmy into bed. "In the morning."

Grian's eyes, which had previously been vacant, jumped to life as his spirit re-entered his body. He startled, adjusting to the change in surroundings.

"Grian!" Jimmy shouted, rushing over to his friend.

"About time," Joel commented, not bothering to get up from where he was sitting.

"Alright boys," Grian said, after he took a moment to orient himself. "What happened while I was out?"

Joel and Jimmy shot each other looks, both not wanting to be the one to tell Grian the chaotic events of the day.

Jimmy lost the silent argument, as he usually did.

"It started off well," He started, trying to sound enthusiastic while he stalled. "And then Scar found out."

The three boys sat in silence as they looked upon the wreckage of Bread Bridge. The smoke had cleared a while ago, but they couldn't tear their eyes away, all of them hoping that if they stared long enough the bridge would come back.

"Bloody TIES," Joel cursed, his fist clenched far too tightly.

“I’ll burn their whole blummin’ base to the ground.”

“Not if I get there first,” Grian joked, lightly shoving Joel’s arm in a half-hearted attempt to lighten the mood.

None of them had bothered to change out of their funeral outfits, so the ash and dirt were surely staining the fine black cloth. None of them cared.

“At least we got their mob farm,” Jimmy offered, smiling a little as he remembered the trick.

“True, true.” Joel nodded, not sounding convinced.

They surveyed the carnage for a while longer, until the sun was well and truly set behind the Neighbors’ tower of frogs.

“Better head to bed,” Grian said as he stood up and stretched. “We have things to do in the morning.”

“Right.” Joel rose, and rolled his eyes. “All this over a cow.”

—————

Jimmy’s makeshift funeral reached its end, and without jokes to distract them, the remaining two bad boys found themselves confronted with the truth of their loss.

“I keep thinking he’ll come back,” Grian confessed. “I can picture his indignant yelling about the service.”

“We all knew he’d go soon.” Joel tried to laugh, but quickly sobered. “Just thought he had more time.”

No matter how hard he tried, Grian couldn’t stop thinking of Jimmy’s face as he fell. He had been laughing, sure that he was about to secure a kill. And then. His face had slipped so quickly into panic, his hand reaching for something, anything

to grab onto.

“Bad boy in the sky,” Grian reminded himself, trying and failing to revive the humor from earlier.

“Bad boy on the ground,” Joel countered, then sighed.
“Besides, not like we’ve got long until we join him.”

Joel was right. It wasn’t much longer until Grian’s sunglasses were reflecting the lightning caused by his last teammate’s death.

Five hours and thirty-one minutes left on Grian’s clock. Zero minutes on Jimmy’s. And zero minutes on Joel’s.

Grian just sat for a while, watching the seconds tick by on his watch, with them suddenly going too slowly for his taste. Night had fallen on the server, and everyone had settled into their bases.

Normally, the three Bad Boys would be discussing the events of the day and making plans for the next, and with two gone, the silence was suffocating.

Grian laid down, closing his eyes tightly, for if he opened them he would have to confront that Jimmy and Joel weren’t there beside him.

He laid like that for a while, trying to hallucinate his friends’ breathing, until he finally drifted off to sleep.





Grian Minecraft



WANTED



SmallishBeans



Jimmy Solidarity



WANTED



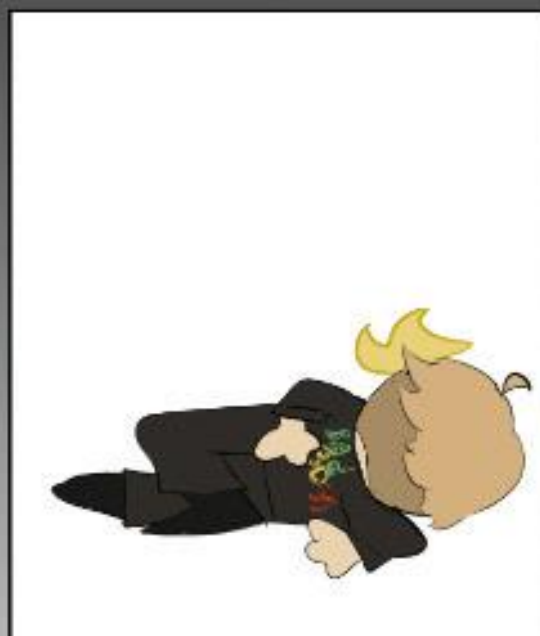




BAD BOY
VERY FLAT
ON THE FLOOR



POOR LAD



LETS GO MURDER THE FAMILIY
BECAUSE THYE TRYED TO KILL JIM
IN REVENGE



BAD BOYS, GANG BOYS, WANTING OUR HOME BOYS



SamIsGeek

“YEAH! WE’RE THE BAD BOYS!!”

