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"HE WHO PLAYS BECOMES THE GAME HIMSELF."

MONSTER CLUB





00:00

PREVIOUSLY ON MONSTER CLUB ARCADE



Imprisoned! The Spectre Of Games lost its cool upon the discovery that the bearer of the scepter, Janice, never returned after the prelaps. The visitors of the arcade, now kept hostage, desperately await the uncertain return of the champion.

As Cardz challenges the Spectre in a desperate move to rescue the trapped visitors of the arcade and buy Janice some time, the FBI arrives at the end of the world accompanied by the bearer of the scepter of games.





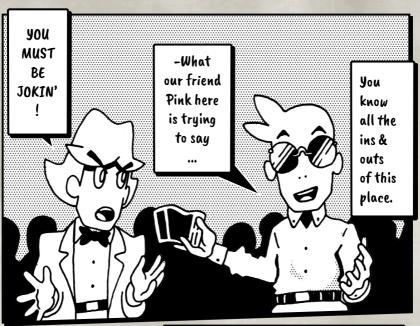
Although locked down, the board has now expanded beyond the walls of the arcade. Yet within its walls rebellion seems to be rising. Will the arcade turn into the tomb of the modern era? Or is it all just holograms and show after all...

Get ready for the extra long final episode of Monster Club Arcade!

THE STORY CONCLUDES NOW ...



