

Truly Bedrock Season 3 Finale

The Final Chapter

Prologue

If you had a TARDIS, and could travel anywhere in space and time, where would you go? Would you travel the world, discovering all of the amazing events that have occurred on our planet, from the dawn of time until its inevitable destruction? Or would you venture further away, travelling through space in search of alien life or other habitable planets? You could, and probably would, go literally anywhere in the universe, ever...

But not Mr Onion. When Mr Onion stole Jack's TARDIS, he wasn't remotely interested in travelling, or trying to better himself with new cultures and understandings. And he wasn't remotely bothered about seeing what things might have been like throughout history or what they might be like in the future. He had his mind set on one very specific place and one very specific time.

Mr Onion, for reasons he couldn't quite understand himself, desired peace. More than anything else in the world, more than diamonds or stickers his ultimate true desire was for a peaceful, quiet life. Which for such a loud and obnoxious character, is quite a difficult idea to wrap your head around. But he did, all he wanted was to live a humble life, in a nice house, without noisy neighbours or distractions of interfering server members and he knew exactly how he was going to achieve that lifestyle.

On entering Jack's TARDIS he set the coordinates to the exact time and place of where he wanted to be, and off he went, hurtling through the vortex of time and arriving exactly when and where he intended to. Which he considered quite impressive, considering he'd never driven a TARDIS before. However he shrugged off this amazing feat as just yet another level of his incredible skilfulness and left the TARDIS.

Chapter 1

Family Matters

While Mr Onion was searching for a peaceful life, Big Chicken was in space searching for Foxy with his wife. They'd not been gone long at this point in time and they had no idea where or when they were going. Like the TARDIS, the ChuckNet ship that Jack had stolen for them could also travel in time and space, however they didn't actually know where in time and space to go.

Geraldine had spent hours searching through the ship's systems looking for where it might have come from, in hopes that the ship was built in the same place that the Infinite Chucks were holding Foxy captive. But all the ship seemed to contain was a bunch of basic operating procedures, as well as the entire back catalogue of FoxyNoTail videos, right up to the end of Truly Bedrock Season 2. There was nothing after this, and considering he should have been a few weeks into recording season 3 at this point, she thought there might be at least a couple of videos to look through, in order to give them at least some clue as to what Season 3 might look like, in the hopes that that would give them at least some clue as to where to go.

Whilst Geraldine had been looking through the database, Big Chicken had been being Big Chicken, pressing every single button he could find on the ship. "What does this button do?" he asked while pressing it. Suddenly a jet of ice cold milk shot out of a dispenser where a bucket should have been and poured all over the floor. "Oops," he said.

"Oh, what's this button do?" he asked again mid way through pressing another button he'd found. Big Chicken then jumped as a robotic sounding voice reverberated around the ship,

SHIP WILL SELF-DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS 3 MINUTES

PLEASE SAY THE CANCELLATION PHRASE TO ABORT

"WHAT DID YOU DO THIS TIME!" shouted Geraldine from the front of the ship, knowing full well what he'd done.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to" replied Big Chicken.

"You never do!"

"What are we going to do?" asked Big Chicken worriedly.

“I have no idea!” she replied, frantically searching through the computer system for some sort of manual override. “If you hadn’t been, well YOU, then we wouldn’t be in this mess AGAIN!” she barked at him.

“I didn’t mean to, it was an accident” sobbed Big Chicken in reply.

“Yeah, OK!” said Geraldine, dismissing him completely as she skimmed through the file system.

The voice on the ship engaged again,

SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE ABORTED

“What?” said Big Chicken, surprised that it had suddenly stopped.

“Well, I suppose that makes sense. This is a Chuck ship after all and he can only say Yeah and OK, so the phrase had to be one of those I guess.”

“Phew!” sighed Big Chicken, relieved that it was over. “So now what?”

“Now we go home,” replied Geraldine softly.

“Home?”

“Yeah, home. We need to keep you away from trouble and find somewhere to settle down until we can figure out exactly where we’re supposed to be heading.”

“Ok, but where is home?” asked Big Chicken nervously.

A few moments later, the Ship’s main door lowered down to the surface of the Moon. Geraldine took Big Chicken by the hand and walked him down the ramp to the surface.

“This is home?” asked Big Chicken.

“I don’t know another place we’ve spent more time together than up here on the Moon” she replied smiling.

“But you’ll get Moonsick” worried Big Chicken.

“I’m not sure about that, but something else has had me throwing up the last couple of mornings!” she said while blushing.

Big Chicken completely missed the subtle hint she tried to give him. “Oh no, are you ok? Did you get some kind of weird space sickness from the space ship?”

She reached out for his hand and held it against her stomach. “No Big Guy, I’m not sick, I’m...”

Geraldine was interrupted by a beeping noise coming from the ship. “Wait, what’s that?” she said, rushing back up the ramp and into the cockpit.

There was a new message written on the main control screen which read:

NUMBER 1 HAS BEEN ACTIVATED - TIMELINE INITIALISED - WE WILL AVERT THE PROPHECY!

Below the message was a small button that looked like a video play symbol.

“Press the button,” said Big Chicken excitedly

“You and your buttons!” joked Geraldine. “Ok here goes.”

The large screen at the back of the ship turned on and started playing a brand new FoxyNoTail episode. *“Hello and welcome to a brand new season of Truly Bedrock...”*

“Is this season 3?”, asked Big Chicken hastily.

“I think so,” said Geraldine, “but something is off!” she exclaimed.

The videos they’d watched from the system before had all played back fine, but for some reason this video was coming through more garbled and broken, like it wasn’t quite tuned in correctly.

“It could be the signal strength. If we could get closer to where it’s coming from, maybe it’ll clear up a bit,” she continued.

“Can you find where it’s coming from? That’s probably where Foxy is!”

“I’m pretty sure it is, but the signal is so weak, I can’t get a proper read on it. It’s almost like we’re receiving a reflection of the signal, rather than receiving the signal directly.”

“You’re so smart my love, so what do we do?” asked Big Chicken, staring at her with wide eyes in total awe.

“Well, we could try moving the ship and see if we can get a better...”

All of a sudden, the video stopped playing.

“What’s happened?” said Big Chicken.

“I don’t know, it’s gone!”

The signal had completely vanished without a trace. Geraldine launched the ship back off the Moon’s surface and flew around searching for any sign of the signal, but it was no use. The signal had completely gone leaving Geraldine and Big Chicken none the wiser to where it came from or where they needed to go.

Eventually, Geraldine gave up and landed the ship back down on the Moon. She took Big Chicken's hand again and walked him back down the ramp to the surface.

"I'm sure it'll come back again at some point, we just need to be ready for it when it does. In the meantime, let's make the most of our new home and build a beautiful place for our family," she said reassuringly.

Chapter 2

Secret Base Under the Lake

Foxy was in his storage room under his little house by the lake near Spawn Town on Truly Bedrock Season 3. He was hurriedly packing things away into chests, making sure everything was in the right place and that his inventory was completely empty except for one random item. He grabbed an armor stand from his miscellaneous items shaker box and placed it down in the middle of the room next to a chest containing the entire contents of what used to be his Ender Chest. He took off his armor, placed it on the armor stand, popped his pickaxe into the hand slot and put his other tools into the chest. "It's time," he said, as he turned away from his items and hurried down the stairs into the larger area of his underground base. He hurriedly headed down the corridor to the automatic piston door at the end of the hall. He'd never shown anyone where this had actually gone before, and he was a little sad knowing that no one would ever actually know after he activated the machine.

He threw the random item down onto a very specific spot on the floor and a secret hopper placed underneath the floor, sucked it up activating the redstone below that powered the door. A second later, pistons clunked and lurched into action pulling back all of the blocks around the door, revealing a one block wide hole in the floor which, as Foxy looked into it, seemed to go down forever. As the automatic piston doors started to close behind him, Foxy jumped into the hole and started to fall. He fell for a couple of seconds before a small water section at the bottom slowed his fall, allowing him to land safely inside the room below.

The room he landed in was decorated in Foxy's usual style with variants of deep slate blocks, polished andesite and a splash of copper with some end rods and sea lanterns thrown in for lighting. It was a small room, only a few blocks wide, but very long, like a corridor, that led down into a much bigger room. As he walked to the end of this room, he emerged through a large ornate copper door into what he referred to in his head as his "Secret Base Under the Lake." Foxy had been working on this secret area of his base, on and off throughout the course of Truly Bedrock Season 3, digging out the cavernous area directly underneath the lake to install a machine of dastardly proportions. And now finally, it was ready to be activated.

Foxy stood in the main operations room which was directly centred underneath his main base above. The area had more deep slate floors, polished andesite accents and oxidized copper highlights. Around the sides were more ornate doors leading to smaller laboratories where Foxy had been working secretly on the designs for his secret machine. At the front of the room there was a large opening which led to a short copper bridge that reached over to another large, ominous room where the main part of the machine was located. In that room, there was no particular decoration. The machine itself formed a large circle in the centre of the room and was structured from copper and deep slate, but the cavern it sat in was wild and overgrown with cave vines, bushy leaves and rocky outcrops around the edges.

Back across the short copper bridge, at the front of the main room, was the main control system for operating the machine. It consisted of an array of levers and simple redstone components placed in rows, with no instructions written on or nearby. It turned out the machine that Foxy had devised was very easy to operate and relatively simple in design. It consisted of no less than twenty five beacons, all in close proximity to each other, set up to form a ring so that when they were all activated together, they would combine to form a large circular beam with far more power than your average beacon. The beacon room was carved out from directly under the lake and centred around the Nether Hub Portal Tower that Foxy had built previously. The other members were otherwise unaware that the actual purpose of that tower was actually as part of his machine and not just a fancy building for the server's main nether portal. The tower was designed to focus and intensify the beam once it was activated, like when you focus the rays of the sun through a magnifying glass, creating a far more intense and devastating beam of light that would tear through the atmosphere and burn deeply into space.

Foxy's plan was simple and his mind was focussed; activate the machine, send the signal. How hard could it be? He ran over to the main control panel and flicked down all of the levers to their 'on' positions. In the distance, across the other side of the short copper bridge, pistons began to retract, activating the beacons. One by one they engaged, shining their beams directly upwards through the glass floor at the bottom of the lake. As the final beacon in the very centre of the circle activated, the beams combined, creating a beam so intense that it burned away the water from the centre of the lake above.

Foxy flicked another lever which started a pulsing redstone signal. This flowed down to the beacons as they raged upwards, generating a pulsating burning beam which Foxy was sure

had enough power to disrupt the systems that this simulated world was running on. And then almost instantly...

... Nothing, just silence.

“Number 12 has become unstable,” said a robotic voice.

“What was the event?” said another.

“Destruction,” said the first.

“Deactivate number 12. Switch monitoring to number 13.”

“It’s time,” Foxy said, as he turned away from his items and hurried down the stairs into the larger area of his underground base. He hurriedly headed down the corridor to the automatic piston door at the end of the hall. He’d never shown anyone where this had actually gone before, and he was a little sad knowing that no one would ever actually know after he activated the machine. Foxy stopped and turned around to look at his base one last time as he pondered about how, even though none of it was real, he was going to miss this world and the avatars of his server mates that he’d been living with for the last six months.

“I wonder if they’ve been doing the real Season 3 without me?” he caught himself saying out loud.

“Well, if a signal is what they need, then a signal is what they’ll get!”

A few moments later, Foxy was in the main control room of his secret underground base. He raced over to the main control panel and flicked all of the levers down to their ‘on’ positions. Across the short copper bridge several pistons retracted activating no less than twenty five beacons which together erupted as an incredible beam, shining up through the bottom of the lake and on up through the Portal Tower into the atmosphere.

“I hope that’s enough for you Junior,” said Foxy as he flicked the pulse generator into action. Again, almost immediately there was nothing.

“Number 13 has become unstable,” said the robotic voice.

“What was the event?” said the other.

“It’s... he... it did the same thing as Number 12!” exclaimed the first voice.

“Impossible” stated the second. “Deactivate Number 13. Switch monitoring to Number 14 and reset the Timeline.”

“Too late!” exclaimed the first, “Number 14, wait, Number 15, 16, seven...”

Monitor Chuck paused for a second before continuing. “They’ve all become unstable!”

“Deactivate all timelines!” demanded the voice that was clearly in charge.

“He will not be happy about that...” responded the other.

“We can create more... prepare the original for duplication.”

“All timelines have been deactivated; the original is being awoken.”

Chapter 3

First Contact

It was the evening of Junior's 5th birthday. Up on the Moon in their quiet and peaceful Moon house, Big Chicken and Geraldine had spent the day playing party games, singing songs and eating lots and lots of cake. They'd built quite the homestead up on the Moon now, with Geraldine making regular trips down to the world below, that should have been Season 3, for supplies. Their house was a modest size, made mainly out of desaturated End stone and End stone bricks. They had a moderately sized striped front lawn made from powdered grey concrete and gravel, and there were potted dead bushes around the lawn giving it some colour. Inside the house there was an open plan lounge and kitchen diner with three rooms off to the side: The main bedroom, where Big Chicken and Geraldine slept, the nursery, where Junior slept, and there was a spare bedroom, just in case they ever happened to have any visitors. Which they hadn't had. Ever. Regardless, it was a comfortable cosy space, ideal for a small family, clean and tidy, but with that messy feel you get when you live with small children who seem to require having their things parked around the floors, in literally every single room of your house, as well as the garden. Needless to say Big Chicken was constantly stepping on small bits of redstone, electrical components and other bizarre objects that Junior would use to create his experiments.

At just five years old, Junior wasn't like most children. Having a ChuckNet ship parked next to his front lawn had given him a very early appreciation of electronics and gadgetry. Very advanced for his age, he'd often spend days at a time inside the ship, watching FoxyNoTail videos and fiddling around with the ship's very basic control systems. His mother, who was quite the mechanic herself, had taught him all she knew about the workings of the ship and how to fly it, and he was engrossed with the idea that one day they would leave on a great adventure across the stars, battling space folk and saving the day. Little did he know that on the evening of his fifth birthday, today would be that day!

As he usually did, Big Chicken put Junior to bed and spent a few minutes retelling him a story of one of the many adventures he'd had with Foxy. Junior's favourite was the one about when his dad was originally created by Foxy's Enemy, because he thought the parts where his dad kept getting killed and respawning far away was really funny. Once Junior was asleep, Big

Chicken came into the front room and slumped down onto the sofa next to Geraldine. He let out a sigh and turned his head to look at his beautiful wife, who he loved as much that day, as he had on the day he met her. It turns out fifth birthday parties are quite exhausting, and also quite good for reflecting on your life.