A group of three boys were running out of a small but fancy looking watchmaker’s shop, arms full of cash and watches. In front was a shorter boy, who was probably 19 years old. He was wearing black jeans, a red sweater, and a black leather jacket. A pair of sunglasses were on top of his head, keeping his messy sandy blonde hair out of his face. From afar, all anyone could see on his face was pure joy, but if you looked close, you could tell he was panicking.

The boy next to him looked a lot more laid back and unbothered. He was a little taller than the sandy blonde boy, yet he looked a year younger. Poking out through his messy brown hair was a streak of green. He was also wearing black jeans, but they were so faded that they looked gray. Over a white t-shirt he wore a black leather vest, and a pair of black leather fingerless gloves and the sunglasses halfway down his nose really pulled the look together.

The last member of the group, the one who had shouted, was easily the tallest member, which was funny considering he was probably the youngest of the three at 17 years old. His bright blonde hair shined in the sunlight as he ran after his fellow teammates, attempting to keep up. He was wearing a normal pair of jeans with a belt chain, a black t-shirt, and a denim jacket with the sleeves rolled up to the middle of his arms. His sunglasses covered his eyes, but you could still tell that they



were shining with excitement and pride.

As they continued to run, a pair of younger boys, probably about 12 and 13, ran out of the store, guns in hand. They started to shoot, and the group of teens quickly ran down a random ally, hoping they wouldn't be followed. Thankfully, they weren't.

"That was AMAZING!" The tall blonde boy exclaimed.

"It would have been better if SOMEONE had disabled the alarms." The short boy with the sandy blonde hair glared at his green streaked brother.

"For your information, I was preoccupied with a whole other job."

"Is 'a whole other job' a new code for 'flirting with the pretty pink haired girl across the street'?" The tall blonde boy said, earning a death glare from his green streaked older brother.

"Joel, are you serious?"

"She's really pretty, Grian!"

Grian sighed, and looked back over at his youngest brother. "Jimmy, are you ok? Scar nearly got you at the end."

Jimmy nodded. "Yeah, I'm all good!"

"Those boys can barely aim." Joel added. Jimmy tried and failed to muffle his laughter, and Grian just smiled. It was true. Despite the Clocker boys being the children of two very high and powerful mafia members, they missed way more shots than they hit.

Jimmy continued to talk about how amazing their heist went as they walked up to the building they lived on top of. As

they climbed up the fire escape, one of the people who lived inside, a tall brown haired girl wearing a navy colored zip up hoodie, opened her window.

“Hey Grian!” She waved at the boys.

“Oh, hey Pearl!” Grian climbed back down a little bit to see Pearl as Jimmy and Joel continued going up. “What’s up?”

“Nothing. I just wanted to see you guys.” At that moment, her and her roommate’s cat, Frog, jumped up onto the windowsill in front of her.

“Hey Frog.” Grian patted the cat on the head, and Frog responded by hissing at him.

“Oof, I guess he’s still not your biggest fan.” Pearl’s roommate, a tall, dark skinned boy with short curly hair and stubble wearing a dark blue cardigan walked up next to Pearl. “So, did you guys get the Clockers shop?”

Grian nodded, showing off his armful of goods. The two roommates nodded in approval. “We had a slight hiccup at the end, but overall it went well. Oh, BigB, you would have LOV-”

“ARE YOU COMING UP OR NOT?!” Joel was leaning over the edge, looking just a little pissed off.

“IN A MINUTE!” Grian yelled back before facing Pearl and BigB. “Well, I better head back up. Talk to you later?” The pair nodded, and after grabbing their grumpy cat, closed the window.

“I thought you were gonna leave us or something.” Joel said as Grian climbed up to the roof.

“Calm down, it was only a couple of minutes. Not even.” Grian walked over to the pile of bins and three sleeping bags that

the Bad Boys called home. Jimmy was sitting nearby, the pile of stolen goods in front of him.

“What’s our total so far?” Grian asked as he kneeled down next to Jimmy.

“\$183 in cash, not including what you have in your hands.”

“Not too bad. I’m sure all of these clocks and watches will sell for a good amount.”

“We should hit Ties tomorrow.”

Joel stared at Jimmy like he had grown three heads. “Are you mental? We can’t hit two of the biggest mafia factions in two days!”

“Well, maybe we can get the Mean Gills to help.” Jimmy suggested.

Joel immediately started shaking his head. “Absolutely not. I REFUSE to work with that slimy little blue haired-”

“Calm down Joel, it was just a suggestion!” Grian put his hands up, stopping the argument before it got too out of hand. As the oldest, he had to do this fairly often. “Joel’s right, Tim, we can’t attack Ties the day after the Clockers. However, IF we decide to attack Ties, allying with the Mean Gills wouldn’t be the worst idea.”

Joel started to argue. “But-”

“But nothing! You can put aside your little feud with Scott for one HYPOTHETICAL” Grian looked straight at Jimmy when he said that, “mission. Is that clear?”

Both boys nodded, and continued going through all the watches. When they finished, they put them all in a special,

locked box with all their other valuables.

