

"Normal speech"

'Thought'

Status/written text

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Hi everyone! ZeroSenpai here! Chapter got a bit delayed due to my clumsy ass falling down the basement stairs and almost fracturing my ankle like a moron. Luckily for me all I suffered were four days in bed to recover and now I am limping but on the right road to full recovery.

Well, my misadventures apart, I hope you enjoy the chapter as always! This is the last chapter of the arc so I take the chance to thank everyone who chose to support me as an author and this story, if this thing exists is only thanks to dedicated and supportive people like you! So, thank you!

Intermission VII: Vixens and Youths

Philip slammed his hand in anger against the wall of the corridor. Ignoring the pain the thoughtful gesture caused him, something he would have to complain about later, after all, who was the fool who decided walls should be this hard?

But that was not the problem! Not at all! The real issue was the scores exposed on the magical board in the corridor! For, there was no way his scores could have put him among the five worst of the whole year!

His answers were splendid and well thought out! There was no way his score could ever be nearly that low! He needed to absolutely talk

with the incompetent fool who graded his test! But even with that, he would have to demand a public apology, after all the entire academy already saw the results and he would not suffer such a humiliation lying down!

Of course, he already had half an idea about who was to be blamed for this! Crowtail, the fool who believed himself some kind of genius teacher! Who even needed to know economic cycles and taxation? Those were works for common lowborn a lord such as himself would hire for a few coppers! A future member of the royal family such as himself would never need such skills! If he needed coins he would simply tax the commoners more, he didn't need hours upon hours of lessons to know that! He wasn't a fool like Igor, who never missed a class as if they were being taught the secrets of the universe!

Speaking of which, he raised his gaze once more on the board, he bit his lip in renewed fury when he saw the fool being placed among the best fifty of the year, a whopping hundred positions above him.

He scoffed, that was it! He would completely drop the fool as an acquaintance. It's not like he ever liked him anyway! And he had no use for such bootlickers!

It was outstanding how few competent people actually existed among the children of nobility, as he only found two or three barely capable individuals among the entire student population he could consider worthy of being in his presence. An they were all minor lords... well, the fact higher nobility was composed of such fools only meant an easier path for him, so it wasn't exactly something to complain about.

Once he reached his majority and married the princess, he would put them all in their place!

His fool of a father might have thought it would have been smart to send him here to get to know his betters and find a suitable wife, that just showed what the fool knew! There were no betters to be

found here, not would he even consider any of those girls as suitable, they were either ugly or so idiotic they would choose to ignore an important person such as himself right in front of him.

They would all pay!

He knew why they acted like this! It was all the damn magic caster's fault! He had brainwashed everyone in believing he was so important only because he could produce some magic items, and then started rumors about him slaying a Dragon Lord... as if that was even remotely believable! But much to his chagrin, most nobles proved themselves even worse fools than he initially thought when they bought in the rumor so easily.

When he became royalty, he would have to expose this farce of a magic caster immediately, revoke his title, take the guilds back under royal authority, and even banish him if he resisted in any way! That was how you put such charlatans in their place!

He blinked as he noticed how a large majority of the nobles still observing the board began to scurry away in a hurry. It was a baffling view for him as those same people now scurrying away like rats were the same who thought themselves so much better than him.

The corridor quickly grew dead silent as only the sound of steps echoed through it. Philip turned toward the sound only to be met by an unexpected sight.

Two large silhouettes marched down the corridor, their dark gowns covering their body in full to the point he could not see the men's faces, a black imprint of a hand the only recognizable symbol on their clothes. But those were not the ones which attracted his attention, no, that honor went to the far smaller figure in between the two.

An angelic visage was all that greeted him and transfixed him at the same time. Immaculate pale skin framed by a golden cascade which only amplified the deep light-blue gems she possessed for eyes.

He was so completely lost at the vision that he didn't realize who he was observing till the rest of the student body bowed as one.

Princess Renner, third princess of Re-Estize and fourth in line for the throne strolled down the corridor without acknowledging anyone in her path.

Yes, she was a beauty worthy of him! He could imagine a slightly older version of her who lost her remaining baby-fat. She would be the perfect woman for someone destined for great things such as himself!

