

Long ago, in a world like no other, Frankenstiffies and humans existed in peace. The problem was, not everybody saw Frankenstiffies as equals, specifically the Regulators of Order (RO). They didn't trust Frankenstiffies, and thought of them as evil. Because of this, the RO released a hunt decree for all Frankenstiffies, that they may be hunted down and dealt with. Thus, the remaining Frankenstiffies went into hiding.

This story is about one Frankenstiffie in particular, and his name is Jimothy (Dinkles) Sergio. He's been living in hiding in a cave up in the Windcrest Hills for quite a few years now. The good thing is, he's managed to decorate and domesticate his cave home, and live in a sufficient amount of comfort.

One day, a wanderer stumbles upon Jimothy's cave home, and Jimothy quickly rushes outside to greet them.

"Hi! Nice to meet you! I'm Jimothy, but you can call me Dinkles! What's your name?" Jimothy asked, excited to meet someone for the first time in forever.

"Um...hi...Dinkles? I'm Stongs. I was wandering around the area when I discovered your house, and, well, here I am," Stongs replied, a bit surprised by the burst of energy from Dinkles.

"Please, come in!" Jimothy says enthusiastically. "It's been a while since I've had a guest, you know."

As he leads the way into the house, Stongs pulls out a device from his pocket and speaks into, then quickly tucks it away again. Jimothy and Stongs take a seat across from one another at Jimothy's makeshift table, and Jimothy continues the conversation.

"You know, you're pretty friendly to me. Do you agree that Frankenstiffies shouldn't be hunted?" Jimothy asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, that's..-" Stongs begins to say.

"Because, we really don't deserve all of this," Jimothy interrupts. "We're actually very peaceful, kind creatures. We just want to be friends with humans, not enemies."

"Well, you've certainly treated me like a friend and guest..." Stongs responds, starting to think that maybe Frankenstiffies aren't so bad. A regretful look flashes across Stongs' face.

"Us Frankenstiffies actually have magic power of sorts," Jimothy reveals.

"Oh?"

"Yeah, depending on if we have a tail or not, we either have teleportation or healing. We can easily use this skill to help humans, if they only give us the chance..."

A sudden knock at the door captures Jimothy's attention. As Jimothy goes to answer it, Stongs hops out of his chair and stops him, worry in his eyes.

"Do you have any hiding spots in your home for if, I don't know...the RO ever found it?" Stongs inquires in a very nervous and rushed tone.

Jimothy looks a bit surprised by the question, but answers anyways, as the knocking on the door gets more insistent.

“Um...there’s a fake wall under the table...” Jimothy reveals. “Would that work for whatever point you’re trying to make?”

“Quickly then, follow me!” Stongs insists, dashing towards the hiding place and dragging Jimothy behind him.

Stongs rips open the fake wall, and they both hurriedly climb into the crawl space. As he’s putting the wall back into place, they hear the sound of splintering wood, and they see the door go flying into the living room. Member of the RO rushes into the living room, and starts tearing through the room, seemingly looking for Jimothy. Jimothy looks out from the hiding place, shocked at the scene in front of him, his face pale.

“But how did they know I was here?...” Jimothy questions quietly, as his eyes rest on a symbol on Stongs’ bag. It’s the symbol of the RO. Jimothy’s eyes go wide, as he realizes that Stongs is a spy, and had given his home’s location away to the RO. First he feels surprised, then angry, then finally betrayed. Stongs looks over at Jimothy, then at his bag, the back at Jimothy, his eyes going wide as well as he realizes that Dinkles now knows the truth.

“I’m-I’m sorry. I regret my decision now. I didn’t realize that you, and all Frankenstuffies are actually good creatures. I thought you were evil,” Stongs tries to explain, but is stopped by Jimothy.

“Save it. I can’t trust you anymore. First, you brought the RO to my house, and now their destroying it, and second, you’re a spy yourself for the RO!” Jimothy says, feeling hollow after Stongs’ betrayal.