“Do you boys think after today, if we sell all those watches, we could finally have enough to buy back Bread Bridge?” Jimmy questioned. Joel and Grian exchanged a sad look.

Bread Bridge was the bakery the boys practically lived in with their parents. Well, until their parents failed to pay the previous leader of the Clockers family mafia, and were murdered. About 2 years ago, when the current Clockers leader, Cleo, took over, the building was put up for sale. That’s when the Bad Boys decided to buy it back, and the easiest way to do so was becoming a gang, and reselling anything cool from their heists.

“Not quite yet,” Grian said with a sad smile. “Almost there though.”

Jimmy returned his brother’s smile. “That’s good.” That’s when Joel started yawning. “Bed?” He questioned. Grian nodded in agreement.

As they got into their sleeping bags, Grian started thinking about Jimmy’s idea. They were close to their goal, but about 3 small heists. Maybe a Ties heist should happen, and sooner rather than later, as that would be a pretty big payout.

“Good night, Bad Boys.” Jimmy whispered to the other two.

“Good night, Bad Boys.” Joel responded, basically asleep.

Grian looked at his brothers asleep on either side of him, and smiled.

“Good night, Bad Boys.”

BAD BOYS

grah stop
tim
wuz
here

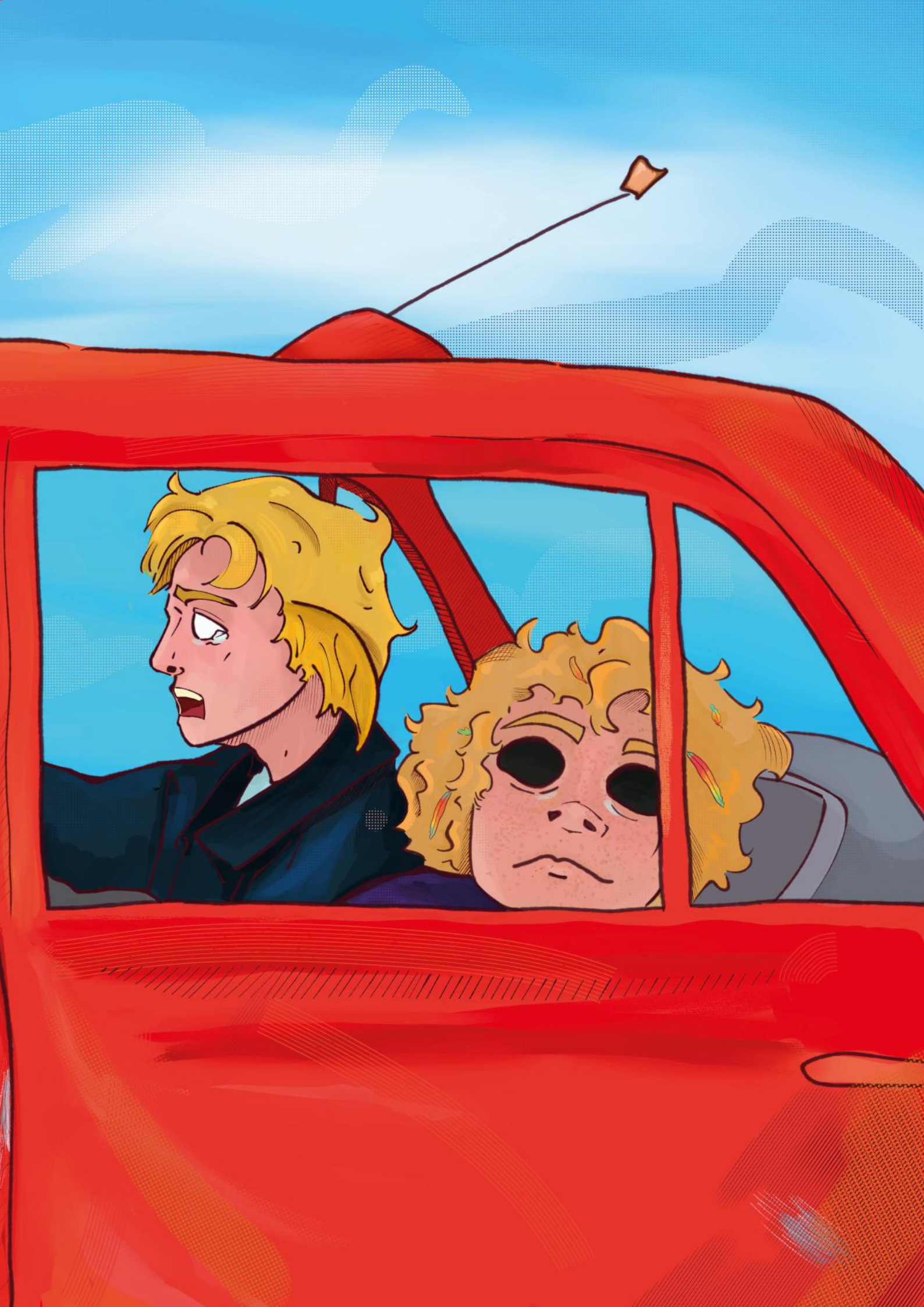
LDKI_THE_SILLY

yoo!!





