

Coro!Fanz2

A COROIKA FANZINE

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Foreword

Thank you to everyone who made this fan zine possible, to all the contributor and to the mods. We hope you enjoy everyone's amazing Coroika works!



BLUE TEAM



CANDYJELLYFISH





Leap to Victory

By Lulu (aerosprayer)

“Guuuys! Look, look!”

Goggles came rushing into the battle lobby looking for his teammates. He spotted them gathered by Crab-N-Go and ran up to them.

“What’s wrong Goggles?” Headphones asked.

Her friend lifted his phone towards Headphones. “There’s gonna be a new Challenge today!” Goggles replied excitedly.

Specs and Bobble Hat gathered around Headphones to take a look at Goggles’ phone screen. A recording of the Anarchy Splatcast was shown, with Deep Cut introducing the Challenge that was currently taking place.

“*‘Extreme Jump Battle?’*” Specs narrowed his eyes at the name. “What does that mean?”

“It says ‘Jump power UP!’ so I think we’ll be jumping really high!”

Goggles exclaimed, “C’mon, let’s try it out!”

Bobble Hat agreed, “Sounds fun~”

Meanwhile, Specs and Headphones shared a look between each other, before looking back at Goggles. Specs crossed his arms and huffed, “I don’t know, it sounds chaotic and dangerous.”

Waving his arms, Goggles tried to convince his two friends into participating. “It shouldn’t be too bad! Splatsville is the city of chaos—it should be fun, just like Bobble said! Maybe we can learn new ways of battling by joining!”

The bespectacled inkling rubbed his chin in thought for a few moments. He stared at Goggles and Bobble Hat’s faces then sighed again. “Fine, we can participate. Make sure you follow my directions, alright?”

The two happy-go-lucky squids cheered, quickly grabbing their serious friends’ hands and pulling them towards the locker room so they could get ready for the Challenge.



The four members of the Blue Team rose from the spawners and readied their weapons for battle. Specs gulped and looked across Museum d’Alfonsino uneasily as the timer counted down to zero. The whistle blew and off the inklings went.

Everyone began painting the ground, making their way towards the center of the map, before a loud gasp was heard.

“WOAH! I’M JUMPING SO HIGH!”

Specs glanced up and saw Goggles mid-air with his Splattershot shooting out ink. His jaw dropped at the

ridiculous sight—it looked as if Goggles was floating in the air!

“Oh my Cod,” he gasped as his eyes followed Goggles’ figure bounce up and down.

“You should try and jump too!” called the blue inkling from above.

Bobble Hat immediately started following suit and also began bouncing along. Bracing himself, Specs tightened his grip on his Octobrush and leaped into the air. The added height to his jump was greater than he was expecting, causing him to flail about and land on his stomach.

“Specs! Are you alright?”

“I—I’m alright, just wasn’t expecting this high of a jump,” Specs mumbled as he got up and dusted himself off.

While the Blue team were busy orienting themselves, the opposing team were already on their way to the tower. The jingle of the tower being controlled reverberated through the commotion, capturing the attention of the Blue Team.

“Oh no, they’ve got the tower!” Headphones cried. She remembered the strategy Specs came up with for the Challenge, scanning her surroundings, then she leaped onto the large rotating display towards the left. *The tower’s heading this way*, she thought. Headphones’ eyes widened as she recognized who their opponents were—it was the Green Team that they’ve fought against countless times before!

“We’ll be taking this win, idiot Blue Team!” Backwards taunted as he rode the tower towards the first checkpoint.

“We need to stop them! Bobble, go and try to take back the tower! Headphones and I will support you,” Specs instructed.

Goggles, still bouncing as if he was on the moon, waved and asked, “What about me?”

“You distract them by doing whatever!” Specs shouted and sprinted off.

Grinning widely, Goggles made his way to the tower and leaped into the air. He could see the rest of his team splitting up and begin attacking Team Green. This Challenge really is a ton of fun!

SPLASH!

Seven heads snapped to the pool of water beside them. Due to the extra height, Goggles miscalculated where he would land and ended up in the water.

“YOU IDIOT!” Specs yelled at his clumsy friend’s squid ghost flying upwards in the air.

“BAHAHAHA! He can’t even see where he’s landing!” Backwards snorted.

Headphones sweatdropped at Goggles’ antics but quickly realized this was the perfect opening to seize the tower! She steadied her Squiffer and charged her shot, waiting patiently for the right

moment to fire it. Safari Hat, who was facing away from her, wasn't paying attention to his surroundings which allowed Headphones to splat him. His teammates stopped laughing, confused at the unexpected outburst of noise. Headphones used this opportunity to shoot another member down.

"That's 2 people splatted, great job Headphones!" Specs beamed.

Keeping up with the current momentum, Bobble Hat threw her Toxic Mist at the remaining members on the tower. Unfortunately, Cleats used her Inkbrush to evade the effects of sub weapon and escaped. A super jump indicator was seen next to her, so Specs placed a Suction bomb on it to detonate right as Safari Hat landed (*"Are you serious?!"*). Climbing up the tower, Bobble Hat splatted Backwards with her Tri-Slosher and took control for the team.

Goggles super jumped to Bobble Hat and gave her a thumbs up, "Booyah, Bobble!"

Headphones leaped down from the grates. Her tentacles had a fierce flare to them, indicating her special weapon was ready. She activated it once she got on the tower, so it could shield them as they traveled to the first checkpoint. Specs was in the middle of a tussle with Cleats when suddenly, the sound of ink gushing down was heard.

Bobble Hat smiled, giggling at Cleats from above with her Inkjet, her tentacles glowing in a similar fashion to Headphones.

The poor green inkling could only gape back in shock.

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“I can’t believe we lost to the idiot team, *again!*” Backwards wailed as he crouched, defeated, on the ground.

“It was a fun game!” Goggles said as he patted the other’s back.

Specs nodded, “Yeah, you guys never fail to be a tough opponent—it was a close match despite the new rules.”

Grumbling incoherently, Backwards stood up with the help of Beanie. He sighed before pointing at the Blue Team. “We’ll keep on practicing so we can take you down for good next time!”

Goggles laughed at the proclamation. “Looking forward to it!”

“Don’t say that, we shouldn’t let them win!” Headphones lightly scolded.

“That’s right! We won’t be going easy on you either, Green Team!” Specs smirked with his chest puffed out.

The two teams grinned at each other, both eager to have another face off soon.







Wildcard

By Lulu (aerosprayer)

“Where should we go next?”

The group of childhood friends were wandering around Splatsville with their new companion, Mitsuami (and Kojake), looking for something to do when they heard a noise.

“Yeeeeees!”

The Blue Team turned towards the direction of the familiar voice. Across from them was the S4, huddled around Mask. They walked over to the team of S+ players, curious at what the fuss was about.

“Those are just some sparkly cards, I don’t get it,” Aloha remarked.

Army appeared to be inspecting something before Mask snatched them back. “Hey! I was looking at those.”

Goggles stared at the pack of cards that was in Mask’s hands. “Ooh, what are those for?”

“Ugh, the Bluuue Teaaam...” Mask mumbled.

Mitsuami recognized the cards and piped up, “Those are Tableturf Battle cards!”

“Tableturf Battle?” Headphones repeated.

“Yeaaah. It’s a popular collectible card game from the Splatlaaands,” Mask confirmed.

“I can show you what it is! Follow me.” The group waved goodbye to the S4 and followed Mitsuami towards the lobby tower.



“One way to obtain Tableturf cards is through the Shell-Out Machine.” Mitsuami showed them by putting some cash in the coin dispenser.

The Blue Team watched as Mitsuami turned the dial and a capsule fell out. She took it and popped it open, revealing a normal card pack. Tearing off the packaging, Mitsuami managed to pull a few common cards and one rare. “Oh, nice! I got the Killer Wail card!” She held the gold-foiled card up for everyone to see.

“Is that rare?” Specs asked.

The Stringer user nodded, “Yeah! There’s three types of rarities: common, rare, and fresh. Fresh cards have a holographic look to them,” she described.

“I wanna pull some cards too!” Goggles exclaimed as he went up to the machine and inserted his cash.

He twisted the dial and grabbed the first capsule that came out, but it only gave him some Crab-N-Go food tickets. “Aww man,” he pouted. Specs snickered at Goggles’ misfortune.

“My turn!” Bobble Hat tried her hand at getting a pack of cards and rolled a capsule as well. Cracking the casing open, she drew a pack of Tableturf cards!

“Open it, open it!” Goggles urged her impatiently.

Bobble Hat did as he said and removed the cards from the sleeve. “Takoroka, Sheldon, Harmony, Big Man and... Smallfry!”

Everyone marveled at Bobble Hat’s amazing luck. “TWO Fresh cards?” Specs squawked, “I want to try too!”



“I can’t believe all I got were Burst Bomb cards!”

Wailing on the ground, Specs sniffled at his horrendous luck as Headphones comforted him by rubbing his back.

“I-I can give you some of my cards!” Mitsuami consoled the sulking inkling, “I have more from my collection, so it’s okay!”

Specs looked up at her with twinkling eyes, “Mitsuami... You’re too kind!”

“Let’s go upstairs to learn how to play.” She smiled at him and offered her hand. Specs accepted it and walked with her,

everyone else trailing behind.

“You see, Tableturf isn’t just about collecting the best cards,” Mitsuami began explaining as they reached the top, “It involves careful planning and outwitting your opponents as well.”

The bespectacled inkling chuckled, “Hah! That’ll be easy for me to do.” He glanced over at Goggles and smiled smugly. “There’s no way I can lose to an idiot like him!”

Plopping himself at one of the stools, Goggles leaned over the Tableturf game machine and fiddled with the joystick and buttons. “Woaaah, this is like the ones at the Shoal!” It seemed that he didn’t hear what Specs said. Bobble Hat did, though, because she was giggling at him.

Headphones shook her head at the three. “So how do we play?” she questioned.

Mitsuami taught them the rules then handed everyone a Starter Deck from the machine. “Who wants to go first?”

Almost immediately, Goggles’ arm shot upwards. “Me, me!”

“I’ll have a go too,” Specs added.

“Alright! Once you press start, the game will begin.”



Beads of sweat formed on Specs' forehead as he carefully pondered about his next move. Currently, the board was covered with various ink patterns—their turns were running out and Specs needed something to ensure his victory over his teammate. He gazed down at his deck and eyed the Heavy Splatling card. *If I'm going to win, I have to be more aggressive!* was his final thought before placing it down.

"I'm going with..." Goggles said with a drawl, "this!" He placed his card on the board after Specs and looked expectantly at the screen.

The two inklings simultaneously turned their cards over and watched as blocks of Specs' ink color bled into Goggles' territory.

"..."

Headphones leaned over and examined the card that Goggles had just set on the machine. "Is that..."

"An Uno reverse card?!" Specs hollered, "Where did you even get that?"

"I dunno, I just had it!" Goggles shrugged.

Smirking, Specs crossed his arms and let out a snort. "Whatever, it's not like it's going to—"

Just as Specs was speaking, the machine undid Specs' move and mirrored the ink pattern on his turf, increasing Goggles' ink spaces by the amount Specs should've gotten.

“Is that even allowed?” Specs yelled in disbelief.

Mitsuami also looked just as perplexed, “I-I don’t know, this is the first time I’ve seen that card being used in Tableturf,” she stammered.

Specs gritted his teeth and slammed another card down. Goggles did the same and both cards were flipped over to reveal a Wave Breaker card, a Special Attack being activated with it, and a... pickled plum card?

“Goggles, where are you getting these cards?!”

“I thought they looked cool!”

The game continued until their last turn and it was finally time to announce the winner. Specs was worn out by Goggles’ ridiculous antics—he pulled more random items such as a Joker card, a Mewtwo EX card, even his own pickled plum jar that he keeps on him! The machine calculated the results and flashed Goggles’ name on the screen.

“WHAT?!” Specs’ eyes comically bulged out of its sockets as he tried to comprehend the victor.

“Yay, I won!” Goggles stood from his seat and high-fived Bobble Hat next to him. He walked over to Specs so he could tell him how fun it was but was met with hands gripping his shoulders. “Wha—?”

“How did you win?!” Specs shouted as he shook Goggles.

“Calm down, Specs!”

“No! All you did was—”

“What do you say to some noodles at ROM-en later?” Goggles interrupted him.

Specs stopped shaking the other and huffed. “...Only if you’re paying.”

Everyone else could only smile amusedly at the pair.





TEAM HACHI





MAKE A
SPLASH!