Lady Vilen had recognized his greatness without even having to meet him! It was no wonder she had pushed for her own daughter to be betrothed to him, no matter his father never signing the papers in fear of what some commoner magic caster could do to him! Philip was sure the princess was as enlightened as her mother... now that he thought about it, she might have come here to meet him!

Yes, that was a proper explanation of the events currently unfolding!

With a smile blossoming on his face he stepped forward trying to put as much confidence as he could in each step.

“Your Highness! It is an honor meeting you here!”

He greeted the young princess while the other foolish onlookers simply gaped at him like the mongrels they were.

‘Yes, exactly! Observe how I am the only one worth something here!’ he thought, satisfaction filling him to the brim and overflowing.

“And who might you be?”

The blonde princess asked after stopping.

He had to commend her acting, if he didn't know any better, he would think she really was apathetic toward him, her future husband. But still... why was she faking not knowing him?

The answer came to him the following second as his eyes darted toward the two dark figures by her side. 'The magic caster's dogs' he immediately recognized them as such. Even now that the bustard was away, he would still go out of his way to impede Philip from making a move... that truly showed how much the caster feared him and, even if it was annoying, he could not help getting satisfaction from it.

Consequently, the princess could not be seen acknowledging him as she normally would. it was an annoying inconvenience, but he would soon rescue her and put that beast in his place!

"My name is Philip Dayton L'Eyre Montserrat from the south-east."

He followed the princess' farce, right now he should not give any reason to the caster's dogs to suspect him.

"May I ask what Her Highness came here for today?"

He inquired to understand what was the excuse she used to hide the fact she clearly came to visit him, her intended, so he may go along with her play.

"The yearly results of the academy have been published, have they not? I was curious to observe the results for myself, and speak with the headmaster in my father's absence."

Her tone was completely disinterested as if this was nothing more than a chore, he had to applaud her great acting, she would certainly make the best wife for a strategist such as himself.

"Lord Montserrat, for all it has been a... pleasure making your acquaintance, I am afraid I must be on my way."

Her words took him aback for a second, but then he understood perfectly, this was too much of a public place to go any further than a simple greeting. She certainly meant to check on him and make him understand her situation, but nothing more could be done right now, not with those two dogs in the way.

“The same for me Your Highness.”

He bowed to the girl and tried to reach for her hand to plant a kiss on its back as a sign of reassurance, but the young girl took a step back before he could reach her, a frigid expression freezing her face like a mask of ice.

The young lord tried to take another step forward to understand what she was trying to tell him when something rattled his brain.

He felt his feet leave the floor as his body was slammed against the wall of the corridor, making him drop like a sack of shit on the ground.

And then the pain came. He groaned as he felt as if his backbone was on fire, but that was little compared to the pain he felt all over the right side of his head. He couldn't even keep his right eye opened, limiting his blurred vision to his left eye. He saw a dark figure making its way toward him before something impacted his face, making him squeal in pain. He could barely make out the view of the figure's boot retracting and getting ready to kick his face once more.

“Stop, we don't have any more time to waste here.”

He recognized the voice as the princess'. And then it clicked in his pained brain, she was trying to warn him by stepping back... she knew those vicious dogs would take any chance to pounce... he had miscalculated, but even like this, she still managed to save him from the unnecessary violence those beasts were about to subject him with. Just like a dutiful wife should.

And so, he was left there, on the floor and in pain as the three figures made their way down the corridor and disappeared. He gritted his teeth both in pain and anger at the humiliation. He would make the magic caster pay! He would make him suffer this humiliation one-hundredfold! And he will do so making sure to show him the princess he will have by his side at the time! To let him know that all the schemes he organized to keep them apart were for naught!

{Dark Scale Palace}

{Draudillon's P.O.V.}

The half-dragon had just come out from a long council session and was going straight to her rooms to have another, far more pleasant, session with her newly arrived wine when she had been intercepted by two figures in her way.

Intercepted might have been a bit of a stretch as she imagined the two demi-humans were probably not exactly searching for her, but their path had crossed nonetheless.

Using her superior dragon senses, she could hear the muscles of her royal guard tense up, not that she could blame them, she knew what these two were capable off... and their ancestry not much further from her owns in regards to power. They could probably take on her entire royal guard alone, but she knew the risk of that was nonexistent by now.

She gestured for her guard to stay put as she moved forward alone, much to their protests, which went ignored.

“Greetings to you representative of the Naga clan.”

