

## THE FLAVORVERSE SAGA: PART 1-- THE FALL OF SACCHARIAH

1. Under clouds of cotton candy, and below a moon made of one half vanilla and one half chocolate, the Sugar Pimpinel watches the land of Sacchariah under the guise of an enigmatic gentleman thief. From the gingerbread houses and waffle buildings of this kingdom of sweets, he, as the protector and personal bodyguard of Princess Tuttifrutti, has been rescuing the poor and rich, the sweet and the bitter, from the terror of the tyrannical rule of Emperor Butterspierre, his Shadow Licorice Forces, and his Guillotarts caked with cream and drenched in cherry syrup.

2. After the execution of Princess Tuttfirutti's parents, King Jujube, and Queen Caramel, she managed to escape to the outskirts of Sacchariah, and rule in exile as the last member of the Tuttfirutti royal creme-line. Her principality of Margarina (named after the Margarine River that runs through it) is now all that remains of the former nation of Sacchariah, ever since the rest was taken over and renamed Scotland. It was not too long ago after the establishment of Margarina, that she met the Sugar Pimpernel, who swore to defend her by his pink taffy scarf, and his sharpened peppermint daggers.

3. For over seven years, Princess Tuttfirutti has led a brutal war campaign against Butterspierre's regime in an attempt to take her country back. Thus far, her invasions of the cities bordering Scotland have proven unsuccessful, due to the robust rock candy defenses of Butterspierre. Thousands of Saccharian and Margarinian prisoners have died to date by public beheading as ordered by the Emperor, and millions more have died in the battlefields of Taffy Valley by Scotland's formidable armies, Licorice Assault Tanks, and Sky Sprinkle Bombers. The most terrifying threat to Tuttfirutti's armies, however, have been the extremely tall and imposing Gumball Mark 1 and Jawbreaker Mark 2 tripods, who have managed to utterly annihilate the feeble and outnumbered ground forces of Tuttfirutti's Creme de la Creme Royal Guard from afar.

4. Only time will tell if the Sugar Pimpernel and Princess Tuttifrutti will be able to finally put an end to Butterspierre and his murderous regime, or whether the residents of Scotchland shall one day eventually grow tired of Butterspierre's madness, and rebel against him in order to end his life. However, both possibilities seem unlikely, given the Emperor's grip over Scotchland and his drastic militarization efforts of the former nation of sweets, which has now turned bitter.

5. DGSE (*Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure*)

CLASSIFIED SPECIAL REPORT-- 2ND INTERROGATION OF  
“CANDICE”.

June 7, 2094, 3:05 PM Central Pacific Time-- Classified location: ~57 miles SW  
off the coast of Tahiti in French Polynesia. 30 m below sea level on the *Melusine*.

Begin Middle of Interview Transcript:

Researcher Adeline: “From what you have told us about your place of origin, is this the extent that you can recall your time in the “Flavorverse” before arriving in our world, Candice?”

Candice: “Yes, I believe so. The last thing I remember is being sent away from Sacchariah through a machine called the Wrapper, invented by the Sugar Pimpernel, my father, to keep me safe from Butterspierre. I recall that you mentioned that my knowledge of the revolution in Sacchariah eerily drew parallels to two similar events that occurred in your mother country centuries ago-- one event called the French Revolution, and another called the Seven Years’ War? ”

6. Researcher Adeline: “That is correct. My team of scientists have hypothesized that your world or ”Earth” made of sweets and candy is a direct parallel to our Earth, with the exception being that the revolution that happened in France in the late 1780s, and the Seven Years’ War that was fought between Britain and France in the 1750s and 1760s in our planet are now happening in yours nearly 300 years later. I’m confused about your mention of the Wrapper, since it would be impossible for a wormhole-forming machine to be invented centuries before our comparative discovery of flight and invention of tanks as well as warplanes--”

Candice: “--Actually, my world has a sufficiently low gravity and dense atmosphere to allow for the invention of candy planes and tanks much earlier than you humans. Thus, Sacchariah is actually 300 years *ahead* of where you are now technologically, if not more (with the downside being we are 300 years behind you *culturally* and *ethically*). This allowed me to be sent across space time after the Pimpernel failed to overthrow Butterspierre, and he was ambushed and arrested alongside Princess Tuttifrutti for treason of the highest order.”