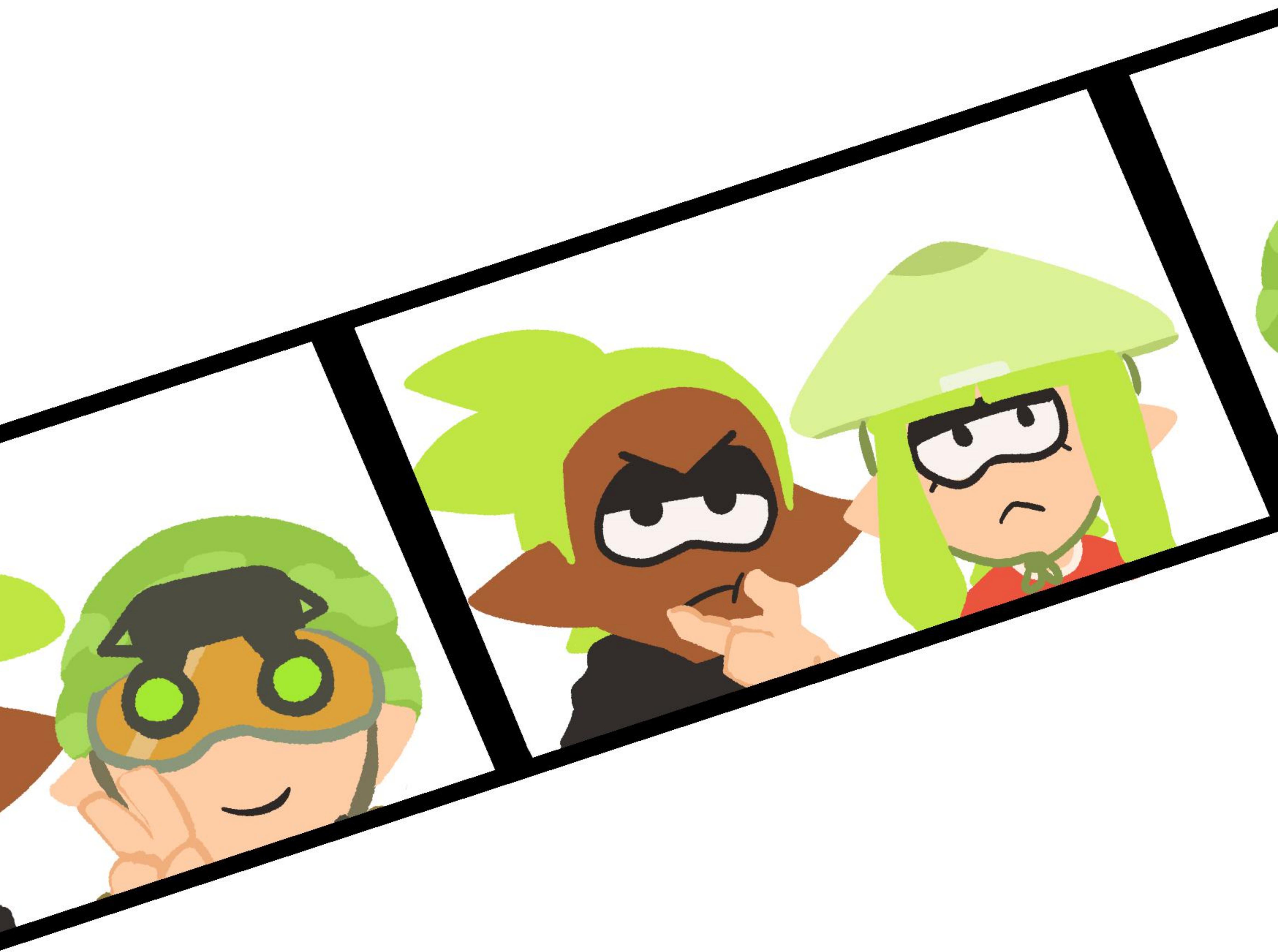
YELLOW GREEN TEAM

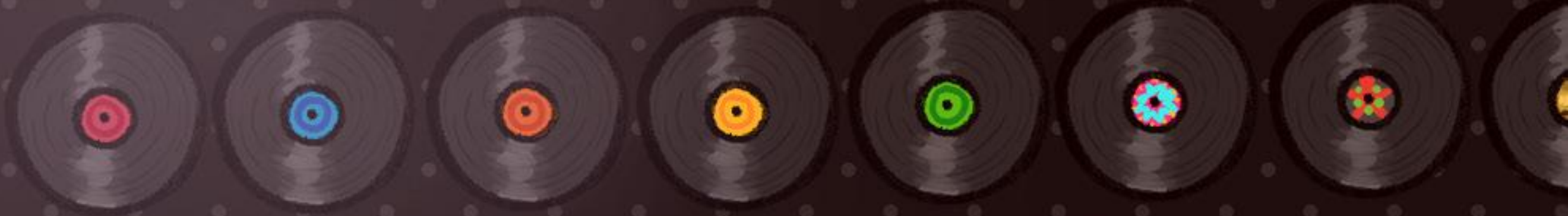








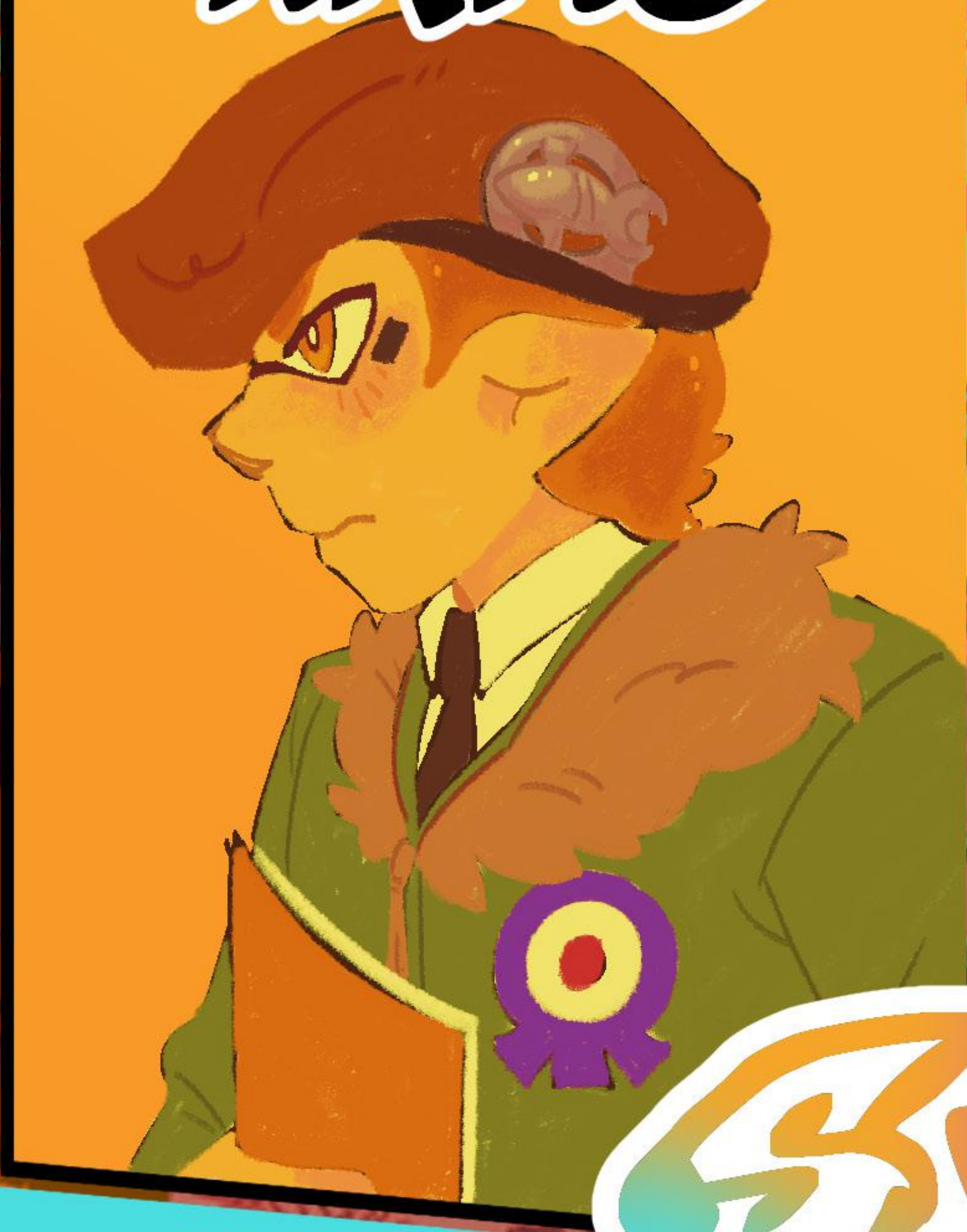








ARMY



ARMY



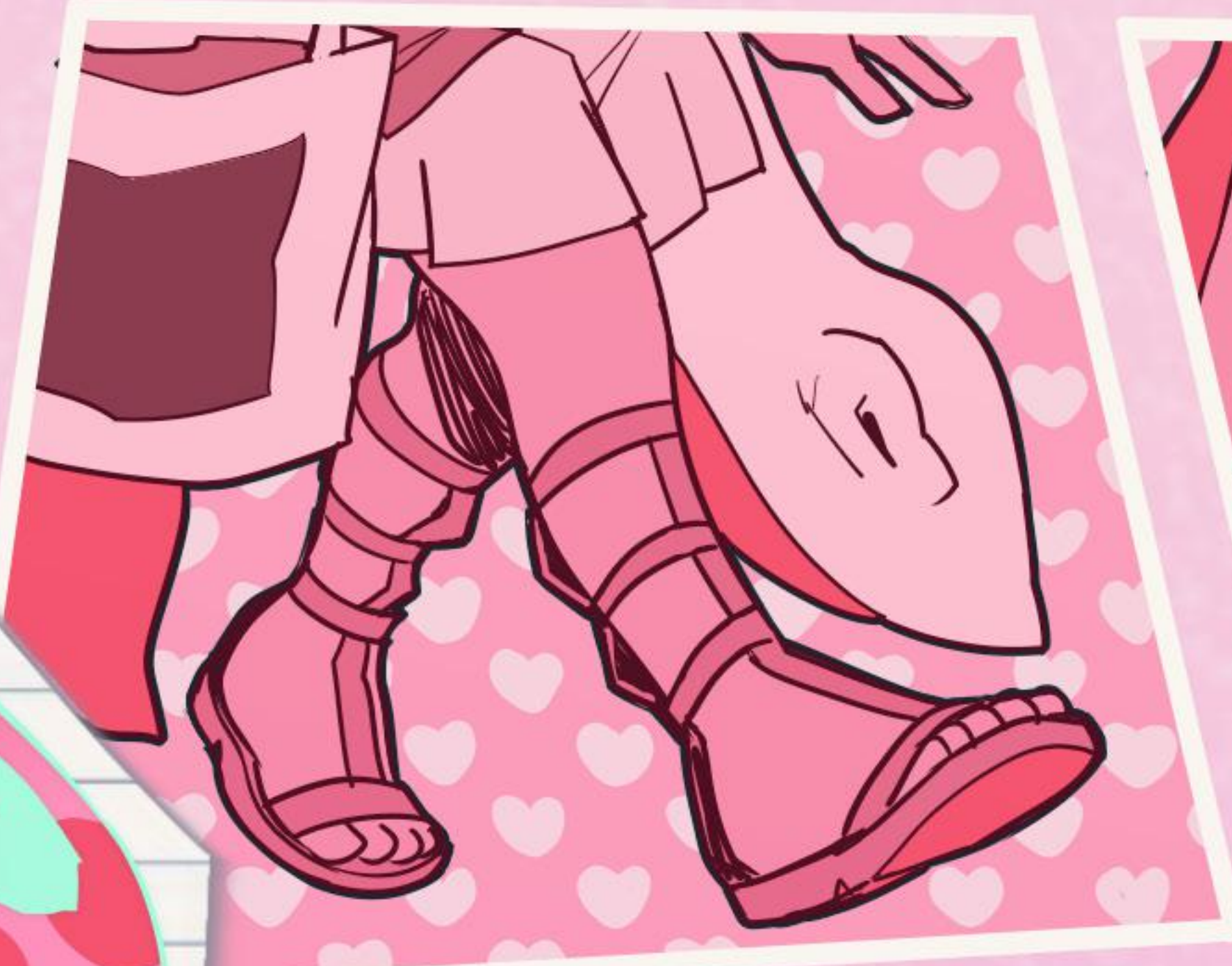
MASK



SKULL









DRESS
UP!



WHAT?



IT'S
PERFECT!

.....?













CAMPING TRIP!!
w/ THE BESTIES!!



TODAY WAS SO FUN!

TRAINING HERE WAS QUITE DAUNTING
AT FIRST... BUT STRAPS, HALF-RIM, AND G-LOVES
HELPED ME EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

I LOVE MY FRIENDS! ♡









TEAM EMPEROR

TEAM

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EMPEROR







A Toast To Laceless!

By Crowo



Ever since Laceless recently joined Team Emperor, he hadn't got a proper welcome. With that in mind, Emperor decided to host a dinner party welcoming his arrival into the team. With his newfound skill of cooking from his time with Crustysean, he wanted to make food for the party.

Emperor gathered ingredients he bought the day before and laid them out on the kitchen island for easy access. He knew he needed to clean after making the food and set the table, but he wasn't sure if he had enough time. Emperor looked at the clock above the sink, just hours away from the party starting.

"Hm.." He hummed, thinking. He couldn't possibly do this alone, even if he tried. That's when an idea entered his mind. Emperor left the kitchen and went upstairs, looking around. He came up to a door and knocked. Soon an approving, muffled voice responded, and he opened the door.

There was Prinz, working on, what it seemed, a letter.

"Yes, brother?" He asked, smiling. Emperor gestured behind him. "Would you like to help me with setting up the dinner party? I would appreciate it." He asked. Prinz lit up at the offer and stood up.

"Of course! I would love to help!"

That look on his face made Emperor happy, knowing it was a good idea.

Back downstairs, they went into the kitchen. When they got to the island, Emperor looked down at Prinz. "Do you know how to make spaghetti?" He asked. Prinz looked back at him and shook his head. "I know it should be simple, though! I've never made it before, but I'd like to try." Prinz replied. Emperor nodded and grabbed the box of pasta and some sauce. "I'll teach you."

He walked over to the stovetop and set the two ingredients down beside it.

He opened the cabinet above the stove and pulled out two pots. Prinz watched him, taking mental notes. As Emperor was setting it up, a question popped into Prinz's head. "Brother." He said, getting Emperor's attention. "You work at Crusty Sean's Crust Bucket.. How do you know how to make spaghetti and other meals?" He asked.

Emperor freed his hands and faced Prinz. "Well.. I wanted to know more when I started working there regularly. I bought a cookbook and started reading it. I tried cooking some recipes but never got to make them all." He explained. "That's how I know. A King like me wants to learn more about what he does and expand his abilities." He added. Prinz nodded admiringly.

"I see.. That's so cool!" He exclaimed. Emperor smiled and grabbed the pot. "Shall we start?" A simple nod came from Prinz.

"First, we put water into the pot. Can you do that?" Emperor asked Prinz, holding out the pot. "Mhm!" Prinz took it and filled it up for him, returning it right after. Emperor taught him about how to boil the noodles and how to make the sauce. He helped with the beginning steps, but let Prinz take over. Now with that taken care of, Emperor could make some other meals and also dessert. He worked in another part of the kitchen, but came over every once in a while to check in on Prinz. He was proud of how quickly he learned and willing to take over. On Emperor's own, he made desserts from

the Crust Bucket and other entrees as well. The dinner party was going to be right on schedule!



The sun had set and so was the dinner table. Underneath all the food was a white tablecloth that had a strip of gold at the end. The dining hall was a beautiful scarlet red color with a couple of expensive paintings. A golden chandelier lit the room, and there were candles in the middle of the table.

The chairs were a golden color and the carpet beneath a red and gold design. It was an exquisite dining hall.

Prinz looked at the table with a proud face. It turned surprised when Emperor put a hand on his shoulder. He looked up at him and his face warmed back to a smile. "Thank you, Prinz. Without your help, I wouldn't have done this in time. Not to mention that spaghetti looks good." Emperor said, lightly squeezing his shoulder affectionately. Prinz nodded, and the doorbell rang.

Emperor let go of Prinz's shoulder and both of them went to the door. They both took a handle and opened the door to see the rest of their team. There stood Squidkid Jr., Laceless, and N-Pacer, smiles on their faces. "Come in." Emperor said, greeting them with a nod. Prinz did the same, and the three came in. Emperor directed them to the dining hall as Prinz hurriedly closed the doors.

When they saw the dining hall and the table, their eyes lit up. Emperor pulled out a chair, gesturing his head to the seat. "This is for you, Laceless." With a thankful expression, Laceless came over and sat in the seat. Squidkid Jr. and N-Pacer walked past to sit down in their own chairs and gave Laceless a welcoming look. He felt special and was excited.

Emperor and Prinz sat down as well and looked at their guests.

“I want to say a thank you to Prinz for helping me with this dinner party. If it wasn’t for him, I wouldn’t have finished in time.” Emperor said. Appreciating gazes looked at Prinz and he giggled, nodding. “Now,” Emperor continued, standing up. “This dinner party is for none other than our new member, Laceless! I’m sure he will fit perfectly well within the team and, most importantly, have fun, too.” He said, picking up a glass with some shiny liquid. Laceless nodded proudly as everyone else stood and held their glasses up. “To begin this party, let’s have a toast to Laceless!” Emperor said. Everyone besides Laceless clinked their glasses together in honor of Laceless joining.

They all talked with Laceless and ate the delicious food that was made. It felt lively with just the five of them. It was an amazing atmosphere and Laceless felt truly accepted by his new team. Laughs and congratulations were all around. Conversations emerged and were intriguing. Laceless was right where he wanted to be and didn’t want to be anywhere else.

A toast to Laceless, he thought.

I’ll forever cherish this.



X-BLOOD











HAVE FUN
WITH MY FRIENDS.
AS A TEAM. X

enjoy our
time
together. Ω

☆X
buy lots
of stuff
for my fr...

GET STRONGER
ALONGSIDE
X-BLOOD
-D.E

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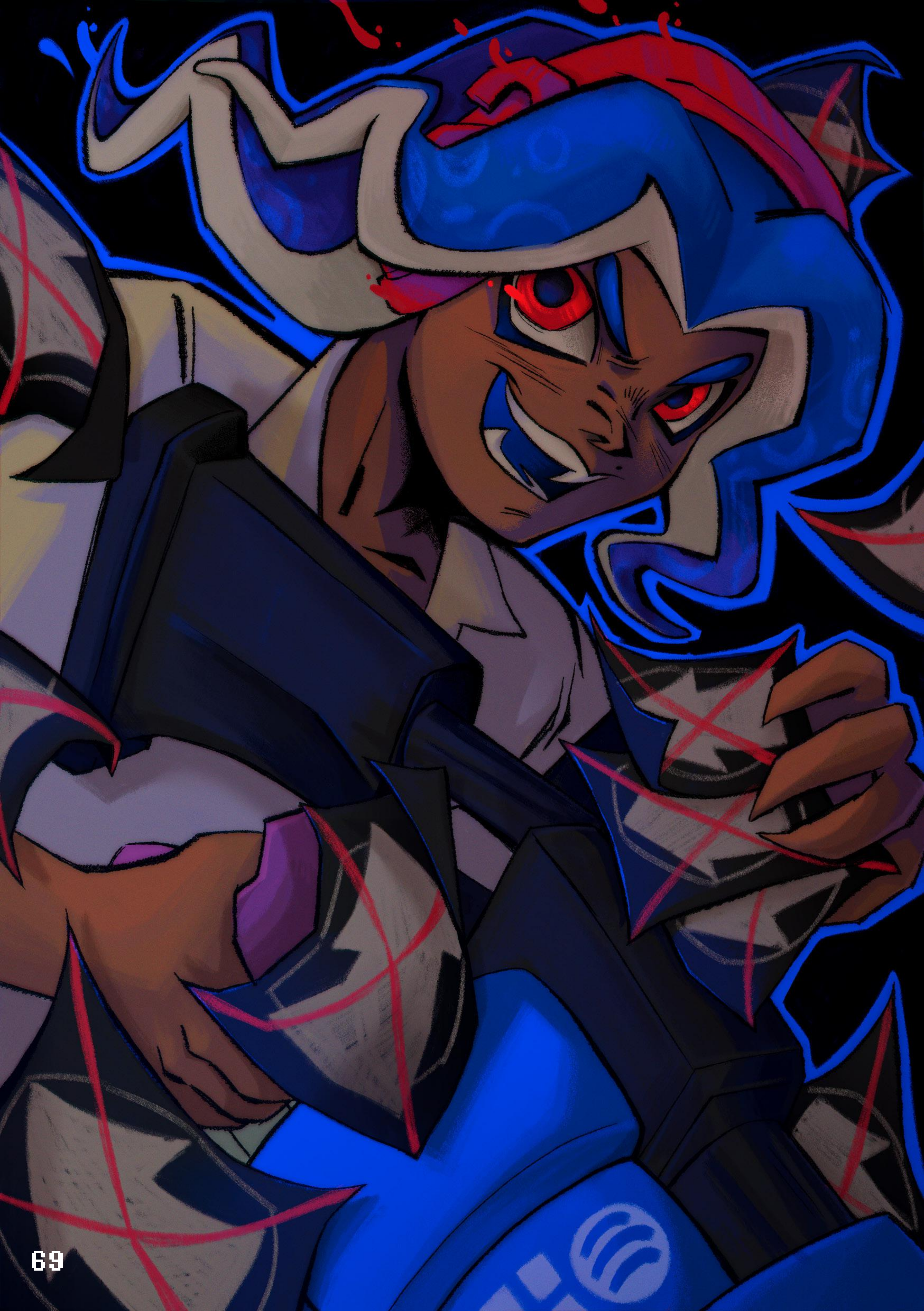


THE BEST 8











Mellowed Out MidNight

by HARMONIA



Well! That was underwhelming.

