

mc6

Ruskean Reian Ritarit

| |
|----------------------|
| COLLABORATORS |
|----------------------|

| | | | |
|---------------|-----------------------|---------------|------------------|
| | <i>TITLE :</i> mc6 | | |
| <i>ACTION</i> | <i>NAME</i> | <i>DATE</i> | <i>SIGNATURE</i> |
| WRITTEN BY | Ruskean Reian Ritarit | July 22, 2024 | |

| |
|-------------------------|
| REVISION HISTORY |
|-------------------------|

| NUMBER | DATE | DESCRIPTION | NAME |
|--------|------|-------------|------|
| | | | |

Contents

| | | |
|----------|---|----------|
| 1 | mc6 | 1 |
| 1.1 | Stomach acids! Another RRR-Production! (Mar 03, 1995) | 1 |
| 1.2 | The (Evil) Root | 1 |
| 1.3 | Pretty, young little girls... Where have they all gone? | 3 |
| 1.4 | A meeting in the Park | 3 |

Chapter 1

mc6

1.1 Stomach acids! Another RRR-Production! (Mar 03, 1995)



MALEVOLENT CREATIONS VI

Assorted Tales Of Atrocities Fairy

1.2 The (Evil) Root

Malevolent Creations VI

! Toggle The Audio !

Some Venomous Information

We take absolutely no responsibility whatever the buttons below may
cause to your health, sanity, grandma or something else, if you press 'em.
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

Bones Goes To Hollywood

The Undead have penetrated the defenses of united states and terrorize the crucified hollywood world! No low quality or tasteless romance comedies produced anymore but lots of bone munching horrors. Shiver me timbers!

JouluYo

The hallucinogenic reindeers ride the skies of doom as the world (as we once knew it) is sinking to the bottomless pits of chaotic eternity. Even Santa Claus has gone under a perpetual transformation process. The rotten fruits from the forbidden tree will contaminate the souls and genetic structures of our children... for evermore!

KeskusHangaari

Unarmed helicopters waiting for crash, as their fuel runs out. There is no change for refuel as the Aliens have conquered the base, constantly producing their own unhealthy devices. For us humans, victimized that is. Carved, bruised, hacked, slashed and burned to infernal death.

KolmioDraama

When the humanity and the spawn of the Ancient Ones will recognize each other, there is no survivors in this Triangle of Madness. This vision sadly demonstrates how we pathetic, jealous humans can never participate with the Aliens looking for long-lasting relationships. For the poor Alien, there is no way but to try to get rid of the jealous humans. Only never ending Gehenna awaits our extincting races.

Merry Madness

Bloodstained metal structures lure the Aliens and long-gone Spirits to their vicinity. In this territory humans are just feast for the shredders and occult symbols of Ancient China dominate the balance of jolly horror and morbid happiness.

Run Back...

Curse of the Pharaohs this is. The rape of their very graves is finally being avenged. Wicked spells from other dimensions twisting the reality of our time. Spineless humans vibrating like jelly, as slimy, brainsucking Insects rule the world. You touched, you stole - You disturbed the Dreaming Gods. It's the long-awaited retribution time.

Shampoo Dreams

The new designs of Vidal Sassoon in their way to new world order. Getting hallucinogenic from the Shampoo, destroying your mental capacity until there is nothing left. Cunning is the way of this new drug to the unsuspecting customers, horrifying is the way your braincells rot. This is the future Multinational Corporations behold.

V{riLeikki

Do you remember "Them" from Epsilon Eridani? Their ghostly dances and Their hollow chants? Well, Their peace was disturbed and now They enjoy Their existence in a brand new Binary System. Watch this show of inhuman harmony. Ancient it was when the earth was still young.

Bonus: The First Malevolent Play - A Meeting in the Park

- Ruskean Reian Ritarit / When Dreams Stay Dreams -

1.3 Pretty, young little girls... Where have they all gone?

Authors

Visualization of Insane Occult Phenomena by JIP

Audio Pleasure "Psychosomatic HC" by q l z q q l z u u p

Multimedia Design & Poems by Tailgunner

Scrotum Afflatus

InterNet for KIDDY PORN!

Great Cthulhu & The Ancient Ones

Lucid Dreaming

Knight Rider & Geena Davis

Happy Chicken Eggs

These are the Chosen Ones, worth our respect!

Others, unworthy sludges, now perish from this earth!

Wanna feel warm stuff on your face?

Mail rrr@klinja.fipnet.fi

BBS Service (for Loyal RRR Slavegirls) also available:

The One And Only Copyrighted RRR EastHKI HQ

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

Aeons Later You Will See (If Still Alive)

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!

Horny Horace's Moonlight Rally - Hey, it's Drug Inspired!

1.4 A meeting in the Park

Thursday 6th October 1994

(C) JIP

TG's note: This is the very first publicly released play by JIP the adorable. It's copyrighted, but you are allowed to make it real for non-profit purposes. For example, if you need to arrange a play at your school, you may use this script.

I'm not going to tell you how dangerous this insane meeting is. See for yourself.

A Meeting in the Park
(a play)

The scene is the Kaisaniemi park in Helsinki. A hot-dog stand is visible, whose owner is busy kicking bacilli out of his ears. The hot-dogs are chanting "15 Men on the Dead Man's Chest, etc". The trees are constantly and seemingly endlessly dropping their leaves. Mairiam arrives on the scene with Sven the Hen.

