

Crack, Science, Weird-Ass Events, and an Alternate Reality!

Section 1: The Madness Begins..!

The battle between the Octava Szayel-Aporro Grantz and the tag-team duo of Renji Abarai and Uryu Ishida was well underway. Just when it looked as if Uryu's Sprenger technique would win the day, Szayel emerged from the smog and did something rather nasty to recover...

At this point the narrator took an extended break to find a trash can, a toilet, a sink, *something* which would be suitable to contain the violent vomiting that must follow such an act. Ahem.

Anyways...

Then, something less than expected happened!

Behind a large pile of rubble the two disguised Arrancar Dondochakka Bilsten and Pesche Guatiche peeked back over once again, shaking uncontrollably. The large one spoke first.

"Aw, man... We gotta find a way ta get outta here Pesche!" he whimpered, "Dat guy's insane..! He's gonna lock us all up an' experiment on us if we don't all get away..!"

"You think I don't know that, Dondo?!" Pesche said, visibly knocking knees, "But how're we going to possibly get away?! That Soul Reaper and my friend Uryu are stuck on the idea of fighting him! We'll never be able to convince 'em to stop and be clever!"

"Whaddya mean..?" Dondochakka turned to the much smaller Arrancar, the hurt look on his face hidden by his false mask, "What... You think they don't take us seriously or somethin'..?"

"No! Of course not!" Pesche dismissed it, "It must be more of that 'because we're Hollows' thing or something silly like that." He sighed sadly, then bolted back upright.

"Waah!" Dondochakka yelped in alarm, "Don't make no sudden moves like dat, Pesche! Ya scared me!"

"I've got it!" Pesche cried out excitedly, seeming to ignore his friend's complaint in his excitement, "We'll create a massive distraction, then bash Renji and Uryu over the head and carry them off before anyone's the wiser!"

The two were silenced quickly when they looked over and realized that everyone in the room, involved in the fight or not, had just heard them and were staring over at them blankly. Szayel adjusted his cape. Uryu adjusted his glasses.

"Why, those—"Renji started, then trailed off silently fuming.

Uryu made an exasperated face. "Ugh... Don't waste time on those two idiots. WE need to concentrate on the task at hand..."

Behind the rubble the two Arrancar hunkered down and hoped that no one was coming to beat them over the face, unwilling "allies" or not. After a short time, Dondochakka lifted his head a bit. Pesche copied him a second later, but he didn't spy the same unusual row of machines that the large, somewhat mutant-like Arrancar did.

"Heeeey... What's dat?!"

"Huh? What's what?" Pesche whipped around. Dondochakka was already loping over to it curiously, "Whooh--aah! Dondo--don't touch that! You'll break it and the mad scientist will get even MADDER!"

In running over to stop his over-sized friend from inadvertently causing havoc, Pesche tripped over a thick power cord and was launched into his pal's back.

"Oof!" Dondochakka face-planted into the center of the controls, pressing them (and probably disabling them) all at once. Sparks flew up around the two Arrancar, who began flailing and scrambling to get away from the unpredictable apparatus.

In doing so, the sharp pincer portion of Pesche's fake mask severed the cable he was tangled in.

TZZZZZAAAAP!

Lights and electrical flashes burst throughout the room, alerting those fighting to the commotion. The Octava made an about face and shoved several Fracciones blocking his view out of the way, his calm smug demeanor completely dissolved.

"What the hell is—arrgh!" Szayel Aporro appeared to be frozen in place, surrounded by a sparking field of light alternating with shadows. The Fracciones leaped back away from the weird current of energy, ironically being saved from its embrace by their evil Master's abusive shoves, "Wha..? What is this?! Why can't I move?!"

Several arcs of what looked like pale blue electricity flashed out, heading straight for the two invaders. Renji cursed and tried darting back toward the far end of the large room, but one fork of the unknown phenomena crept quickly along the floor and snagged one of his feet.

Uryu tried darting up and over, but a wall stopped his progress. Whipping around, the Quincy drew one of his few remaining Seeleschneider and spun it rapidly in the path of the glowing, shadowy fog, trying at the last to weaken and disperse whatever spiritual matter it was made of.

It did not appear to have any observable effect.

"Oh sh—arrgh!"

After the initial cries of alarm and surprise, it was shockingly and awkwardly silent among the five who were trapped in the strange fog. Then Renji began struggling wildly against the force that held him. Szayel's eyes flicked around, glaring at the red-haired Soul Reaper.

"Stop your pointless grunting, you useless dolt. Can't you see I'm trying to think?!"

"I don't care what you're trying to do! I'm trying to get out!" the Lieutenant replied. The Espada sneered.

"Well, isn't it the same with all of us... With one major difference--I'm going about it the right way."

"You may be right, Arrancar, but you're hardly in any position to be gloating," Uryu chimed in. A vein bulged on the Octava's temple.

"The same for you, Quincy," came the much-annoyed snarl, "Count yourself lucky that I want you just alive enough to keep you as a specimen..."

"Um..." The timid sound was Pesche. He was frozen in mid-topple, upside down. Dondochakka was the same, but on his back, hovering over where Pesche was, "Blood...rushing to brain...ow, ow, ow..."

"I can't see ya, Pesche; where are ya?!" Dondochakka bawled, "I can't even wiggle my toes... an' now my nose itches!"

"Shut UP!" Szayel Aporro roared, looking over to his remaining rotund Fracción, "You, Verona, or whatever your name is, go over to that testing unit! Now!"

The twisted little creature waddled over anxiously, taking care to move around the field. He had to stand on his toes in order to see the screen.

"Finally...! Now, the blue set of switches... yes... no! ...NO! The blue one, you buffoon!" Szayel directed impatiently, "Yes, those! Hit the third one on the left side! NO! Left side! Grraaah! You idiot! Now you've turned it off! Wonderful, now I have to turn it on again! The white rectangular button! Press it! Now hold it! Longer than that, you--"

There was a collective gasp of alarm from the Fracciones. Verona turned around cautiously and was startled to see that his abusive Master and his opponents had all vanished!