goo_se_



反派男子漢

THE BAD BOYS



THE LIFE SERIES PRESENTS in association with THE WATCHER starring GUNN JIMMY SOLDARITY JOEL SMALLISHBEANS MARTYN INTHELITTLEWOOD
SCOTT SMAJOR GOODTIMESWITHSCAR BDOUBLED100 ZOMBIECLO PERALESENTMOON BIGBST4TZ2 IMPULSESX SKIZZLEMAN ETHOSLAB TANGO TEK

A TOSHROK LANG POSTER

TEAM SELECTION



RAD BOYS

The Family

nosy neighbors

mean girls

TIES

RAD BOYS

Are they bad boys, mad boys, or maybe they're a little bit sad, boys.

Jimmy

- sometimes known as timmy
- special move: Judge, Judy, and executioner
- canary curse: he will always die first

Joel

- hates horses
- special move: bread bridge attack
- joels madness: in the end he will lose himself to the redness

Gavin

- causes violence for fun
- special move: tnt mincart
- widows curse: can't die before his team



JIMMY



JOEL



GAVIN

GHATOYANT

Pluie d'Astéroïdes

It's seriously getting on his nerves.

He's trying not to show it, but his posture is tense, his eyebrows are furrowed, and his hands have transformed into fists, tightly gripping onto delicate feathers.

Grian makes an inquisitive noise, his head tilting to the side, an interrogation awakening on the tip of his tongue.

"Joel," Jimmy warns, and the floor stops creaking, if only for a minute. "Could you *please*, for the love of my sanity, stop pacing?" the canary hybrid asks before resuming his work, his fingers plunging into Grian's soft, downy, albeit damaged wings.

"Your sanity does not deserve any love, Tim," Joel rebuts, an evil grin plastered on his lips, and Grian snickers behind a hand, amused.

Jimmy tugs on one of Grian's feathers with force, and the parrot hybrid yelps.

"What was *that* for?!" he exclaims, turning around to face Jimmy in hopes of retaliation, eyes filled to the brim with murder, dynamite explosions on the tips of his fingers.

"Cease your pestering, pesky bird, or I shall not preen you!" the blond man challenges, his own wings puffing out with annoyance as an attempt to intimidate his teammate.

Grian groans, yet relents nonetheless, quietly deploying his



wings to their full length.

The canary sighs then pursues his task, dusting his friend's feathers, cleaning them from the particles of powder and fragments of cement which remain attached to them, glued to bloody calamuses.

Silently, Joel resumes his insignificant, meaningless walk around their base, mumbling nonsense under his breath, the planks of wood squeaking under his platform boots, and Jimmy grumbles, ultimately bothered.

"Joel!" he squawks, impatient, and both men stare at each other for a long, mute minute. "You've been tramping for so long, you'll burn holes in the ground! What's wrong, bud?" he queries, raising an inquisitive brow.

Joel crosses his arms atop his chest and harrumphs, his coloured strand of hair lifting to the rhythm of his breaths, his puffy tail angrily swishing behind his petite stature.

"I—I don't... I mean... I feel *miserable*," he admits, his voice creaking like broken branches being stepped on, shaking his head from left to right, his ears lowered, gracing the sides of his head. "We just got attacked, Grian got considerably hurt, and I don't even know how to preen," he adds, morose. "I'm just... I'm just useless..." he trails off, sadness creasing bags under his chestnut-hued eyes, and, shoulders lumped forward, he sits next to his friends, gloomy.

"Hey, hey, now," Grian tuts, then gestures for Jimmy to stop, both avians moving closer to the red panda hybrid, surrounding him with crimson reds, sunflower yellows, and ocean blues. "We can always show you, silly," the redhead suggests, a timid smile appearing on his lips, his constellations of freckles gleaming alongside his beaming hope.

"Yeah," Jimmy agrees, profusely nodding, and the comical

sight makes Joel slightly chuckle, his ears perking up once more. "You're not useless, Beans," the tallest of them all confidently states, "We'll show you," he promises, and Grian's back faces him again.

Joel gets closer to the both of them, curiosity emanating off his small form in waves, and he observes, humming.

"Technically, a bath or shower taking place before the preening process helps the keratin secrete faster," the parrot explains, slowly, gradually angling his wings in Jimmy's direction, his head wings ruffled, puffed up. "But I'm lazy," he remarks, and they all giggle, Joel snorting in disbelief.

"You want to get rid of pin feathers," Jimmy defines his actions, and he demonstrates by letting his fingers cascade down one of Grian's deep-blue feathers. A shiver visibly rolls down the redhead's back, itchiness growing underneath his skin. "See? It's all dull and fragile, which means the new feather is ready to grow. For it to be able to do so, we need to break the keratin shell that protects it," the canary points out as if reciting the rules straight out of a book by heart.