Mairiam: Ooh, isn't it such a lovely day? (glances at watch) I mean night.

Sven the Hen (amiably): #*+@

Hot-dog vendor: Greetings, my dear lady.

Harlequin Harry appears out of a bus, which suddenly explodes in a massive nuclear blast.

Harlequin Harry: Heellee, Meereem eend Sveen thee Heen.

Mairiam: Ooh, it's Harlequin Harry, I've read SO much about you.

Sven the Hen (bored): +*@#

Harlequin Harry: Heev yee eendeed? Theet's streeng, beeeees neetheeng hees been wreetn eebeet mee.

Mairiam: Ooh, but that's just a phrase, isn't it?

Sven the Hen (dumbly): *#+@

The Sun sets, and the Moon rises. The luminance level of the park decreases drastically.

Mairiam: Ooh, it's cold here.

A bunch of Neo-Nazis arrive. They seem to be kicking invisible noses and shouting vulgarities in Hindi.

Harlequin Harry: Wee'd beetteer deeg ee heel heer, see wee ceen bee seef freem thees Nee-Neezees.

Sven the Hen (excited): #+@*

Mairiam, Harlequin Harry and Sven the Hen dig a hole. As they do so, the Kaisaniemi park changes to le Place Dauphine in Paris.

Neo-Nazi one: Punar vadatiti kanya apagacchati.

Neo-Nazi two: Nrpasya asvodattam.

Mairiam: Ooh, but that didn't help, did it? The park's changed.

Sven the Hen (frustrated): +@*#

Harlequin Harry urinates into a small cavity one of his hairs has created. The urine disrupts the delicate structure of space-time and causes the Dark Emperor to appear.

Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.

Mairiam: Ooh, if it isn't the Dark Emperor. I've read SO much about you.

Harlequin Harry: Deen't leek nee, beet eet's thee Deek Eempeereer.

Sven the Hen (gaily): #+@*

The Dark Emperor and Harlequin Harry are having tea together in the hole.

Ottoman Ibn bounces into the hole and smashes the teacups.
Harlequin Harry: Nee jeest leek eet wheet yee'v deen.
Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.
Sven the Hen (idiotically): +#*@
Ottoman Ibn: Oh, I'm sorry. (scrubs a finger. The teacups dance a wild dance, and mysteriously turn intact again.)
Mairiam: Ooh, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but shouldn't we get out of this hole?
Ottoman Ibn: Well, yes.
Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.
Ottoman Ibn lifts a finger, and the hole fills with dirt. The Place Dauphine changes to Olympos Mons on Mars.

Mairiam begins to grow peas on the Martian surface. The peas grow happily enough, save for a vivid cyan colour.
Mairiam: Ooh, aren't these peas just lovely? (Eats a pea) Mmm... aah!
Ottoman Ibn: Let me try some. (Eats another pea) Well, yes, they're good.
Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.
Sven the Hen (jollily): +#@*
Harlequin Harry: Wheet eer wee deeng een Meers? Sheeldn't wee geet beeck tee Eerth?
Mairiam: Ooh, I would say so, yes.
Ottoman Ibn: I'll fix that.
Ottoman Ibn twirls his hair backwards, and the Olympos Mons changes to Hyde Park in London.

Ottoman Ibn: Well that fixes that.
Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.
Sven the Hen (lovingly): #*+@
Mairiam kicks the Dark Emperor in the knee. The Dark Emperor remains intact but the act causes the fake Dark Emperor to appear.

Fake Dark Emperor: Hullo, wee laddies and lassies.
Mairiam: Ooh, but who is he? The Dark Emperor is by my side.
Ottoman Ibn: That is the fake Dark Emperor.
Fake Dark Emperor: What are ye a-doing in these parts, me hearties? (pours honey out of his bagpipe)
Mairiam: Ooh, we're just visiting here.
Harlequin Harry: Yees, eendeed wee eer.
Sven the Hen (musingly): +#@*
Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.
Fake Dark Emperor: Will ye shut up? (Points to the Dark Emperor) I be a-conversating with these here English people.
Ottoman Ibn: I'm not English, I'm from Turkey.
Mairiam: Ooh, and I'm not English either, I'm French.
Harlequin Harry: Ee eem neet Eengleesh. Beet ee deen't knee mee neeteeneeleetee.
Sven the Hen (nauseatingly): #*+@

Ottoman Ibn: Hey, you there! (Points to the Fake Dark Emperor) Is there a way out of this mad place?
Fake Dark Emperor: Aye, indeed thar be one. Would ye like to use it?
Ottoman Ibn: Well, we'll have to vote on that.
Mairiam: Ooh, I want to get out of here.
Harlequin Harry: Mee tee.
Sven the Hen (oppressively): +#@*
Dark Emperor: I am the Dark Emperor. I shall conquer all.

Fake Dark Emperor: Fine then, me lad. We shall get out of this here place and back to the good auld Highlands.

The Fake Dark Emperor waves a finger, and Mairiam, Sven the Hen, Harlequin Harry, Ottoman Ibn, the Dark Emperor and the fake Dark Emperor all disappear in a fluff of smoke. The hot-dog vendor and the Neo-Nazis come back.

Hot-dog vendor: Well that sure was mysterious. But now I shall go to bed.

Neo-Nazi one: Yatha vrksastatha phalam.

Neo-Nazi two: Na gardabo gayati siksito 'pi.

The End.