She greeted the two sisters with a pleasant smile she reserved for foreign dignitaries.

For all it might have seemed controversial for someone in her position, she did not dislike these two, nor their clan. The fact this specific race of demi-humans far more often used captured humans for breeding and only used them as food in desperate times,

certainly helped their case. But what truly turned her opinion over the months was their intelligence and efficiency. It wasn't untrue to say that ever since the Naga clan began scouting, they had far less caravans of food and materials stolen by passing demi-humans.

In fact, one of the points she had just finished discussing with her council was exactly the trade route they hoped to restore between the capital and Almagda, something that would have been unconceivable just a mere year ago.

Not that the snakes were the only ones to thank for that. No, much of the merit went to their national blue-haired hero, the man who singlehandedly brought down three of the five Great Leaders of the invading demi-humans.

She wouldn't be surprised if the populus demanded statues of him to be erected all over the kingdom after this war was over, no matter how much the man was against it.

“Dragon Queen.”

The two slithering half-snakes bowed their head slightly, a sign of minimal respect who would have any slightly educated noble outraged at the audacity, but she honestly couldn't care less as long as they performed their jobs as well as they did. If nothing else, it was refreshing, they never made a secret of who they had pledged loyalty to, and they acted consequently ever since, that honesty was what she appreciated the most about these two.

“Have you seen Master Brain anywhere?”

The two inquired, revealing the reason of her presence within the city, even though Draudillon already imagined as much. Not that she could help them as the man had been rather elusive ever since her student passed by to see him and he, conveniently, disappeared.

Speaking of which, Draudillon had the chance to finally observe this famous student of his when she passed by and stopped to visit. She descended from the skies atop a Frost Dragon, carrying with

her a bunch of demi-humans, an elite warrior from the Empire, and the two apprentices of Satoru... that was kind of a wild evening.

Even with the demi-humans being looked at warily, she still invited the group to stay the night, unfortunately the man young Lakys had come to see was nowhere to be found, even though Draudillon was pretty sure she saw him not even a couple hours before her arrival.

The poor girl was so disappointed when she left the next day to continue north toward her destination.

The next time she saw Brain was a couple days after and the grumpy ass completely ignored any question on why he didn't want to meet his student.

"I am afraid I do not know, you may try the training grounds."

She finally answered even though she perfectly knew he was not there seeing how she had passed by it on her way here and the blue haired warrior was nowhere to be found.

"We already sssearched there, he isn't there."

The Naga with still both arms answered.

"Then I am afraid you will have to find him by yourselves..."

She said with finality as she tried to walk past the two since this conversation was over, only to be stopped by the one-handed red-scaled Naga placing her only remaining hand on her shoulder to halt her advance.

"A moment of your time, if you may."

Draudillon heard the slightest sound of a blade being drawn from being her, which meant her royal guard was about to start a scene. Not that she was amused with the current predicament, she could not think of anything the Naga might want to discuss with her.

She stopped in her tracks nonetheless, even if their manners were atrocious, it costed her nothing to hear them out seeing how now she was curious to hear them out.

She awaited the demi-human to speak, but the half-snake just glanced from her to her guard, who still were on edge, only to come back to her.

“In private.”

Well, color her intrigued, what could the reason for this unforeseen and uncharacteristic secrecy coming from the two of them right now? She very much doubted their intents were nefarious seeing how the Naga clan had collaborated too much with humanity to suddenly betray them, and they would also have no reason to do so. As she said previously, demi-humans were very much forward with their intentions.

“Follow me then.”

She said as she continued on her way, waving at the guard to follow after her. she moved along the corridors of her palace till she reached the doors to her private chambers, which she ignored in favor of the door opposite them which gave to her private solar. After all, if she had to receive the demi-humans somewhere, she would not choose her chamber as she very much doubted the snakes' hygiene.

The three entered her solar, much to the displeasure of a tense royal guard she instructed to remain outside the doors. She moved behind her desk to take a seat while the two demi-humans just used their serpentine body as a support for their more human upper body, something she had never seen before, but was very much logical considering their physiology.

The dark haired dragon lord awaited in silence for the two demi-humans to speak, which took more than she expected considering their usual boldness.

“We ssseek... advice.”