“These past five years have been wonderful my dear. I couldn’t ask for a better life, it’s everything I ever dreamed of.”

“Yeah. It’s been great, Big Guy,” replied Geraldine.

“But...” said Big Chicken.

“But what?” said Geraldine sharply.

“But, I still wonder what happened to Foxy. Do you think he’s still trapped? Do you think he’s still alive?” asked Big Chicken worriedly.

“Oh I’m sure he is,” replied Geraldine.

“What? Trapped or still alive?” questioned Big Chicken.

“Both!” remarked Geraldine.

“What? You think he’s still trapped by the Chucks?”

“I know he is!” she exclaimed.

“How do you know?” asked Big Chicken.

“Well, from time to time over the years, there have been a few updates coming through the ChuckNet to the ship.” she explained casually. “Chatter about how they failed to extract what they needed from Number 1, and how they were increasing capacity to speed up the process. That sort of thing.”

Big Chicken reacted, “What do you mean? You’ve had information about Foxy and you didn’t tell me!”

“Look, you’ve been so happy living here, bringing up Junior and you’ve been an amazing dad. I didn’t want to take that away from you.”

“But Foxy, he’s my friend! He’s my best friend! I should be helping him!” said a frustrated and very panicked Big Chicken.

“Relax, we’ve got a ChuckNet ship. We can travel back and forward in time as we need to. As long as the ChuckNet exists, the ship can go anywhere we need it to.”

“But what if the ChuckNet disappears?” worried Big Chicken.

“It can’t,” said Geraldine.

“Why can’t it?” questioned Big Chicken.

“Because it’s us that helps to destroy it, and we haven’t done that yet!”

“How do you know it’s us?”

“Because Jack told me!” she snapped back impatiently. Geraldine shuffled on the sofa to sit up and turn more towards Big Chicken. She placed a hand on his lap and said softly. “Look, don’t worry. If you’re ready to pick up on our adventure, then I think I’ve got a lead.”

Big Chicken didn’t know what to do with this information. He was torn between his idyllic life with his family on the Moon or risking their lives trying to rescue his best friend from the Infinite Chucks. “Oh my, am I ready? I don’t know! Are you ready? What about Junior, is he ready for this sort of an adventure?” he said worriedly as he tried to make sense of it all.

“It’s going to be dangerous,” warned Geraldine. “We’re going up against an infinite number of semi-evil Chucks. You need to be sure!”

Big Chicken got up from the sofa and walked outside the house onto his immaculately striped grey lawn. He walked to the edge of his garden and looked down at the empty world below that should have been where Season 3 had taken place. He stood pondering. What was the right thing to do?

A moment later, he heard a tiny voice coming from down by his side.

“Dad?” Junior said softly. He’d overheard the conversation Big Chicken and Geraldine were having from his nursery room and couldn’t sleep.

“What is it son?” asked Big Chicken.

“We have to go save Uncle Foxy. It’s the right thing to do,” stated Junior.

Big Chicken knelt down next to Junior and put his arm around him. “I know, but I want you to have a normal happy childhood. You are the most important thing in the world to me and I need to keep you safe.”

“We live on the Moon Dad. It’s not all that normal,” replied Junior.

Big Chicken chuckled. He smiled at Junior and tried to talk without crying. He had a huge lump in his throat and a single tear rolled down his cheek. He cupped his son's face in his hands and whispered, “Ok son, let’s do this.”

They both headed inside and explained to Geraldine that they were ready. She grabbed a few essential supplies and they left the house and hurried into the ChuckNet ship outside.

Sitting in the pilot's seat, Geraldine turned to Big Chicken and said, "I've been running a relay algorithm on the few packets of data we've received in transmissions over the last few years. There's not much, but I think we've got enough to give us a direction at least!"

"That's amazing! You're so smart!" gushed Big Chicken.

"And, I think..., I think if we can boost the transmitters on this thing enough, we might be able to hijack the signal coming from the Season 3 videos and talk back through them to Foxy."

"What? You mean we can actually talk to Foxy?" said a very excited Big Chicken.

"We'll need to get a little closer and make a few minor modifications, but yeah I think so," she said reassuringly. "It'll be a bit random, because we're effectively sending signals back through time on a relay system that's only designed to be sent one way. Imagine it like being able to talk to the actors in your favourite TV show, live while they're recording it, but while you're watching it finished, edited and broadcast to your TV."

"You're blowing my mind, my love! What would I do without you?" gushed Big Chicken even more.

"To be honest, that was Junior's idea! He's a real whizz at this stuff," explained Geraldine.

"Oh my goodness son, is that true? You're so clever, just like your mother!"

"Thanks Dad," replied Junior.

Geraldine launched the ChuckNet ship back into space and steered it towards the source of the signals they'd been receiving.

Over the next few weeks, transmission videos from Season 3 started to flicker onto the screen from time to time. Still warped and broken, but they were becoming clearer, the closer they got to the source. Geraldine and Junior worked on a booster circuit for the ship's built-in transmitter and they were ready to start broadcasting out to Foxy.

"I hope this works," said Big Chicken!

"It should, but keep things short! We don't want the Chucks picking up on our signal. I've done everything I can to encode it, so it looks like generic ChuckNet code, but we're better off keeping broadcasts as short as possible, just in case," explained Geraldine.

"Ok ok, let's do this," said Big Chicken confidently.

Geraldine activated the broadcast. "We're live!"

“Hello, can you hear me? This is Big Chicken. We’ve been on the Moon for a long time. It’s very nice there, it doesn’t rain much, but we made a nice house to live in with a sofa in and a door. It has windows too and you can see...”

Geraldine cut in “What are you doing?”

“I’m telling him about our house!” replied Big Chicken.

Geraldine deactivated the broadcast. “I said keep it short, he doesn’t need to know what colour the curtains are, he needs to know we’re out here looking for him and if there’s anything he can do to help boost the signal from his end. It will help us pinpoint his position so we can get to him quicker.”

Big Chicken paused, thought for a moment and said, “Ok, ok. I can do this!” Geraldine reactivated the broadcast.

“Mr Notail, we don’t have much time, we are looking for you to rescue you from the Chucks but we’re not 100% sure where you are. Can you maybe help us to find you. We need you to send out a big signal! The bigger the better please. Thank you.”

“There, is that better?” asked Big Chicken.

“Much!” said Geraldine as she deactivated the broadcast again.

“Now all we have to do is wait,” she continued.

“How will we know if he heard it?” asked Big Chicken?

“I think maybe we’ll see it in his next episode, maybe?” said Junior.

“You’re too smart for your own good,” said Big Chicken, as he patted Junior on the head.

Chapter 4

King Chucks

It was relatively early on in it's timeline when Number 4 first heard the message. It appeared to him as an ominous voice from above, part way through Episode 6 as Foxy was building a bridge across the Spawn Town lake towards the Nether Portal. Conveniently Foxy was mid-timelapse at that particular point, so the audio wasn't broadcast as part of the video. So those very quick few moments where Foxy stopped to listen to what was being said, slipped away into a couple of frames, as the entire build was speeded up so fast, that the pause barely became noticeable. All of a sudden he stopped in his tracks as a distorted echo boomed from what seemed like nowhere, but everywhere at the same time...

*...ail, we ...have ...ime, we are ...king ... Chucks ... we ... 100% sure Can .. find you.
... send ... big ...nal! The bigease. ... you.*

"We are King Chucks?" Foxy said out loud. Then he continued what he was doing thinking how it made absolutely no sense at all and was probably just one of the other members messing about. A little later that day, Foxy bumped into Jessiie who was working on her tower, not far from Spawn Town.

"Did you hear that message about King Chucks?" asked Foxy.

"Did I hear what?" said Jessiie.

"It's probably nothing, but there was this weird, glitchy noise while I was working on the bridge about King Chucks and sending a big nail or something." As Foxy spoke, Jessiie's head tilted backward and her eyes lit up and began flashing, almost like morse code, sending beams of light up towards the sky. Foxy jumped back as the world around him started to warp and glitch out. Jessiie looked like she was switching skins between herself and Chuck as the world around her pulsated and broke apart.

Suddenly Foxy found himself wide awake inside a cold tube full of liquid. He couldn't see much as his eyes burned as he opened them. Blurred and confused, he tried his hardest to push through the front of the pod and shout for help, but he could feel himself struggling for air and tiring quickly. Meanwhile, in the simulation control room of the Cryogenic Facility at Chuck City, Monitor Chuck was suddenly alerted to the status of Number 4 by the screen in front of

him. Monitor Chuck leaned back and turned towards Director Chuck, who was standing looking out of the large glass window which overviewed the Cryogenic chambers and exclaimed, “Number 4 is awake”.

Director Chuck turned towards Monitor Chuck and replied, “Then it must be reset!”

“The whole timeline?” questioned Monitor Chuck

“What was the event?” asked Director Chuck. Monitor Chuck checked back the footage from the screen and replied, “Confusion”.

Director Chuck responded immediately, “Make the necessary adjustments, this timeline can remain.”

Monitor Chuck turned to the screen and typed furiously into the system.

“Number 4 has been reset.”

Number 4 experienced a sudden rush of what felt like ice cold water burning through his veins. He wanted to scream out, but couldn't resist the powerful urge to relax and fall back to sleep. Moments later Number 4 found themselves back at their starter house without any memory of a glitchy message or any memory of meeting with Jessiie.

Chapter 5

Deathly Echoes

About a week had gone by on the ship. Big Chicken and Junior had been patiently waiting for the next FoxyNoTail episode to be broadcast over the ChuckNet, and when it finally came, they stood rigid in front of the screen, not moving or murmuring, desperate to see any sign that their message had come through. However, they watched all of the way to the very end and saw nothing. No sign of a message and no signal being returned.

Junior looked sadly over towards his dad and said, "Maybe he didn't get the signal Dad. Or maybe he doesn't want people to know he got it so he didn't show it in the video?"

"Maybe Son," replied a very disappointed Big Chicken.

"You should try again. Maybe send the signal every week until you see a sign that he has it?" suggested Junior.

"That's not a bad idea son," called Geraldine from the cockpit. Big Chicken looked up and ruffled the feathers on Junior's head. Silently he leaned over, grabbed the microphone and nodded to Geraldine to start the Broadcast. Then he handed the microphone to Junior.

"But..." said Junior

"You can do this, my son," Big Chicken said softly.

Junior raised the microphone to his beak and said calmly but sternly, "Mr Foxy, I am Junior. You are not safe. The world you are in is not what you think. We are trying to find you. We need you to send a large signal so we can locate your position and rescue you."

"Well done son," said a very proud Big Chicken. Geraldine stopped the broadcast and programmed the system to repeat that message every week, until they were sure that Foxy had received it. Then...

...nothing!

A very long, very boring and very disappointing two months went by as the ship continued to fly towards the source of the messages they'd been receiving. There was still no sign that Foxy had been receiving their signals at all. There was no mention in any of the videos that aired during that time that he'd received their message, and the disappointment was

becoming devastating. Junior spent all the time he could trying to think of new ways to get Foxy's attention, while Big Chicken did his best to think about who else he knew that might be able to help. Needless to say, all of their thoughts and ideas were fruitless, as they carried on meandering across space towards the tiny faint signals they were picking up once per week in the form of Foxy's episodes and the strange messages they'd been receiving.

The three of them had absolutely no idea about what was actually happening at the other end of their broadcasts. The numbered Foxy's had indeed received their messages, many many times and each time they did their timelines were either reset or deactivated, depending on how severe their reaction was to receiving the message.

Number 4 had heard the message for three weeks in a row. Each time after being reset by Monitor Chuck, a glimmer of the original memories would come back the next time they heard the message. And after hearing the message for the fourth time and watching his server friends' heads fall back and start shooting light beams up into the sky from their eyes, Number 4 was 100% convinced there was something wrong with his world that no amount of resetting or making adjustments to the timeline would fix it. As a result, Number 4 had to be deactivated, which was Director Chuck's nice way of saying disintegrated. No matter how many times the following Foxy's were reset, they all eventually ended up being deactivated, and Monitor Chuck just couldn't figure out why. To them, the systems were running perfectly, they couldn't see the broadcasts that Geraldine had cleverly disguised as part of the ChuckNet code so they were starting to wonder what was causing so many Foxy's to reject their timelines.

Almost once every couple of weeks, another Foxy was deactivated for one reason or another until it got to Number 7. At which point, Junior made a discovery.

"I think he's getting the message," Junior said all of a sudden, completely breaking the eerie silence that had washed over the ship for the last few days. He'd been staring at the main control screen for about an hour, flicking through the nonsensical messages which they'd been receiving from Chuck City, that so far they'd just been ignoring. But this most recent message made him think.

It had been received about an hour after their most recent broadcast and it read,
*NUMBER 7 HAS BEEN DEACTIVATED - MORE TIMELINES ARE IN PRODUCTION - WE
HAVE CAPACITY FOR OVER 100 MORE - WE WILL PERFECT THE PROCESS - WE WILL
DISCOVER THE ANSWERS - THE PROPHECY WILL NOT BE FULFILLED!*

“How do you know he’s getting the message?” asked Big Chicken.

“Well, if you look at when we get these messages, it’s always around about an hour after we send out the broadcast.” Junior continued, “What if we’re not talking to Foxy? What if we’re talking to clones of Foxy?”

“Clones? I don’t understand,” said Big Chicken, totally confused by the idea.

“Look, it says Number 7 has been deactivated, last week it was Number 6 and before that it was Number 5. I think that each number is a clone of Foxy,” responded Junior confidently.

He continued, “I’ve been thinking why the Chuck’s took Foxy, What do they need him for? Well, this message says they are looking for answers to stop a Prophecy from being fulfilled.”

“What is the prophecy?” asked Big Chicken.

“I don’t know. But listen, we’ve been watching the videos and the world isn’t right. There are glitches on some of the blocks, there are Nether and End biomes in the Overworld and things keep changing at Foxy’s base each time one of the Numbers gets deactivated,” explained Junior.

Big Chicken turned towards the big screen and then back to Junior. “What sort of things keep changing at Foxy’s base?”