The octoling slumps down against his locker. Match was over, and his team, unfortunately, lost. At least he could use this to hone his technique (Or whatever the term is) and get better in the future. Y'know, the usual thing he does. There were usually tons of inkfish in the lobby, all coming in-and-out of turf war, waiting, practising, training, chatting, queuing up. He's gone through the motions before, not a big deal, always happening. But this time it was pretty quiet. Mostly because it was a lot later into the night.

Speaking of which, Splatlandian nights were far from forgiving, usually, but hey! Tonight they had some luck. Lukewarm night at best. Now, where was he...? Right. Watching the rest of the team clean up for the night. They weren't planning on going at turf *a//* night, just three and then they'd do their own thing. He's sort of grateful for that.

8-Bit had complained a little about their loss before Shelmet oh so casually told her it was stupid. They weren't in competitive play right now, so what was the point of whining? The eight of them were just hanging out in the lobby at that point, all split up into pairs— two were playing tableturf, two were trying out new weapons, and two were

sitting near the concessions stand, talking while they messed with the cat (Who, admittedly, was quite displeased). He'd might as well find something to do, too.

Mitsuami was sitting on the couch in the locker rooms, eating what looked like a Commercial Crab Trap (He always hated those things, they were always so *greasy* and had such a bad feeling in his mouth) with her smallfry, Kojake, in her lap. So far, she was the only one unoccupied. So, he figured; why not head over to her? She's the one who won the match, anyway.

"Mitsuami. Hey."

He could've sworn she leaped four feet into the air, chirping out of just... pure surprise. Right, yeah. Jittery one, she was— luckily most of her sandwich didn't spill. Upon realising who was talking to her, that expression changed fast. "Ocho! Hi."

Mitsuami scooted over to give him room if he wanted to sit down. He shook his head and just chose to remain standing. "You, um, did good out there," He started, clearing his throat. He was a talker, but cod, he did *not* know how to hold a conversation. At least Mitsuami seemed to take it well.

"You were pretty good yourself! You and Wireglasses made a good duo, I think." She took a bite out of her sandwich after she spoke, and Ocho averted his gaze from that, huffing and crossing his arms. "Yeah, I guess. But we still lost."

The inkling laughed at him. Well, not in a malicious way. She patted the space beside her. "So? Don't beat yourself up over it. Come, sit! Sit!" Scratch that "Jittery" description, actually. She's a lot more confident than he remembered, he's realising. Oh, well. Nice change of pace from the anxious, timid archer she was when he first properly met her. This time, he complied, walking over and taking a seat next to her.

He rested his chin on his palm, elbow on his knee. Listening to the occasional sound Kojake made. Mitsuami glanced over at him and grinned. “You got something on your mind?”

“You’re confident.” The octoling replies, not even missing a beat. “... I mean, a lot more than when we first met.” Kojake would hop off of Mitsuami’s lap and slide over to Ocho, who decided to use his free hand to absentmindedly pet him.

“You can thank Shelmet and Barreleye for that,” Mitsunami tells him. “They taught me everything I know now!” Her gaze drifts down to Kojake, who looks content, and chuckles. “He likes you.”

“How can you tell?”

She just stared at him. “I just can.” Was the inkling’s only reply.

“Uh-huh.”

Mitsuami took a good look around the locker room. It was just the two of them there, plus Kojake. “You know,” She began, taking another bite out of her sandwich (wow, she was really savouring that). “You’ve kinda changed, too!”

Ocho, for half a second, wanted to reprimand her for talking with her mouth full, but that last sentence caught him off guard. “...What?”

“Yeah!” She swallowed her bite, much to Ocho’s relief. “You’re a lot nicer! The entire Hierarchy is, actually. You’re even making friends! You were always so, like— lonely.”

“... Ouch.”

“N-Not that way! I wasn’t trying to be—” Mitsuami stopped herself. “I— I’m just saying, y’know? It’s not a bad thing!”

Ocho just rolled his eyes, looking off— as if he wasn’t looking

away already. “Whatever y’say, I guess.” He would say, sticking out his bottom lip in a pout. “I personally don’t think so.”

“Yeah, but everyone else would argue different.” Mitsuami chirped, now offering the sandwich to Kojake, who’d decided to settle himself in Ocho’s lap. Ocho just sighed as he listened to the small fry chow down, cringing from the crumbs landing in his lap. He kept his free hand on Kojake’s head, absently messing with the hair on the tiny salmonid’s head. He didn’t seem to mind.

“Pff, yeah? How?”

“You’re friends with Tri-sun.”

“Point taken.” Ocho looked over at Mitsuami, who was staring at him weird. She looked like a cryptid. “You have crumbs on your face by the way.”

Mitsuami quickly wiped her face without a word. “Wh— whoops. But anyway— It’s progress! Take it from me! I got more confident, you got more friendly!” She would exclaim, waving her hands in front of her. “We’re both getting better!”

“I’ll take your word for it.” Ocho shrugged. He would’ve gotten up, but Kojake was still in his lap, so he figured he’d just... not. “Actually, speaking of that. How’s turf wars been going for you? You got a team yet?”

“Um... No.” Mitsuami answered sheepishly. She looked off into the distance nervously, then back again. “Kinda hard to do that when you’re more or less... uh, new to inksports, I think.” The inkling would explain, playing with the braid in her tentacles. “You able to get a team without needing to pay them yet?”

“No.”

Mitsuami almost choked on air from how abrupt that answer was.

Ocho let out a dry laugh when he saw her expression. “Sorry. But, still— no. I’m workin’ on it! But no.”

“Huh.” The inkling tilted her head. She looked like she was about to say something more, but the sound of staff shouting came through as the doors to the locker room opened. 8-Bit, ink-stained and slightly out of breath, stepped into the room and went straight to her locker to put her Dynamo up— stopping dead in her tracks when she saw Ocho and Mitsuami.

“What— we had all that time, and you two just spent it chatting?!”

Ocho could only deliver a blank stare, then glanced down at his lap. Kojake was still there, looking back up at him, and then back to 8-Bit. He gave the octoling a dirty look before hopping off and onto Mitsuami’s head, nestling in her tentacles and leaving him with crumbs to clean off himself. Rude...

Ocho swept the crumbs up and rolled his eyes. “Yeah? Got a problem with that?”

“Yeah I’ve got a problem! The staff just said we’ve gotta wrap up for the night! Neither of ya took any of the time we had to train or play tableturf or anythin’! At least Wireglasses and Shady got off their butts n’ did something!” She raved, almost slamming her locker shut. “Lazy slackers...”

“I— In *my* defence, Kojake was being annoying.” Ocho retorts, earning him a spoon to the back of the head. He flinched and rubbed the knot

soon after, mumbling an apology in the small fish's direction. "I was eating a seanwich." Mitsuami raised her hand.

8-Bit stared at the both of them exasperated, then re-opened her locker to pull out a taticooler can, popping it open and chugging it. "Alright, fine. But next time we meet up I better see you two out in the training area! *Especiallly* you, Ocho!"

"Yeah, yeah, I gotcha." Ocho rolled his eyes. 8-Bit returned to look and threw her can in the trash, walking out. By then, the rest of the Eight had come to pack their things and go. Mitsuami followed them with her eyes, then stood up to stretch. "Well, I guess that means we should head out too!"

Ocho stood as well, wiping off his shirt and shorts, then adjusting the collar of his shirt. "Not like I have anywhere t' head out *to*, but yeah. So... see you later?" Mitsuami decided it was probably the safest decision not to question that last bit.

"Yeah! See you later!"



Model

BLIND

Handwritten text in yellow and pink.

Handwritten text in pink.





TEAM CARDIGANS







Vermiint

SCHOOL CARDIGANS

999



ASYMMETRY

BUN

LONG

SHORT

81



406-608-9022





TEAM INKFALL









Lets Clean!!

- Team Inkfall







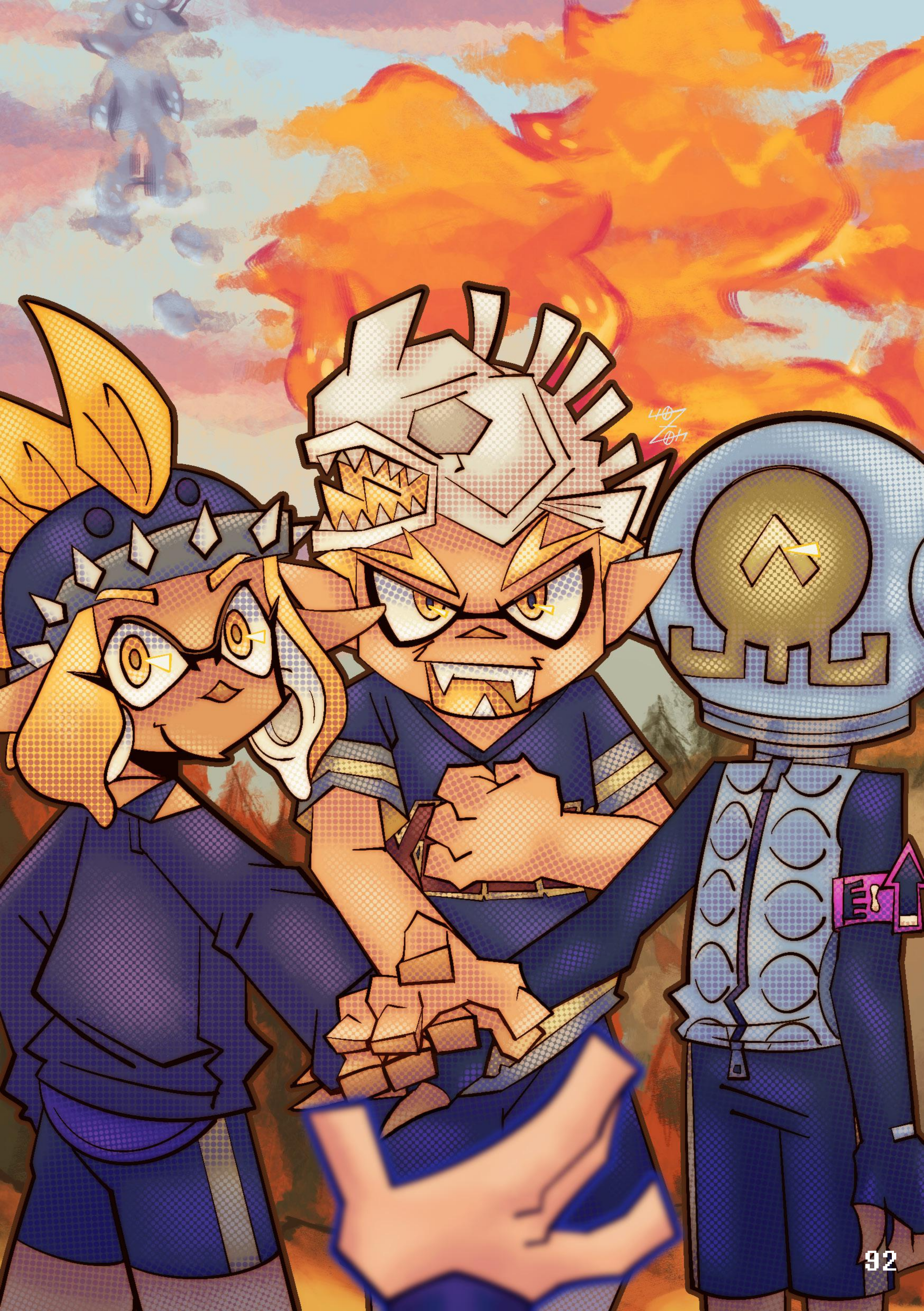
HELLO

HELLO





THE GUARDIANS







#28160
#301220



AstroNumbers



Hydaryasu

407
Zot





0:56

BLIND FOUNTAIN

the voice

to end all v

AMIN

AMIN





SALMON RUN



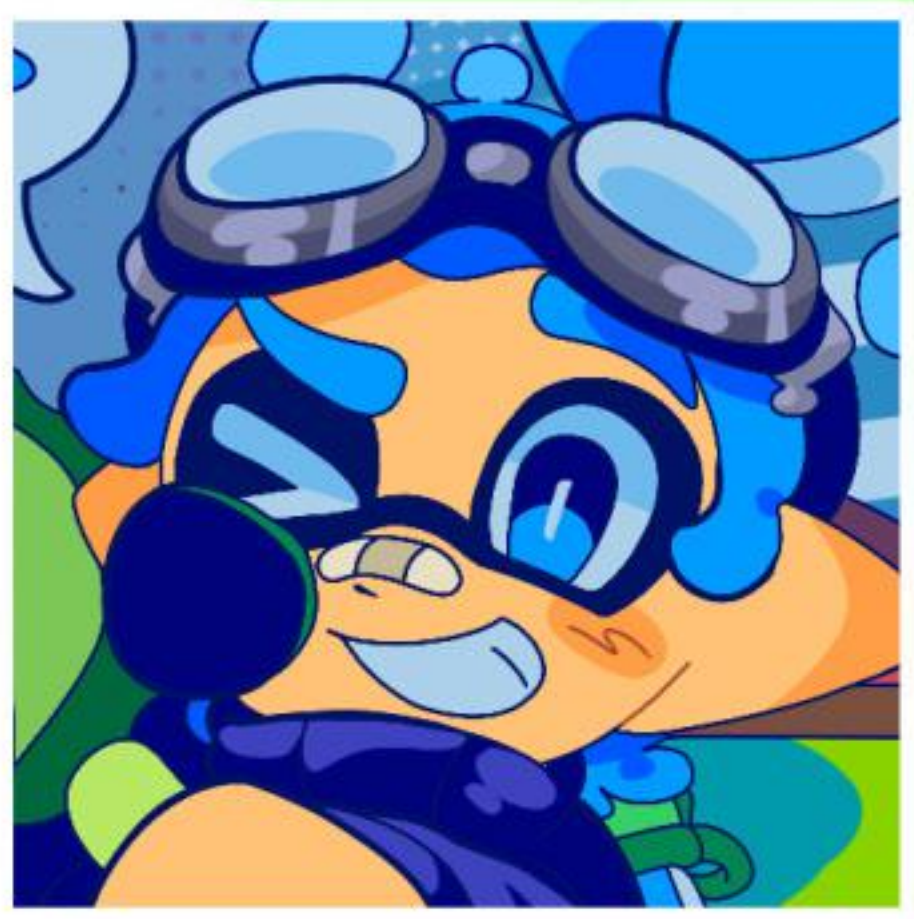








CoroTeen2 Contributors



CANDY

Page 3

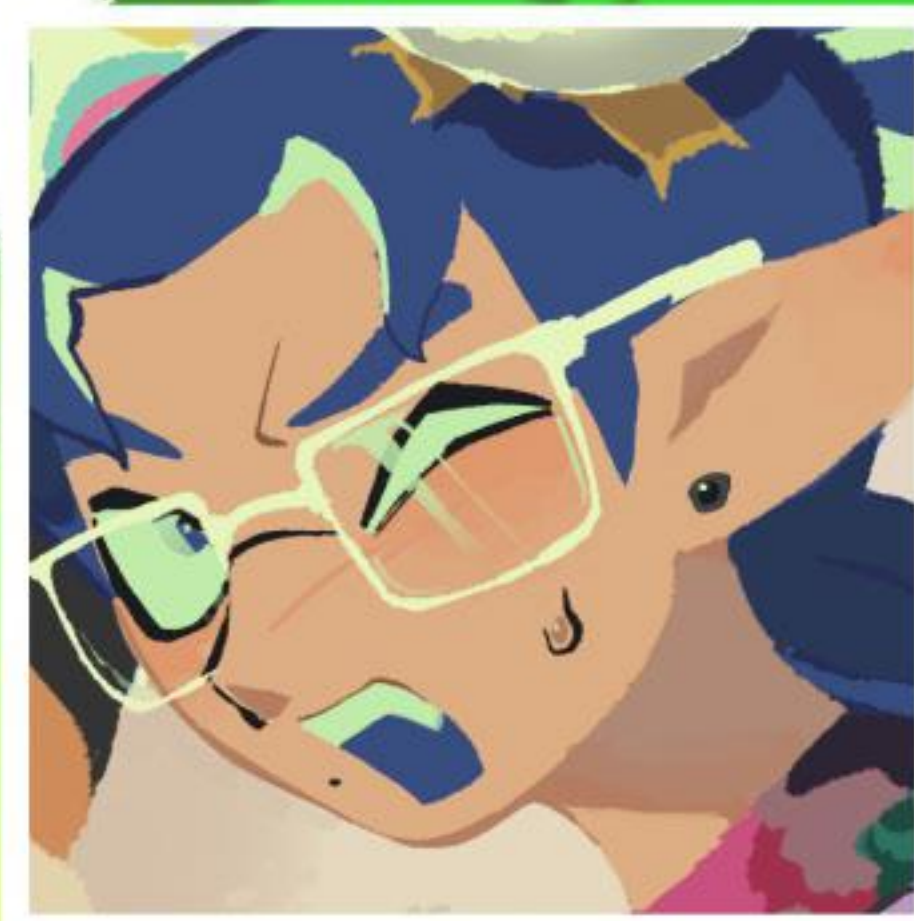
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AYARAIN