Well, that was unexpected. She imagined this might have been about demands for the future of their clan once the war was over, as the queen doubted they would be able to just return to their lands among the demi-humans they spent the last year undermining, or openly fighting, as if nothing ever happened.

She had been ready to concede a piece of land on the south in that case, land none was really interested in and that was fairly away from the nearest human inhabited land.

“We have heard of you managing to bewitch the Blue Death and breed with him.”

The dragon tried to maintain a straight face at the golden-scaled snake’s words, even as she was taken aback from the unexpected subject and she tried to keep under control the surge of color to her pale face. She was not a young maiden anymore. She had her fair share of partners over the years and so it was unbecoming to behave so bashfully.

“I do not see how this might be any concern of yours.”

Her words were answered by disgruntled hisses from the two demi-humans.

“We ssseek the Master’s approval as well... to breed and bring strong hatchlings into the world, to continue the line of Nagur the Slithering Plague.”

She did not flinch at the name like the first time she heard it, they clearly carried the name and legacy of one of the Evil Deities with pride, and hadn’t that fact brought to a fun afternoon the first time her court realized they had the descendants of one of the Evil Deities as an ally. Still, she could not fault them, power was power, her own progenitor was one who inspired fear and awe in equal measure, the only difference was that his name had ended up on the right page of history, unlike theirs.

“I still don’t see why I should divulge private information on my life to you.”

She tried to put an end to this conversation. Not because she was against the two of them pursuing Brain, but because of her own feelings on the matter. She did not enjoy what she had to do at the time, it was fucked up to say the least... but it was in her kingdom’s best interest, she hoped to at least offer some fleeting gratification to the man she had entrapped, but even that didn’t seem to be the right move as he had just done the deed as if it was a chore... and to top it all off, she even took-

“We understand, and still, we ssseek to understand all the same... we have improved greatly... to prove ourselves worthy of the gift, but still, this does not seem to be the way... it confuses us, as power has always been the most sought after trait in our kind.”

The one-armed Naga’s words took her out of her self-deprecating train of thought.

Then a mischievous idea popped up in her mind, something that could finally convince the blue-haired man to come out from his hiding routine, out of annoyance if nothing else.

“Uhm... maybe I should give you some pointers...”

She said as a impish smile made its way to her lips.

“So, this is what you should do...”

{Northen Re-Estize Village}

{Edstrom’s P.O.V.}

In all her years on this world, even under the ruthless dominion of Eight Fingers, Edstrom swore she had never been as close to actual hell as she was now.

“What the actual fuck...”

Even their usually unflappable leader vocalized his absolute shock at what they were witnessing. They were dressed in complete white cloaks to mimic themselves among the newly fallen snow... but they stood out like sore thumbs considering how most of the snow was now painted red.

She heard the young girl whimper from the back of their small group. She would have usually admonished her stomach's weakness, but she could not in good conscience do so this time.

The townsfolk numbered a little less than a hundred, tens of them were now hanging from the roofs of their houses, one attached to another in what seemed to be a macabre bridge linking the various roofs.

Men, woman, or child didn't matter, they had been skinned and hanged all the same.

'What the fuck happened here?' she could not help but question herself once more. They were sent here to exterminate the remaining bandits who thought themselves some kind of equal to Seven Hands. After almost two years of work, they had finally managed to bring the organization low and now only a handful of hideouts remained. Though, this one seemed to have been already exterminated by the Gutter, the name they gave to the assassin who appeared some months ago and began massacring indiscriminately both the bandits and Seven Hands.

It was an elusive target, someone branded as a to kill on sight objective.

"What do we do boss? This is not something we are equipped for."

It might have been inhumane, but Edstrom would have gladly turned around and left instead of sticking around to search for survivors or just bring down the corpses for any scrap of information.

Kurz turned as if to answer her but instead grabbed Celicia and threw her down on the snow right in time for a flash of metal to pass right where her head was, the weapon impaling itself in one of the wooden houses' wall.

“My, my, little old me must be getting sloppy...”

The voice was young and feminine, belonging to someone who could be Edstrom's own age, but there was something disturbing in its tone, as if she was elated at the fact her sneak attack did not land.

“Fuck! It's the Gutter!”

She heard Climb curse under his breath as he took out his short sword and dagger. The boy had come a long way from his humble beginnings as a street rat, trying to keep up with three Talent holders would do that... but even as the weakest in their group, on paper at least, he was still a deadly foe if underestimated, she had seen him gut and cut down men triple his size in a matter of seconds if given an opening, and he could even take her by surprise sometimes while sparring.