"Won't this... hurt, though?" Joel warily questions, antsy, and he crosses his legs, putting the sunglasses that previously sat on the bridge of his nose atop his head, some neon-green strands following gravity's lead and curtaining his forehead.

Grian chirps out of frustration.

"No, quite the opposite, actually," he gruffly reveals, impatient. "Timmy—"

"Urgh, fine, pesky bird," Jimmy whines as he rolls his eyes, and he delicately, carefully plucks the feather out from the waves of cobalt that surrounds it, Grian letting out a sigh of relief. "Pin feathers are *incredibly* itchy, Beans, which is why they need to go," the blond Bad Boy clarifies, his

fingers latching onto yet another feather. “Still, be careful, because feathers that do not seem loose enough may still be connected to their respective blood vessels, and so getting rid of them hastily would cause bleeding,” he announces, and the red panda profusely nods, his tail enthusiastically thumping against the floor.

“Always communicate with the avian you preen, too,” Grian recommends, and Jimmy hums in agreement, moving at a faster pace underneath Joel’s intrigued gaze. “It’s important to make sure both parties are on the same page,” he says in a singsong.

His back still facing the shorter Bad Boy, Jimmy suddenly opens his wings wide and angles them in Joel’s direction, yellow plumes soon brushing the tip of his nose, a sneeze awakening in his lungs.

“Want to try?” Jimmy openly proposes in between breezy laughs, softly hitting Joel’s cheek with the tip of his left wing, extirpating an affronted ‘hey!’ from the brunet, who, despite being attacked, cannot seem to refuse, the desire to help his teammates stronger than anything else.

“Why not?” he says, shrugging, and, confident, he comes closer to his friend, his short fingers diving into a sea of fluffy feathers, Jimmy practically purring underneath his touch.

Gradually, a pile of crumpled feathers grows next to him, and he squeaks happily as Jimmy coos, content, Grian mumbling plans of destruction under his breath, a genuine smile plastered on his scarred lips.

Thank you for trusting me, they all think in unison before falling into deep slumber, later that night.





BAD BOYS BUCKET HAT





Dimensions :

Crown circumference - 21.5 in

Side (bottom) circumference - 26 in

Brim circumference - 35 in

Wingspan - 30.5 in

Supplies :

1. 3.5 or crochet hook
2. Crochet sewing needles (large blunt ones, but normal ones can also work)
3. Stitch marker (recommended)
4. Scissors
5. Pipe cleaners



6. Size 4 medium yarn skeins in roughly the following colors



**Link to
Full Pattern
HERE!**



FEATHERS EVERYWHERE



Glass

There were feathers everywhere, littering the ground like discarded rubies. They crunched under Joel's boots as he ran. He tried to focus on the sound of his footfalls, and not the bone-chilling *snap* of cartilage; avian feathers were still human.

A crash sounded in the canopy. Joel veered in its direction, just in time to watch a shower of cherry blossoms cloud over the hillside. His gaze darted up, to where he knew Grian would be leaping into the next treetop. Two vivid red wings eclipsed the crescent moon. Joel levelled his sword before it could sit too heavy in his hand; he knew better than to stay still. Not when the air was filled with laughter, tinged with birdsong. Not when Grian had a crossbow, and the higher ground.

Not when he was so close to winning.

This morning, Joel and Gem had shared a branch of mulberries. She'd leaned back against the hood of the car they'd never been able to get working, a wry grin across her face. "We could win this, you know."

Joel had laughed—partly to hide his nerves, and partly because the idea of *anyone* winning felt outrageous. After so many wildcards, it had started to feel like things would just continue like this, forever. Gem's right eye was the colour of sunflower petals; the server was red, but not *all* of it. They'd had time.



Now the car was in ashes, and Gem was dead.

A hiss in the air sent Joel leaping to the ground. An arrow buried itself in the nearest tree trunk, inches from where his head had been. Far above, Grian was laughing. In the dark, with cherry petals floating ghostlike, it was impossible to keep track of him.

“Where are you?” Joel hissed, staggering to his feet.

Birdsong rang through the trees.

Maybe that was it—Joel hauled himself onto the next ridge, lungs heaving. It just felt surreal. The way Grian kept hopping from tree to tree, laughing down at him, firing warning shots that kept missing... it didn’t feel like the final showdown. It felt like a game of tag.

A branch snapped. Joel whirled around, registering that Grian was now *below him*. The nearest cherry blossom canopy shivered. In the midst of its branches, he spotted the avian: one of his wings was snared in a branch.

“I see you, Grian!” Joel barked out a laugh before launching himself into the tree. Branches nicked at his exposed face and arms as coral-pink petals engulfed his vision. He landed shakily on the centremost bough, and hauled himself upright.