Researcher Adeline: “What... happened to them?”

Candice: “I don’t know where either of them are right now, but... (she begins sobbing), knowing the Emperor, he... he... he could have beheaded my parents!” (she continues to cry, now shedding tears of chocolate).

Researcher Beauvoir: “Sacre bleu, she’s crying tears of chocolate syrup...”

Researcher Despereaux: “Should we end the interview? Candice hasn’t returned to her world in days, and I think she needs some time to recover herself”.

Researcher Adeline: ”This is painful for me to watch. Terminate the interview until further notice. In the meantime, maintain constant vigilance over the Isle of Sweets. The US and French Navies should be here in a matter of hours”.

7. DGSE (*Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure*)

CLASSIFIED SPECIAL REPORT-- 3RD INTERROGATION OF  
“CANDICE”.

June 8, 2094, 12:12 noon Central Pacific Time-- Classified location: ~ 59 miles SW off of the coast of Tahiti in French Polynesia. 30 meters below sea level on the *Melusine* near the shores of [REDACTED].

Researcher Adeline: “Are you feeling better? Sorry if I pushed you too far on that last question about your parents. Will you be able to continue our interview from yesterday?”

Candice: “Of course. I heard your team managed to retrieve the capsule I was found asleep in on what you call the “Isle of Sweets” after you detected the electromagnetic radiation from the Wrapper’s wormhole from faraway. You’ll find more than I could ever tell you about the world I live in and its history, being a little girl and all”. (giggles)

Researcher Adeline: (Smiles). “That’s right. We’ll help you anyway we can and protect you, assuming the terrible situation of your world is true. The US and French Navies just sent a joint expedition of armed agents to investigate the Isle, and the portal of the Wrapper. We detected another electromagnetic anomaly a few hours ago, and--”.

Candice (with widened eyes): “Wait... the portal opened *again?*”

Researcher Adeline: “Why do you look so frightened?”

Candice: “If my father, the Pimpernel, who I know was captured, didn’t activate the Wrapper, it can only mean Butterspierre and his forces have discovered the secrets of the machine, and are attempting to invade your world. The tyrant is

after me and only me, as the last member of my royal family. You have to get me as far from this island as possible. Now. Before it's too late!"

Researcher Adeline: "And that I shall, Candice. We'll be leaving the island in a little while, and going deep underwater back towards French Polynesia. The US and France will take care of everything from here on out under Operation SWEET TOOTH, I promise you. However, because of the nature of your existence, the French government will have to keep you a secret from the rest of society, since, well... you're made of candy and all. If we manage to defeat this Butterspierre person, and free your land from his terror, I hope your civilization and ours can... uh... get along peacefully after everything's been settled. Is that a deal? I mean... you are a political figure in your world, so..."

Candice: "Consider the agreement settled, Adeline. I can't thank you enough for all you humans have done. To peace!"

(Candice proceeds to shake Adeline's hand. It is subsequently smeared with a frothy mixture of frosting, cake icing, and cream. Both of them laugh at the mishap as Candice apologizes).

--End Interview Transcript--

8. DGSE (*Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure*)

CLASSIFIED SPECIAL REPORT-- OPERATION SWEET TOOTH:

June 8, 2094, 2:43 PM Central Pacific Time-- Classified location: The Isle of Sweets/Unknown Parallel Dimension.

Briefing of Operation: Team Foxtrot, overseen by Captain Aldric Beaumont of the French Army and Major Kurtz Grafton of the United States Armed Forces, assembled a reconaissance team of twenty Army and Marine soldiers with ten *Behemoth*-class Armored Ultratanks as backup for the purposes of exploring the "Flavorverse" and possibly (though hopefully not) engaging unknown hostiles in advanced tactical warfare. The team entered the undisturbed portal to the Flavorverse at approximately 2:45 PM CPT. Below is a short transcript of the events that transpired shortly after:

Capt. Beaumont: "Command, we've made it to the Flavorverse. It's beyond bizarre. The girl wasn't lying. Everything really is made out of candy, sweets, and sugary desserts".