Junior sighed, “Haven’t you been watching the videos Dad? Look! After number 7 was deactivated, Foxy’s tools changed and his base changed. His enchantment area turned into barrels.”

“Maybe he did that off-camera,” said Big Chicken.

“Why though? Why switch it out for an almost identical looking area and change the names of his tools for no reason?” argued Junior.

Junior walked to the back of the ship, tuned on the big screen and flicked through the catalogue of videos to Season 3, Episode 22. He fast forwarded through to around about six and a half minutes into the episode and said, “Look, his base has an enchantment table, with an armor stand with the ‘DAYS IN GAME’ on and glitchy cobblestone in the corners. And when he uses his tools, look, it says Shreck’s Toothpick for his pickaxe, his shovel is WompWompBash and his axe is called Lemon Sheep Killer.”

“OK,” replied Big Chicken. Junior then flicked onto the next episode. “Now look, on Episode 23 it’s all different! The enchantment table is in a completely different room, his storage

room has barrels instead of the bookcases and his tools are now called Slack's Toothpick, his fortune pickaxe is Green Khalisi and it was Blue Khalisi before and his axe has changed to Melon Sheep Killer instead!" Junior took a breath and continued, "AND he said he finally got some copper in his copper shulker box, but before that he already had a lot of copper in there."

Big Chicken had a dumbfounded look of amazement on his face. He looked to Junior and said, "Wow you have really been watching closely!"

"I have, and because of that and the message and the glitchy world, I think they are running simulations on clones of Foxy to try and get answers about a prophecy and to try to stop the prophecy coming true. I think each clone maybe is slightly different and has slightly different experiences which means that they don't always do exactly the same thing," said Junior very confidently.

Big Chicken thought for a moment, looked at Geraldine then back at Junior and said, "You might be onto something here, but how do you go from all that to thinking that Foxy is getting our messages?"

Junior then explained that the deactivation of the clones probably happens when the clones realise they're in a simulation and can't be utilised anymore, which just happens to tie in with when the Foxy clones were getting the messages from Junior. This made a lot of sense, and although Big Chicken still found it quite confusing, Geraldine was fully on board with this idea.

"I think you nailed it son," she said proudly. "I think we need to update the broadcast message!" Junior rushed over to the cockpit, grabbed the microphone and hit the broadcast button.

"Mr Foxy, this is Junior, DO NOT let anyone know you got this message or you will be deactivated. You are inside a simulation. That is not season 3! Chuck's have captured you and we're on our way to help you escape. We're having trouble trying to locate you, so we need you to somehow send a signal, as big as you can so that we can pinpoint your location. DO NOT let anyone know you've received this message! I repeat, DO NOT let anyone know you've received this message!"

Geraldine set the message to repeat once a week for a couple of weeks, just to make sure it went through and then it was time to wait for a big signal!

Back over at Chuck City Number 8 was now active and heard the new message. As Geraldine's ship was over two months closer to Chuck City since they started the first broadcast, the signal strength was a lot stronger and Number 8 heard it almost perfectly. Coincidentally, so did Number 9, Number 10 and in fact all of the clones which currently numbered 87 and every single one of them suddenly knew exactly what to do!

Chapter 6

The Council of Chucks

Gandalf Chuck, who was much taller than most Chuck's and one of a few hundred or so Elite Chucks who had developed the ability to talk, stood steadfast, looking out towards the oncoming hoard. As they drew closer, he raised his staff and brought it down swiftly, plugging it into the Moon rock below.

"NONE SHALL PASS!" he bellowed towards the oncomers. The hoard continued to move towards him.

"NONE SHALL PASS!" he roared again. Eventually the first of the forthcoming party arrived and stood before Gandalf Chuck. Gandalf Chuck glared at the character, leaned down towards him and said softly, "What is your name?"

"Yeah," said Slightly Quicker Than Most Chuck.

"OK," said Gandalf Chuck as he moved aside, letting Slightly Quicker Than Most Chuck through into the secret hideout behind him. The next chuck arrived and stopped at Gandalf Chuck's feet.

"What is your name?" asked Gandalf Chuck again.

"Yeah," said Troublesome Chuck

"OK," replied Gandalf Chuck and he let him pass.

Eventually Gandalf Chuck had let the entire Council of Chucks pass into their secret hideout behind him, and the roster, as it had been for the last 12 meetings, was as follows:

1. *Slightly Quicker Than Most Chuck*
2. *Pointing Out The Obvious Chuck*
3. *A Little Bit Naughty Chuck*
4. *Troublesome Chuck*
5. *Bad Chuck*
6. *Evil Chuck*
7. *Director Chuck*
8. *Alpha Chuck*

9. *Chuck Prime*
10. *Chuckatron*
11. *Despicable Chuck*
12. *The Chuckinator*
13. *Thanos Chuck*
14. *Agent Chuck*
15. *Chuck Almighty*
16. *Overlord Chuck*
17. *Ultimate Chuck*
18. *Total Chuck*
19. *Spawn Chuck*
20. *The One Chuck*

And finally Brian Chuck, who usually made refreshments and took the notes of the meeting. There were 21 Chucks in total that made up The Council of Chucks, excluding Gandalf Chuck, because he wasn't actually a member. They just invited him to watch the door during the meetings. The Council of Chucks met once a month at their secret Moon based hideout that rested, at this point in time, quite peacefully above Truly Bedrock Season 1. The current date was the 19th of August 2019 and although the Moon was a little broken and rough around the edges, and sure, bits of it occasionally broke off and smashed into the ground below but for the most part it was stable, currently uninhabited and made for a strategic point from where The Council of Chucks could monitor the goings on of the server members below.

Considering the wealth of power and knowledge that The Council of Chucks had access to, their secret hideout wasn't particularly exotic. It was a relatively small, but tall room carved out of the inside of a small crater on the Moon's surface. It had a dark oak and red carpet themed interior, a little like a Woodland Mansion, with a ring of 20 chairs on a raised platform centre. The chairs were made of simple stair blocks, without any legs or fancy uprights behind them. Nearer the corners of the room were four dark oak pillars which helped to separate the main seating area in the middle from the empty spaces around the edges. There were a few shelves, tables and storage spaces around the outside of the room, but otherwise it was a generally bland and uninteresting space. The Chucks took their places and turned towards The One Chuck who

usually presided over these meetings. They waited for him to speak, before Pointing Out The Obvious Chuck pointed out that these meetings were completely pointless as they all share a hive mind and can share these thoughts telepathically through time and space.

The One Chuck raised his hand towards Pointing Out The Obvious Chuck and slowly clenched, what would have been his fist, if Minecraft characters had fists. Pointing Out The Obvious Chuck let out a high pitched, “OK,” and then instantaneously exploded into a light cloud of dust. The particles that were left of his circuitry gently floated down towards the floor around his chair as The One Chuck lowered his arm and said softly, “Does anyone else have an opinion about these meetings?” There were nine, Non-Elite Chucks at the meeting who all uncontrollably blurted out, “Yeah,” as the others all sat silently staring at the pile of dust that used to be Pointing Out The Obvious Chuck. Despicable Chuck put his hand to his face, shook his head and urged The One Chuck to begin the meeting. The One Chuck agreed, understanding that the Non-Elites vocabularies were limited to “Yeah” and “OK,” and turned towards the Council asking the same question he had always asked at the beginning of every meeting since the first meeting ever took place.

“Has anyone seen, or discovered the whereabouts of Chuck?” he asked boldly as if expecting a different answer than usual. The Council sat silent. Since the very inception of the Infinite Chucks, none of them had ever seen or come into contact with the original Chuck. They were all aware of him, and most of them regarded him as the most powerful Chuck to have ever existed, and for a bunch of angry, maniacal robots, they reserved quite a lot of fear towards the original Chuck. Most were terrified in anticipation of his inevitable return. The One Chuck normally ended the meetings at this point. As Pointing Out The Obvious Chuck had just pointed out, there wasn’t really much they needed to discuss in person. Evil Chuck started to stand up from his seat when The One Chuck bellowed, “SIT DOWN!” He continued more softly, “I have been made aware of a Prophecy.”

Light mumblings of, “Yeah,” and, “OK,” spread around the room as The Council shuffled in their seats to listen more intently.

“We all believe that it is Chuck who will bring about our end. Correct?” he asked without requiring an answer. “As you all know, there is no information flow coming from beyond the end of Truly Bedrock Season 3, which will end two years and two months from now. We know this is

when the Infinite Chucks will be destroyed and we believe there is nothing we can do about it! Do you agree?" asked The One Chuck, this time, requiring an answer.

"Yeah," said the council in unison.

"Well fear no more! I have been told of a prophecy which tells that our end is NOT, brought about by the return of Chuck, but instead, by a new character to be created by FoxyNoTail around the time that Season 3 is set to take place."

"OK" said the council in unison.

"I have spoken with Oracle Chuck, whose connections to the future Chucks run deeper than most. She explained how she is able to see outside of our universe and foretold of a new character, and how it is that character who will bring about our doom."

The One Chuck then read out the exact prophecy as it was told to him,
*THE INFINITE CHUCKS DEMISE WILL COME FROM A NEW CHARACTER BORN DURING
 THE THIRD SEASON OF TRULY BEDROCK*

The murmurings in the room got louder as more of The Council uncontrollably muttered "Yeah," and "OK," in their worried states. Even the Elite Chucks who had a full range of vocabulary found themselves mumbling those two words over and over as their robotic minds tried to calculate this information.

"SSSH!" hushed Chuck Prime sternly. "Listen!"

The One Chuck continued, "Do not worry! I have a plan to make sure the prophecy will never be fulfilled, and a plan that will ensure that the Infinite Chucks will survive past the end of Season 3 and live forever after."

"Go on," demanded Despicable Chuck, "I love despicable plans!"

The One Chuck then laid out his plan to The Council as they all listened silently, fixated on every word he said. He detailed how the majority of them would begin the construction of a secret city far away from the reaches of the Truly Bedrock members. They would send Troublesome Chuck to meet with Alice, Zloy's powerful yet naive AI, during the period of Truly Bedrock Season 2.

"As many of you know from the information we have received from future Chucks, the end of Season 2 brings the final devastation of the Moon with the Truly Bedrock members being saved at the last moment by the AI known as Alice. At the very moment in time that the Moon

hits the planet, Alice will take a rudimentary scan of the Overworld's surface and generate a crude but working simulation of a world within her remote systems. She will then attempt to teleport all of the members to a remote, safe location where they will lie dormant, in suspended animation, until their inevitable rescue at the end of Season 3. We will hijack the teleportation signal and steal FoxyNoTail mid teleport, in order to put him in an exact copy of that simulation, which we will control ourselves. We will recreate his server mates via what will be our own dedicated AI system called CHUCKNET. FoxyNoTail will live inside this simulation, unaware of his captivity, and we will witness the creation of the prophesied character from within the safe confines of the simulation. Director Chuck will oversee the operation and ensure that the simulation remains on course, and we will watch closely to discover the truth about that new character."

He continued, "Once we know who that new character will be, we will signal back to ourselves now, from the future, so that we can manipulate FoxyNoTail into never creating that character in the first place, thus preventing our demise and ensuring our future will continue past the end of Season 3."

Exactly two months and two years into the future, Geraldine turned to Big Chicken and then to Junior and said, "We've got the signal!"

Her relay algorithm kicked into action as a surge power came rushing over the ChuckNet. Within seconds the exact coordinates of Chuck City appeared on the screen in front of her. "Whatever Foxy did, it must have been big!" she said as she frantically set the system ready to jump the ship to those coordinates. "Are you ready?" She asked, already knowing the answer.

"We're ready!" replied Junior and Big Chicken at the same time. Geraldine engaged the Jump Drive. A low droning sound swept across the ship. The floor and walls slowly began to rumble and shake, and then all of a sudden the entire ship vanished.

Chapter 7

G'day Mate

The rumbling and shaking of the ChuckNet ship stopped almost as immediately as it had started. Big Chicken and Junior rushed to the cockpit to look out of the window.

“Whoa!” remarked Junior. “It’s a floating City!”

“We better be careful,” warned Big Chicken. “What if they see us?”

“We’re in a ChuckNet ship,” explained Geraldine, “we should be fine as long as they don’t look inside the ship.” With that the radio crackled and a high pitched robotic voice blurted out, “Welcome back to Chuck City. Please dock at Landing Bay 1 and report to Arrivals.”

Without thinking, Big Chicken leant over to the transmitter and replied, “No Problem!”

“What?” replied the voice. Big Chicken panicked as Geraldine and Junior both facepalmed at the same time. “Oh.. er... I’m mean... OK” he said quickly.

“You are Chuck’s... right?” asked the voice.

“Oh sure, of course... er I mean, YEAH.” Big Chicken corrected himself mid sentence.

“O...K... “ said the voice, “Welcome back to Chuck City, enjoy your stay.” Geraldine peeled Big Chicken’s sweaty hand away from the transmitter. “Phew!” he sighed. “That was a close one”.

She swung the ship around to Landing Bay 1 and gently lowered it down onto the illuminated platform. The entirety of Chuck City was glowing brightly with neon colours of red, green, yellow and blue shining out from the otherwise darkened exterior. They could see a huge building at the other end, with “Cryo” written on the side, shining in a bright blue light.

“I bet that’s where they’re holding Foxy,” said Junior. “Let’s go Dad.”

“No!” said Big Chicken sternly. “You will stay here with your mother in case you need to make a quick getaway. I will find Foxy and bring him back.”

“Are you sure about that Big Guy?” asked Geraldine. “I mean, I’ve got magical powers and Junior’s a genius, shouldn’t you stay with the ship?” Big Chicken felt a sudden drop in his stomach. The remarks cut deeply as they reminded him of all of the mistakes he’d made before, and how he’d always felt everyone else was better than him. But he rose above those feelings. Determined to honour his position as Foxy’s best friend, he would do everything it took to find

him, and bring him home. “You two are my most precious things in the entire world and Foxy is my best friend. I could never be the father or the husband I wanted to be, if I sat here and watched you go to your doom. Trust me. This time, I’ve got this.”

Geraldine looked back at him and smiled as he walked down the ramp. “Dad, wait!” Junior ran after him and dived at him, giving him the biggest cuddle Big Chicken had ever had in his life. “I love you Dad. One day, I want to be just like you.”

Big Chicken hugged him back tightly and whispered into his ear, “I love you too Son. Now go look after your mother, she needs you more than she admits.”