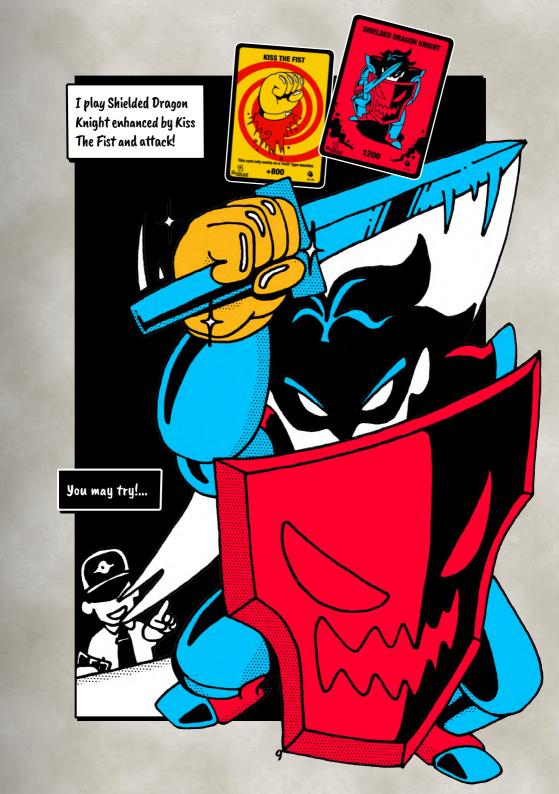


















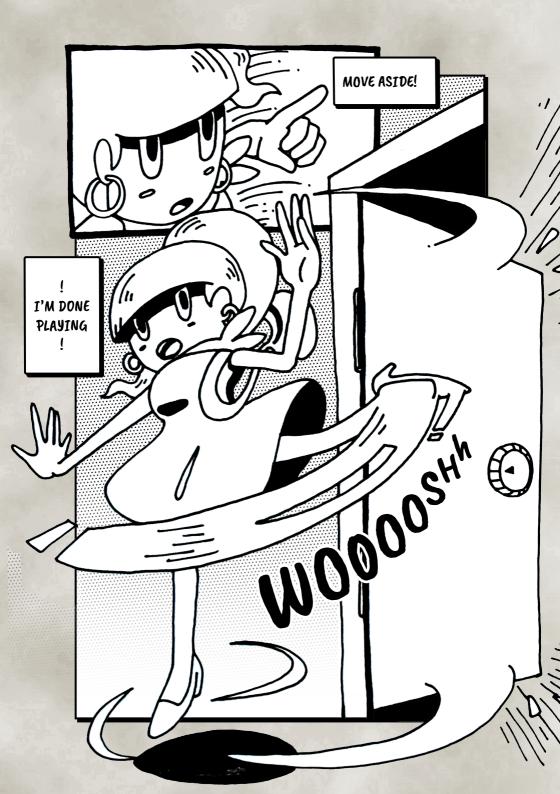




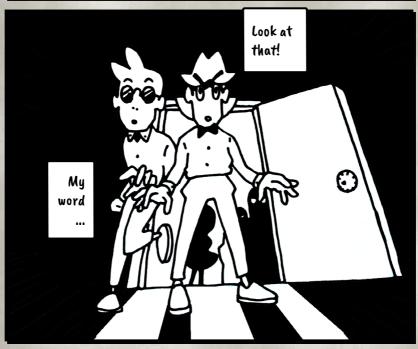
02:43

What иow ? Managary Philipping of the state of the The door is a vault door... This is the only locked door we know...





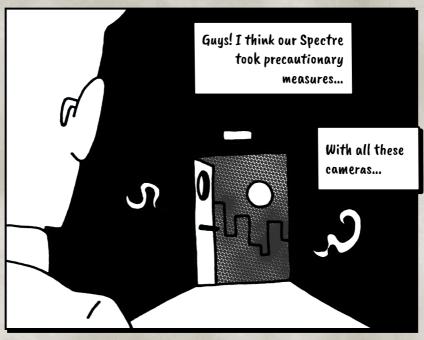


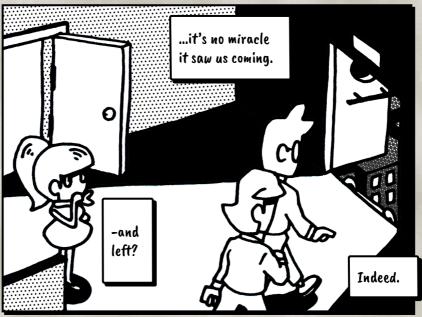










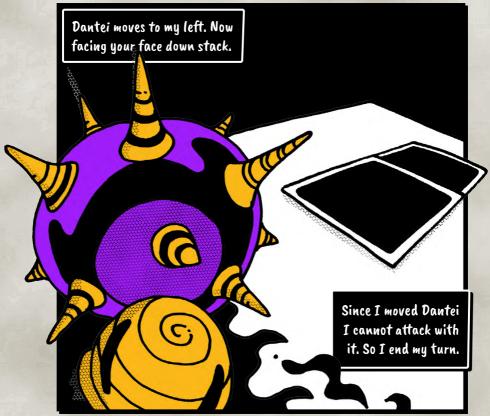














You expect me to move away, Ray. But I am not bluffing like last time.
Go ahead! Try me!

Hmm...