“Do you like my artwork? Those old farts never appreciated me as an artist... too much red they said... it's not my fault it is a color that looks so good everywhere.”

The four of them were back to back, the voice coming from everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

“Fufufu... why does no one ever look up?”

As the assassin spoke those words, they all raised their heads as one only to see a figure pounce on them from one of the bridges of corpses.

It was only thanks to Kurz speed that he managed to intercept the descending monster, blocking her blade with his own sword before it was kicked off his grasp by the woman still in midair. But by that time Edstrom had already unsheathed two of her scimitars and used

a Martial Art to try and bisect the woman in two at the waste, a slash that unfortunately was dodged by the retreating woman.

The cloaked figure landed a few meters from them, the only things visible in the night were a strand of blonde hair escaping from her hood and two crimson eyes.

“Eheheh an old, disarmed geezer, a stripper, and two toddlers... not my greatest hunt... but still, by surviving this long you already proved yourself better than everyone I met here.”

The woman half-taunted, half-complimented.

“I’m not that old, now am I lady? You should have some respect for your elders.”

Kurz tried to sound as nonchalant as possible even though she was sure he was on edge. Edstrom saw with the corner of her eye Celicia whisper reinforcement spells on him, and she understood immediately what the man wanted to do.

They were completely out of their league, even with Kurz on their side, this monster already showed she overwhelmed them on all fields, so the only chance they had was to make her overconfident and end her in one clean slash.

“Ah, you are so overconfident... I love breaking your kind!”

The woman didn’t waste time and immediately darted toward Kurz, who just waited for the last possible moment to move.

“[Horizontal Slash]!”

His arm gloved with the Martial Art as he used it was a blade, his hand aimed directly for the woman’s neck. He wasn’t called Slicing Hand for no reason after all, his Talent allowed him to cut through anything with his hand as long as it wasn’t an enchanted item. A surprise attack that no one would see coming.

Time seemed to slow as the hand neared the seemingly unaware woman’s neck, that is till the woman diverted her strike from

aiming to Kurz's guts to piercing through his incoming hand. The man visibly winced but continued his strike nonetheless, though that moment of hesitation was all it took for the woman to jump away, her hood hanging from one side of her cloak after being cut through by Kurz, revealing the woman's face.

Pale skin, blonde hair, crimson eyes, and a smile worthy of a demon straight from hell.

'We are fucked' Edstrom mentally cursed as she saw that Kurz barely managed to touch the woman's neck, a small bleeding cut all that came from his dodged strike.

"Tsk... the old man got a good hand... this Lady Clementine really got a bit too careless after facing all that garbage..."

Edstrom couldn't understand if the woman was excited or pissed as her tone continuously seemed to change with each word.

"My wife can attest to that."

Kurz delivered a dry joke even though Edstrom could feel how nervous he was.

"Then I will make sure to deliver it to her after I am done!"

The woman darted again against Kurz, this time around she was even faster than before, Edstrom could barely keep up with her eyes, let alone try and help.

The man parried the blade with his hand before the woman turned around on herself and delivered a kick right to his sternum, sending the man flying away and rolling down a hill.

"Oops... I got a little too excited there... well, he will make his way back up... and I will be happy to greet him with your corpses."

The mad woman chuckled as she turned toward the remaining three of them.

"AAAHHH!"

She heard Climb shout in rage as he charged the woman. ‘Fuck! Climb!’ she cursed in her mind as she sent her 6 scimitars flying after him forcing the woman to use her weapon to parry them and not slash the blond boy’s belly open. The woman did just that while she avoided the enraged boy’s slashes but still delivering a devastating kick to the young blond which sent him crashing against one of the houses’ door, the old wood giving away and revealing a staircase leading down to some basement, probably.

“Kids, so unruly and unrefined, aren’t they?”

She heard the woman mock.

Edstrom bit her lip, what could she do? They couldn’t run, not all of them at least...

She glanced back seeing that Climb had managed to stand up even though he had to use his short sword as a support since his right leg was bent in an unnatural way. ‘Shit!’ she cursed internally, she might have managed to buy time for them to run... but with Climb in that condition.

“Run... Edstrom... you must run... take Celicia and run...”

