

mc5

Ruskean Reian Ritarit

COLLABORATORS

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REVISION HISTORY

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Chapter 1

mc5

1.1 Blasphemy! Another RRR-Production! (Nov 26, 1994)

 U S K E A N  E I A N  I T A R I T
PRESENTS

MALEVOLENT CREATIONS V

These horrors will follow you to the grave... and beyond!

1.2 The Root

Malevolent Creations V

Toggle The Audio

Unveiling of Unearthly Knowledge

We take absolutely no responsibility whatever the buttons below may
cause to your health, sanity, mother or something else, if you press them.
If you are not interested in your life as it is now, just go ahead.
You will never be the same. Never.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

ASCII Soup

Enchanced version of the alphabet soup! Includes vile characters! Yikes!

Bony Express

These are the voyages of the evil messengers of the Undead Horse Colony. They have your epitaph hidden in their bones! Ride on till death!

Fungus Among Us

Brand new sickness awaits humanity! People suddenly change to mushrooms and back. There's no cure whatsoever - Suffer eternally!

Genesis

The cute little fellas from "Aerobotics" are back for revenge! Their endless hordes will soon rip your insides out and eat them.

Henkilokuljetus

At first, this seems like an innocent animation. Then you notice the driver without a spacesuit! Oh, it's the evil demon who has captured the Red Cross's wagon and transports the poor humans to his meat-loving friends (from outer space).

Meters

Even equipment freaks out in this lunatic masterpiece of insanity.

Tervetuloa Toisaalle

Experience the horrors of another reality! Someday, the mental borders will break and the awful tentacle-creatures will ride on earth's surface!

VIP RIP

Poor BMWs are crushed by their maniac, suicidal drivers. What a waste.

Bonus: The Malevolent Story II

- Ruskean Reian Ritarit /~S{rw{tin Lorpat -

1.3 Pretty And Wicked...

Authors

Instruments of Heavenly Pleasure by JIP

Audio Delicatessen by q l z q q l z u u p

Multimedia Design & Descriptions by Tailgunner & JIP

Lurpsista Lorpsis For These Daddies

Playboy 35th Anniversary Playmate - YOU SUCK!
Anna-Kaisa Hermunen
Musta-Pekka Pippurijuusto
Sepe Midas Susi

And absolutely no Lurpsista-Lorpsis for anyone not mentioned.

Get Spanked!

Mail myki@freenet.hut.fi

BBS Service also available:
The One And Only Official Carbon-Copy RRR EastHKI HQ

Kevyt Linja 28.8k +358-0-343-2373

Later This Era For You Losers Out There

The Complete Wankers Guide, discover your hidden sexuality
Beat The Bad Boys - Re-animate evil RRR members
SikaNautaHirvio II - The Mutilation of the unbelievers
Girl Construction Set - Make chicks!

1.4 The Malevolent Story II

Wednesday 5th October 1994
(C) JIP

The Trial

I sat behind the rostrum and watched the audience and the jury discuss the case. I had been brought to court since someone who worked for the local newspaper had reported me being punished.

The newspaper worker had paid a lot of money to his employer for the work he made when writing the story, so he thought it was worth the effort and was true. The punishment he said I had suffered was imprisonment for five years.

I personally could not remember whether I was punished or not, so I went to court. I took my seat at the rostrum, and watched the judge sit down on the little chair below me. Anxiously I declared the trial opened.

The judge introduced me to the two attorneys. On my left I saw the prosecuting attorney, whose task was to assure everyone that I was not punished. On my right I saw the defence attorney, whose task was to assure everyone that I was punished.

I noticed my friend was sitting in the audience. "Please hurry", he said, "I have parked my car outside and have accidentally left it running, and I cannot afford that much exhaust fumes turned into useless petrol." I assured him my trial would be short. If anyone would try to speak longly,

I would order him/her to stop.

"Let's hear the prosecuting attorney first", I said. So the attorney began. He said that I could not have been punished, since five years ago (when my last trial had taken place) the judge and mayor had better things to do, like counting the votes of the last mayor election. The attorney even reminded me of the results of the election. Five percent had voted against the current mayor.

Thirteen percent had voted against his opponent. Eighty-two percent had not voted, since they were too old to be allowed to.

"Now let's hear the defence attorney", I said. The attorney began. He said he quite clearly remembered me being punished, and as evidence he showed the court some photographs of me being punished. And indeed, the year number on the photographs' date was five years larger than this year's number, thus indicating that it had been five years ago.

"Sustainment!" shouted the judge suddenly. "Objected", I said, "It's quite obvious that I wasn't punished, contrary to the previous speaker's point of view."

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen of the audience, it's your task to determine whether I was punished or not", I said. It was a good audience, this time. The audience consisted of randomly-chosen completely voluntary people, who had just come to decide the judgement of this trial. The jury, on the other hand, paid huge amounts of money to their employers for sitting in their benches and just watching the trial.

After a while, the audience reached a decision. They said that I was not punished, and the newspaper article had been false. I was thus judged to commit a crime in two months' time. The judge decided that the crime I would have to commit was a simple robbery on a fake jewellery store whose owner had been subjected to a scandal news report for selling real jewels.

"Excuse me", I said. "I have the right to a lawyer." So a lawyer appeared, after which I telephoned for one. The operator said: "Yes, hang on a moment... yes, we'll be sending you a lawyer about two minutes ago." As was the tradition with lawyers, I (the client) had sorted out all the legal stuff, and then I imposed my judgement on the lawyer, who thus had to commit the crime.

Leaving the lawyer to his own devices, I left the courtroom and walked to my home.