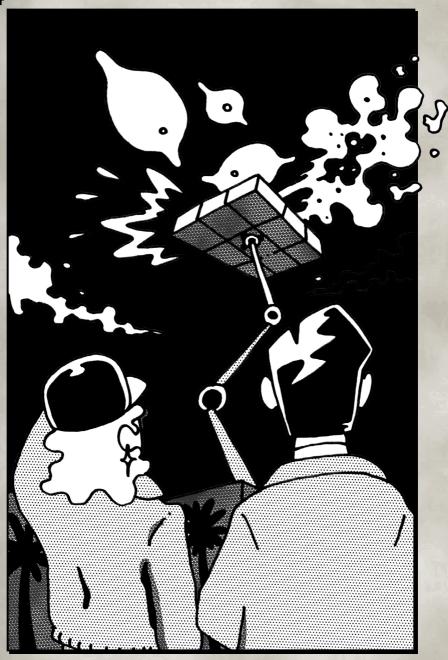


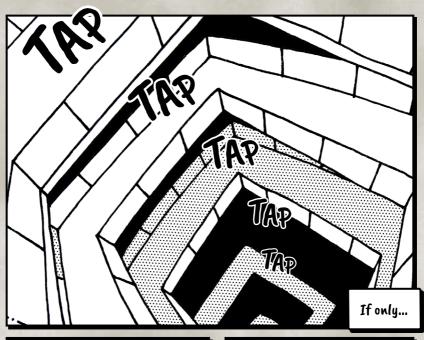


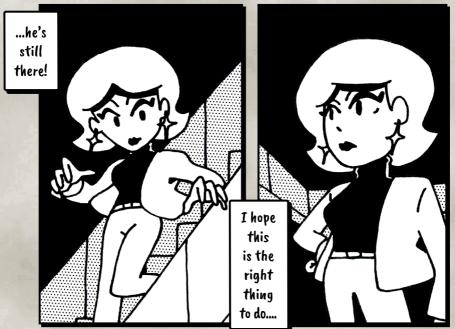




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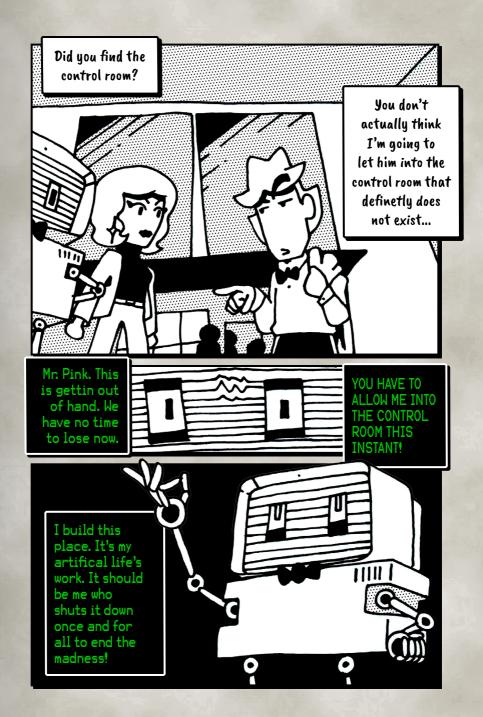














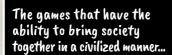
As much as I love this game I am also running a little behind schedule...

If you surrender now, we could call it a game!

No way!

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Please note that I have no intent to harm. Our stakes have become an necessity of my existance and therefore the survival of the games.



The great attack on me, the very reason of all this, causes me to rely on technology, mr. Cardz.

But this technology cannot sustain me for much longer. Inside the arcade I exist. But outside of its walls the power of the games are fading. And so is mine. Soon it shall all collapse. And the world shall slip into a state of great disatser causing its potential end.

As every card has an up and downside, those who wish to end the games interpreted it wrongly. Have you any idea how much disaster the games prevented over the ages?