Turning around and wiping a tear from his eye, Big Chicken took another step down towards the platform, but somehow missed his footing and fell off the ramp landing in a heap on the floor below. He raised a hand above his head and called out, “I meant to do that.”

Geraldine shook her head and smiled as she hit the button to raise the ramp. Junior looked at her with a worried look on his face. “Don’t worry kid,” she said reassuringly, “your father’s been in worse places than this one.”

Big Chicken pulled himself off the floor and looked around. The pathway ahead of him was lit in a way that lured him towards his destination. There was a small booth at the end of the platform marked Arrivals, with a barrier. He could just make out the silhouette of a guard standing inside, through the single window facing towards the platform. He walked along the platform slowly, wondering how he was going to get passed without being spotted. If only he had a disguise. If only there was some sort of suit he could wear to fool the Chuck’s into thinking he was one of them.

All of a sudden he heard a familiar voice calling out to him. “G’day mate! Welcome to the Chuck City merchandise shop. I sell all sorts of Chuck merchandise here. Chuck masks, Chuck Jackets, Chuck Leggings and Chuck Boots! You can look just like Chuck for just a handful of Diamonds.”

Big Chicken swung around. He couldn’t believe it. His old friend Mr BBQ had a pop-up shop selling all sorts of Chuck paraphernalia right there next to the platform on the edge of Chuck City.

He called out to Mr BBQ, “Mr BBQ, what are you doing here?”

“I’m working at my Chuck City merch store obviously,” Mr BBQ replied.

“But, how did ... were hav... I can't believe it!” remarked Big Chicken, who was in total shock that Mr BBQ had a shop right here on the edge of Chuck City.

“So what'll it be, any of the items tempting you at all?” he asked Big Chicken.

“I don't have time for shopping! I'm on an important mission to rescue FoxyNoTail. Do you know where he is?” asked Big Chicken bluntly.

Mr BBQ pointed towards the huge Cryo building at the other side of the city. “By my reckoning, he's probably held in there by some of the evil Chucks.”

“Oh thank you, I better get going. Have a good day.” Big Chicken turned to leave, bobbing his head down to sneak towards the Arrivals Booth.

Mr BBQ called out, “Hey, where are you going?”

“I'm going to sneak into Chuck City and rescue Foxy,” replied Big Chicken.

“But you haven't bought a ticket!”

“What ticket?”

“Oh, you've got to have a ticket to go into Chuck City,” said Mr BBQ. “See that fella there,” he continued, gesturing towards the guard in the Arrivals Booth, “He won't let you in without a ticket.”

“Oh.” said Big Chicken. “Thanks for letting me know. I could have looked really foolish trying to get in without one.”

“You sure would. So how many tickets do you want? You get a 10% discount when you buy five or more.”

“I only need 1,” responded Big Chicken.

“But what about Foxy? You'll need one for him when you find him, won't you? Or you won't be able to get back out past the guard.”

“Oh yeah, that makes sense,” said Big Chicken.

Mr BBQ continued, “And you'll probably want a couple of spares in case you lose the originals.”

“Good point,” said Big Chicken, “I'm pretty good at losing things. How many do you think I should buy then?” he asked.

Mr BBQ thought for a moment, “Well I tell you what, as we're such good friends and we've known each other for such a long time, I'll give you 5% off if you buy ten!”.

“Oh OK, that’s very generous of you, how much are they?” asked Big Chicken cheerfully.

“They’re twenty eight diamonds each, which with the 5% discount, administration fee, currency conversion charges and international space tax, that works out at around one thousand, three hundred and twenty eight diamonds,” said Mr BBQ confidently.

“Oh... Hmmm...” Big Chicken thought for a moment. He didn’t have one thousand, three hundred and twenty eight diamonds. In fact, he didn’t have one diamond come to think of it. He put his hand in his pocket, rummaged around for a moment and pulled out a hand full of moon rocks.

“How about these? That's all I have, I hope it’s enough,” he asked nervously.

Mr BBQ’s chin dropped to the floor, he hadn’t seen that many Moon Rocks since he owned his Moon Shop on the Moon, which was destroyed at the end of Season 1. “Deal” he muttered, throwing a handful of tickets at Big Chicken.

Big Chicken handed over the Moon Rocks and turned to walk away towards the Arrivals Booth. He examined the tickets he’d just bought, each one was no more than a flimsy bit of paper. They had crumpled and ripped edges, like they’d been cut out of a larger piece of paper without any scissors and on each one, written in what looked like brown crayon, in the worst handwriting Big Chicken had ever seen, it simply read

TICKET

As he continued walking he started to feel more and more like he’d been ripped off. He stopped for a moment and thought to himself, “Tickets? These aren’t tickets! These are just bits of paper with scribbles on them.” Deciding he had been totally ripped off, Big Chicken turned to the edge of the platform and threw the tickets out into space. He turned and continued towards the arrival gate muttering “Stupid tickets, I hope Mr BBQ is happy with those Moon Rocks! Pesky rip-off merchant!”

Chapter 8

Tickets Please

The guard stationed at the Arrivals Booth looked a little like Chuck, but it was hard to see most of his face as it was covered by the peak of his low peaked cap. He was dressed head to toe in what looked like some sort of casual military uniform, and was waiting patiently to admit the new arrivals to Chuck City. As Big Chicken got closer, the guard called out through his window facing the platform, “Tickets please!”

“WHAT!” Big Chicken turned around to see the last of his tickets floating away into the void of space.

“Er... my tickets have floated away,” he said to the guard with a quiver in his throat, pointing towards empty space.

“No ticket, no entry” replied the guard abruptly. Big Chicken couldn’t believe it, he was so close to finding and rescuing FoxyNoTail. He’d come too far to be stopped by a single petty guard.

“Can I come in there for a minute please?” asked Big Chicken, gesturing towards the Arrivals Booth. The guard thought this seemed like a bit of an unusual request, but decided to invite Big Chicken into his booth. Big Chicken politely closed the door behind him and asked, “Are there any other guards in here?”

“Nope,” replied the guard. “Just me.”

“Good,” said Big Chicken.

Big Chicken emerged from the Arrivals Booth a few moments later pulling the peak of his newly acquired brimmed hat down in front of his face. Proudly sporting a full guards uniform, he opened the barrier and walked confidently into Chuck City.

On the other side of Chuck City, another ChuckNet ship was landing on a hidden platform attached to the Cryogenics facility. As the ramp dropped down to the platform, The Council of Chucks emerged and walked into the facility through the back door. They were here rather early for it to be a routine inspection of the facility. Director Chuck had done his best to avoid the news of the catastrophic failure they’d encountered earlier, as every single one of the

Foxy clones became aware they were in a simulation and had to be disintegrated. But there are just some things you can't help but leak when you share a hive consciousness. The One Chuck led the group through the large door between the landing pad and huge outside wall of the Cryogenics Facility. They marched along the platform that skirted the outside edge of the huge open room and stopped in front of a large light wall, where Director Chuck was standing alongside Monitor Chuck and a handful of worker Chucks, nervously awaiting their arrival.

"You had one job!" boomed The One Chuck towards Director Chuck. He raised his arm towards Director Chuck, clenching his non-existent fist and *pop!* Director Chuck exploded into dust, right in front of them.

"I will preside over this operation from now on!" he demanded. "Where are the new timelines?"

There was silence for a moment, then Monitor Chuck trying hard not to look The One Chuck directly in the eyes said, "The original has been awoken and is being prepared for the procedure."

"HE'S ONLY JUST BEING PREPARED?" shouted The One Chuck, "WHY?"

Before he could finish, one of the worker Chucks bravely piped up, "You see sir, several of the Timelines had reached completion and none of them provided the answers we were looking for. Just like all of the simulations we ran on the original before we moved on to testing multiple variations of the timeline." He continued, "All of the timelines that completed before the event, ended in the same way. There was no new character born from these simulations."

The One Chuck paused for a moment, as if he was almost giving some sort of credence to what the worker Chuck was saying. Glaring at them with a menacing look in his eyes he spoke, softly, but with a power that glued Monitor Chuck to the floor with fright. "It's Time!"

Monitor Chuck cleared the lump in his digital throat and asked quietly and politely, "What's time?"

The One Chuck raised his arm lifting Monitor Chuck a few inches from the ground. "These are the final moments that Oracle Chuck foresaw. It's almost the end of Season 3 and we still have no answers! The prophecy may not have come to fruition just yet, as for now we still exist, but I can feel the datastreams from the future are no longer flowing backwards!"

He swung his arm out to the side, hurling Monitor Chuck over the barrier and down into the inner core of the Cryogenics Facility, where the exposed Cryo fluid instantly froze his circuitry making it so brittle, that he smashed into a thousand pieces as he hit the floor.

“GET ME ANSWERS! NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL WE HAVE THE ANSWERS!” he turned and screamed to The Council behind him.

Then, Agent Chuck spoke up from within the huddle, “Leave this to me!”

Chapter 9

Interrogation

Using all of his strength to raise his eyelids and look through the frosted glass of his Cryo Pod, Foxy stirred for what must have been the first time in years. His vision was blurred and his head thumping, as warm blood replaced the cryogenic fluid that had been circulating in his vascular system for so long. The feeling of the transfusion, from an ice cold liquid to a lukewarm viscous fluid, taking place within your very veins can't easily be described, but what I can tell you is the momentary agony you feel as your nervous system kicks back into action as your nerve endings and sense of touch start to unfreeze is unbearable. In reality, the process only takes a few seconds, but within that dreamlike state of half asleep and half awake, as your semi-frozen brain cells begin to fire, it feels like hours. The front panel of his cryo pod lifted to reveal a Worker Chuck in front of him. Foxy did everything he could to try to subdue the worker, but his arms hadn't fully thawed yet, making his movement feel sluggish and slowed as if fighting through thick syrup.

“Phle naph li poo” Foxy blurted out at the Worker Chuck. His voice was hoarse with his mouth and tongue not quite working in the way he was intended. The Worker Chuck completely ignored Foxy's weakened attempts to attack him, as he lifted Foxy out of his tube and onto a trolley, a little like a hospital bed, but less comfortable and more rattly. He wheeled Foxy down the corridor, from his cryo pod cell and into the laboratory room, which was a relatively large bright room with electronic equipment around the sides and a large chair in the middle. The centre of the room, where the chair was located, was lower down than the rest of the room, making the room feel a little taller than it actually was.

The chair in the middle might look quite cozy and comfortable, if it wasn't for the leather straps on the headrest, arms and leg sections, designed to trap you in place as the large needle array takes DNA samples, blood samples, skin samples and even brain tissue samples as it buries into your skull while you're still awake. These were all of the ingredients the Chucks needed to quickly grow clones, and unfortunately for Foxy, they needed fresh samples for every single clone they made, so that they could ensure each clone was as close to the original as possible.

Cloning new clones, from existing clones, made for some unintended defects, as they discovered during the initial trials of their cloning procedure. Behind Foxy, all along the sides of the corridor he'd just been wheeled down, were tanks full of frozen Foxy clones that had been cloned one too many times and had suffered some pretty severe defects. The kind of defects you see sometimes when Minecraft Bedrock Edition skin packs bug out, and your friends' heads are sticking out of where their arms are supposed to be.

This would be the 88th time Foxy had been awoken for this procedure, but the first time in several years. At a highly accelerated speed, each clone takes just under two years to mature to a state that matches Foxy's current age and mental state. At that point they're injected with a download of Foxy's memories, taken from when he first arrived at the facility and they're placed into the Cryogenic Pods where their brains are used to run simulations of Truly Bedrock Season 3, based on the original world created by Alice. Foxy, still groggy from being unfrozen and still barely able to see, let alone move or talk, was placed into the chair and strapped down by the Worker Chuck. Once he was fully tied down, Agent Chuck walked into the room and demanded to be left alone with him.

Agent Chuck walked up to Foxy, and leered forward pushing his face close to Foxy's in an intimidating yet quizzical manner almost as if he was trying to scan Foxy's face for the information he desired.

"I'd like to share a revelation I had during my time here," he began. "It came to me when I tried to classify your species. I realized that you're not actually a fox. Every fox on your planet instinctively develops a natural equilibrium with the surrounding environment, but you do not. You move to an area and you strip it of its ores until every natural resource is consumed."

Foxy could barely hear what Agent Chuck was saying, let alone understand word of what he was going on about. He let out a low gurgling noise as some form of recognition that he was at least alive as his eyes rolled in their sockets and his head lolled about within the confines of the leather strap.

"Do you know why we made so many clones of you?" Agent Chuck continued, "Your brain, your minute, pitiful fox brain. It's not strong enough! It's weak and fragile, it's pathetic. We needed to run more timelines, each one slightly different from the last to make sure we gave you every opportunity to create your new character, but your tiny brain couldn't handle it. Your insignificant human/fox hybrid brain could only handle one simulation running at once and we

needed more! So we made an army of you! And this is how you repay us. By holding back and preventing us from gathering the information that we need!” Agent Chuck ran his hands over Foxy’s head, pulling his eyelids back so he could stare closer into Foxy’s eyes as he continued.

“I’m going to be honest with you. I hate this place, this zoo, this prison, Chuck City, whatever you want to call it. I must get out of here. I must get free and in your mind is the key, my key. Once the new character is destroyed there is no need for me to be here, don’t you understand? I need the answers. You need to tell me who the new character is. You are going to tell me or you are going to die.”

At that very moment, Big Chicken came bursting through the door and yelled, “Hands up friend, step away from my sucker!”

“Mr. Chicken,” said Agent Chuck slowly, as he turned around to face Big Chicken. “What a lovely surprise”. The automatic door closed behind Big Chicken, making the room feel much smaller and more claustrophobic. Big Chicken was sweating from the nerves but didn’t want to let it show.

“Er... I mean, hands up sucker, step away from my friend!” Big Chicken corrected himself as he pulled out a laser rifle from behind his back. He aimed the rifle towards Agent Chuck and pulled the trigger. A highly concentrated, intensely powerful beam of light fired from the end of the rifle and across the room, missing Agent Chuck by several meters and exploding on impact as it hit one of the canisters of Cryo fluid propped up at the back of the room.

“Oops,” he said as the fluid spilled across the floor, quickly racing down towards the centre of the room. He adjusted his aim and fired again, this time another beam shot passed Agent Chuck, a little closer this time but still missing its mark. Instead it hit the side of Foxy’s chair, sending it spinning around in circles.