Page 4

 @_Ayarain



ZIM

Page 11-12

 @ziimpz



LULU

Leap To Victory
5-10
Wildcard
13-19

 @aerosprayer



DD

Page 22

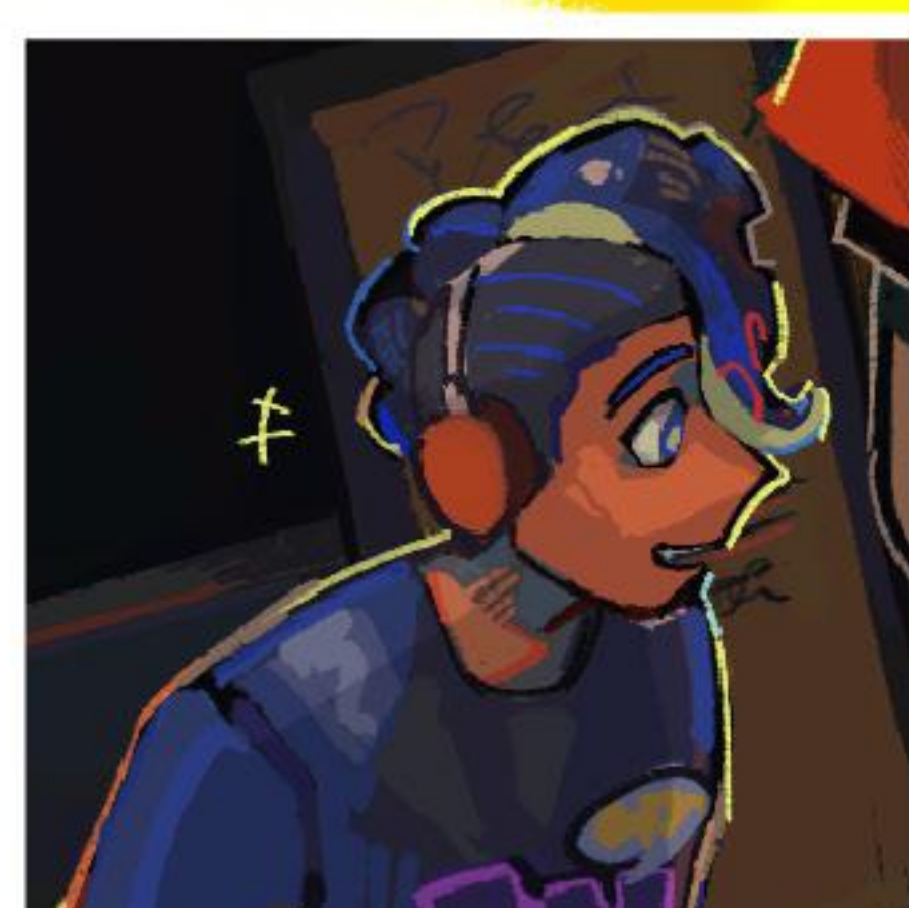
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RETROSPACE

Page 23

 @rretrospace



KAFTOFI

Page 24

 @kaftofi



SH4RKBAYT

Page 25

 @SH4RKBAYT



SQWUUID

Page 28

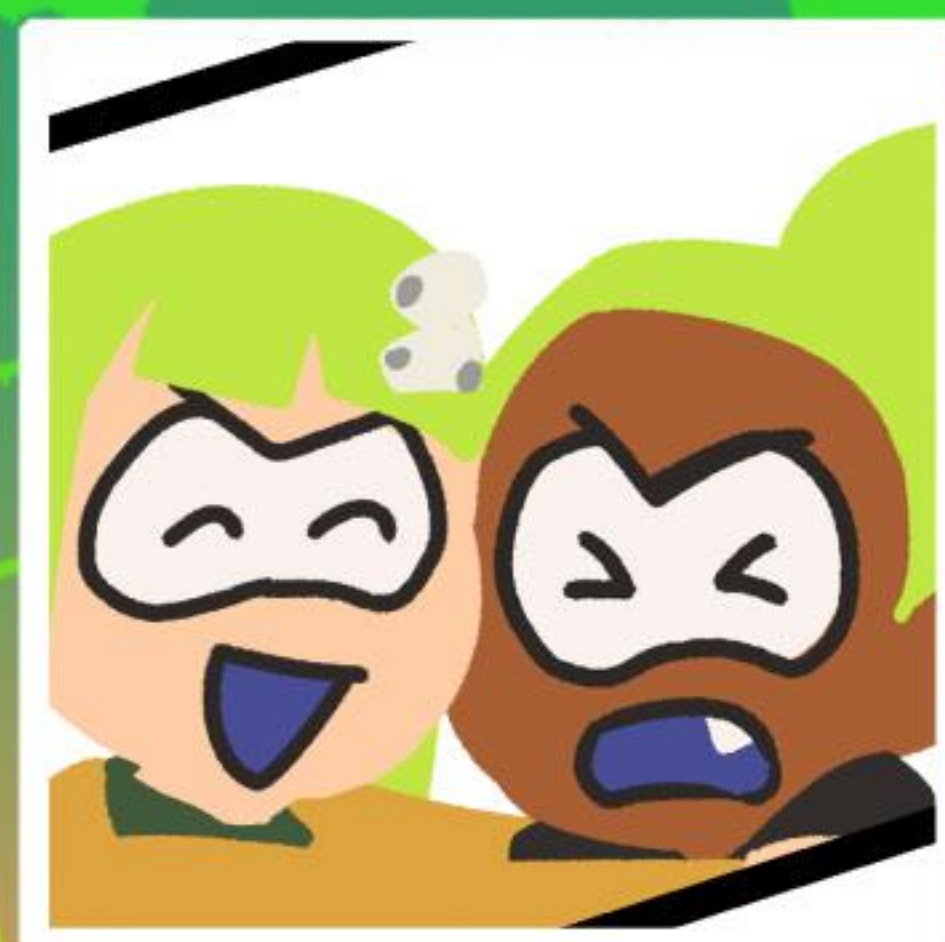
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RIVERPOOKIE

Page 29 - 30

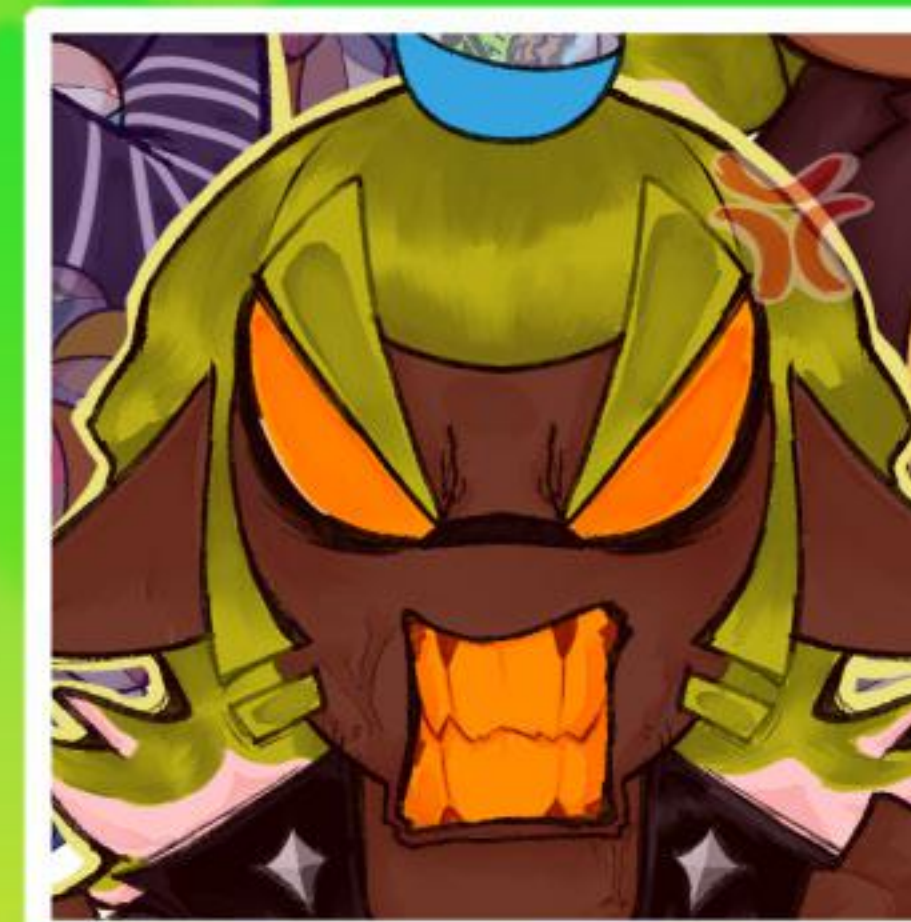
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EMPRIDER

Page 31 -32

 @Emprider



VIN

Page 33 -34

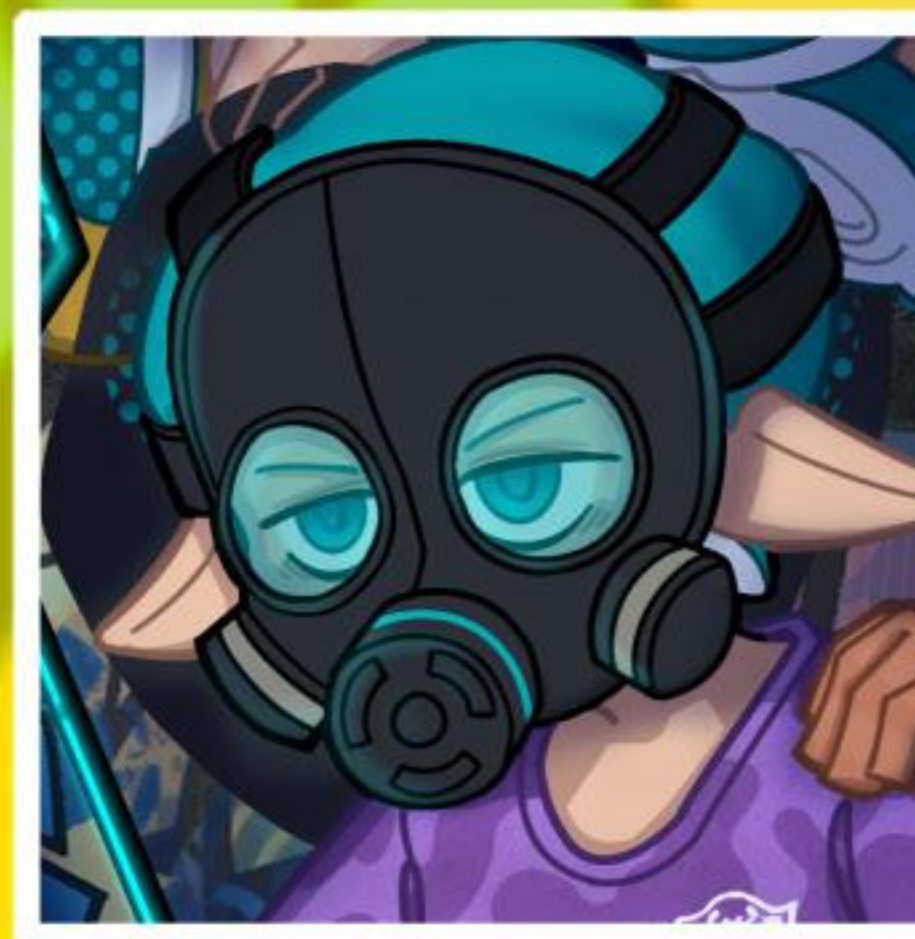
 @LimeEdgys
Idiot



BENSIEBETSY

Page 36 (Collab), 37

 @bensiebetsy



NALINA.NW

Page 36 (Collab), 38

 @Nalina.nw



GENTLEROY

36 (Collab), 39 -40

 @gentleroy_



SOLARSPARKY

Page 36 (Collab), 41

 @solar_sparky

CoroTeen2 Contributors



MARMALADE

Page 44

 @OrangeJamIdiot



MIKABY3

Pages 45-47

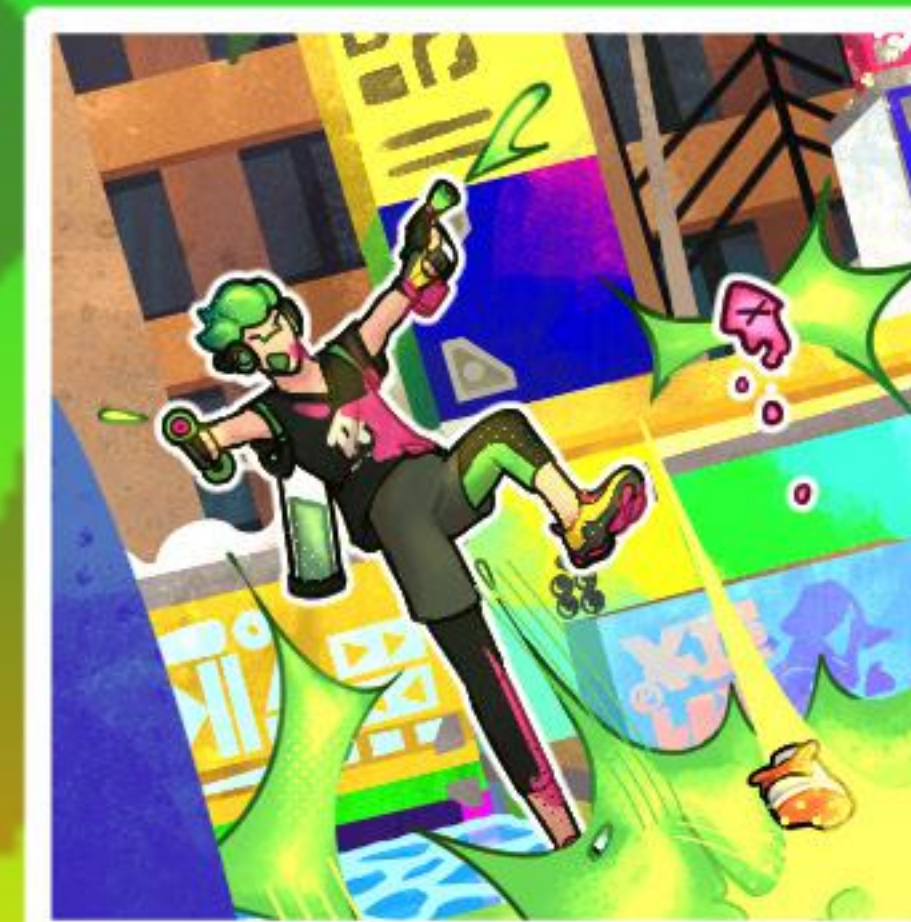
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EL PADA

Page 48

 @el_padaa



RAY

Page 49

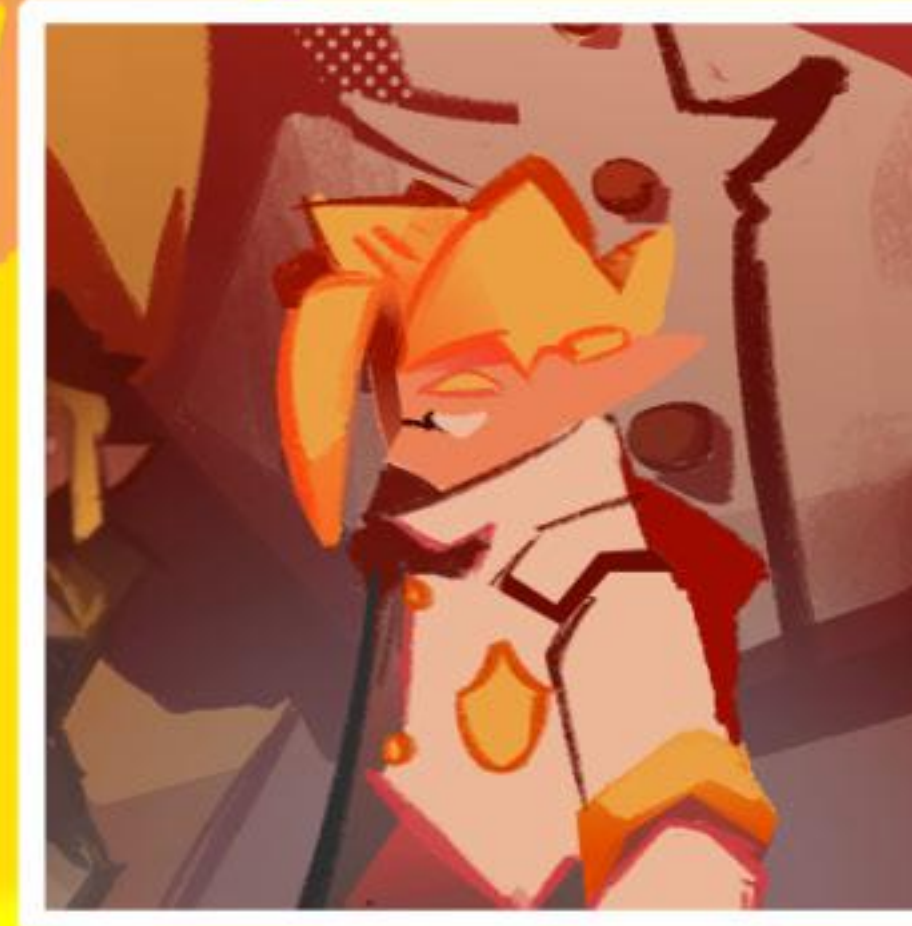
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AXRIVEN