Maj. Grafton: "The ground is sticky, almost buttery to the touch. Still, we should maintain constant vigilance over the area. Everyone, be on high alert for the emergence of any hostiles".

Col. Jackson: "You heard Major. Don't get all distracted by the cotton candy clouds and the lollipop trees, or the ice cream sundae mountains in the horizon. Keep moving. Ultratanks, follow our lead. Get those guns ready and loaded."

Everyone: "Roger".

(After a few minutes of mindless wandering, Team Foxtrot spots a massive city previously obscured by several cotton candy clouds and steep rock candy formations jutting out of the taffy-like ground. The city contains several

macaron and cake-slice shaped structures jutting out of the ground like buildings or spires, as well as extremely tall waffle buildings with gingerbread houses dotting the streets below. Its fortified chocolate walls contain gigantic monolithic statues of gummy bears with gelatinous wings. The tallest central tower contains what appears to be gargantuan foldable candy wrapper, drawing energy from the city itself on one end, and preparing to release it on the other end facing the portal Team Foxtrot just emerged from).

Capt. Beaumont: “Mon dieu...”

Maj. Grafton: “Holy crap... That’s the Wrapper!”

(Several Privates and lower officials begin to whisper among each other of what they have all just seen).

(The loud sounds of roaring jet engines permeates the cotton candy filled sky)

Col. Jackson: “Wait, what’s that? Up in the sky! Look!”

Capt. Beaumont: “Is that a.. a bomber?! Everyone get down. Tanks, fire!!”

(Suddenly, from above and behind them, a gigantic Sky Sprinkle Bomber descends from the clouds and begins systematically dropping ice cream and candy corn bombshells that explode upon impact with the ground, fizzling out and releasing an acidic carbonated liquid all over the place. Team Foxtrot is unprepared for the air strike as several soldiers are blinded or injured by the blasts, and scream in agony as they feel their suits and bodies corroding at a quick pace. Col. Jackson and several of his men break off from the main group and begin firing at the bomber, only to see their projectiles become lodged and stuck in the sticky outer hull of the craft that is somehow managing to propel itself.

Suddenly, from the southwest and southeast, Capt. Beaumont and Maj. Grafton see tanks, tripods, and soldiers from Butterspierre’s forces approaching them

across the taffy wasteland. The armies are accompanied by the 10 foot tall elite 501st Gummy Bear Guard, who march across the landscape ready to dissolve anything they consume. Both Beaumont and Grafton realize this whole thing was a setup, and that the Emperor was expecting them to visit his world with Candice.

The *Behemoth*-class Ultratanks spread out. Some begin firing turbo lasers relentlessly at the massive bomber over them, with others start hammering the armies coming from the southwest and southeast. The bomber above, made of extremely durable rock candy and chocolate, and powered by a sugar-based biofuel battery, eventually leaks out syrup and crashes into the ground after sufficiently melting. However, it has already managed to melt with its acidic bombs nearly half of Team Foxtrot's tanks, killing dozens of soldiers in the process.

Team Foxtrot looks to the sky, and recoils in horror after seeing smaller bomber planes and massive unidentified dreadnoughts comprised of ice cream cones, glazed doughnuts, cupcakes, and coated bread emerging from *space* of all places as reinforcements. These dreadnoughts begin "scooping" from their bellies dozens of croissant-shaped fighter squadrons that begin firing salvos of carbonated popsicle missiles at Foxtrot's remaining Ultratanks. They are outnumbered by the hundreds, as Butterspierre's armies close in, surrounding the US and the French and forcing them to surrender, after more than half of their forces are eliminated).

Maj. Grafton (with hands raised in a gesture of surrender): "Nothing, men, could have prepared us for a candy-based military so advanced it has managed to create for itself an entire space navy far more powerful than our own. This... means WAR, gentlemen. Command, Operation SWEET TOOTH has utterly failed."

Command: "Abort the mission! Return to base!"

Maj. Grafton: "We can't. They've already beaten us".

(Butterspierre's legions and fleets by this point have detained Maj. Grafton and the surviving members of Team Foxtrot. They are on the taffy ground of the wasteland, being held down by guards, as candy tanks and tripods begin entering the portal generated by the Wrapper).

The Great Confection War has now begun.