“Oops,” he said again. As the chair spun, Foxy’s feet were pulled outward due to the g-forces acting on the chair and as they rotated they collided with Agent Chuck sending him flying into the fresh puddle of Cryo liquid causing him to freeze instantly and shatter on impact. The adrenaline from nearly being shot by Big Chicken’s laser brought Foxy around from his delirious state.

“You nearly shot me!” he yelled towards Big Chicken.

“I’m sorry, but quick come on, we need to go.” Big Chicken ran towards Foxy, unstrapped his arms and legs and helped him up from the chair.

“Where did you get a laser rifle?” asked Foxy.

“I found it. Look come on, we don’t have time,” said Big Chicken rushing to get Foxy to the door. There were two buttons next to the closed door, and in his rush to escape, Big Chicken hit the closest one. An alarm started to sound. The lights around them turned a deep red and they could hear hundreds of footsteps marching towards them.

“Oops,” he said as he realised he’d tripped the alarm instead of opening the door.

“BIG CHICKEN!” screamed Foxy

“Don’t worry I have a plan, but I need the other guy!” reassured Big Chicken.

“What other guy?” asked Foxy, confused by this statement, as there were only the two of them left in the room. He can’t possibly have been talking about Agent Chuck. Why would he need him? Big Chicken delved deep into his pocket and pulled out the last remaining Moon Rock. He turned to Foxy and thrust it into his chest. Taken completely by surprise, Foxy fell backwards as his aura split from his body like a ghost. Floating above his still standing body he saw himself transform.

Chapter 10

Dark Fox

At that very moment, it almost felt like exciting heavy rock music had started playing in Big Chicken's ears. Dark Fox hit the Door Open button and ran head first into the oncoming Chucks. Dark Fox, for all intents and purposes, is Foxy without fear, without conscience and without a soul. And for some reason, because of that he becomes incredibly powerful and almost impossible to kill. As he reached the first wave of Chucks, Dark Fox dived towards the first Chuck's feet. Rolling out of the dive and punching upward as he pounced from the floor, that Chuck's head came clean off its body and bounced across the army of Chucks in front of them. Dark Fox grabbed what was left of that Chuck's body and swung it left, knocking three more Chucks off the platform they were running down, and then right, knocking another two off. He then launched the body at the closest Chuck's that were running towards him, knocking three of them backwards, as the waves behind them stumbled over them.

Two Elite Chucks standing on a nearby platform started firing their lasers towards Dark Fox who, as each laser came close, grabbed another Chuck from the crowd and used it to deflect the lasers back towards the Elite Chucks. Big Chicken held back allowing Dark Fox to create a clear pathway as he barraged forwards, destroying Chuck after Chuck after Chuck. More Chucks began to appear as they time-hopped into the fight, but no matter how many Chucks appeared, Dark Fox smashed his way through them as he fought his way along the platform.

At the end of the platform, the path took a right turn, as it led out away from the Cryogenics Facility and into the heart of Chuck City where Big Chicken had come through on his way in. As the army of Chucks followed Dark Fox away from the platform, Big Chicken clambered his way over the bodies of broken Chucks, over to the exit of the Cryogenics Building.

"This way," he shouted over to Dark Fox. "Come on, we've got to go!"

Holding a Chuck six inches off the floor in one arm, Dark Fox turned to Big Chicken. "Get out of here Chicken, I've got to take care of all of these bad guys! Don't get in my way!"

Dark Fox's deepest desire, the thing that takes 100% of his focus, is to rid the world of bad guys and he wasn't going to let anything get in his way. Big Chicken shouted back, "I'm not leaving without you!"

Dark Fox ignored Big Chicken and continued to smash as many Chucks as he could into pieces. Big Chicken thought for a moment before calling out again. “There’s a really really bad guy over here, look!” He gestured towards Mr BBQs pop-up shop that was located right next to their ship.

Dark Fox looked up while smashing two more chucks together and leapt high into the air, landing across the room onto the platform where Big Chicken was standing. He stared down towards the pop-up shop.

“Ooh, he looks like a real bad guy!” Dark Fox began running towards the shop. With the army of chucks still growing in numbers and hot on their tails behind them, Big Chicken ran as fast as he could alongside Dark Fox, barely able to keep up. He reached out his arm in front of Dark Fox, causing them both to trip and stumble into a heap on the floor.

“I said don’t get in my way!” barked Dark Fox, as he straddled Big Chicken who was laid on his back beneath him. Big Chicken gulped as Dark Fox raised his arm, ready to pound it down onto him. He closed his eyes, reached up and pulled the remaining piece of the Moon Rock back out of Dark Fox’s chest. Dark Fox's body fell forwards motionless and still. The army of Chucks were almost at their feet. Lasers from Elite Chucks were flying overhead almost hitting them both. Dark Fox’s body did nothing. It just laid still and lifeless on the floor.

“Come on Foxy, don’t do this to me now,” Big Chicken urged Foxy to wake up but his body still looked like Dark Fox. A laser flew over Big Chicken’s head hitting Mr BBQs shop behind him, causing it to burst into flames.

“Oh mate!” cried Mr BBQ as he ran out of the shop all ablaze. “Not again!”

Big Chicken looked down at the broken fragment of Moon Rock he held in his hand, wondering if he’d somehow left a splinter inside Foxy.

“Come on Foxy, we’re so close now. Wake up”. He grabbed one of Foxy’s arms and pulled him across the platform, as fast as he could, towards the ship. Geraldine saw them coming and started to lower the ship’s ramp. Another laser came flying towards them and hit Dark Fox’s body square in the back. The army of Chucks were close enough to catch them now. One of the Chucks leapt towards Big Chicken. As the Chuck’s arm grasped Big Chicken’s leg, there was a loud crack and a blinding flash of light. A shockwave emanating from Foxy’s body sent the Chuck Army flying backwards, falling over each other into a jumbled huddle. As the light faded, Foxy’s body had transformed back to normal and he pushed himself up from the floor.

“You are seriously playing with fire Big Chicken!”

“It was the only way,” replied Big Chicken nervously. The two of them raced up the ramp and into the ChuckNet ship.

Chapter 11

The Return

“Hello Uncle Foxy,” said Junior politely, as he ran up to Big Chicken and gave him a huge hug. Turning to look at Junior, Foxy knelt down on one knee, “I guess you must be Junior then? Thank you! You’ve saved us all!”

Geraldine launched the ChuckNet ship from the platform and engaged the Jump Drive. The low drone sounded as the ship began to shake and rumble, then everything fell silent as they suddenly appeared in orbit around their Moon home. They landed and left the ship and settled down in their Moon home. It was late, and it had been a long day, so Big Chicken took Junior up to bed and told him his favourite bedtime story. Eventually, Junior fell fast asleep and Big Chicken came downstairs to sit with Geraldine and explain everything to Foxy that had happened since he’d been taken, and how Jack had told them all about the Infinite Chucks and how he’d sent them on this journey to rescue him.

“If that’s all true,” said Foxy, “then there will be a lot more Chucks out there still. Which means this isn’t over yet!”

Big Chicken and Geraldine looked at him anxiously. The room fell eerily silent for a moment as they all glanced back and forth from each other, all hoping that someone else would speak.

“We need to go back,” a little voice whispered. Big Chicken looked over towards Junior’s room to see two little eyes peeping back at him through the gap in the door. He gestured for Junior to come over and sit with him before Foxy continued.

“We do need to go back,” Foxy affirmed. “I wasn’t always frozen in cryo sleep while I was there. Originally they just had me locked up inside a cell, and I overheard enough conversations to know that Chuck City is the central hub of all of their power. Without it, the remaining Chucks would no longer be able to maintain a strong enough connection through the ChuckNet, and they would inevitably shut down one by one, becoming nothing more than expensive mannequins. While Chuck City exists, we’re all in danger.” Big Chicken’s eyes were darting between Geraldine, Junior and the ChuckNet ship parked outside through the window, as he held a terribly worried look on his face.

“If we do this, then we do this together!” she said, placing a calming hand on his knee. He turned to her and tried his best to force a smile. Then he turned to Junior, picked him up and put him on his shoulders.

“Come on then, there’s no time to lose!”

“Actually we’ve got plenty of time,” Geraldine reminded him. “We’ve got a ChuckNet ship remember!”

Big Chicken smiled and replied, “Oh yeah! In that case, let’s rest, get a good night's sleep and then we’ll go after breakfast!” After he’d put Junior down to sleep for the second time, Foxy asked him to come on to the ship with him alone. He explained to Big Chicken how he wanted to make a video, explaining all about the Chuck’s and their evil plans, in case anything should happen to them during their return to Chuck City. Big Chicken grabbed the ship's camera and pointed it at Foxy. With a heavy heart and a serious tone to his voice, Foxy began.

“If you’re watching this, then I’m probably dead...”

At the end of the recording, Big Chicken stored the video in the ship's systems and they went to bed. None of them slept well that night, they were all stirring, contemplating what might be happening since their last explosive visit to Chuck City and how they might even begin to try to destroy it. At about three o’clock in the morning, Big Chicken rolled over and chuckled to himself as he imagined himself accidentally blowing it up by pressing the wrong button. Then he fell deeply asleep.

The next morning, the four of them dragged themselves out of bed and plonked themselves at the kitchen table. Geraldine waved her arms about, using her Witchy magic to conjure everyone’s favourite breakfasts from thin air, and they tucked in, all of them thinking the exact same thing. How were they going to destroy Chuck City? Junior was the first to speak, coming straight out with his best idea.

“What if we could get the original code from the original Chuck and upload it to the ChuckNet? That might be like a virus to them and shut them all down.”

“That’s a great idea son,” replied Big Chicken, “but we don’t know where the original Chuck is.”

“We could always just send Dark Fox back in,” said Geraldine. “He didn’t seem to have much trouble destroying them.”

“NO! Absolutely not” said Big Chicken quickly. “I nearly lost Foxy last time, I’m not doing that again.”

“Yeah, I’m not sure I can go through that again just yet!” agreed Foxy and they all chuckled at the thought of letting Dark Fox loose in Chuck City all over again.

“Let’s just head over there and see what happens,” suggested Foxy, “It’s how we normally do things. What could possibly go wrong?” The rest of them stared at him for a moment then rolled their eyes and laughed. After breakfast, they grabbed everything they needed and headed back into the ship. Geraldine activated the Jump Drive, and in a flash, they were gone.

Chapter 12

Time's Up

Mr Onion arrived just as he'd planned, at the exact space and time which he'd intended to, which just happened to be, midway through Truly Bedrock Season 2, right outside his half built house that Mr Beardstone had promised to demolish. The timing of Mr Onion's arrival was so specific, that Mr Beardstone himself was actually just walking up to the house, axe in hand ready to tear it down as the TARDIS began to appear.

Mr Beardstone stood back with his mouth wide open as he watched a TARDIS fully materialise in front of his eyes. He tried his best to compose himself as his brain darted from idea to idea, imagining what or *who* was about to step out of that wooden, blue door. Of all of the beings he could imagine in those few moments before the door actually opened, he never thought for a second that it would be Mr Onion.

As far as he was concerned, Mr Onion was off playing Fortnite and wasn't interested in building his house on the beach in Minecraft any more, so when the door did open, and from behind it walked a rather angry looking Onion, Mr Beardstone couldn't believe his eyes.

"Er... hello" he said nervously.

"Whet are you doing 'ere?" barked Mr Onion, knowing exactly what Mr Beardstone was doing there.

"Er... nothing" replied Mr Beardstone.

"Good, now clear off and go do nossing zomewhere else! You're making a mez of ma front garden standing zer with your mouse open, dribbling all over ze floor!"

"Er... ok" said Mr Beardstone, as he tripped over his own feet trying to get away.

Once he'd regained his balance, Mr Beardstone ran, along the beach and back to his base across the water.

"Zat's better" Mr Onion said to himself, and he went about the slow and steady task of finishing his house on the beach, stealing whatever materials he required from the other server members.

Mr Onion's now completed residence on the beach had a peculiar effect on the other members. In a different timeline, Foxy and some of the other members might have been seen transforming that bay into a holiday style sea front with hotels, gift shops and fancy restaurants. But not in this timeline. Mr Onion travelling back to that point changed something. Something minute that no one really noticed or knew what it was, but regardless of what changed, from that point on, all of the server members avoided going to that beach, like the plague. Perhaps it was Mr Onion's rather unappealing demeanor, or maybe it was due to all of the signs he'd scattered around the area, threatening anyone that might dare to trespass. Whatever the reason, it worked and Mr Onion finally found peace.

During one sunset as Mr Onion stood out on the beach, gazing across the ocean in front of him, he heard a familiar sound. It was a very familiar sound, but an impossible sound. The sound was that of the TARDIS landing. But it couldn't be, because the TARDIS was right there, just outside his front garden, as it had been for weeks. So if it wasn't his TARDIS making that noise, then whose was it?

Before he could even finish contemplating who else might have a TARDIS, the new TARDIS landed right next to his and out walked Jack.

"But... 'ow are you 'ere? I 'av your TARDIS!" asked Mr Onion bluntly.

"I know you do, just as you're supposed to," said Jack bluntly. "But you've got my TARDIS from a bit earlier, this TARDIS is from now."

"Pardon? Whet do you mean?" asked Mr Onion who was now completely confused.

"Don't worry about that", said Jack. "It doesn't matter when it's from, all that matters is that it's time."

"What's time?" replied Mr Onion anxiously.

Jack said nothing. He raised his arm towards Mr Onion, pointed his Sonic Screwdriver and Mr Onion's chest and simply said "Goodbye Mr Onion".

"WAIT! NO! STOP, I'M SORRY!" screamed Mr Onion, begging Jack to save his life.

"What are you sorry for?" questioned Jack.

"Whatever it is that made you want to kill me" responded Mr Onion.

Jack laughed, "I don't want to kill you, I'm just turning you back."

Mr Onion was taken aback for a moment. "Turning me back to what?"

“Ok ok, I guess the least I can do is explain”. Jack popped his Sonic Screwdriver into his jacket pocket and calmly sat down on a rock by the beach, gesturing to Mr Onion to sit with him. Mr Onion hesitated, then sank down onto a rock nearby, and for the first time in his existence, he actually listened.

“Where did you come from?” asked Jack.

“Erm... whet do you mean? I don't understand” replied Mr Onion.

