**The Cursed City of Mizzleport**by Josh  
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*In the darkest corner of this world lies the distraught city of Mizzleport. A city where anything can happen, a city so full of death and sadness that their only festival is normal-day - where they have a typical day. The rest of the time is chaos, death and evil rabbits.*

Lt was an average day in Mizzleport, the sun was shining, the birds were chirping and the sky was raining literal cats and dogs. Yes Mizzleport had been plagued many years ago with absurd curses which could cause anything from crop failure to turning people into squid. Well today the cursed sundial was on cat and dog rain but who knows what tomorrow would bring.

Meanwhile, the cursebringer was agitated. Tomorrow was the agreed normal-day. His least favourite day of the year. Where was the passion, the chaos and the absurdly large squirrels? He decided to make a plan, a new holiday to replace normal-day and so he began preparing **without** the permission of the council.

By the next day the preparations were complete. As the villagers woke up prepared for a normal-day, a pink explosion rocked the sky unleashing torrents of confetti on the town. “That's slightly out of the ordinary,” thought the mayor, but he forgot the notion almost immediately, as the confetti only suffocated one person and the pink explosion caused little to no harm. Little did he know it was about to get much, much worse.

A couple hours into the festival after the newspaper buyathon and the slow leisurely coffee drinking contest, the second stage of the cursebringer’s ‘weird day’ began. Just as the sandwich making challenge was about to begin a void of darkness engulfed the town.

The mayor was slightly agitated, “I do believe the sun has gone out," he said to his secretary, "that’s slightly unnerving.” But that was only just beginning. A glittering orb began to lower in place of the sun and it began spinning unleashing a torrent of sparkles on the town. The onlookers looked in awe at what they assumed was the beckoner of the apocalypse. They were naïve. After a few minutes people began returning to their normal activities just as two dinosaurs wearing top hats and wielding glow sticks flew down from the sky on a giant boom box and crushed 64.5 people and then began dancing energetically to Cage's 4’33”. This was a step too far.

A couple of days later the hearing began. The cursebringer was brought to the stand, defended by the interdimensional defence attorney. The judge, the head of the council of control. The crime, breaking the sacred pact of normal-day. The judge began the trial with a few swift bangs of the gavel.

“We are here today for the trial of the cursebringer, an entity that brings chaos and misery who works for us for reasons we cannot divulge to the general public, for the crime of disrespecting the pact of normal day, How do you plead?”

The cursebringer just sat there anger bubbling, a special curse brewing.

“*Well*…” says the judge, “if you can’t plead then this case is all but decided.”

“HOLD IT,” yelled the interdimensional defence attorney, “What about the cross-examination and witness, what about the witnesses?”

“This is a pretty open and shut case so we will not need go through the normal pleasantries, so today we will just have the defendant sign the deal makers book to force him to suffer 10,000 years hard labour in the Deep Wilds. If you refuse you will be sent into the vortex of death. BRING IN THE DEAL MAKER." A door opened and out of it sank a hooded creature with a book in place of its second hand. It crawled along the floor then raised up next to the defendant.

“Now,” said the Judge, “sign the book or die.”

Just as that final word was uttered, a bolt of energy blasted straight at the judge, rewiring his beard into a toaster and inflicting upon him the slow tortuous agony of being burned alive. Then another bolt slammed into the deal maker turning his book hand into a pile of charred ashes and the words began swirling out of it and began attacking the people in the stands teleporting away, disintegrating and inflicting the punishment of squidification on them. Then an orb of energy began to build in the cursebringer’s hand and he pulled back to throw at the attorney.

“*Hu-u-old it,”* the attorney pleaded, “I’m innocent.”

Then the orb collided with his face, destroying his eyes, mouth and most importantly his spiky spiky hair. He then fell to the ground dead. The cursebringer then walked out of the courtroom and shot a bolt at the sky and called down the tarantula of the apocalypse and destroyed the courtroom but from its ashes came the judge, his beard still a toaster but massive staff in his hands. He chanted an ancient curse and ran straight at the cursebringer and rammed into him and the tarantula and turned all of them into a pile of strange spiders and all began to crawl down to the centre of the Deep Wilds and preparing to take back what is theirs.

The end

P.S. this is set before Unraveller, and the spiders are little brothers