“Hey, Joel.” Grian’s chest heaved with exertion. The streak of blood across his forehead told Joel he hadn’t escaped the recent battle unscathed. Joel raised his sword, moonlight glinting off the diamond blade, and—

In the dark of Grian’s eyes, something shifted. There was anger—Joel recognised the burning bloodthirst of a red life—but beneath that, there was something else. Something much too warm.

Fondness. He *was* enjoying it.

Suddenly, the weight of the sword was dragging Joel into the earth. He let it drop. Diamond clattered against stone with a resounding echo.

“Just us,” said Grian. He tried and failed to rip his wing free of the branches.

Joel steeled himself. His gaze darted down to Grian’s off hand. The crossbow had fallen slack against his side—but it was loaded. *It’s a trick. Don’t let him distract you.*

“I’m sorry, Grian.” Joel planted his hands on his chest and shoved him out the tree.

Grian broke free of the canopy in a flurry of feathers. Joel watched for a horrible moment as he teetered over the edge of the cliff, then fell. Moonlight glinted against the red of his jumper as he tumbled backwards, wings arcing out behind him like split ribbons, and—

Wind whipped around Joel’s face. Ringing blue skies and bright daylight scythed through his vision. He was standing on a metal rigging, looking down at a landscape that was dizzyingly far. A glittering azure ocean, a marshland, an island surrounded by coral reefs—it all smeared together in Joel’s mind. He was staggering forward, arm outstretched to grab the handle of a minecart—

Not the minecart. Jimmy. They’d both fallen over the edge.

“*Jimmy!*” Grian’s scream rang out beside him. He doubled over at the edge of the Skybridge—the name slotted into Joel’s mind like a puzzle piece—and sank his fingers into the eroding stone.

Jimmy’s yellow feathers caught the sunlight as he plummeted.

For a moment, it seemed like he'd righted himself; but the wind split through the pinioned feathers, bending one wing alarmingly backwards, and then—

Lightning split the air.

White light scintillated through Joel's vision. He was staring into the valley, night obscuring the dark outlines of the cherry trees. When he staggered back, his foot met nothing; he plunged out the tree and landed hard on the ridge beneath.

Pain smarted through his tailbone. He sat up gingerly, adrenaline surging through him as he realised how close he'd come to falling off the mountain. Far below, the server rippled with the impact of another death.

Grian had fallen.

So did Jimmy.

Joel raked his fingers through his hair. *What was that?* The vision had felt so real—he could taste the wind whipping around him. Sea salt and wheat. He *remembered that taste*; the grief splitting through his chest as Jimmy died. He remembered Grian collapsing against him, sobbing.

That doesn't make sense. I've never been on a team with Jimmy.

Cherry blossoms showered over him. *I won*, he realised. Triumph failed to bloom in his chest; in its place was something bitter-tasting. It occurred to him that no one had ever talked about what happened to winners. He'd imagined a ridiculous fanfare of some kind; a trophy floating down from the heavens. A small choir, maybe. A crown.

Not this; not the overwhelming solitude of being the last living person in the server.

What the hell do I do now?

“I have no idea,” said Jimmy.

Wheat strands rasped against Joel’s knees, shivering in the wind. The field stretched far off on either side; a precarious landbridge between two islands. Far overhead, the distant interlacing shapes of the skybridge bisected a sheet of cirrus. Joel lowered his sunglasses over his eyes.

Grian didn’t move. He hadn’t all day.

They’d found him in the wheat field, wings akimbo, a brilliant flash of red in the golden landscape. At first, Joel’s heart had leapt into his throat; *Grian’s dead. He got up early, and the boogeyman picked him off.* He’d dismissed the thought just as quickly; if Grian was dead, the server would’ve told them. Would’ve swallowed his body and spat it back out, sans one hour.

This didn’t feel like a death. This felt like something else Joel had encountered; something he couldn’t remember, but *knew*, the same intuitive way he’d recognise sleep.

“Just a bit off-kilter, Jim,” he said. “He’ll be back.”

“You sure?” Jimmy’s nose scrunched. A stray feather leapt from one of his wings as he shuddered. It awoke brief sympathy in Joel; he didn’t have the flock instinct that left Jimmy so concerned, but it was no comfort seeing their friend in this state.

“Of course,” he replied, pushing reassurance into his tone. “All we need to worry about is keeping him alive. Let’s start by getting him off the bridge.”

“There’s a llama. We could use that?”

A sleepy Grian on a llama? That *also* felt familiar, for some reason. Joel shook it away before he could dwell on it. “Come on, Jim. You get his legs, and I’ll just...”

He knelt down, wheat crunching beneath his knees, and hoisted his hands under Grian’s arms. For someone built to be airborne, he was surprisingly heavy. “Good grief, Grian. What do you eat?”

A hand flew at his face in response. Joel batted it away with a laugh.

Knucklebones crunched under Joel’s boot.