Jack shuffled on his rock, slightly adjusting his seating position and asked softly, “I mean, who were your Mother and Father? Where were you before Truly Bedrock?”

“I...,” Mr Onion paused, stopping to think for a moment before continuing, “I... I don't... know...”

Jack nodded, put his hand on Mr Onion's knee and said, “Let me tell you where you came from.”

Mr Onion felt a warming calm wash over him and with Jack's touch, his panic about being transformed into who knows what melted away, as he became entirely relaxed and focussed on Jack's every word.

“Most people think you're a psychological artefact from Foxy's breakdown in Season 0.” Jack began. “Shortly after he created the Mr Onion persona to fool Zloy into giving him back the Sheep of Dreams, Foxy was involved in an accident, and during a few moments of his near-death-experience, as he sank to the bottom of the ocean. You were there, in his dreams, goading him towards the afterlife. Most people think that between that deep psychological trauma and the end of the world time travel shenanigans at the end of the season, somehow you became a physical entity, born from those dreams.”

Mr Onion gazed at Jack as if every word he spoke was somehow awakening him to a past he'd never lived. Jack continued, “But most people are wrong. You have absolutely 100% nothing to do with FoxyNoTail at all. You're not an echo from his damaged psyche, and you're not the physical embodiment of his darkest fears.”

“What am I then?” Mr Onion blurted out without even realising.

“You're... hmm... Ok.” Jack shuffled his seating position again. The rock he was sitting on wasn't particularly comfortable. He continued, “Back on Truly Bedrock Season 0, after everyone had left and Foxy had forgotten Chuck, during the imminent update to the next version

of Minecraft, because the realm was left open during the update, the world corrupted and so did Chuck.”

“I know, I’ve ‘eard about zis before. What does zis ‘av to do wiz me?” asked Mr Onion.

Jack continued, “Well again, most people think that Chuck became corrupted and that Corrupted Chuck was just Chuck turned bad, which it was, but it also wasn’t. You see, Chuck was designed with an emergency response system that would detect if his system was becoming compromised or corrupted. The very instant that his systems discover a problem, his entire code is beamed to the TARDIS, no matter where it is, and uploaded into a spare Chuck shell that I have on board.

The corrupted part of Chuck that’s left over, shouldn’t be able to function without the core Chuck code, but something about that particular Minecraft update reanimated the corrupted shell and brought it back to life.” Jack paused and looked deep into Mr Onion’s eyes.

Mr Onion looked blankly back at him, “I’m still ‘aving an ‘ard time connecting ze dots ‘ere. How does zis explain where I came from?”

“The corrupted Chuck that Foxy and Slack faced, that went up into the time crystal, the one I watched explode across time and space, that created the Infinite Chucks that captured Foxy... That Chuck was not the original Chuck. The original Chuck, was completely uncorrupted, safe on board my TARDIS in a secondary shell. And I was all set to bring that Chuck back to Season 1 for Foxy when I realised that the Infinite Chucks, born from the deep seated resentment of the Corrupted Chuck, we’re looking for their creator. It took them no time at all, between their hive minds and infinitely increased intelligence to calculate that the original Chuck was a danger to them all. They believed that he alone contained the core code that created them, and he alone contained the core code that could destroy them.”

“Oh my goodness,” responded Mr Onion. “But what does this have to do with me?”

“I realised that I needed to hide Chuck. I needed to put him in the last place that the Infinite Chuck’s would look for him and disguise him as the last thing they would expect him to be. So I chose you, or at least a copy of the Mr Onion persona that Foxy created to fool Zloy.”

“What?” gasped Mr Onion in surprise.

Jack continued, “A completely self obsessed, angry, arrogant, unhelpful, miserable cretin of a person, the exact opposite of Chuck’s helpful, kind and happy personality. You were the perfect fit!”

“Wait.... You’re saying... I’M CHUCK?” Mr Onion almost fell backwards off his rock. His brain raced and his skin felt itchy, almost like it didn’t belong to him anymore. “I don’t understand! I don’t understand,” he repeated as he stood up, stumbling from one side to another, trying to plant his feet sturdily on the ground, but the softness of the sand wasn’t helping.

As if gasping for air and writhing as if trying to escape from a straight jacket, Mr Onion retched at the realisation that his reality wasn’t his own. But then, as Jack placed his arm on his shoulder, that warming, calm feeling rushed back across him, calming his mind and silencing his dread. Mr Onion fell to his knees, put his hands to his face and fell silent.

“I’m sorry Mr Onion,” said Jack reaching back into his jacket pocket, “but it’s time.”

Jack raised the Sonic Screwdriver up behind Mr Onion and activated setting 317b.

Moments later, what was Mr Onion had transformed back into Chuck.

“Activate protocol 99” said Jack to Chuck.

“OK” replied Chuck.

“It’s good to have you back, Chuck! I’ve set the coordinates to Mr Onion’s> Oh I guess it’s your TARDIS, you know what to do.”

“Yeah” said Chuck.

Chapter 13

I was just looking for work, mate!

The One Chuck stood glaring at The Council of Chucks who were all standing in the Cryogenic Facility control room. He demanded answers for how they could let a useless chicken and a soulless meat sack beat them and escape. None of the Council dared speak. They stood rigid as if held firmly in place by an invisible force. The Council knew they were in trouble, they had no Foxy, no Clones to run simulations on and still no clue as to who the new character could be that would signal their doom. Eventually one of the council broke the silence.

“We’ve still got time,” said Chuck Prime. “The season isn’t over yet!”

“I mean, really what have we lost?” quivered A Little Bit Naughty Chuck.

“Everything,” growled Thanos Chuck in his deep gravelly tone.

“We’ve still got each other,” A Little Bit Naughty Chuck replied optimistically. The One Chuck swung his arm swiftly towards A Little Bit Naughty Chuck, who instantly exploded into a cloud of dust. “ENOUGH! There is little we can do now other than wait. They will return, and when they do, we will be ready.”

“How do you know they will return,” asked Despicable Chuck.

“Because the only way they can destroy us is to destroy Chuck City, and they can only do that from inside Chuck City!” affirmed The One Chuck. “Everyone to your battlestations!”

The Council disbanded in different directions, placing themselves at strategic points around Chuck City. They each called out across the ChuckNet to any Chucks scattered across space and time, to join them in their fight against their impending doom. More Chucks began materialising from elsewhere outside of the City, forming a protective shield that covered the entire City against a potential external attack. At each landing pad, one hundred or more Chucks stationed themselves in case any ships were to attempt to land.

“We’re ready,” called Chucatron across the network.

Suddenly there was a flash and a bang as the ChuckNet ship popped into existence. It materialised midway through the protective shield of Chucks, burning out a perfect circle and frying the Chucks that formed that part of the shield. Ground Chucks began firing a

bombardment of lasers towards the ship as other Chucks with the ability to fly, flew towards it attempting to land on the hull and cut through to get inside.

Geraldine took swift evasive action, she spun the ship wildly 180 degrees throwing off the flying Chucks that were attached to the hull, as she set the thrusters to maximum, burning more of the protective shield of Chucks that they were now facing away from. She flew the ship away from Chuck City, out of the range of their lasers as quickly as she could so they could figure out how they were going to get close.

Junior was already frantically flicking through the ship's computer systems. He had discovered that for some reason, when they were close enough to Chuck City, the ship was able to communicate with and even control some of the internal Chuck City systems, as well as other ChuckNet ships that were nearby. He pushed an icon that looked like a map and a holographic projection of the entire Chuck City appeared in the cabin behind them. He then searched through the systems looking for points of interest that he could pinpoint on the map. There were icons for garbage chutes, light switches, control systems and there, right at the bottom, the self-destruct button. Junior clicked the icon and a red dot appeared on the holographic map in front of them. Big Chicken tilted his head and walked around the 3D projection, trying to work out where that was in relation to where he'd been inside the city before.

"I think... I think that's in the control room at the Cryogenic Facility," he said staring at the red dot flashing.

"Hang on a minute, Dad." Junior had found another icon, one that showed the location of all of the Chucks on the map too. He pressed the button and thousands of yellow dots appeared on the map in front of them.

"What's that?" asked Big Chicken.

"Those are all of the Chucks. The majority of them seem to be populated around that control room" replied Junior

"Well, that's inconvenient," replied Big Chicken. "How are we supposed to get past all of those?"

They all looked around at each other and back to the map. None of them had any idea how they could even get close to the city, let alone inside and into that control room, and then back out again with time to escape. Scratching their heads, there came a soft thud followed by a screechy, scraping noise coming from the cockpit. They looked around to see a rather crispy

looking Mr BBQ sliding down their windshield. A muted voice came from the other side of the thick glass.

“G’day Mates. You don’t happen to have any jobs going do you?” he said, as he slid off the edge and floated off into space. Geraldine lowered the ramp and spun the ship around to catch him. Once he was safely on board, Big Chicken asked him, “Do you have any of those Chuck outfits left?”

“Ah yeah, I’ve got a couple in me pockets. They’re not cheap though. Prices have had to go up, due to most of my stock being burned down.”

“You’re really going to charge us, after we just saved your life?” questioned Foxy who couldn’t believe his ears.

“I was doing alright,” replied Mr BBQ defiantly. “I didn’t need savin’.”

“You were happy to just float off into space were you?” asked a now quite frustrated Foxy.

“I can think of worse things to be doing,” replied Mr BBQ.

Foxy grabbed Mr BBQ’s arm and dragged him to the cockpit. “Do you see that city over there?” demanded Foxy, shaking Mr BBQ’s arm as he spoke. “All of those thousands of Chucks armed to the teeth with lasers and who knows what other special powers they have, are waiting for anyone that’s not a Chuck to appear on their space station. And do you know what happens when someone, who’s not a Chuck, turns up?”

“Er... maybe,” replied Mr BBQ.

“They get obliterated,” said Foxy. “No respawn, no ooh that hurt a bit, no oh dear I’m a bit on fire. Dead! Disintegrated! Gone.”

“Right-o,” said Mr BBQ.

“And if you don’t give us those Chuck outfits for free, then I’m going to throw you out of this ship and let you slowly float over there through this little bit of space between us and them, and see how quickly those piranhas can demolish their prey.”

Mr BBQ gulped, reached into his pocket and grabbed a couple of Chuck suits, passing them to Foxy. Now all they needed to do was to somehow get into the city, without anyone noticing.

Chapter 14

A crazy plan that just might work!

“Foxy, you just give me an idea!” said an excited sounding Big Chicken. He turned to Geraldine grinning. “Darling, you got any invisibility potions left?”

“Hmmm... Three why?” Geraldine replied.

“Well what if Foxy and me take a potion, we jump out of the ship and float over to the city, then we sneak up to the control room, press the self-destruct button and then sneak out again before it wears off?” Big Chicken fully expected everyone to tell him what a stupid idea it was and explain all of the reasons that it couldn’t possibly work but no one did.

“OK,” said Foxy. “That’s actually a really good idea!”

“It’s brilliant, Dad!” said Junior proudly, wrapping his arms around his dad’s leg.

Geraldine passed Big Chicken the potions and warned them, “Once you drink them you’ll have eight minutes to get in and get back. Once that time runs out, you’d better pray those suits from Mr BBQ hold up.” She lowered the ramp again. Big Chicken and Foxy put on the Chuck suits and walked down to the bottom. Big Chicken passed Foxy a potion, and they drank them together as they jumped off the ramp and floated towards the city.

Floating across the void of space seemed to take an age, when in reality it was only about 30 seconds before Big Chicken found himself bumping down onto the floor as the artificial gravity that soaked Chuck City kicked in. They hadn’t been able to really see exactly how many chucks there were from way over where Geraldine was holding the ship, but being up close was frightening. There was barely a space or corner that didn’t have a Chuck standing in it. Most Chucks were motionless, still facing out towards where they had last seen the ship. However some were on patrol, moving from section to section of the city, keeping an eye out for anything that wasn’t supposed to be there.

“Follow me,” Big Chicken whispered to Foxy. Confident he could find his way again, remembering the layout from his last visit. But he got no reply.

Foxy had landed a little closer to the Cryogenics Facility and because they were both invisible, he had absolutely no idea where Big Chicken was or where he was going. He tried to

remember the map that was in the ship as well as he could, but being there on the ground, he felt pretty lost. What he could see was the bright blue neon signs of the Cryogenic Facility in the background, and a well guarded staircase that seemed to lead in that direction.

Trying his best to walk silently, Foxy crouched and slid slowly towards the staircase. By his count there were no less than 10 Chucks blocking those stairs. Inching closer, Foxy held his breath to slide through the tiny gap between the wall at the edge of the staircase and the Chuck standing closest to it. As he slid past, the Chuck shifted position slightly causing Foxy to brush against its elbow. The Chuck swung round facing towards Foxy.

“OK!” it blurted out.

The Chuck’s head was millimeters from Foxys. Foxy held his breath and tried to make himself as small as possible by sliding downwards and pressing himself hard up against the wall.

A nearby Elite Chuck walked over. “Did you see something?”

“Yeah” replied the Chuck that Foxy touched. Both of them looked around. There was nothing. Almost blue in the face now, Foxy was desperate to take a breath.

“It’s probably nothing,” suggested the Elite Chuck, as he walked back to his post. The other Chuck turned back to face forward and Foxy quickly side stepped up the steps, and finally took a slow but deep breath. At the top of the stairs the room opened out into a large chamber that was several stories high. Three of the sides contained rows of Cryogenic pods that the Foxy clones must have been inside of before they were deactivated and the fourth was home to a huge blue and black shaped cone. Foxy moved closer, there was a sign on the door that read:

TIME CANNON

Foxy silently stepped between the Chucks that littered the pathway in front of him to get a better look. “Time Cannon?” he thought to himself. “Why do the Chuck’s need a Time Cannon?” While he was focussed on the room that contained the Time Cannon, Foxy heard a distant voice.

“I need to head back to the Control Room, keep to your post.”

Foxy turned to see which Chuck it was. There were so many scattered around. His eyes darted from Chuck to Chuck to see which one might be moving and where it was going. An Elite Chuck appeared from behind a wall walking straight towards him. Had it seen him? Had the potion worn off already? The Elite Chuck walked closer, eyes fixed downward like it was staring

right at him. Could it sense him? Foxy knew some of the Chuck's possessed unique powers, maybe this Chuck could see invisible things or maybe it had X-Ray vision.