“Please, listen to me! I regret it now! I didn’t realize before how harmless and peaceful Frankenstuffies are! I’m really sorry for what I’ve done,” Stongs insisted, and he really meant it. Jimothy seems to think and consider for a second.

“You seem like you really mean it...I’ll take your word for it, I suppose,” Jimothy says, looking hopeful that this isn’t just another lie. “After all, you did tell me to hide, even if you didn’t warn me what from.”

“Thank you, thank you, thank you!” Stongs replies, glad that he has earned back Jimothy’s trust, even if only a bit of it. It seems he really has had a change of heart.

They both turn back to the living room, and Jimothy’s eyes go wide, a single tear coming to his eye. His home has been destroyed in the search for him. Tables overturned, carpets peeled back, chairs flipped, lights broken. His home is a mess. Jimothy looks sad, but has no choice but to accept it, as it can’t be reversed now. A member of the RO, seemingly the leader, calls out to everyone else.

“There are no Frankenstuffies here it seems. Let’s go. Must’ve been a false lead...” he says, and all the RO member slowly trail out of Jimothy’s freshly wrecked home.

Stongs and Jimothy wait while in case it’s a trap, before slowly sneaking out of the crawl space and into the ravaged living room. Stongs turns to Dinkles.

“I have an idea, and hear me out. I’ve realize by now, that the Regulators of Order are corrupt, and I’ve thought I’ve thought of something to combat their spread of lies and fear.” Stongs begins.

“I’m listening,” Jimothy replies, intrigued.

“And this is also considering how even I thought you were evil at first but didn’t know the truth. Leading onto that idea, what if we went around the continent searching for other Frankenstiffies, and also spreading the truth about Frankenstiffies. Maybe even, as we travel, we could help people to prove to people that you aren’t evil.” Stongs explains, worried that Jimothy will dismiss the idea, or even be upset about it. “Then, when we gather a group of Frankenstiffies and believers that Frankenstiffies are good, we could attempt to overthrow the RO?”

“Wow...” Jimothy sighs. “That’s...a huge idea,” he thinks it over for a second. “I love it! That would be great! Finally, Frankenstiffies can have a place in the modern world.”

Stongs grins. Jimothy walks around the ruined house, collecting any personal items left, and stocking up on tools they’ll need for the adventure. Jimothy talks to Stongs as he moves around the cave.

“This will actually be my first time seeing other Frankenstiffies since going into hiding,” Jimothy exclaims, clearly nervous but at the same time thrilled.

Stongs waits outside as Jimothy gets into adventuring gear. As Jimothy exits the house, he seems to be bouncing with enthusiasm.

“Eeeee! I can’t wait! I’ve only really explored around the cave area for food and plants since the decree, so I haven’t actually been able to see the outside world and how much it’s changed,” Jimothy mentions, clearly looking forward to this new adventure, as it’s the most interesting thing that’s happened to him in a while. “I sure hope this is a journey to remember, and hey, hopefully after, Frankenstiffies can live in human society again, and be trusted and loved like they deserve.”

“I sure hope so...the RO really is corrupt, both in their judgement of Frankenstiffies, and just in general,” Stongs replies, clearly ticked off by the fact that even though Frankenstiffies have never done anything wrong, the RO thinks that even that is a crime deserving of suffering.

“Exactly! Like, why do they even hate us? Is it just because we’re a bit different from them? Is that all?” Jimothy asks to no one in particular. “Maybe they’re the ones that are pure evil!”

Stongs waits for Jimothy to finish his rant, then looks towards the horizon.

“Are you ready? This journey is going to be a long one, with many trials along the way,” Stongs questions.

“I think so? No, I know so. Let’s do this!” Jimothy says, and starts running down the rocky mountainside.

“Hey, wait for me!” Stongs calls out, laughing as he chases after Jimothy down the hill.

They continue running down the hill, laughing all the way.

“Here we go! Off on an adventure! Who knows where it’ll lead us,” Jimothy calls out to Stongs, smiling all the way.

The adventures of Jimothy and Stongs have just begun.