Magical Scrubbernaut Heather Crunch vs Magical Tin Fins Valentina Tenko and Magical Omnishow Amber Nakajima

I stare down my cards and TACTICALLY study how I could play out my hand. STRATEGICALLY taking into account my current lands, and my army of mana producing elves, I FORMULATE my next maneuver on the battlefield.

“Finally. The sands in the hourglass trickle down, Seeker of Truth. You could pass and let us play real magic.” Valentina Tenko asks from my left, impatiently drumming her fingers across the kitchen table. Amber Nakajima, on my right giggles in agreement, as she flicks through her hand, before setting it back down, only to flick through the cards again.

“Just you watch, Soul Temperer, because I’m about to BLOW you away!” I say, well, more so shout. Heather Crunch only has one voice. Her voice. Warmaster Russ calls it my “outdoor voice”. I tap the Llanover Elf, Elvish Visionary, and their friends, before tapping a Gaea’s Cradle, and immediately play another one, sacrificing the first Cradle, and then tapping the second, followed by paying two mana to my Shrine of Nykthos and tapping it to add more green mana.

“Incoming Fireball?” Nakajima asks, as she twirls her hand over her untapped islands. “You going to win Crunchy? You know the stakes of the game. If you lose, you take the winner on a date. If you win, we take you and your cute butt out for ice cream.”

“Far better than a WEAK and OBVIOUS fireball! I, Heather Crunch, MASTER TACTICIAN, will take all this mana, and dump it into a 99/99 PRIMORDIAL HYDRA! WHAT WILL YOU DO NAKAJIMA, WHEN THE CRUNCH TRAIN TRAMPLES THROUGH YOUR MEAGER DEFENSES!?” I POSE, smirking as I MAJESTICALLY windmill the hydra on to the table. Hah! And Nakajima thought this children’s card game of hers would have been too “complex” for Heather Crunch! I will win this game and be FREE of these VILE seductresses, AND I WILL HAVE ICECREAM!

“Welllllll, I tap two blue, and cast Counterspell targeting Primordial Hydra.” Nakajima taps her two of her three islands and tosses a blue spell onto the table.

“You what?”

“I counter your hydra Crunchy. It never hits the table.” She makes an INFURIATING gesture at this. “Poof. It’s gone.”

“B-but. NAKAJIMAAAAAAAAA! YOU CHEAP, CONTEMPTIBLE COURTESAN WHO PLAYS BLUE!” I voice my displeasure at her unfair tactics in a portioned and measured response. My beautiful plan was RUINED, but I had prepared in advance! As the Warmaster once said, no plan survives contact with the enemy. THUS, my brilliance was that I never had one in the first place! I tap five of my forests, and then sacrifice the rest, and play the creature in my hand.

“7/7 Wood Elemental! COUNTER THAT NAKAJIMA! Also I pass turn. And Soul Temperer. Take YOUR hand off MY butt.”

The two girls stare at me, no doubt rendered SPEECHLESS by my masterful plan.

“Seeker of Enlightenment.” The Soul Temperer was reduced to a MONOTONE by my MASTERY and AMAZING ass which she STILL has a hand on! “That might just have been-“

“The. Stupidest. Play. Ever. Like… wow. I’m not even going to dignify that with a counter.” Nakajima says, shaking her head as she steps in for the Soul Temperer. “Eurotrash, it’s your turn. Please. Do something to get the thought of un-ironically playing Wood Elemental out of my head. You’re at 16 last I checked?”

“Correct.” The Soul Tempererr untaps her few lands and draws for her turn. She gives my butt a good (NO, A NOT GOOD) squeeze, before finally withdrawing her hand. “Alright, you have a single blue mana untapped, not enough for a counterspell, and all your Forces have been used up. The hermit crab emerges from her shell in relative safety. I cast Gyro’s Revengence to reanimate Griselbrand from my grave, and pay seven life to draw seven cards.” She frowns, clearly displeased at her draw. “Hm, I’ll pay another 7 life to draw seven more, leaving me at 4. Yes, this is good. Moving to declare atta-“

“I tap an island for blue and cast Vapor Snag targeting Griselbrand, and return it to your hand.” Nakajima PUFFS up with SMUG as she tosses the card on the table, and draws an imaginary line with her finger to Tenko’s big, scary, black demon.

“You had that acorn in your stash, you conniving squirrel?” Tenko asks her, “Sigh, I’m at 1 and tapped out. I pass. Go, Child of Chaos. Durdle for another turn won’t you?”