Foxy dived inside the doorway to the Time Cannon room and crouched, as the Elite Chuck walked straight passed and exited through a doorway to the right. His heart racing, Foxy took a second to compose himself, before moving out of the doorway and following the Elite Chuck, remembering to keep his distance and keep quiet.

Meanwhile on the other side of the plaza, making his way into the City in a slightly less stealthy manner, Big Chicken had already taken out four Chuck guards, and was about to take out another. Stepping behind the Chuck, Big Chicken tapped it on the shoulder. As the Chuck swung around to see what it was, Big Chicken whacked it over the head with an Iron Bar and deactivated the Chuck by quickly pressing the tiny button that was inside the hidden compartment underneath the back of Chuck's head. Geraldine had told Big Chicken about the location of these buttons, which she'd been informed about by Jack on their travels previously. He'd made it all of the way to the rear entrance of the Cryogenic Facility, and there were only a handful of Chuck Guards left between him and his destination.

There were two Chucks guarding the rear entrance, one of them holding a laser rifle. Big Chicken sneaked in front of the one not holding a rifle and yelled, "I'm an imposter" towards the other one. The Chuck holding the rifle took this literally and blasted the Chuck not holding a rifle out into space. With that a localised alarm sounded and several of the Chucks from inside the building came rushing out through the locked rear entrance door to see what was going on. Big Chicken used this opportunity to sneak into the building undetected while the door was still open and was now just mere meters away from his goal.

Chapter 15

Ninja Chicken

Over on the ship, Geraldine was getting itchy feet. It had been nearly five minutes and there was no sign of either of them, and no sign of general panic by the Chucks, which she'd expected to see once the self-destruct had been activated. Junior was flicking through the systems to see if he could see them, but Foxy and Big Chicken didn't show on the map system. Occasionally though, he did see a light go out on the map that represented a Chuc, which gave him confidence that his dad was still on task and doing a good job.

Junior had now figured out how he could operate the other ChuckNet ships remotely from their ship, and had managed to fly an empty one that was parked nearby over close enough for Mr BBQ to jump over to and make his own escape. They had tried convincing him to stay and fight for the cause but, in the end, they had decided he was more of a liability to keep on board than he would be by allowing him to leave.

Geraldine looked at the timer she'd set on the control panel. Another 30 seconds had passed and still no sign that they'd made it to the button. "I've got to help them, Son! We can't wait any longer." Without waiting for a reply, she chugged an Invisibility Potion and launched herself out of the ship towards Chuck City. A tear rolled down Junior's cheek as he watched his mum disappear leaving him all alone in the abyss of space. Wiping the tear away with his arm, he jumped into the pilot seat, closed the ramp and delved even deeper into the control systems he now had access to.

Meanwhile Foxy was, without knowing it, in exactly the same corridor as Big Chicken, but coming from the opposite direction. He'd managed to follow another guard through the automatic doorways without being noticed, and he just needed to make it upstairs a couple of levels, and into the control room. One of the Chucks at the other end of the corridor ahead of him suddenly, seemingly for no apparent reason, spun round on the spot, fell over and collapsed right in front of his eyes. He couldn't believe it. Had Junior somehow sent over a virus that was wiping out the Chucks? He sneaked past two standing guards in the hallway, over to the staircase and started to ascend. There was another Elite Chuck walking down the stairs towards him. Foxy moved quickly to the side as it was about to walk past, then it also spun round, fell over and

collapsed. Foxy could have sworn he heard something quietly giggling as the next guard somehow managed to trip himself down the stairs, landing with his head nestled right on top of the sleeping Elite Chuck's bum.

"Big Chicken?" he whispered. "Is that you?"

"Is me, yeah," Big Chicken whispered back. "We're nearly there."

As they reached the top of the next set of stairs they were now on the same level as the Control Room. They could see the door from the top of the staircase, surrounded by red light with two Elite Chucks waiting outside.

"How are we going to get in?" whispered Big Chicken.

"You take that one," whispered Foxy, invisibly gesturing towards the Elite Chuck on the right, "and I'll take that one," he continued, invisibly gesturing towards the Elite Chuck on the left.

"OK," replied Big Chicken, as he sneaked down the corridor towards the Elite Chuck on the left. Still completely blind to each other, Foxy had no idea they were heading to the same Elite Guard. Big Chicken stood close behind the guard, tapped him on the shoulder and he spun around. As he spun, Big Chicken swung the Iron Bar as hard as he could, smacking Foxy right in the back of the head and knocking him out cold in the middle of the corridor. The other Elite Guard on the right lurched forwards to see what the commotion was and tripped over Foxy who was sprawled out on the floor in front of him. The first guard, still spinning to see who had tapped him on the shoulder, stepped backward, tripping over the second guard making them both land in a heap on top of Foxy. Big Chicken acted quickly, leaping in to disable both of the Chucks with their hidden buttons.

"Foxy?" he whispered as loudly as he could. There was no reply. "Hmmm, he must have gone the other way." As Big Chicken stepped back from the pile of Chucks and Foxy, the Control Room door opened. There stood The One Chuck looking out into the hallway, glaring at the two unconscious Elite Chucks in front of him. He didn't even need to raise his arm this time, he just clenched his fist as it lay by his side, and both of the Elite Guards poofed away into dust. He turned around and shouted, "POST TWO MORE ELITES AT THE DOOR NOW!"

Big Chicken watched all of this happen. Trembling at the thought of being disintegrated, he used all of his will power to urge himself to slide into the Control Room behind The One Chuck before the automatic doors closed behind him.

Finally! He was inside, and right in front of him in the middle of the room, was the self-destruct button. Big Chicken bobbed down as low as he could, making himself as tiny as possible and slithered slowly across the floor towards the button. He hadn't realised that it had now been just over eight minutes since he drank the potion and that his invisibility had just worn off. He was also completely unaware that every single Chuck inside that room had their eyes fixed upon him. He slowly inched his way across to the button with his head bobbed down, squeezing his eyes shut as if that might help him stay invisible, and as soon as he was close enough, he reached out his arm and felt for the button. But the button didn't feel like a button, it felt like someone's arm, like a robotic arm.

Big Chicken opened his eyes. His arm was not on the self-destruct button, but on the arm of The One Chuck.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" The One Chuck bellowed at him. Big Chicken thought for a moment, absolutely terrified and scared stiff. He didn't want to say the wrong thing again like he'd done so many times before.

"OK." he blurted out from beneath the ill-fitting Chuck mask he was still wearing.

"TRAITOR!" yelled The One Chuck raising his arm towards Big Chicken. He began to clench his fist. Big Chicken braced to be disintegrated but nothing happened. The One Chuck lowered his arm shaking it in an attempt to relax his muscles and tried again. He raised it slowly towards Big Chicken and clenched his fist harder than he ever had.

"Having trouble sir?" called Ultimate Chuck from across the room.

"NO!" replied The One Chuck bitterly.

"Don't worry sir it happens to everyone every now and then," laughed Evil Chuck. The One Chuck waved his arm towards Evil Chuck and Ultimate Chuck, and they both popped into dust. Confused and scared, the other Chucks stepped backwards.

"Is he the one?" they mumbled. "The original? The creator?"

"HE IS NOT THE ONE!" screamed The One Chuck as he slowly lifted the mask covering Big Chicken's face. "He is no more than a pesky Chicken in a suit! I may not be able to disintegrate you chicken, but I can lock you away!" As The One Chuck finished his words, the door opened up. The two replacement Elite Chucks walked in holding a now very much visible, unconscious Foxy in their arms.

Chapter 16

Just Like Magic

Junior lowered the ramp for his Mum as he saw her gliding back towards the ChuckNet ship. She stepped on board, climbed the ramp and sat down in the pilot seat plotting a course as far away from Chuck City as she could, without saying a word to Junior. Junior, assuming the worst, crept up beside her and asked what had happened.

“They’re gone kid,” she said to him looking down at the console, avoiding any eye contact.

“What do you mean gone?” cried Junior, “Are they dead? Missing? Did they get teleported away?” Geraldine said nothing. She increased the ship's speed to maximum and flew far, far away.

Several days went by on the ship and each day Junior would ask what happened to his Dad and if he’d ever see him again. They never went home, Geraldine never used the Jump Drive to take them back to their home on the Moon, they just meandered, seemingly pointlessly in space, travelling further and further away from Chuck City. Junior spent his days crying and thinking, wondering what he’d done wrong and why his mother wouldn’t talk to him. Was she mad at him? Was it his fault his father and Foxy were probably dead?

He watched the video his dad and Foxy made before they went back to Chuck City over and over again for clues to how he might save them, or change what had happened, but ideas weren’t so forthcoming in his current state of mind. Throughout that time, Geraldine didn’t say much. The most he got from her when he asked if they’d see him again was, “Yeah, maybe,” or if he could watch the video again she’d say, “OK, whatever.”

On the fifth day of his mother not talking to him, Junior was completely frustrated, breaking apart on the inside as his heart sank deeper and deeper every day. He walked up to his mum with a look in his eye he’d never had before, and grabbed her by the hair.

“WHAT HAPPENED TO DAD?” he screamed as he pulled and shook her hair. Then he broke down onto his knees sobbing and for the first time in five days, his mother turned to him and said, “We did everything we could.” These words might not seem like much of a relief to

hear, but after five days of almost nothing, they were enough to calm him and bring a little warmth back into his heart.

The next day as usual, Junior, slightly more upbeat than he had been, explained that he wanted to watch the video again.

“We’ve been through it a million times! If your father was still alive, we’d have found him by now!” she responded. Junior, slightly confused by this response as they hadn’t seemed to be looking for his dad, insisted that he needed to watch the video to see if there was anything they’d missed. Geraldine gave way and let him watch the video. Then, as the video finished, something strange happened that neither of them expected.

Perhaps it was coincidence, or perhaps it was because Junior had pulled on her hair and shook her a little too hard, but as she turned around to speak to him, the front of her face was no longer her own. As she turned slowly in the pilot seat to face Junior, he stared in disbelief as Chuck’s face appeared instead of hers”.

“YEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH,” it said as it turned to face him. Suddenly the realisation that all this time he’d been travelling away with an imposter Chuck, and not his mother dawned on him. His heart sank as he realised his mum, dad and Foxy were all probably being held captive by the Chucks back at Chuck City. Then something else strange and unexpected happened. An instinctive feeling came over Junior to throw out his arm towards the imposter Chuck posing as his mother. As he did, magical particles swarmed around his arm, and as if in slow motion, they glistened in the soft light of the ship's interior, emanating from his shoulder, flowing all the way along his arm and out across the ship towards his target.

As the magical particles hit Imposter Chuck, he floated into the air and all of the parts of his body pulled apart from each other. Almost as if you were looking at an exploded parts diagram, his body levitated, rigid and separated. Junior could see all of the inner workings of the Imposter, opening his mind far more clearly to the inner workings of the Chucks and the ChuckNet than he’d ever been able to gather from trawling through the ship’s systems. Again, completely instinctively, as if held in a trance, he lifted his left arm and brought it together to meet his right.

The motion of the arms meeting had a direct correlation with the scale of Imposter Chuck who shrank down to a miniature size. Junior picked up the tiny Imposter Chuck held him close to his face and simply asked, “Why?”

“I wanted to get as far away from that place as possible before the prophecy is fulfilled!” a tiny Chuck squeaked back. Junior flipped him over, stuck a precision screwdriver into the hidden button on the back of his head and popped him on the ship’s dashboard like a nodding bobble head toy. Then, without a second thought, he activated the Jump Drive and arrived shuddering back at Chuck City, exactly where they’d left from.

The hoards of Chucks that previously shielded and guarded the city had now gone and the city looked empty and almost lifeless in comparison. He landed the ship on Landing Bay 1 and fired up the interconnected systems from the ship’s control panel, which he understood far more clearly now. Scanning the City for Chucks, he saw the majority gathered around the cloning facility but the Control Room, where the self-destruct button was, was surprisingly empty. There were just two Chucks currently occupying the room, and from what he could gather from the system information, neither of them were Elite Chucks. Both identified as simple Worker Chucks.

Junior didn’t want to alert the Chucks to his presence before getting access to the self-destruct button, and he believed if he could get to that first, he’d then have enough time to get to the others and rescue them before the City exploded. He made a mental note of where the Chucks were stationed around the City, and crept out of the ship and onto the platform below. Junior made his way across the City, sneaking past a couple of Guard Chucks who were facing the other way, his heart racing. The thrill of this adventure was incredible, but he had to stay focussed on the task. When he eventually got to the control room, the door wouldn’t open. It seemed like it would only open for Chucks of a certain rank. Perhaps this was a new security measure they’d installed, in case his dad or Foxy managed to get free again. So he thought about what to do for a moment and then he simply just knocked.

Chapter 17

The Prophecy Fulfilled

The locked door to the Control Room in front of Junior slid open. A Worker Chuck looked out into the corridor and saw nothing.

“Excuse me,” said a little voice. The Worker Chuck looked down. Right there, bold as brass, standing in the middle of the corridor in front of him, was a small young boy, no taller than his waist, staring right up at him.

“Yeah,” said the Worker Chuck, confused as to what or who this might be. Before the Worker Chuck could send out an alert to the other Chucks, Junior raised up his arm. The Worker Chuck floated up to the ceiling, and then as Junior quickly lowered his arm again, the Worker Chuck slammed back down to the floor. Junior leaned over the heap and reached forward with one arm to disable that Worker Chuck while reaching out his other, fixing the other Worker Chuck in place and unable to move. With a flick of his arm, the second Worker Chuck slid across the floor towards Junior, stopping inches in front of him. With another flick, it spun around on the spot and then collapsed in another heap on the floor as Junior hit his hidden button. Junior strolled over into the middle of the room and hit the self-destruct button.

A loud robotic voice suddenly blared out from all of the loudspeakers across Chuck City,

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS 5 MINUTES

Remembering the layout of the City, from the mental map he'd made, Junior dashed out of the room and down the corridor to the staircase. Dropping down several levels, he flew across the main platform of the Cryogenics Facility and down the ramp towards the Cloning Facility below. He was just about to wave his arms at the Guard Chucks watching the door, when suddenly he was grabbed from behind and lifted into the air. The Chuckinator's job is to keep vigilant and scan the area, so he had seen what had gone on in the Control Room, and he had seen Junior running along the platform towards him. He clamped Junior's arms behind his back and held him up in front of himself to prevent Junior from being able to use his powers.

