

You know, the hardest part about a self-insert is staying true to yourself. Can I trust myself to fully capture my essence? Will that line up with how others perceive me? Are my friends going to laugh at my overly-inflated ego? Surely some level of embellishment is to be expected in creative fictional fan writing! These were the things plaguing my mind on that fateful night so many years ago...

See, the gang and I were tasked with writing some absurd fanfics in a twisted competition by a deviant from, blech, central Washington. I had not written in even a half serious capacity in many years, and I was struggling to generate ideas. My first thought was to go meta with it, but surely my readers would see through such a flimsy attempt to pad out the length of the story. These were stable, intelligent folk. Real salt of the earth people who would never mix deep-fried potatoes with a frozen dairy desert. I had to treat them with respect, so I stepped outside and took a hit.

One McDonald's trip later and my mind was racing with ideas. I could have the characters from the Mario universe fight off against the Marvel universe! Everybody knows how much I love Thanos. Or better yet, why not drop the Fellowship into the world of Homestar Runner? "Dear Strong Bad, I have this magic ring I have to return. What do I do?" HAHAHAHA Funniest shit I've ever heard. Before I could get too deep into an idea, I began slumping back into my chair. Why was my body so heavy? My arms were quaking as I reached out to the keyboard.

"RYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!", I called out in fear. She came rushing in.

"UAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! Zach, what the hell is wrong with you?!" screamed Ryan. She must have been surprised to see me sprawled out on the floor.

"I just took a hit of that weed you bought the other day, and it's hitting me REALLY strong. What is it anyway?" I'll never forget the name of that strain. Those two words would forever change my life...

“Scooby Snacks”

When I come to, I find myself in a tie-dye hammock in the back of what appears to be a large van. Red and green lava lamps provide some low light, and I try to make sense of my surroundings. There's a woven rainbow banner covering the wall across from me, and fluffy pillows blanket the floor. Before I can even get out of the hammock, the doors fling wide open and I'm greeted by two figures. On the right is a tall lanky man with a goatee, bell-bottoms, and a really rough head of hair. Like, I'm talking ragged. I wish there was a better word to describe it, but that's all I got. Standing next to him is a brilliant brown Great Dane with black spots.

“Like, Scoob, he's finally awake!” says the slender man.

“Yeah, awake, Raggy!” barks the dog. I blink. Did I seriously hear that right? I must have been wearing my incredulous pants, because the man stopped me before I could even stammer out a response.

“I know what you're probably thinking, man. This here is my pal Scooby-Doo, and yes, he can talk! He's, like, a talking dog, man. Wild, right?!” he explained. “My name is Shaggy. We found you on the side of the road and picked you up.” This was all moving too fast. One minute I'm toking up a fat doink, and the next I'm in the fucking Mystery Machine?!

“H-how did I get here?” I stammered out.

“Like, you don't know, man? You're the chosen one!” Shaggy replied.

“Chosen one!” added Scoob. “Save friends!”

“What are you talking about? Chosen one? I'm just a humble, highly skilled Discord admin. The only thing I should be choosing are emote slots!” I shouted back.

“Zoinks!” exclaimed Shaggy. “The Chosen One has a real temper. That’s good, Scoob, we can use that.” Scooby growled softly. “You see, Chosen, our friends have been taken to another dimension by a great evil. We split up trying to solve the mystery of the abandoned TV station. Fred, Velma, and Daphne were big Home Improvement fans and wanted to score some rare props.”

“Oh yeah, that makes sense.” I admitted. “Please continue. Where are they now?”

“Grrrrrrr Tim Allen...” growled Scooby. “He took friends!”

“Tim “the Tool Man” Taylor...took your friends?” I asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Like, he’s no ordinary actor, man. That guy is evil incarnate. He took them to the Tool Shed dimension and demanded Scoob & I bring you. Without the blood of a God gamer, he can’t complete his arcane ritual. He’s means business!” explained Shaggy.

“God gamer...he must mean me!” I blurted. It was all starting to make sense. “Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s get into that Tool Shed and save the Mystery Team!

“We’re already ahead of you, man. The fastest way is to hot box the Mystery Machine with some cosmic weed!” Shaggy takes a fatty bong rip from the space “rig” and passes it to me. I torch up his epic bubbler and my vision turns to stars. My body becomes weightless like I’m floating through the cosmos. Lights and colors flash all around me, the universe is collapsing.

“SCOOOOOOOBY DOOOOOOOOBIE
DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.....”

When I come to, the three of us are floating in a massive arena. We dip and dart through the sky testing our newfound abilities. The crowd is empty, but on the other end there are 6 unmistakable

figures. The rest of the Mystery Team is tied above three vats of a thick, bubbling ooze. In front of the vats are Tim, Randy, and Al. All three are wearing heavily-stocked tool belts, light blue collared shirts, and assless chaps.