“SEE?!” I say, pointing a finger at the Soul Temperer, “Soul Temperer! Do you not agree with me? Blue is the most UNFAIR and UNFUN color!”

“Calm yourself, Seeker of Wisdom. It was your glaring radiance that blinded me to my mistakes. I should have suspected the Child of Chaos still had an answer. I’ll make sure to board in some discard for her next game.”

“And now that’s out of the way, it’s my turn~.” Nakajima untaps all her islands and draws, “I tap two blue, delve two Forces, three Counterspells, and a Taigo, for Dig Through Time,” the girl looks through the top seven cards of her library, and picks two, placing them in her hand, and the rest on the bottom of her deck, “and with that ladies, I do believe I win.”

“Perhaps the sun shines too brightly in your eyes as well. I Surgical Extraction’d your Enter the Infinite the last time you attempted to combo off, remember? All copies in your grave, hand, and deck were exiled.”

“Please. I tap two blue, cast Show and Tell. We all reveal a card and place it on the battlefield.” Nakajima drops an Omniscience on the field, while Tenko replays her bounced Griselbrand. I FOLLOW WITH, wait-

“I have NOTHING to play, because you TORE my hand apart with Thoughtseize NAKAJIMAAAAAAA!” I FROWN at her with INTENSITY. “You are TEARING me apart!”

The mad scientist riffles through her hand, now able to cast any spell without paying its mana cost. “Next, I’ll play Burning Wish, and grab the fourth Enter the Infinite in my side board, and cast it, and draw my entire deck, save one card I put back on top of my library.”

“Yes, and what will that do Nakajima!? The turn after, you’ll have an EMPTY library! And you lose! Nice plan, NOT!”

“Oh, but we’re not done, Crunchy~! Now I have my entire library in my hand, so I can play anything, so here’s a Laboratory Maniac.” Nakajima motions to ask if we have any responses, which we don’t, being tapped out. “Then I cast Brainstorm to draw the last card off my library, and a second Brainstorm to draw again, activating Laboratory Maniac’s ability. Because I tried to draw from my library while I had no cards left, I wi-“

“I exile a Simian Spirit Guide and Lightning Bolt your Laboratory Maniac” the Soul Temperer interrupts, laughing as she tosses her bolt onto the table. “You mess with the bull, you get the horns. I’ll send that Laboratory Maniac to the grave. Your Brainstorm will now resolve, and you’ll have to draw from an empty deck, and lose-“

“YES! YES! YES!” I SHAKE my fists in excitement. BREAK that mind sculpting CHARLATAN, Soul Temperer!

Nakajima frowns as she moves her win condition to the graveyard. (YES! YES! YES!) Her eyes are scanning her hand at a breakneck pace, trying to find something that could stop the Soul Temperer. “Oh butterpoop.” Nakajima drops a card on the table (NO! NO! NO!), “In response to your Lightning Bolt, I Vapor Snag both your Griselbrand back to your hand, dealing you one damage, and knocking you to zero life.”

“Wait. But that means-“ The Soul Temperer pauses as she takes in the situation. She looks at the table, blinks, then looks at her at her hand, then at Nakajima, then back to her hand, then at me, then rifles through the stack, then back to her hand, places her cards carefully on the table, and then throws her hands into the air.

“FOOLISH CHILD OF CHAOS, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? IN YOUR BLINDNESS, YOU LET –HER- WIN!” Tenko says, gesturing to me.

“Huh, what do you mean? I killed you Eurotrash.”

“Child of Chaos, winter is not over until the last snow has melted. Likewise, I cannot die until the stack is clear. That means we both die now!”

Nakajima stares at the stack, and then at the Soul Temperer, then looks at me.

“Ohhh.”

“HAH!” I JUMP on the table, GLOATING in my victory, and POSE— pointing a finger at Nakajima. “WOOD ELEMENTAL, BABY!”

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A table over, Wendy Cooldown sulked near the window with a bottle of whiskey. Dark and edgy, in the way only a major love interest could, she casually shuffled her EDH deck. “Those damn idiots. Must they be so loud? Legacy magic, not even once.” She smirked behind her checkered scarf as she looked through her hand: another perfect goldfished turn-one-kill. EDH was truly the epitome of fun. She had even brought all her fun decks, like Mass Land Destruction and Winter Orb Prison! Now only if she could figure out why she was so damn alone every week for Friday Night Magic…