Page 52

 @axriven



**MINTSOTHER
STUFF**

Page 53

 @Mintsother
stuff



EMPRIDER

Page 54

 @Emprider



CROWO

A Toast to Laceless!
55 -58

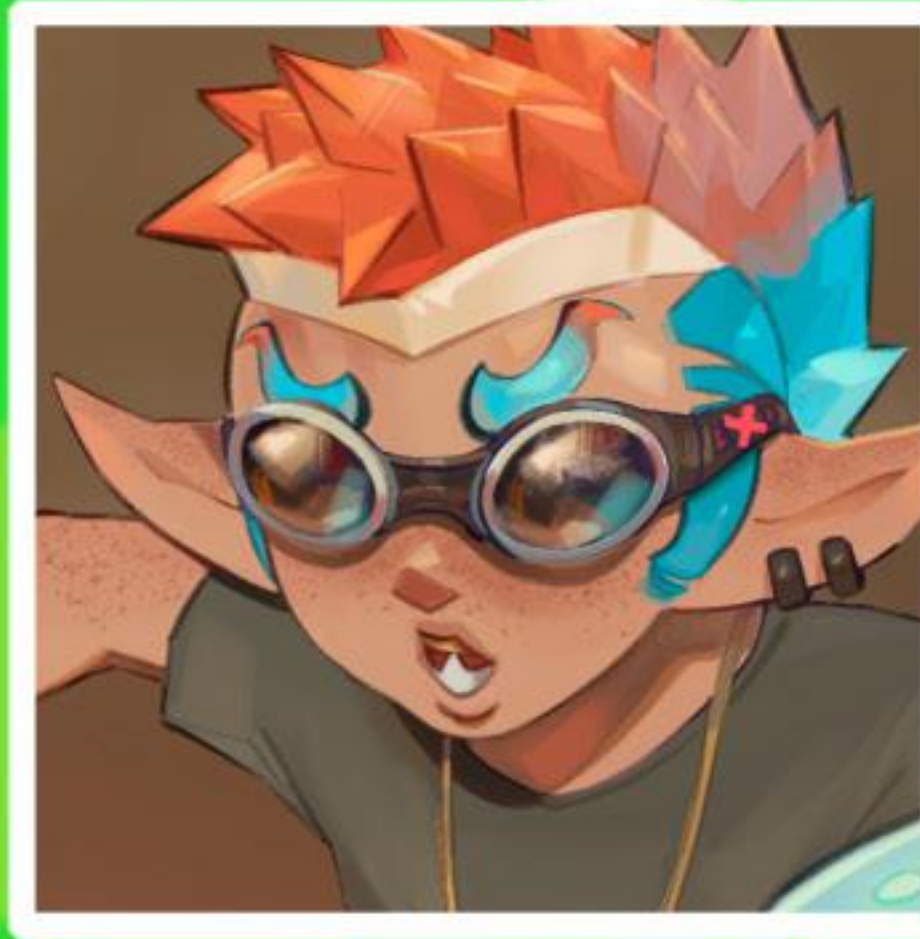
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RAY

Page 60

 @raydotink



JOOT

Page 61 -62

 @jootou_



HIBI.GHOST

Page 63

 @HibiGhost



PALMER

Page 64

 @palmrts



IKO

Page 66

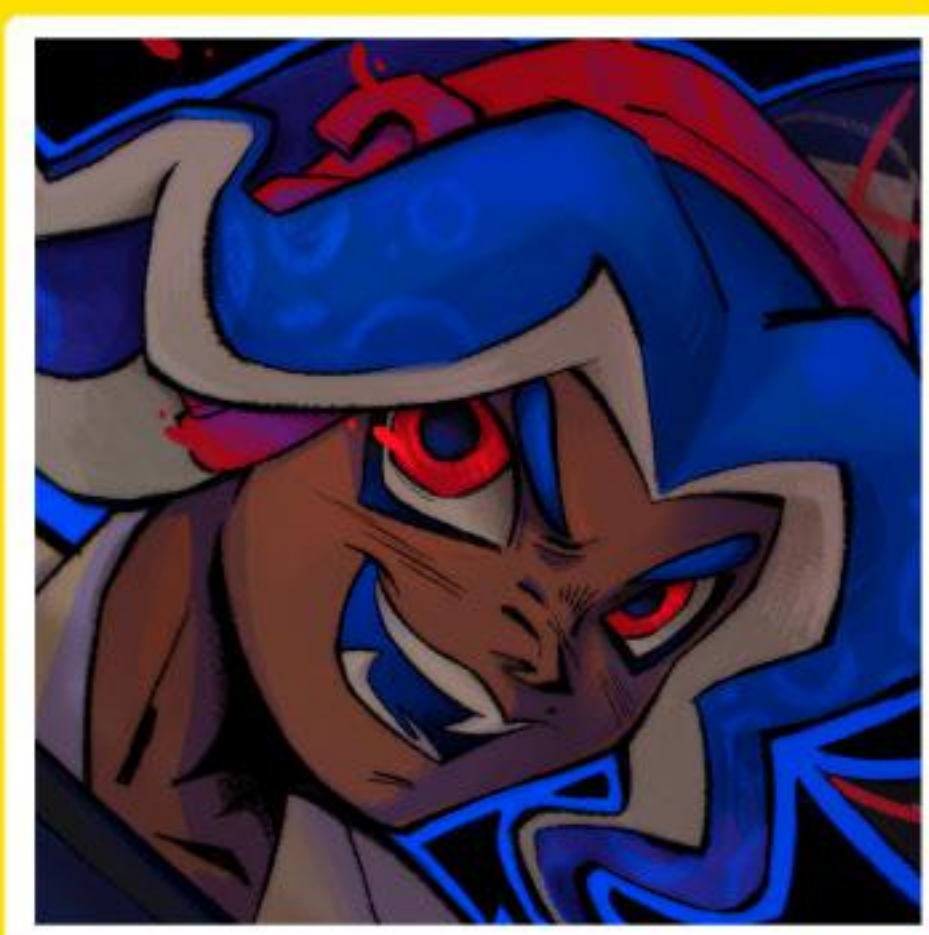
 @mx_iko



SHIBUKO

Page 67 -68

 @Oomy_tako



CAIN

Page 69

 @Kuronekocain



HARMONIA

Mellowed Out MidNight
70-75

 @jonahwasthere

CoroTeen2 Contributors



GOLDDAZE

Page 78



VERMIINT

Page 79 -80

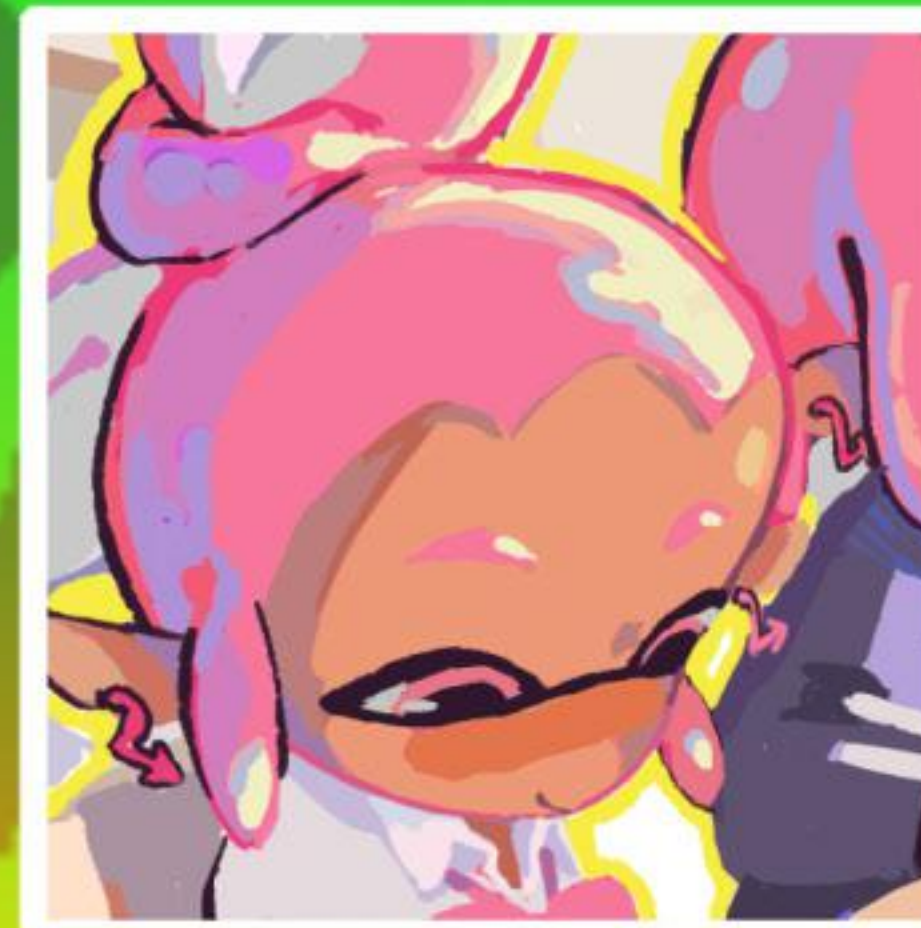
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RUGGIE

Page 81

 @Minknip



FINN

Page 82

 @Spoonsonata



KIRBY

Page 84

 @kirbyparfait



MAWGUAI

Page 85 -86

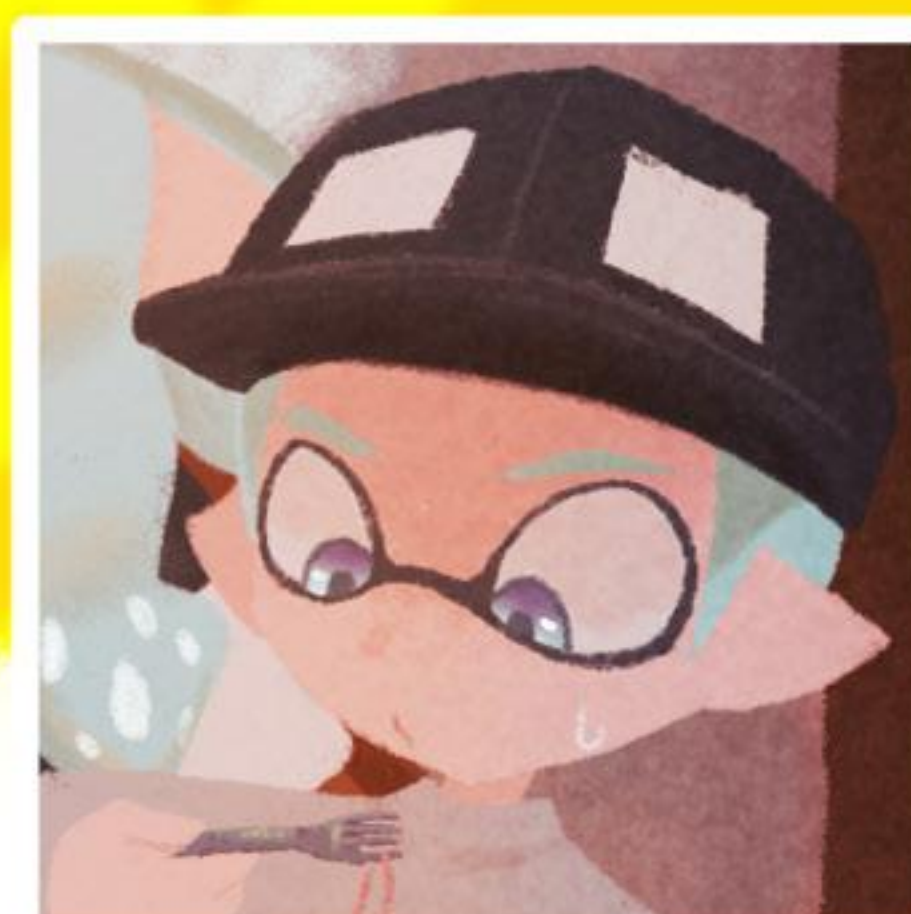
 @Mawguai



CIRQUEMEILANO

Page 87 -88

 @CirqueMeilano_



JASPER72

Page 89

 @jasper
mendez72



MONI

Page 92, 96

 @monicracar



ROBYN

Page 93, 95

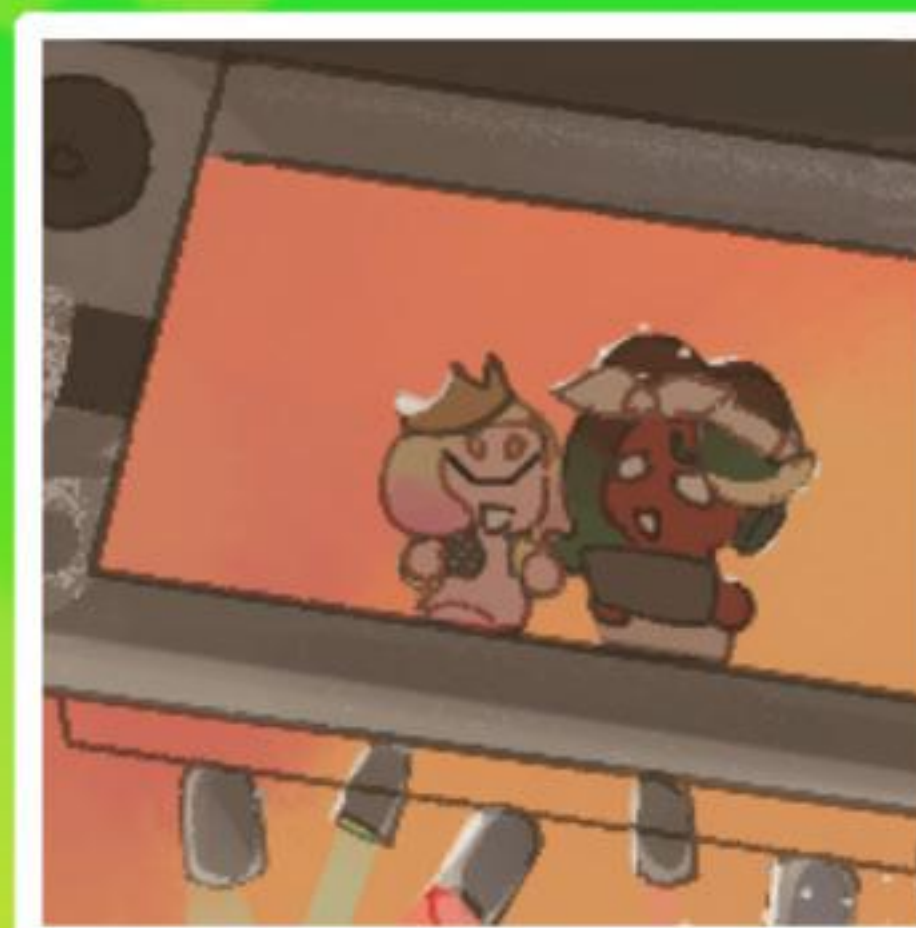
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SATURN