She heard Climb’s voice whisper from behind her. the boy was in no condition to fight and he new it... so his plan would be to entertain this psycho, buying them as much time as he could.

At one point, she might have taken the chance... leaving the girl behind to for good measure to buy herself even more time... it was too bad, she no longer was that woman.

“Climby boy.”

She clenched her teeth, her decision made.

She glanced back at the limping Climb.

“You are a good kid... never forget that...”

She smiled sadly as his eyes widened, but before he could say anything she pushed him down the stairs.

“EDSTROM! NO! DO-“

The boy shouted as he fell into the darkness.

“Girl, go down there and keep him there... make sure he doesn’t freeze to death.”

The terrified Celicia was probably far too happy to oblige her order as she immediately darted for the stairs.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting.”

The dark skinned woman apologized to the mad blonde.

“Ah... don’t worry... this is the best part... all this drama is so entertaining... is he your lover or something? He is a bit young... but I don’t judge.”

Well, their relationship had never been very well defined, she often felt like an older sister, even a mom sometimes, while other times she felt like a partner in crime and a friend... hell, maybe even a lover... she could admit it to herself now... it no longer mattered after all.

“It’s complicated...”

That was all the answer she gave, indulging the mad woman only to buy as much time as possible.

“That just won’t do... I have to know the juicy details, otherwise... how can I make sure it truly hurts when I present him with your corpse before killing him?”

The woman grinned sadistically at her. Edstrom felt rage surging through her body at the sole thought of that image... to make that boy suffer even more than he already had.

“You bitch...”

She spat out with as much venom as she could.

“Fufufu... I am more cat than dog... but you will learn that very soon.”

Edstrom sent her flying scimitars at the woman as she darted away in a zigzag between houses, trying to put as much distance between herself and the basement.

She felt like prey... that was a first... like a rabbit being hunted by a fox. Her heart beating faster than ever, as if it knew every beat could be the last.

Her battle senses prompted her to dodge right, avoiding one of her own scimitars being used as a throwing knife, unfortunately that was not enough to dodge the second one which pierced through her calf making her fall ruinously mid-sprint.

She barely managed to get back up before a boot sent her back down and pinned her against a wooden wall.

“End of the line for you bunny... but it was a fun little appetizer.”

The woman grinned from ear to ear, her inhumane mouth splitting her face in two.

“Fucking monster... eh, at least you wasted enough time...”

The blonde lost her smile as her head tilted mimicking a confused cat.

“Eh, you really think Kurz would take that much to just come up? He had certainly contacted the rest of us, and they could be here any moments... hundreds of them...”

Well, that was an exaggeration... at best a hundred would show up, and even then, she doubted it would be that many.

She took some pleasure in seeing how the woman's expression twisted in anger at her game being spoiled before that sick smile returned to her face.

“My, my, but till they get here, we can still play...”

The blonde knelt down, her stiletto ready to be used for whatever sick and twisted torture this freak enjoyed. Edsttom's hand darted out and grabbed the woman's cloak bringing their faces inches apart.

“Wha-“

She didn't let the woman finish as she smashed her lips against hers in a passionate kiss only someone with her own experience could give. She felt the woman match her rhythm, which made her disgusted with herself at the thought... she would have gladly stolen Climb's first kiss over doing this.

But the time she gained was worth the disgust seeing how her free hand just got a hold of what she needed. The two of them separated with a small gasp.

“Well... I can't say I expected that... that felt nice... but not as nice as your screams....”

The blonde said between gasps only receiving a smirk in return from the dark skinned woman.

“Well... I have got something that will feel even better than that...”

Edstrom said as she slammed the papers she just found in the woman's face, the pages already glowing with magic.

And then there was fire.

A.N.

Oh well... c'mon tell me you didn't want to see those two fine women getting it on, I dare you! Jokes aside, took me a lot to write this... and it was Philip's fault! I just couldn't write the right level of stupid and delusional, as I really cannot fathom how such a mind could even work without needing professional help.

Also, I am kind of curious to ask you... who do you think will have a more miserable story, the Climb from canon or this Climb here?

Let me know your thoughts in a comment / review!

Stay safe! Tille next time!

PS: Yes, Climb falling down the stairs is a reference to myself even though I wish I was pushed by a fine shotty like Edstrom