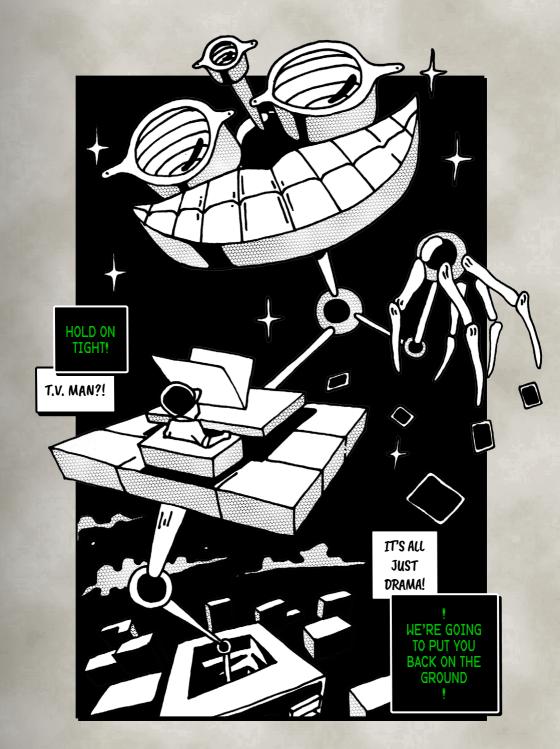
















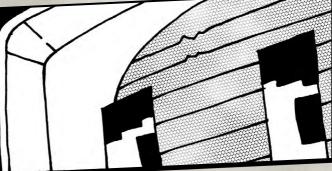


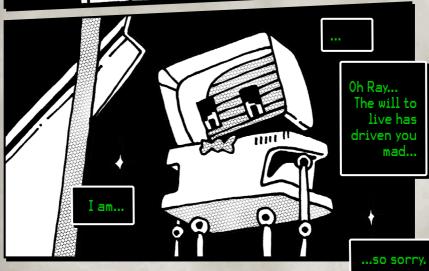


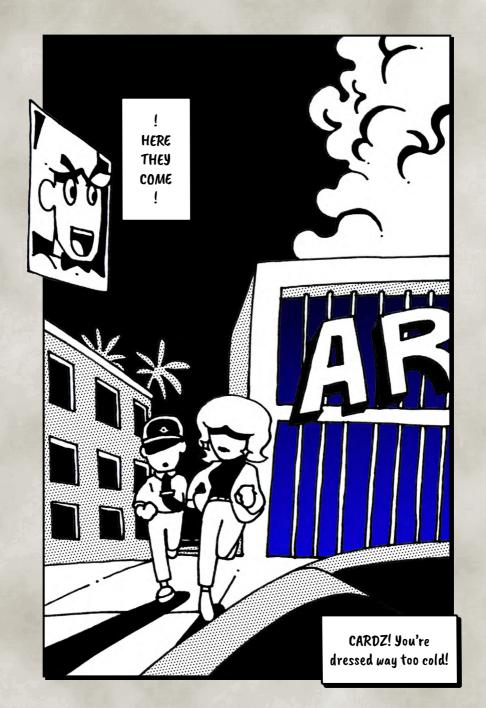




You guys leave at once! I'll make sure this place gets shut down securely...













Yes! You can tell Cardz now...

You kept the earrings!



11:39 Well Cardz, like everybody else here I

Yet mine did not tell a name. It was a letter given to me by the corporation. A letter from my grandmother...

too received a secret

the prelaps.

Here...

To my dear granddaughter,

You may have forgotten about me. But I most certainly haven't about you, and for that you have my complete trust.

When you receive this letter I have passed onto my next adventure, unable to return. But please do not be saddened by this occurance. I have lived an unnaturally long yet extraordinary life in good conditions.

There exists a story of a Spectre that appeared throughout history. This Spectre Of Games and I share an ancient pact. Like two sides of a card. Always together, but facing opposite ways. Over the ages I was able to control its ways. But the world and its rules have changed forcing me to find a way to end the pact. With my passing the Spectre's powers shall fade. So will he. But the despair of The Spectre shall set things in motion. And his eyes are locked on you.

I ensured The Spectre does not know your whereabouts. To prevent the imminent end of the world you must remain hidden until the corporation falls.

Decline every invitation to any challenge. Even if they cost you your title of champion. For I expect these challenges to be hoaxes to lure you out.

Your legacy is not a simple one. It is one of great power and it comes with great responsibility. The location to the physical manifestation of your heritage lies locked in the vault of an 'unbeatable opponent' only the very best player can beat. This artifact belongs to you for as long as you do not lose against one who desires it most. One like The Spectre.

The old world and its ways are coming to their end. Right where a world anew shall begin.

It is said that he who plays becomes the game himself. If all fails trust in the power of Jah.

I will always be on your side of the board. Love,

Your grandmother





So The Monster Club Corporation seemingly intercepted this letter from my grandmother, whom I have no memory of. Thus unknowingly I came here...



It all seemed so trange. But if the statements were true I would have been already too late. Luckily Anxious here tried to trick her friend Pink in thinking I was the one who he lost to. This is when I reached out to Anxious who suggested to also get Charlotte onboard

because she's just the brightest.

If this spoken of Spectre would be distracted with figuring out who was actually me he would never expect me to have left the arcade already! This would then allow me to come up with a solution to the suspicious threat hanging above the arcade!

I distributed my deck amongst these two ladies, transformed their appearances. One better than the other to cause suspicion and started thinking of a solution...

I still hadn't figured it all out. But then, unexpectedly, you came around, Cardz!