Page 94, 96

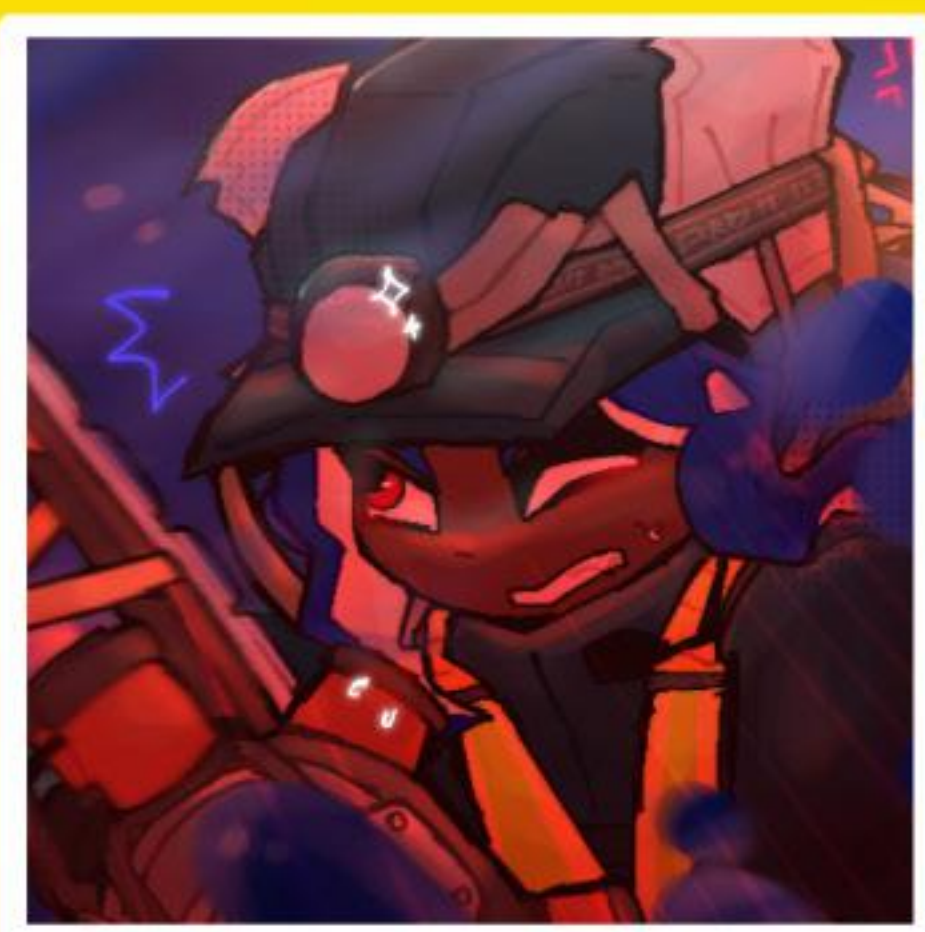
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**ASTRO
NUMBERS**

Page 97, 95

 AstroNumbers



ZSUNNY

Page 100

 @zsunny_



SOL

Page 101

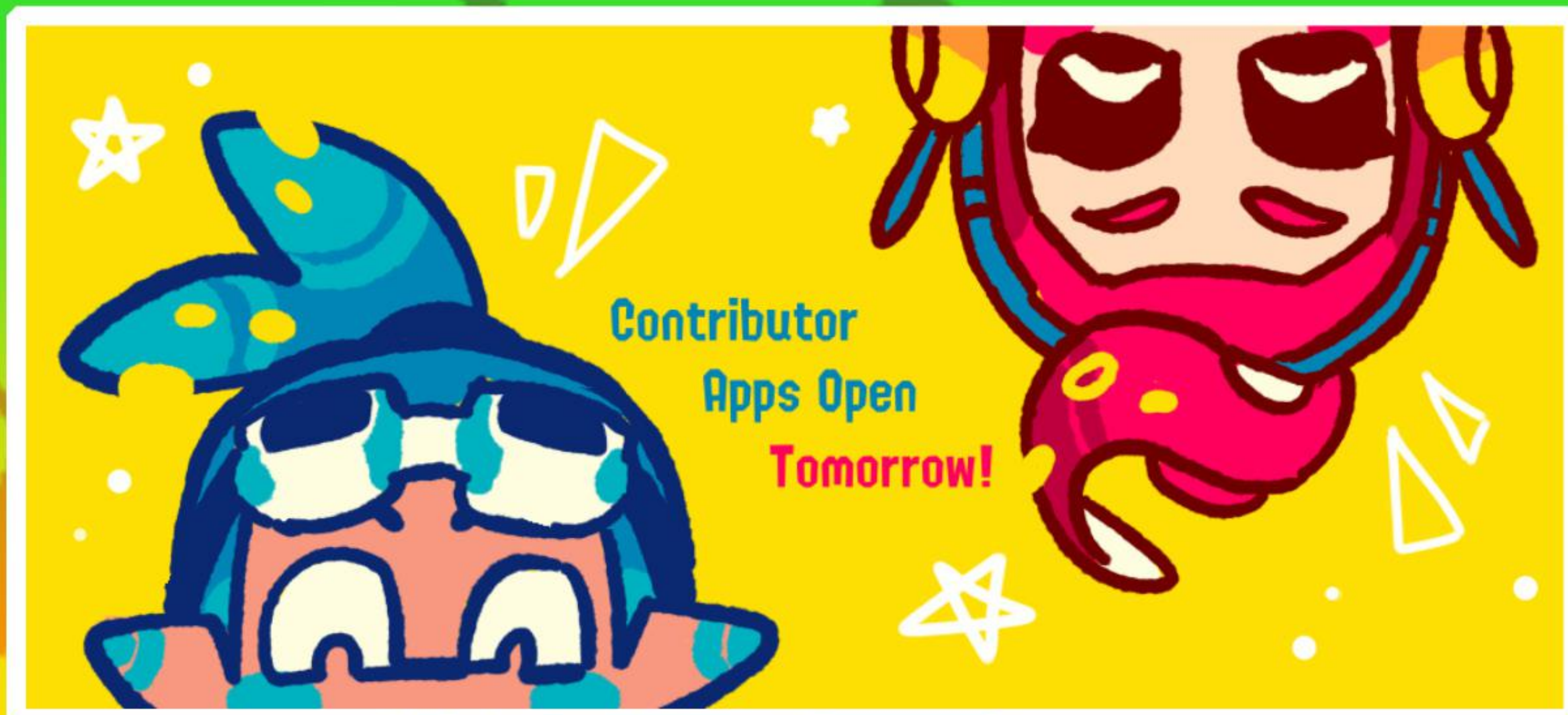
 @solOre



HIKOPIKO

Page 102

 @hikop1ko





by Mist

Promo Art

by Gummy



by Mist





Participants

- 158 out of 192 responses are interested in joining.
- 149 page artists and 21 writers are interested.
- 108 will be first timers.

Most Popular Teams:

- School Cardigans
- Inkfall
- Guardians (Hivemind included)

Salmon Run team will also be added!

- can choose from Splat 2/3



By Gummy

Creation Period Starts!



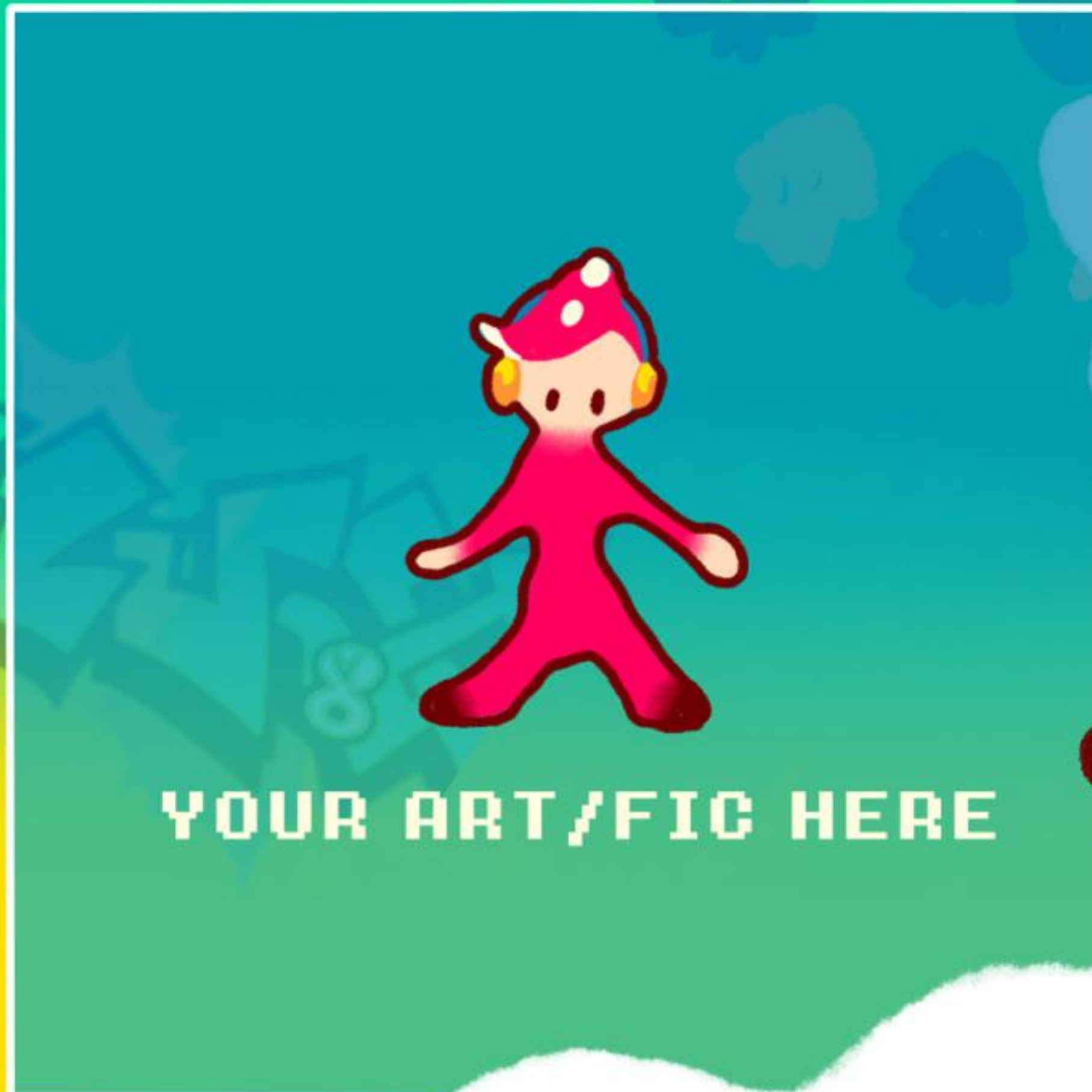
Other Art by Gummy

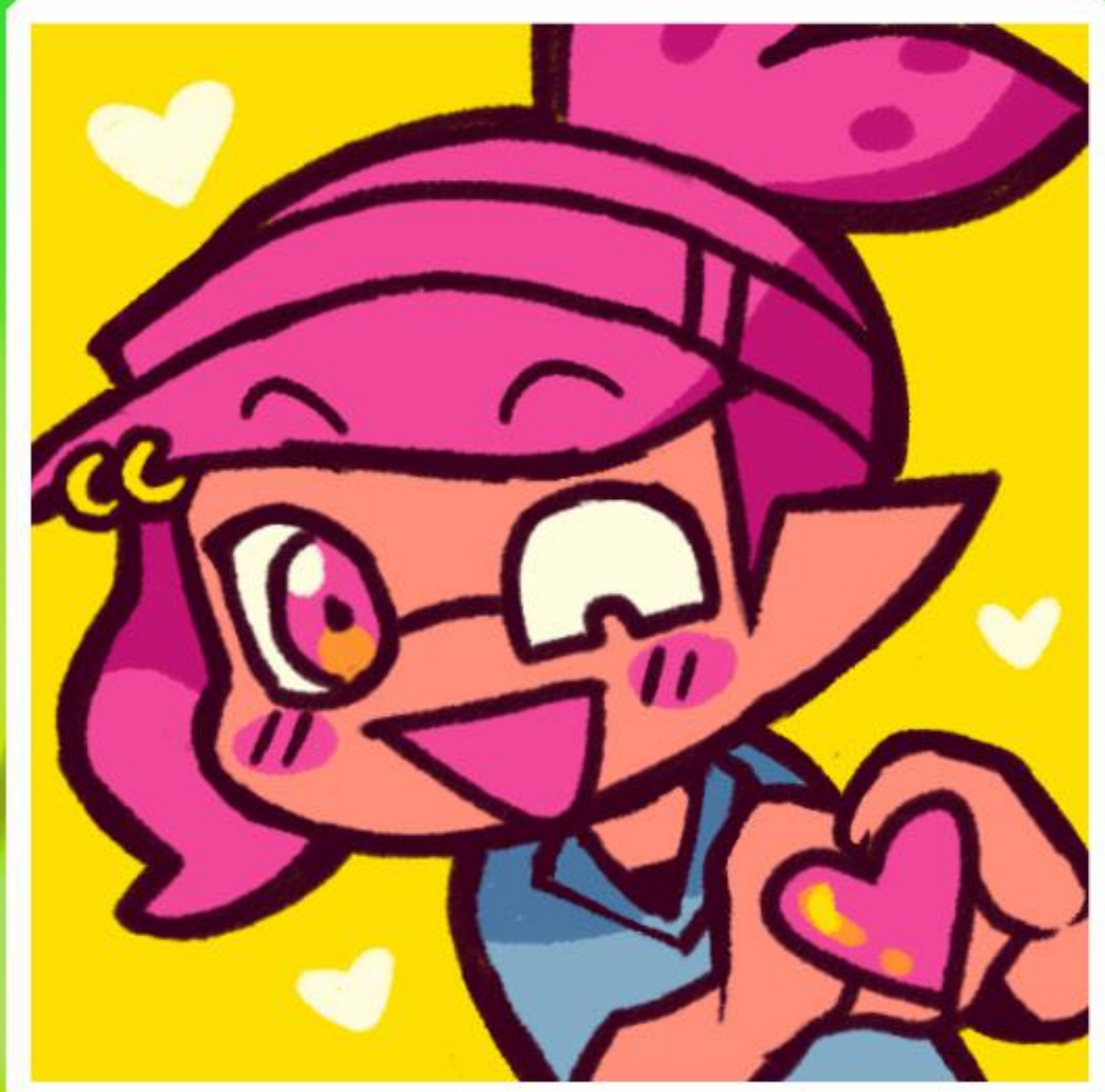
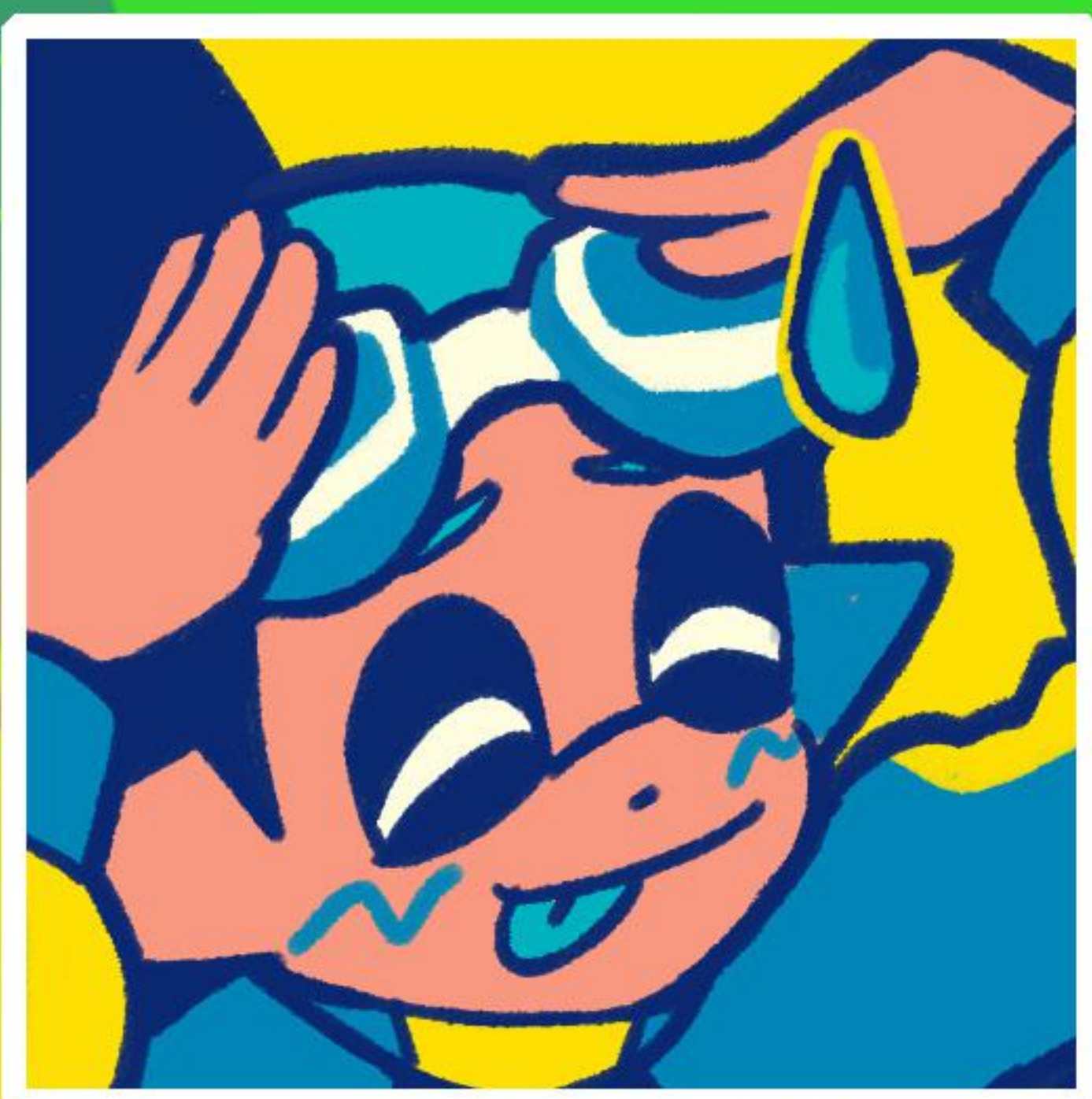