He leapt away from it, revolted. It was protruding from the depths of a thornbush, thumb bent at an awkward angle Joel wanted to say hadn’t been him, but *couldn’t*. The pit in his chest only deepened as he followed the rest of the body. Someone had clearly fallen through the trees, landing headfirst on unforgiving roots. Two dark crescent-moon shapes swept through the air, not yet stiff, but unquestionably dead. Moonlight accented the red-and-blue feathers lining their edges.

Grian. He won’t respawn this time.

Joel’s unease became something sinister; a cage closing in on him. Pulse quickening, he forced himself to turn away and walk. *It’s not real. It’s just some kind of... some kind of dream. I just need to distract myself. I set a trap, right?*

Yeah, the trap. He could set that off. He knew for a fact it hadn’t gotten anyone. What was stopping him from testing it now? He had all the time in the world. He’d *won*. There was no countdown this time—not like before—

Flames licked at the base of the Woodland Mansion, flooding the space above with heat. Joel’s grip on the rafter tightened,

adrenaline sharpening the feeling of splinters nicking into his palms.

“Check it out, Joel!” Grian and Jimmy raced through the door in a flurry of feathers. Joel barely had time to react before something dark flew through the air at him. He caught it quickly and unfolded it: a leather jacket.

“Guys, what the hell is this?”

“Matching jackets!” Jimmy jerked his chin sharply. A pair of sunnies flew off his forehead and clattered to the ground. He ducked his head; clearly he’d tried to go for something cooler.

“I get it.” Joel picked up the sunglasses and slid them onto his own head, earning a snort from Grian. “Bad Boys.”

“Bad Boys!” Grian raised a hand for a high five.

Bad Boys. Joel’s chest tightened. *That was us. We were a team. We were...*

The fire was still burning; or maybe it had never gone out. It had lingered in the roots of the woodland mansion; crawled its way up to Bread Bridge when no one was looking. The eye-watering scent of burning wheat brought a choked noise from Joel’s throat:

Their bridge, burning.

“We’ll get our revenge,” Grian said.

In his mind, Joel took it as a vow.

Is this what revenge looks like?

He was kneeling now, staring down at his hands. How much blood had he spilled with those hands? What else did he not

remember? *Grian's dead. I killed him.* The grief swelled in his chest. *We were teammates. We called ourselves the Bad Boys. What a dumb name. What dumb idiots.* Idiots he'd loved *so much.* It burned his chest; he imagined himself as a wheat field turning to ash.

The fondness in Grian's eyes—Joel hadn't been wrong. He *had* seen that.

Because he remembered. The last grains of wheat coalesced back onto the stem. *Grian remembered.*

That's what the winners get.

Violet light flashed in the corner of his vision. Too late, Joel recognised what he'd missed; the static crawling up his spine. The prickle of gooseflesh on his arm. *We're not just left to roam free. We win, and we die, and remember.*

Does that mean I'll remember them next time? Will there even be a next time?

Pain split through Joel's chest as he realised he didn't know. How many lives had he gone through with the two of them? Allies and enemies, avians in the trees, friends he fought and laughed with and loved and forgot.

I won't forget them. Not again.

Joel didn't feel the lightning strike, but he felt the moment after it: the world pixellated, and something inside him *severed* as he fell away from it.

As violet light engulfed him, Joel's panic condensed into determination. He wouldn't forget them this time. They had been there before, and they would be there again.

And this time, Joel was ready.





Hello, my name is
**BIG MAN
JIM**

BREAD BRIDGE
CAFE + BISTRO

Order
up!

Hey!!

Hello, my name is
**Lizzie's
Husband**

Hello, my name is
Grain

Hey!!

Hello, my name is
Grain





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MYRRH



myrrh.cos



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GEM



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MiPai



MiPaiHere

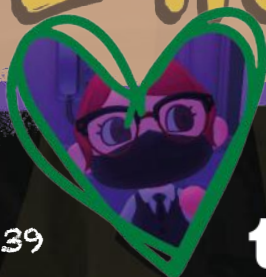


MiPaiSomewhere



@mi3-14

BLUE HOUR



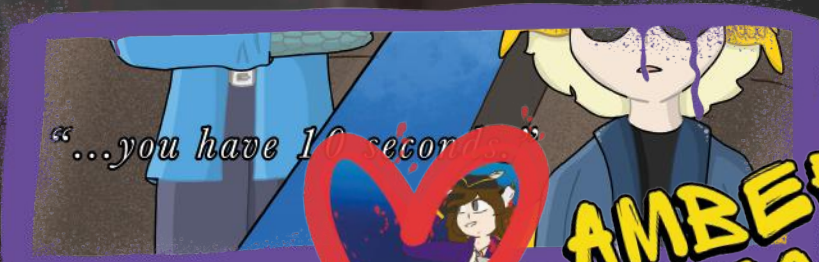
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Bookworm39



justabookworm39



"...you have 10 seconds"