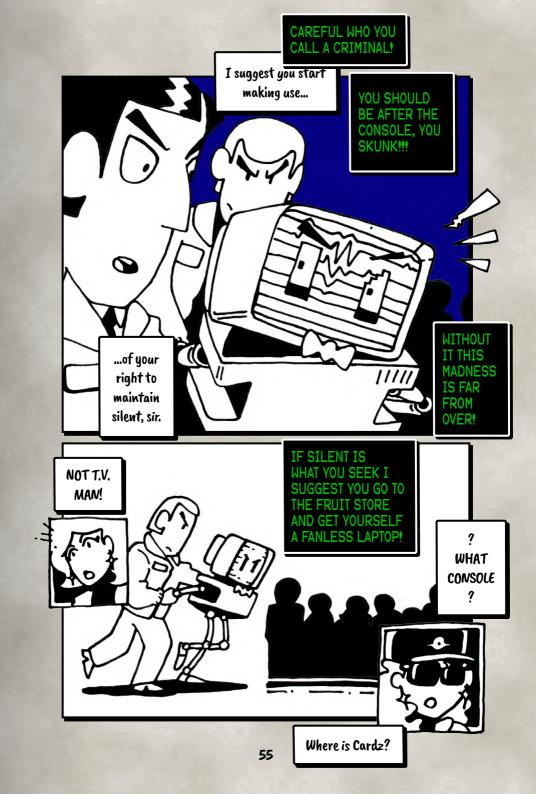


I came here to face the best Monster Club players in the world.
But I believe I got so much more out of it! Things are starting to fall into place now...

It would be a shame to survive all that and die of a cold, Cardz!







There He Is!



Why is he playing a game on that handheld?

He looks funny without his cap.

> Who gave him that game

I tucked it into my hoodie so I would not forget about it.



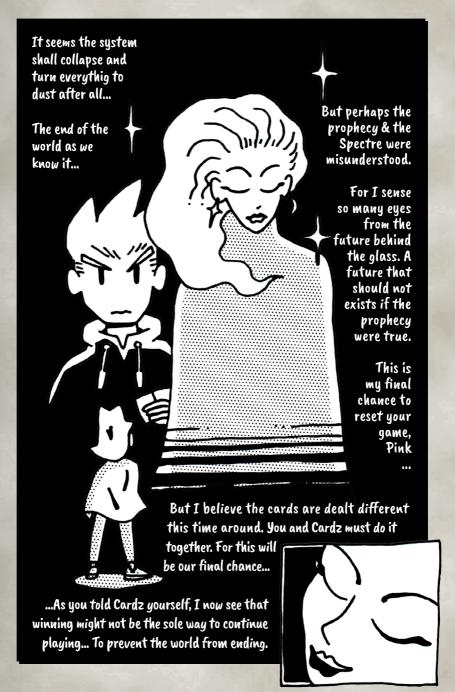
We won, Cardz! As a team!