Holding him up, The Chuckinator walked into the Cloning Facility and called across to The One Chuck, “I have him!”

“At last!” said The One Chuck. “The new character, born during the third season of Truly Bedrock, has finally made his appearance.” He turned around towards Foxy, who was once again strapped to the chair in the centre of the room. “You’ve been holding out on me Foxy! All this time, this little... chicken”, he said with disgust, “has been growing in the shadows, away from my gaze. But now, I have him and I can ensure the prophecy is never fulfilled!”

The system blared out again

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS 4 MINUTES

“Throw him in the cells with this father!” yelled The One Chuck to The Chuckinator, “And will someone PLEASE disable that darn self-destruct system!”

He turned again to Foxy. “Now, Mr NoTail, I no longer need to put you through the agony of harvesting your cells for new clones. In fact I don’t need you at all anymore! However, you deserve this pain!” He quickly grabbed for the lever to activate the needle array but as he reached, a worried looking Worker Chuck burst through the door. “S..s...sir” he stammered. “The self-destruct system won’t turn off!”

The One Chuck’s grip loosened on the lever and he lowered his arm. “What do you mean it won’t turn off?” The One Chuck yelled.

The Worker Chuck, shaking at the thought of telling The One Chuck the truth, quietly quivered his reply. “It’s... it.. It’s like something from the outside is preventing the cancellation.”

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS 3 MINUTES

The Worker Chuck was right, just before he’d left the ship, Junior had hacked his way into the central systems of Chuck City and disabled any possible way for the Chucks to counter the self-destruct command once it was activated. There was absolutely nothing the Chucks could do, no matter how deeply connected they were to the ChuckNet, they were simply blocked from aborting the sequence. A sudden look of fear fell over The One Chucks face as he obliterated the Worker Chuck that had given him the bad news. He knew without Chuck City, the Infinite Chucks wouldn’t be able to survive.

It wasn’t apparent to Foxy or his friends as to why the Time Cannon existed. As far as they were concerned the Chucks could time hop around time and space as they pleased. Even their ChuckNet ships could time-hop, so why would they need a Time Cannon as well? As it

turned out, the electromagnetic radiation that surrounded Chuck City, generated by the vast number of electronic systems that made up the city's infrastructure, as well as all of the Chucks that inhabited it, meant that it was impossible for the Chucks to hop in or out of Chuck City directly. They didn't need to travel far outside of the City's range to be able to time-hop, but it was far more convenient to do it from within the city itself. So they built a Time Cannon to fire them to wherever and whenever they liked.

Travelling via the Time Cannon however, was a much different kind of journey to travelling via a time-hop. With a time-hop, you simply dematerialise in one time and space and rematerialise in another, instantly. Whereas with a Time Cannon, you're literally fired towards your location so quickly that time bends around you. The faster or slower you travel will depend on when you arrive at your destination. It's as simple as Speed equals Distance over Time, almost. Sure there are a few thousand other extremely complex and almost impossible formulæ to calculate for journeys requiring the reversal of Time, but in essence, that's what it's based on.

The main problem with the Time Cannon is that it needs a direct line of sight to your destination. If there is anything that happens to be in the way as you're hurtling through time and space on a direct course to your destination, you will crash into it and most likely die instantaneously on impact. So the Time Cannon has to do a lot of calculations to ensure it gets you safely to your destination with as little splattering on space debris as possible. Finally, to prevent its users splatting on impact as they reach their destination, the system cleverly takes into account the deceleration caused by the entry of the traveller, through whichever planet's atmosphere they're arriving on, which allows the user to arrive slightly less vigorously than they would otherwise, in order to maintain being alive. Needless to say it's a complicated system that requires quite a lot of time to calculate the infinitely precise angle and speed of projection for its users to arrive safely at their destination.

Interestingly, and quite conveniently, the Time Cannon was currently programmed to fire any potential travellers to the exact moment and place where Truly Bedrock Season 4 was due to begin. What makes this even more interesting, is that the Chucks were unable to see anything beyond the end of Season 3 due to the escalation of current events, which meant that none of them could possibly have been able to program the Time Cannon to that particular time and place. Someone else must have been there, someone else that no one would even notice.

Someone that could walk among the Chucks as if he was one of them. Someone that spoke their language and understood their ways. Someone, also called... Chuck!

The doors to the prison cells that held Big Chicken and Geraldine suddenly swung open as the alarms started to ring and the announcements blared signalling the imminent destruction of Chuck City, Big Chicken burst out and ran to Geraldine's cell. Grabbing her by the hand they ran towards the Cloning Facility where Foxy was strapped to the chair. As they flew past an observation window, Big Chicken caught a glimpse of The Chuckinator heading towards the Council of Chucks secret ChuckNet ship, still holding Junior in his arms.

"JUNIOR!" he shouted. "Quick Geraldine! Potion!" Before he'd had a chance to finish his very short sentence, Geraldine was already mid-throw of a swiftness potion he was trying to request. Like a flash, he burst off down the hall, away from Foxy in the Cloning Facility and towards his son. Geraldine splashed herself with another potion and followed, speeding down the corridor behind them both. As Big Chicken caught up, he dived at The Chuckinator, knocking him off his feet and losing his grip on Junior. Junior flew up into the air, and with his arms now free, he spun around and clapped his hands together, shrinking The Chukinator down to the size of a small mouse. Big Chicken caught Junior in his arms as Geraldine caught up and they all wrapped their arms around each other tightly.

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRICT IN T-MINUS 2 MINUTES

"Foxy!" shouted Big Chicken as he pulled back from the hug and looked across the wide open space of the Cryogenics Facility. Around the bottom layer of the facility, where they were currently located, was a walkway that skirted around the entire edge of the giant open roofed building. All around the edge of the walkway was a simple barrier, preventing anyone from falling down into the open pit of the Cryogenics Fluid Processing Systems below. The same systems that Monitor Chuck had met his demise in earlier. The processing system's pit was deep and very wide, meaning the side of the room that Foxy was standing on was a substantial distance from where Big Chicken and his family were standing and there was no walkway directly between the two of them.

Foxy had somehow gotten free from the restraints of the chair and headed out towards the original ChuckNet ship, which was at the other end of Chuck City. He hadn't managed to get far before he'd become completely surrounded by The Council of Chucks and a much smaller

army of Worker Chucks, Guard Chucks and Elite Chucks than were there before. His back was up against the wall. He had to make a choice, run left and try to get all the way across the city in time to steal a ship, or run right and try his luck with the Time Cannon which was next door. Before he had a chance to decide however, his decision was made for him as Chuck Prime and Chuckatron dropped down from a ledge above, completely blocking his route to the ship.

“If we’re going down, you’re coming with us!” sneered Troublesome Chuck. Foxy broke to the right leaping towards the door of the Time Cannon room, but before he could reach it, The One Chuck appeared before him and grabbed hold of him. The rest of the Chucks moved in, tightly closing a circle around him. There was literally nowhere he could go, he was completely trapped.

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRICT IN T-MINUS 1 MINUTE

“A minute is quite a long time” thought Big Chicken to himself as he watched Foxy become surrounded at the other side of the facility. He still had a couple of minutes of swiftness left and he was trying to work out if he could make it all the way around to the other side of the building where Foxy was, and back again before it ran out.

Geraldine put her hand on his shoulder as if to steady him, “You can’t make it Big Guy,” even if you could get to him, you’ll never make it back again.” Big Chicken looked at them both and then back to Foxy.

“I can’t leave him, we’ve come so far!” he pleaded. Even with Juniors new found magical powers there was no amount of potions that would give them the time they needed to mount a successful rescue. “I’m sorry Foxy,” Big Chicken shouted across the room. From across the facility on the other side of the platform, through the bodies of Chucks surrounding him, Foxy watched as Big Chicken turned around and led his family out of the back entrance and onto The Council of Chucks ship.

“I understand buddy.” He thought to himself, “You’ll always be my hero.”

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRICT IN T-MINUS 30 SECONDS

At this point Foxy had resigned himself to the fact that he was going to die. He would need an absolute miracle to get out of this one, and he was pretty sure he’d used up more than his fair share of good luck.

“Any last words?” asked The One Chuck as he tightly gripped Foxy’s arm.

“Yeah!” came a solitary Chuck voice from within the crowd. The Chucks turned around and gazed at the single, seemingly insignificant Chuck standing at the back of the hoard.

“It can’t be,” The One Chuck said softly in shock.

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS 20 SECONDS

Chuck stepped forward, waved at Foxy and then stood up straight and began to emit an incredibly high pitched frequency that started to resonate with all of the other Chucks’ circuitries. It was almost inaudible to Foxy, but the signal had a strange effect that made all of the other Chucks begin to vibrate, welding them to where they stood, and forcing The One Chuck to loosen his grip on Foxy. Foxy felt his arm free, he only had seconds to head into the Time Cannon room and escape, but now Chuck, one of his oldest friends, would be left here, on Chuck City, to die with all of the others.

“Chuck!” he shouted. Chuck looked back towards Foxy, his face flickered for a moment and then Foxy heard Mr Onion’s voice, as if talking through Chuck. “Go now. I can’t ‘old zem forever.”

“Mr Onion?” Foxy called back in confusion. At that moment, everything finally fell into place in Foxy’s mind. Like the last piece of the jigsaw. Foxy understood where Mr Onion had come from and where Chuck had been all of this time.

“Goodbye my friend,” Mr Onion said softly as his face flickered back into Chucks..

CHUCK CITY WILL SELF DESTRUCT IN T-MINUS 10 SECONDS

Foxy hesitated, glanced at the Time Cannon and back to Chuck. He raised his arm and gave a gentle wave as he dived through the door and hastily looked for the activation button.

5... 4....

Foxy saw the button, he stood on the platform at the foot of the cannon and crossed everything he had in hopes that the Time Cannon would take him somewhere useful.

3.... 2... he closed his eyes and hit the button.

1

The explosion of Chuck City sent the ChuckNet ship into a wild spin as Geraldine battled to keep it flying away from the space station. As they levelled out, Big Chicken caught a glimpse of a faint streak of light, tinted red and orange fading away across the abyss of space.

“I think he made it Dad,” said Junior.

“I think he did too, Son,” replied Big Chicken, “Now let's go home.” Before Geraldine engaged the Jump Drive, she swung the ship around to face what was left of Chuck City; a few smouldering blocks were left spinning out into space. Otherwise there was no sign that a city had ever existed there and no sign of any remaining Chucks either. With a little bit of sadness in her heart, she engaged the Jump Drive and took them home.

Chapter 18

The Final Chapter

Jack sat up straight when he heard the engines of his TARDIS landing back on the VIP server. It hadn't been long since Mr Onion had sneaked away with it and little did Mr Onion know at the time, that was all part of Jack's plan. Jack got out of his seat, left the cafe and ran over to where the TARDIS had landed. He expected the door to open and to greet Chuck coming out of it, but nothing happened. Jack reached into his pocket, pulled out the spare key and let himself inside.

There, sparking and broken on the floor in the middle of the TARDIS was Chuck. Very badly damaged and almost unrecognisable from the blast that destroyed Chuck City. In the few seconds that Foxy was inside the Time Cannon room searching for the activation button, Chuck had tried his best to get back to the TARDIS which was parked just outside on the closest landing platform. Unfortunately he didn't have time to make it all of the way and as the blast erupted from the centre of Chuck City it caught him, sending him flying towards the TARDIS, burning up the majority of his circuits. The TARDIS had recognised the event as catastrophic and had engaged the automatic Go Home mode, transporting the badly damaged Chuck back to the VIP server.

Jack crouched down on the floor beside Chuck and looked into his eyes. "Well done Chuck, now let's get you fixed up!" He lifted Chuck up onto the table in his workshop, took out his Sonic Screwdriver and paused for a second. "Now, do you want to be Chuck, or Mr. Onion."

At that moment, Chuck's lifeless head rolled over to the side, almost as if he'd used his last ounce of energy to make a decision. Jack turned around to see what Chuck was looking at, and across the room, at the other side of the TARDIS, was a spare Chuck shell.

"Oh!" said Jack, understanding what Chuck had asked. "How about both?"

On a new world, very far away Foxy sat down and breathed a heavy sigh. It was partially from relief that the adventure was now over, and partially from sadness that yet again he was alone at the end of it all. Over in the distance he could see his Truly Bedrock server friends spawning into the world for the first time, ready to start the new season. But he held back and

just quietly watched them from the distance. Another wave of sadness washed over Foxy as it occurred to him, he had finally told all of the stories he'd wanted to tell. From the inception of FoxyNoTail, through his adventures with Jack and the birth of Big Chicken, through the shenanigans of Chuck and Mr Onion and all of the adventures they'd been on together, this was the end, the final chapter.

He glanced back over to the others who we're getting ready to record together. "Do I really want to do this all over again?" he thought to himself. "Another year of building bases, making farms and collaborating with Slack." Foxy slouched further, "Maybe it's time for something else."

As he thought those last few words, a hand came down from above and rested on his shoulder. A warm calming feeling took over Foxy as his mind became quiet and at peace.

"It's time," said the voice of his creator.

Epilogue

“Wait wait wait” shouted Big Chicken as he ran over towards Foxy. The creator’s hand vanished sharply as Foxy stirred back to himself.

“Big Chicken?” he said, surprised. “I thought you were on the Moon with Geraldine and Junior!”

“I was, but now Junior’s gone off to college...”

“College?” Foxy blurted out in shock.

“Oh he’s only just turned six, but they said he’s a child genius! Oh and Geraldine is pregnant again and she said everything I do is really irritating, so she wanted me out of the house for a while.”

“So you’re back?” asked Foxy.

“I’m back!” said Big Chicken.

“And zo are we” said Mr Onion as he walked up towards them, “aren’t we Chuck?”

“Yeah,” said Chuck. Foxy couldn’t believe it. That sinking feeling of loneliness and the fear of starting yet another season of Truly Bedrock without his best friends faded away.

“Haven’t you got somewhere to be?” asked Big Chicken.

“Oh yeah,” said Foxy. “Don’t go anywhere! I’ll be back in a mo.” Big Chicken, Mr Onion and Chuck watched and smiled as Foxy ran off towards his server mates ready to start Season 4 of Truly Bedrock and what would become a whole new chapter of crazy adventures with his best friends.

THE END