

# EVERDAYTALE

## “No Blasters in the Living Room!”

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Chara never felt this humiliated in her life before. Her whole body was shaking and her cheeks were glowing in a deep crimson color, out of embarrassment or anger she couldn't tell.

Chara was in debt of the skeleton.

The comedian had saved her ass, big time, and he was making sure she would not be able to live it down, especially since a sign of gratitude was still in order.

*(“I’ll never thank that trashbag!” - “Chara!” - “Forget it, Frisk. I rather die!”)*

*“s not that hard, ya know kiddo?”*

Screw it. Screw the skeleton and his mockery.

*“You know what? It’s a beautiful day outside, go burn in hell Sansy Pansy.”*

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“SANS! WHERE IS THE MUSIC COMI-OH MY GOSH, SANS! I ALREADY TOLD YOU: NO BLASTERS IN THE LIVING ROOM!”

*“welp, sorry bro.”*

And they were gone in a blink of an eye.

Blasters? Gone.

Sans? Gone.

Chara? Gone.

Muffled voices and glass breaking could be heard in the distance. It seemed as if they had moved their little argument to the front yard.

“...THEY DIDN'T STOP FIGHTING, DID THEY FRISK?”

*“Nope.”*

*“OH BOY.”*