NAME

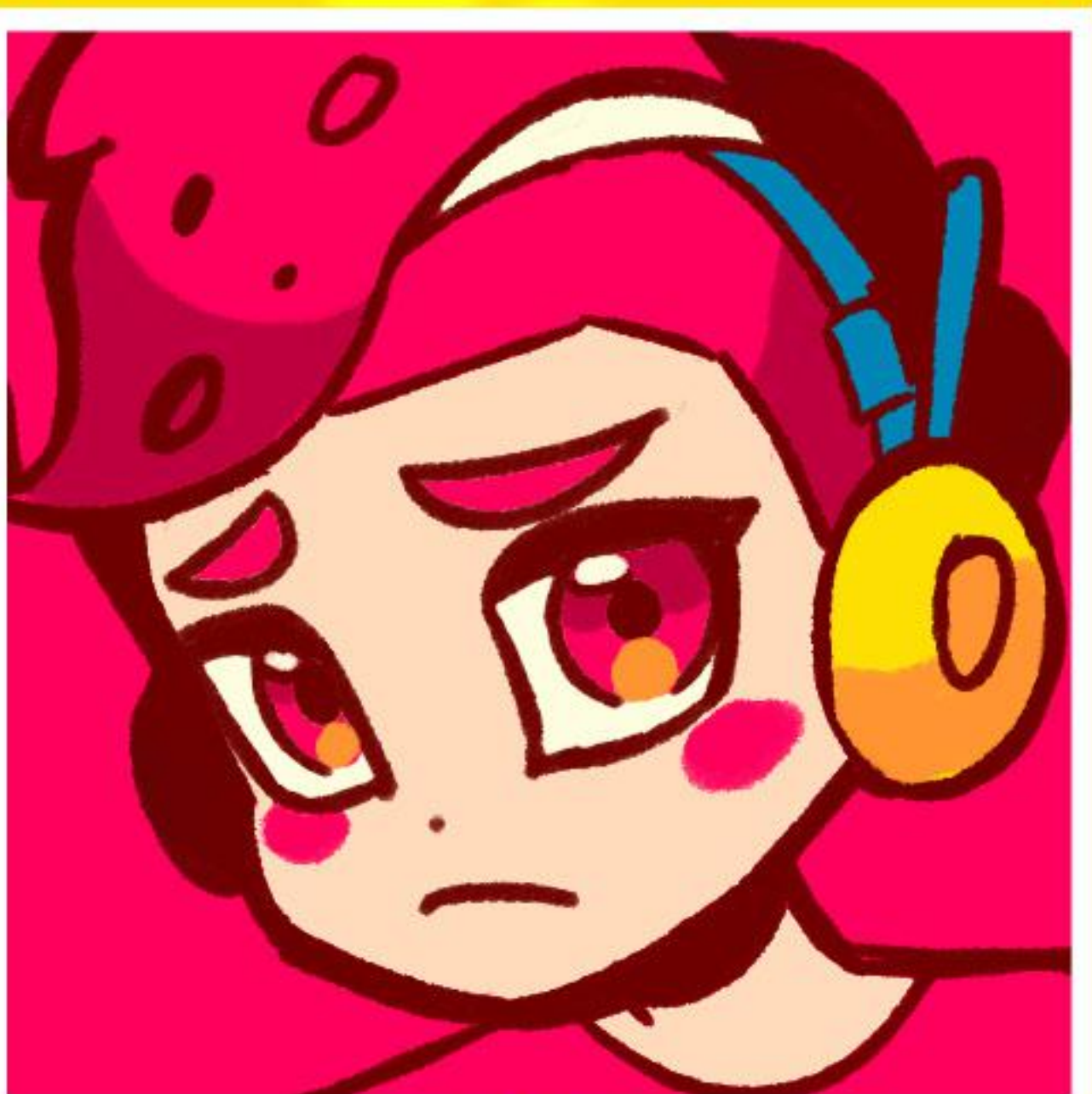
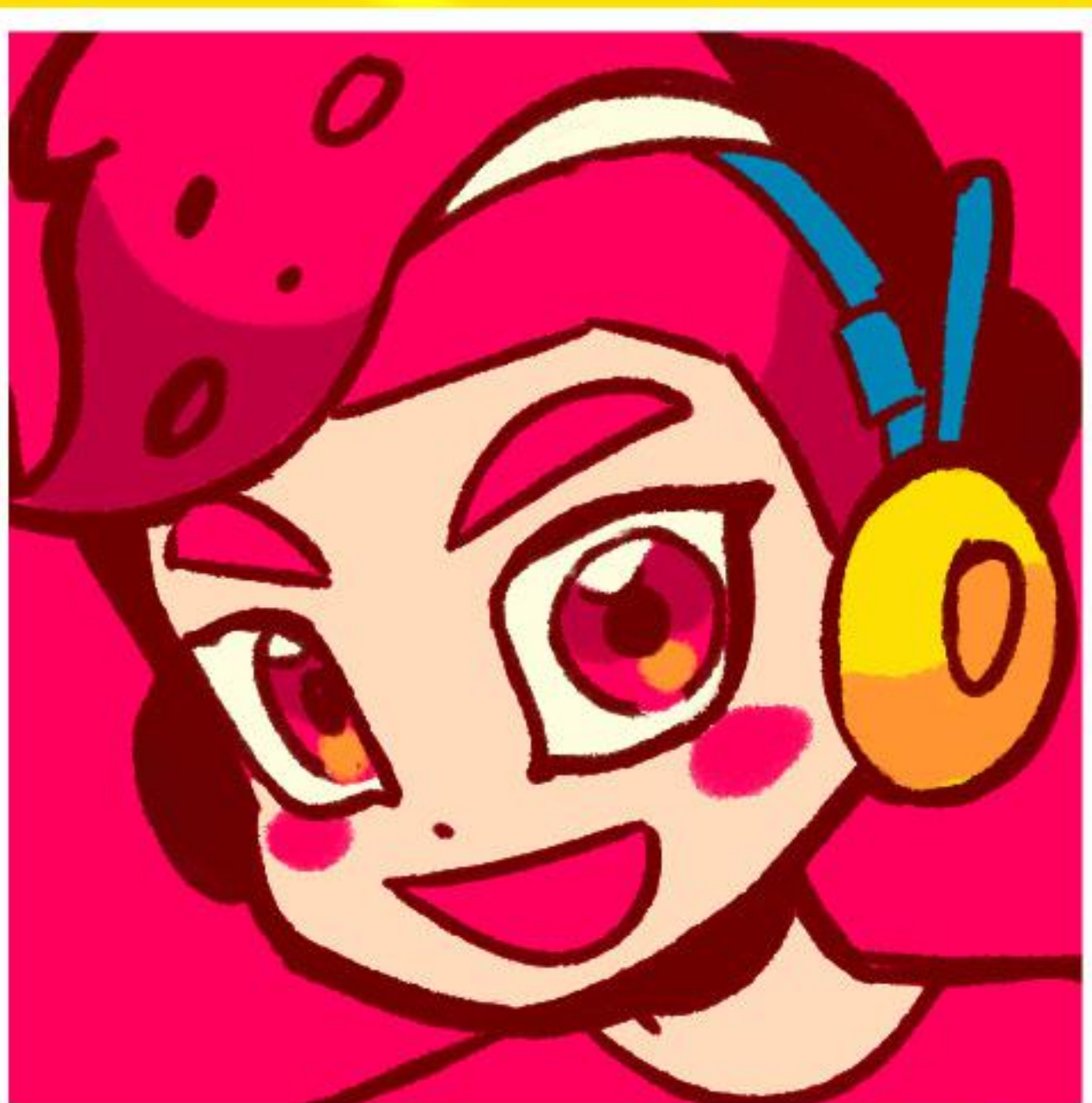
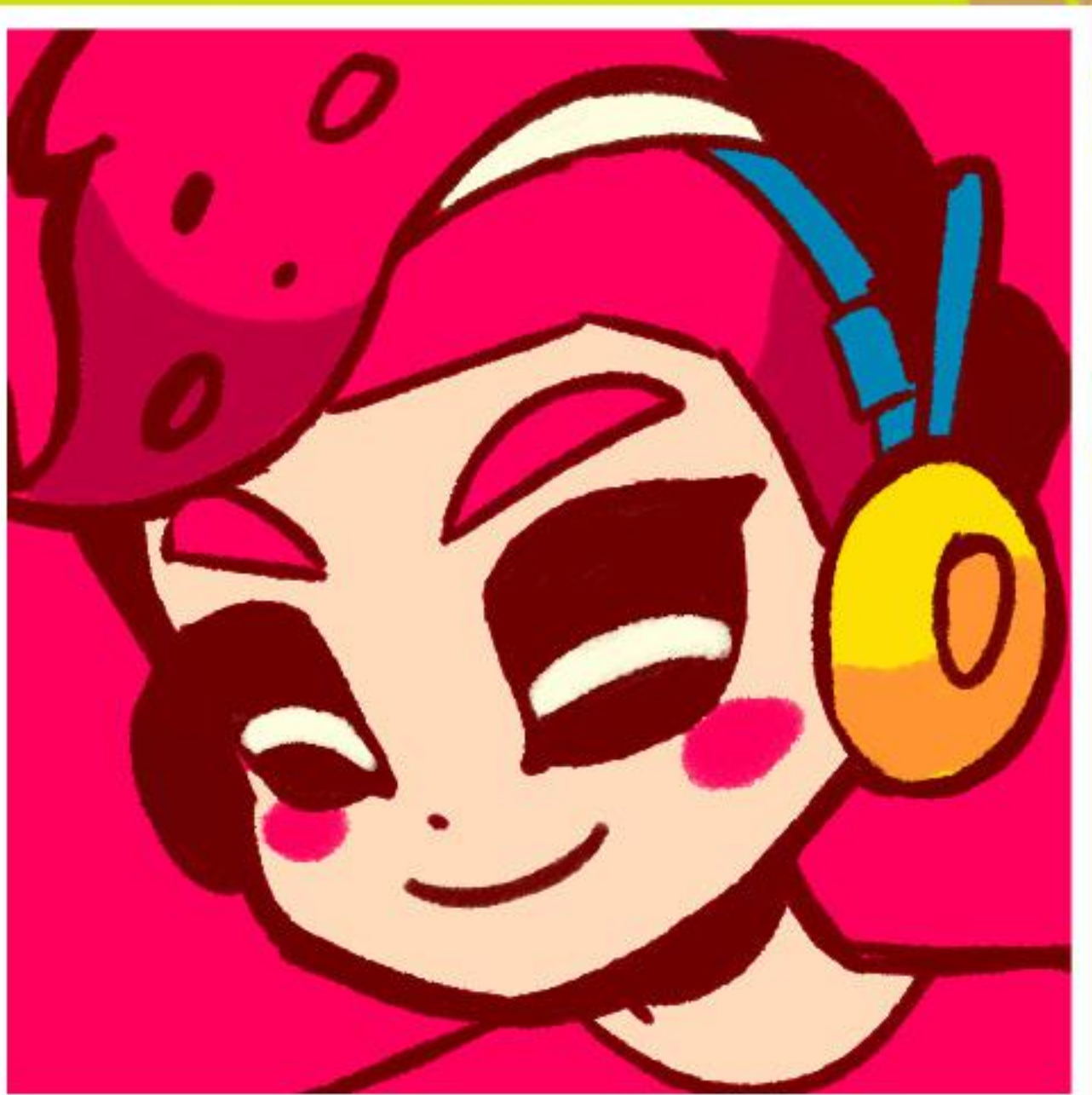
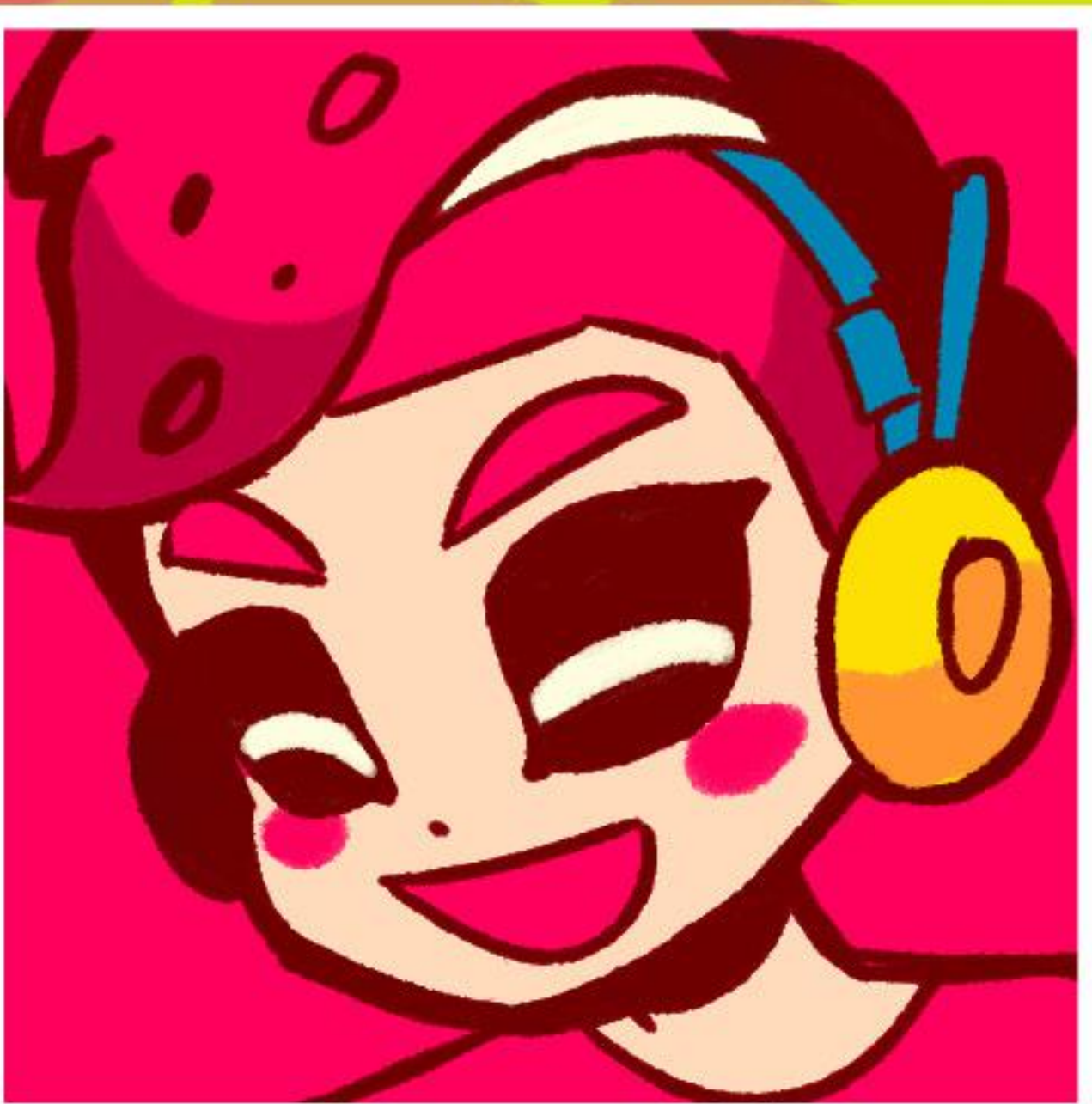
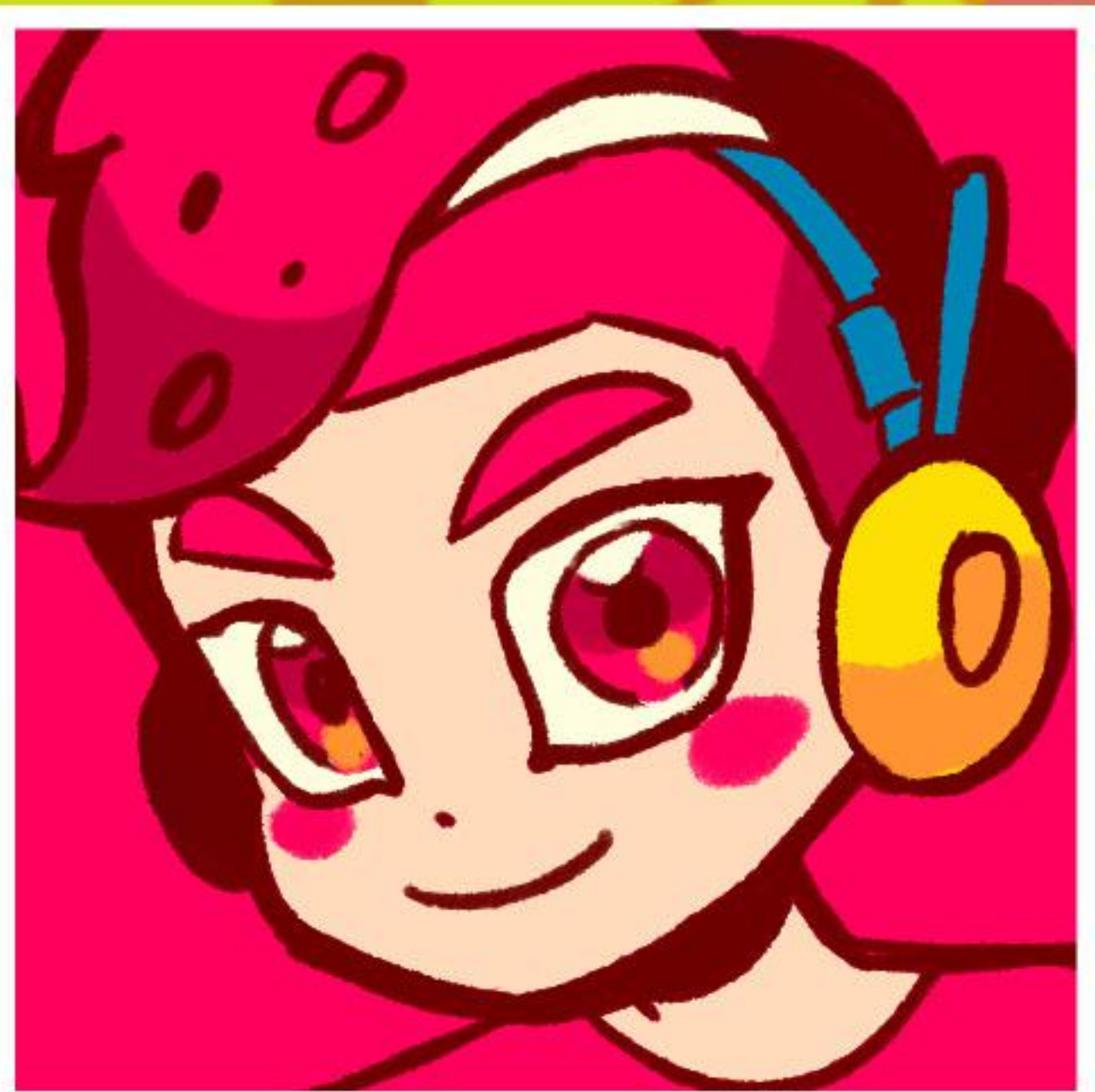
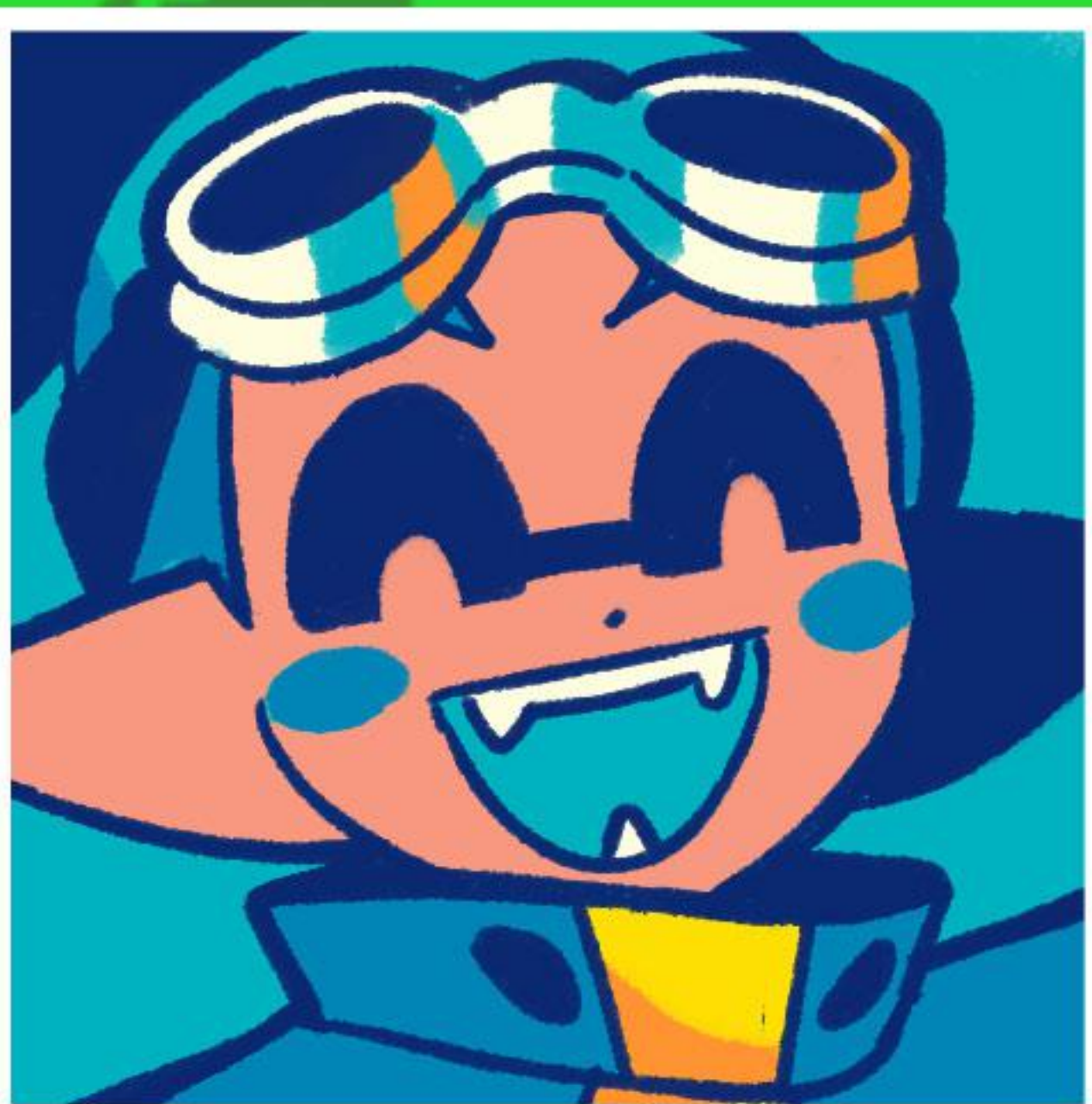
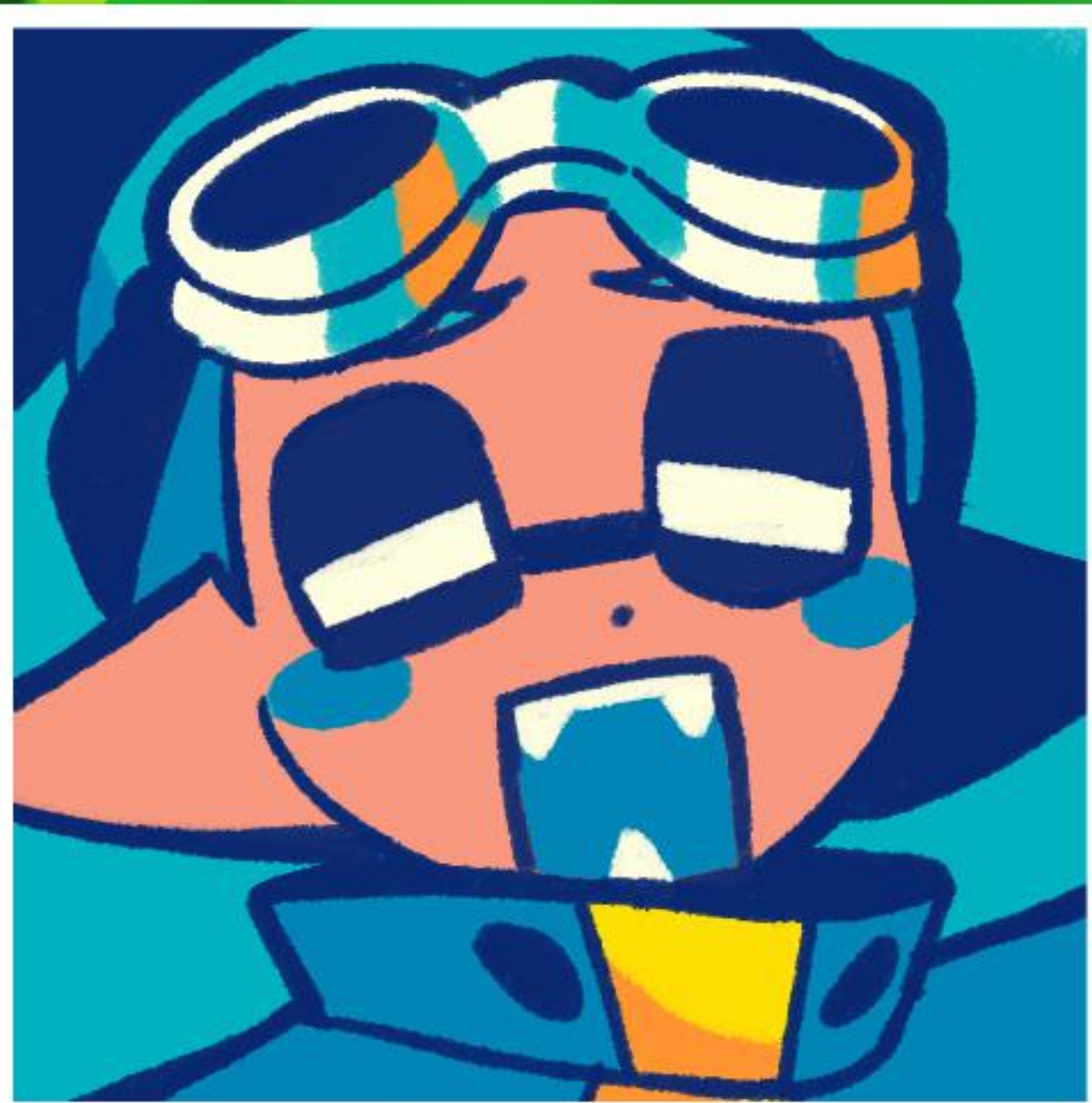
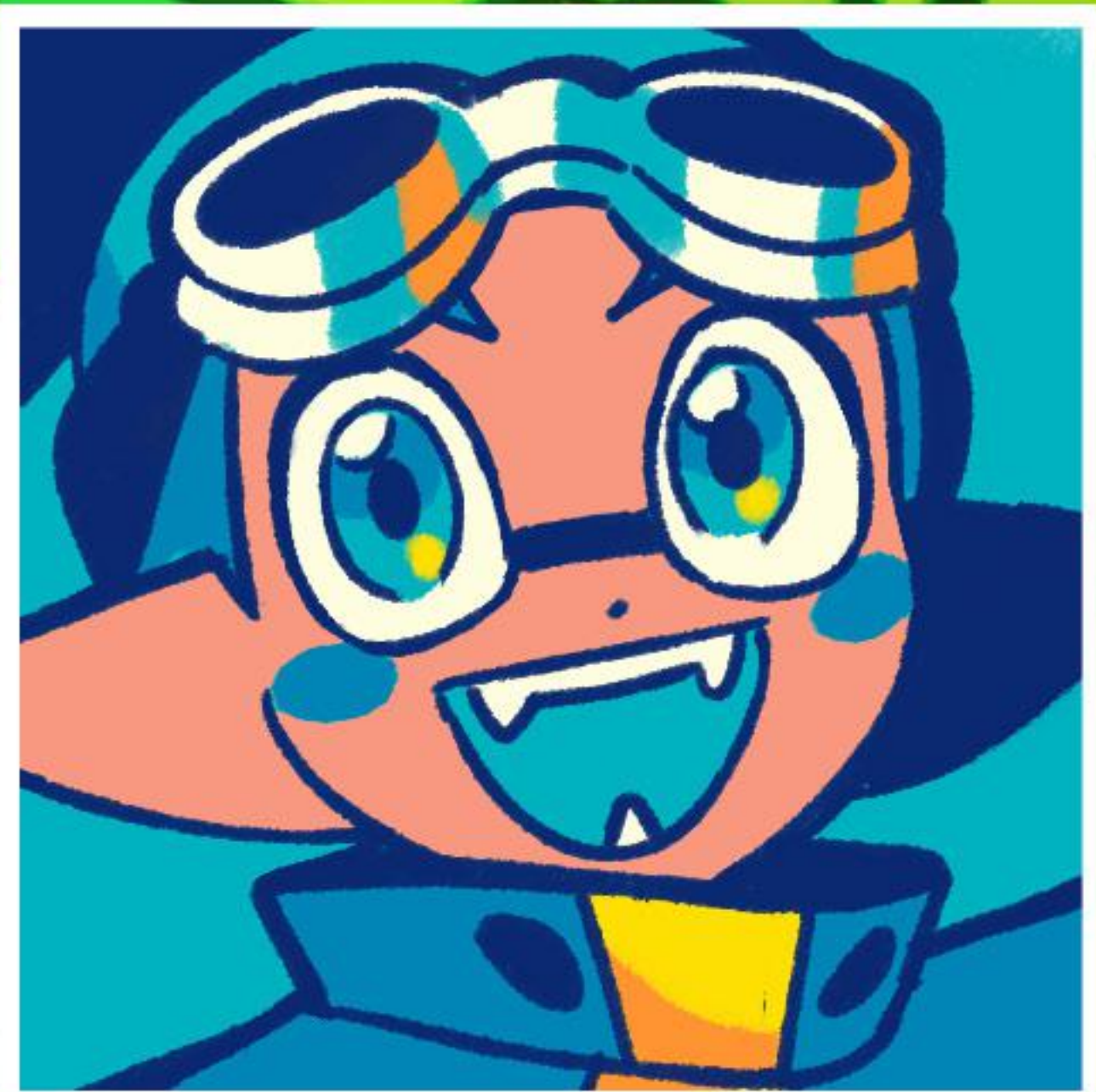
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pickled plums