“Auuuuuuugh?!” A grunt rumbles throughout the arena. My bones would shatter if I wasn’t concentrating all of my power into defense. “So you brought the Chosen one, eh, Shaggy?” scoffs Tim. “Good, good. Your friends don’t have to die today. Al, bring me the boy.”

“I do think so, Tim!” replies the lackey. Al flashes before us in an instant.

“Like, the plan has changed, man. Get him, Scoob!” yells Shaggy. Before Al can react, Scoob dives into him and rends out a chunk of flesh. He screams and clutches his chest.

“You and your damn dog. Tim, I knew we couldn’t trust them! I’ll take care of you myself, you bastard!!” Al pulls a saw from his dimensional tool belt and lunges for Scoob. The dexterous Dane dives away from the saw, but Al’s macho speed manages to take a nick off his tail. Reeling from the scratch, Scooby writhes in pain on the ground.

“Scooby-Doo!” Shaggy wails. “Watch me swoonce right behind him!” Shaggy swoonces behind Al and mutters “heh.....nothing personnel, Al.....” before stabbing Al clean through the chest, crushing the still-beating heart in his fist.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLL!” bellows Tim. “Are you alright?!”

“...I don’t think so, Tim...” coughs out Al. His cold, lifeless body collapses to the ground.

“You bastards will pay for this! Get ‘em, Randy. If you’ve cleaned your teeth on my bones, you’ll know what to do”

Randy snorts out hot steam and reaches for two hammers from his dimensional tool belt.

“Heh...with hammers like these, y’all will make great nails” he smirks.

“KYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!” Randy blinks forward and comes at me with a swipe. I duck down and try to sweep the leg, but he deftly flips back. I close the distance with a lunging strike, but Randy sees through me and strikes down on my forearm. My bones snap like a bird’s wing, and I fall to my knees in anguish. Without relenting, Randy readies a powerful pummel of pommels. His grip reverses on the hammers and his tight muscles ripple as the impending onslaught approaches.

“PUPPPPPYYYYYYYYY POWERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!” echoes throughout the arena. I can’t believe what I see before me...A small Great Dane puppy lies in front of me, hammers deeply bashed into his body.

“SCRAPPY-DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” cries Scooby-Doo. “You didn’t rave to sacrifice yourself!” Scooby-Doo lets out a great howl, and the air grows thin. Lightning crackles in the sky. Bolts strike about the arena as they start to close in on Scoob. Rubble is flung around like fruit, but our superhuman reaction time allows us to weave through the chaos. At last, the lightning converges on Scoob. His corporeal form is shed as an awesome ball of light emerges from the mass.

“Like, let’s not make Scrapy’s death in vain, Scoob. I’m ready.” Shaggy says solemnly. He reaches out his palm and accepts the ball of light. With a piercing gaze, Shaggy emits a wave of pure force towards Randy. Randy fumbles for a shovel from the dimensional tool belt, but there are too many tools to choose from in the infinite space. As he pulls one out, the wave of force passes over him. Poof. Gone. Not a trace of Randy remains. Tim begins to clap slowly and chucklegrunt to himself.

“Auuuuughahaha auuuuughhaahaha...Very well, Shaggy Rogers. I see now that I have to take care of this myself.” Tim cracks his neck, and I swear it would have deafened me if I hadn’t diverted my chi to my ear canals.

(play dis now <https://youtu.be/BI6Ib7wVHbM?t=10>) My mind is being pierced by a cacophony of grunting. Heavy, powerful grunts strike me from all angles. I can feel my sanity fraying at the seams. I call out for Shaggy, clumsily reaching out for any kind of help. While I helplessly writhe around, Tim and Shaggy fight on. Tim's body has completely contorted into an imperceptible mass. His million mouths shriek out grunts with every strike that comes Shaggy's way. Slowly, Shaggy struggles to keep up. Even with Scooby's essence, he's no match for a cosmic demon. With his back against the wall, Shaggy goes full force. Releasing so much power so quickly is certain death, but any time bought for me is crucial. He's able to keep up for a while longer, and even manages to tear off some appendages. But ultimately, it's not enough. Tim's awesome, encroaching power is bearing down on me when I hear Shaggy's voice one last time.

(play dis now <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iYZIUtDAFlw&feature=youtu.be&t=125>)
"Like, Chosen One...it's up to you now. Take this Scooby Snack, man. It'll pass our full power onto you. Don't let Tim win. Like, the fate of the Multiverse is in your hands." I take a bite. Silence. Tim can't break through my mental chi. I open my eyes and see the eldritch Tim abomination in the arena. I understand now. Those 7 simple words the Mystery Team lived by:

"Let's see who the killer REALLY is..."

My third eye rips open and Tim's true physical form shows itself. The creature truly behind the capture of the Mystery Team, the murderer of Shaggy, Scooby, and Scrappy. The terrifying being threatening the Multiverse in its perverted lust for power. I'll never forget what it said to me in that moment.

WHY
SO
SERIOUS?



To be cont...?