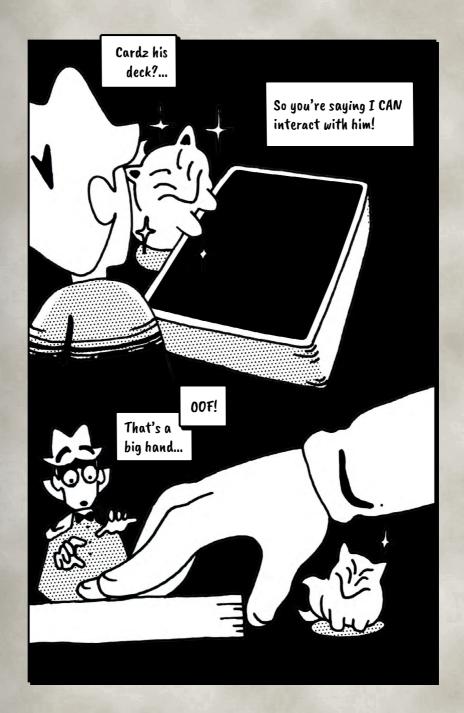






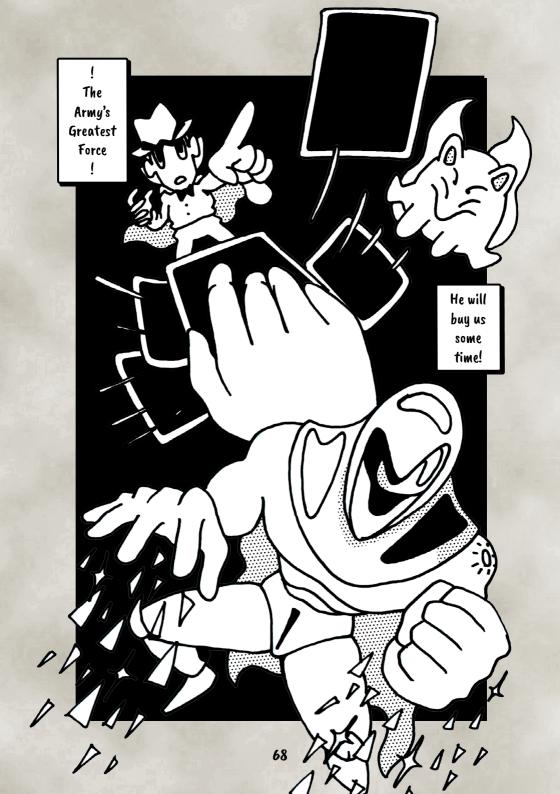






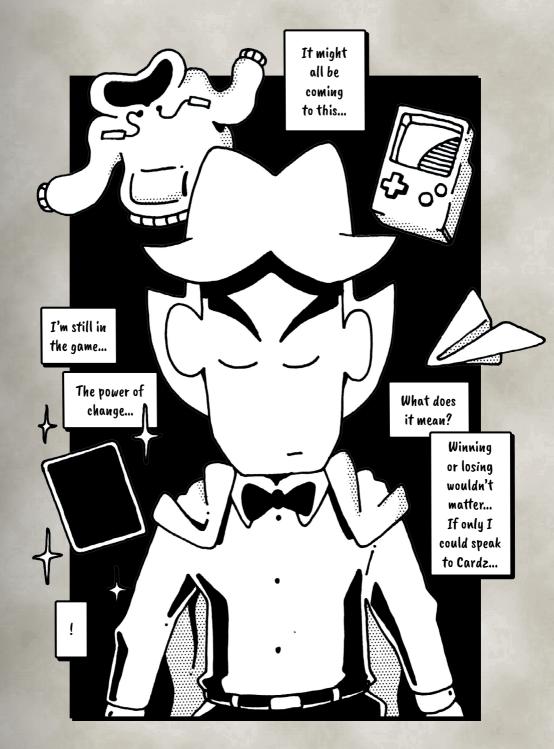




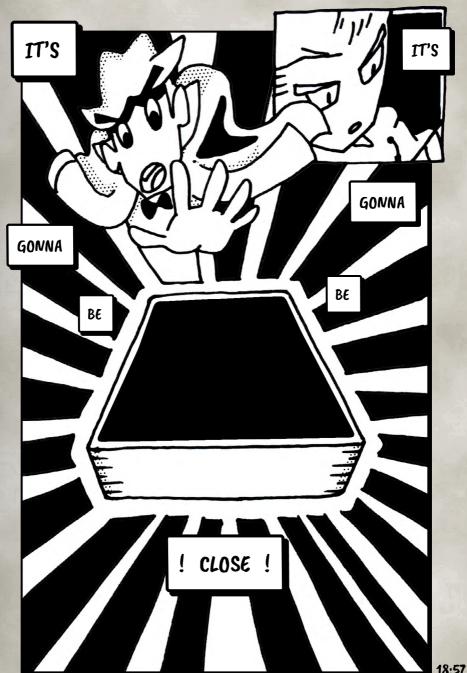














!RAY!

You connected the dots. I am impressed. After coming to the conclusion that there was not much time for me left I discovered a failsafe.

A last resort. The magic of the modern day: technology! I would have been long gone without it. T.V. Man told you his story. Tragically we share the same fate now...

But great power comes with a price. The arcade enabled me to walk amongst players. But it cannot sustain me. Let alone this console. A side effect of my nature, so I was warned...

Before we continue. I wish to alter our agreement.