AMBER
GOODSHINE



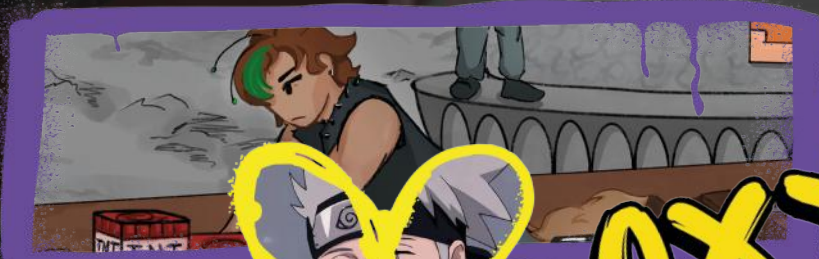
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Amber Goodshine
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Captain Amber G



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**POKING A HOLE
THROUGH THE NIGHT TIME**



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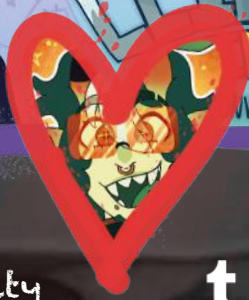
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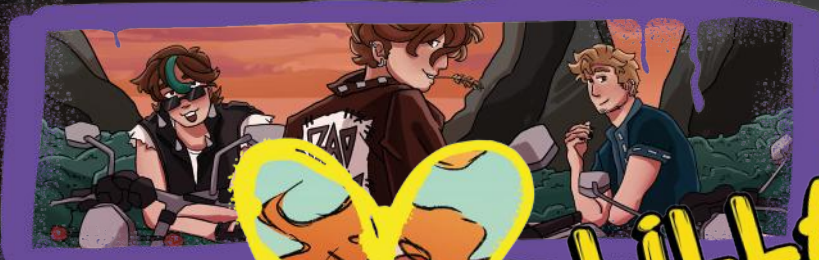
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CREE
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CONVERSATIONS

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**CREE
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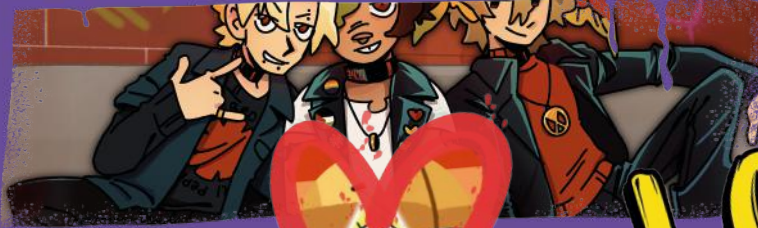
**BAD BOYS, GANG BOYS,
WANTING OUR GOME BOYS**



**SAMIS
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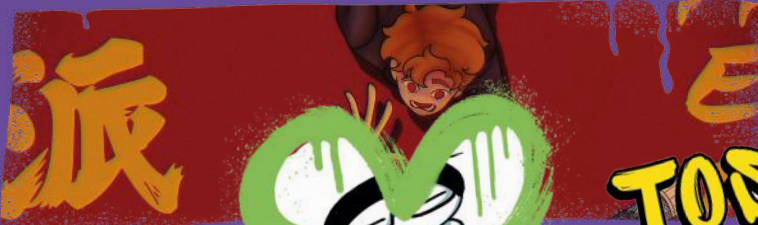
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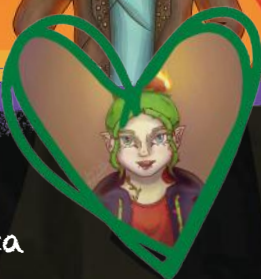
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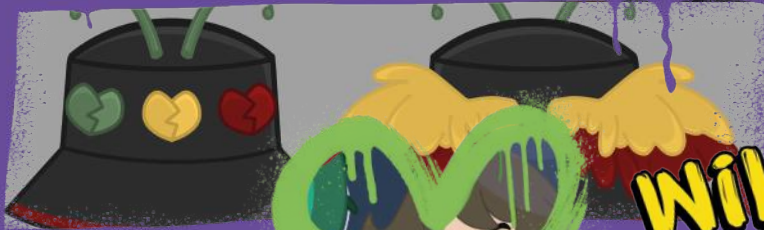
MONKE



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WILLOW
STARZ



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FEATHERS
EVERYWHERE



GLASS



uncooked-
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NYX

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SYLVIA

t itsyagirlmaggie

t itsstillmaggie

sk Its_Maggie



FRIEND

t hellishfriend

LAYOUT MOD



Curlew

 the_outervilds

HEAD ART MOD



Creech

 & cr

ART MOD



Myrrh

 myrrh.cos  sweetmyrrhs

GENE



Amber Go

  Captain



churr
ee-churr



oodshine
n Amber G

GENERAL MOD



Lemon
t Lemonett-creations

ART MOD



Hyde
t ⚔ hyde0monster

THE BAD BOYS