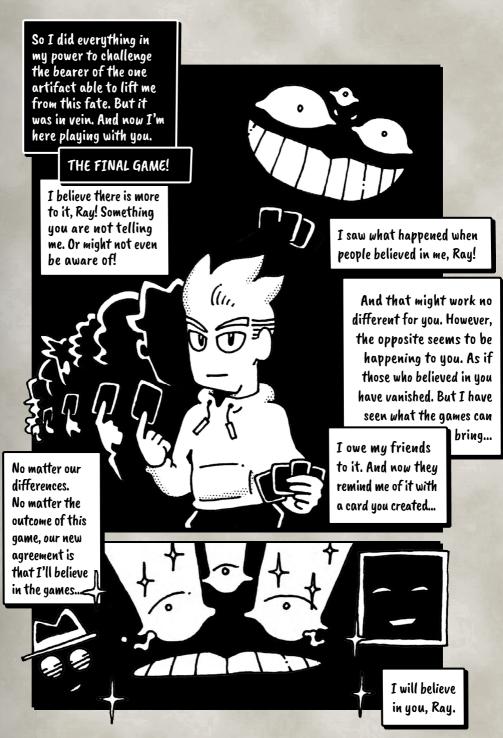
Alter our agreement?

...What do you propose?

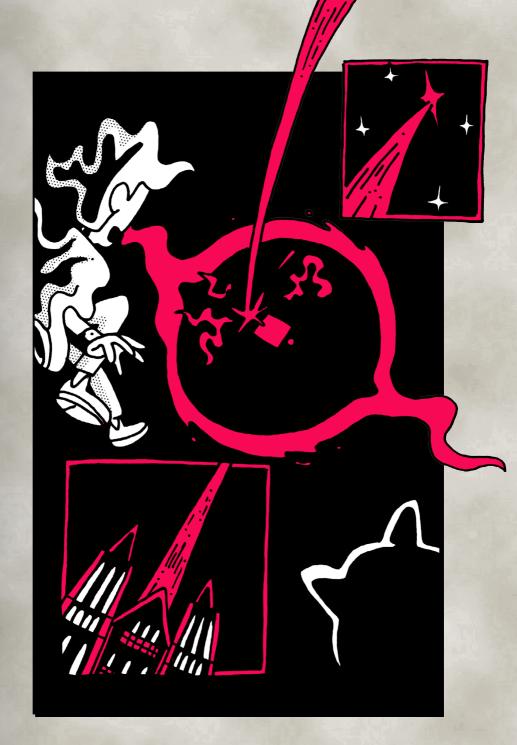
You told me about those who wish to end the games for good because they do no longer believe in it. Because they don't believe in you... But I now see what the rumor of the end of the world is all about. It would mean the end of YOUR world, am I right? I see now that this might all be a great misunderstanding...

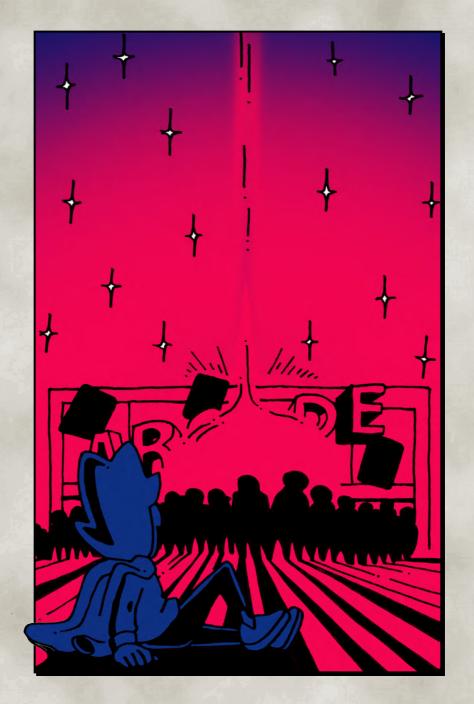


If I die. So do the games.





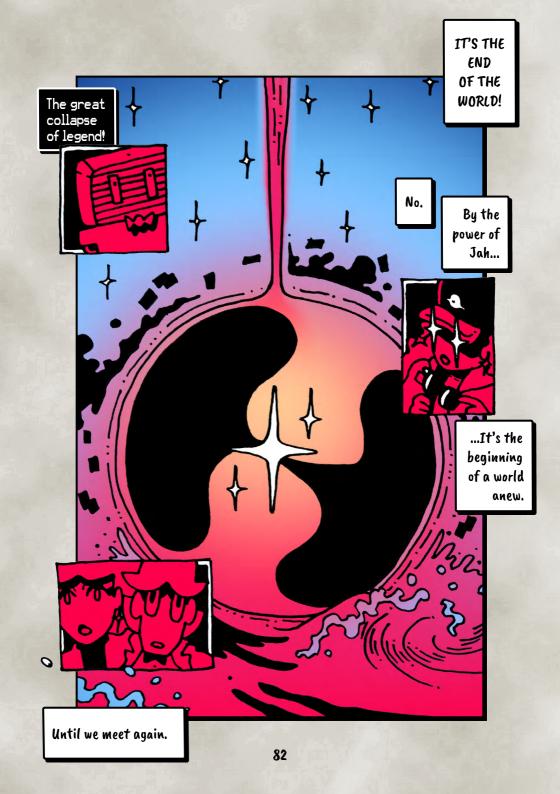


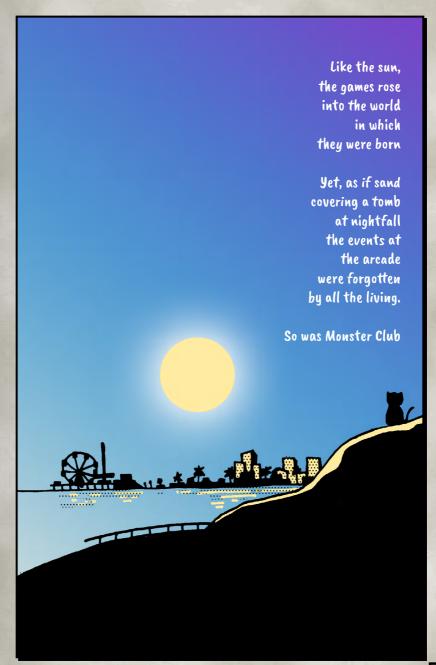








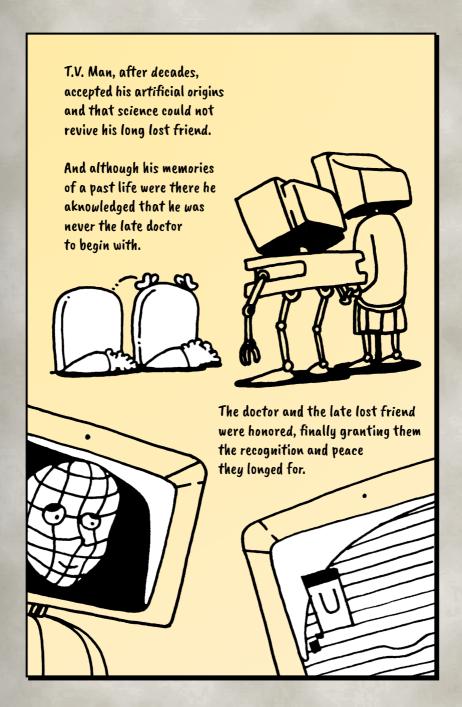




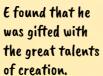


But there are always things that are stronger that the passing of time and space...

...A gut feeling that's hard to explain in modern language...

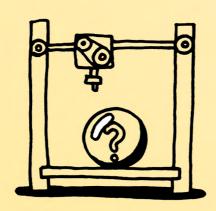






Although he had no purpose for it yet, E got his hands on a 3D printer.





He was sure, a so to say gut feeling, that it would serve his creativity soon...



Who plays becomes the game. This goes a little extra for the likes of us.

If you wonder how the other people are doing, well... so do we. If you find any, please let us know.

The events of the Arcade at the end of the world were not remembered by any mortal. Nor was The Monster Club Corporation or the game of Monster Club. And so yet another historical event in the world of Monster Club did not make it into history or the newspapers, which were full of politics and sports.

Forgotten. That is until the cards show up again eventually...

> The end, the beginning & everyhting in between



THANK YOU FOR PLAYING MONSTER CLUB