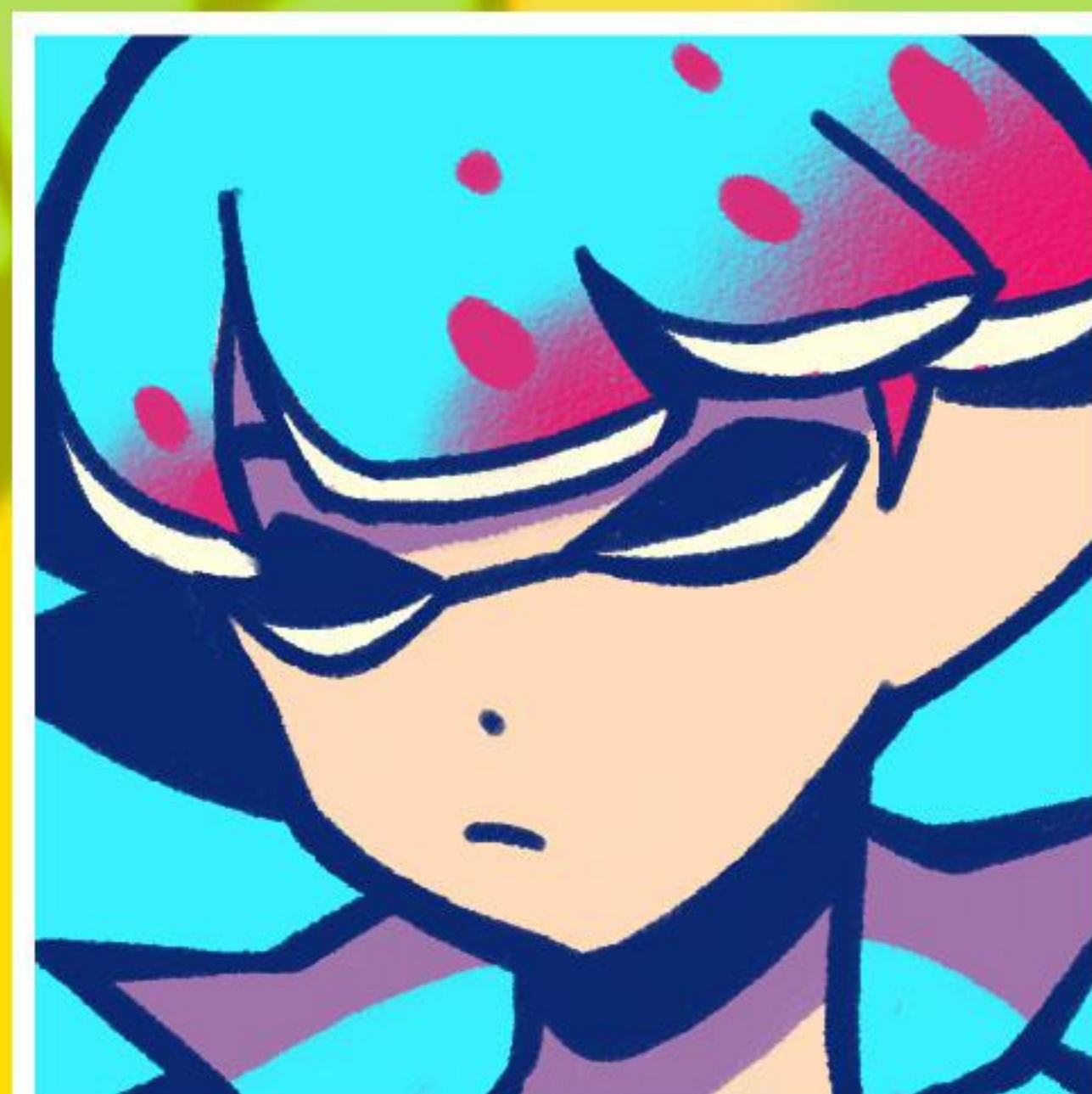
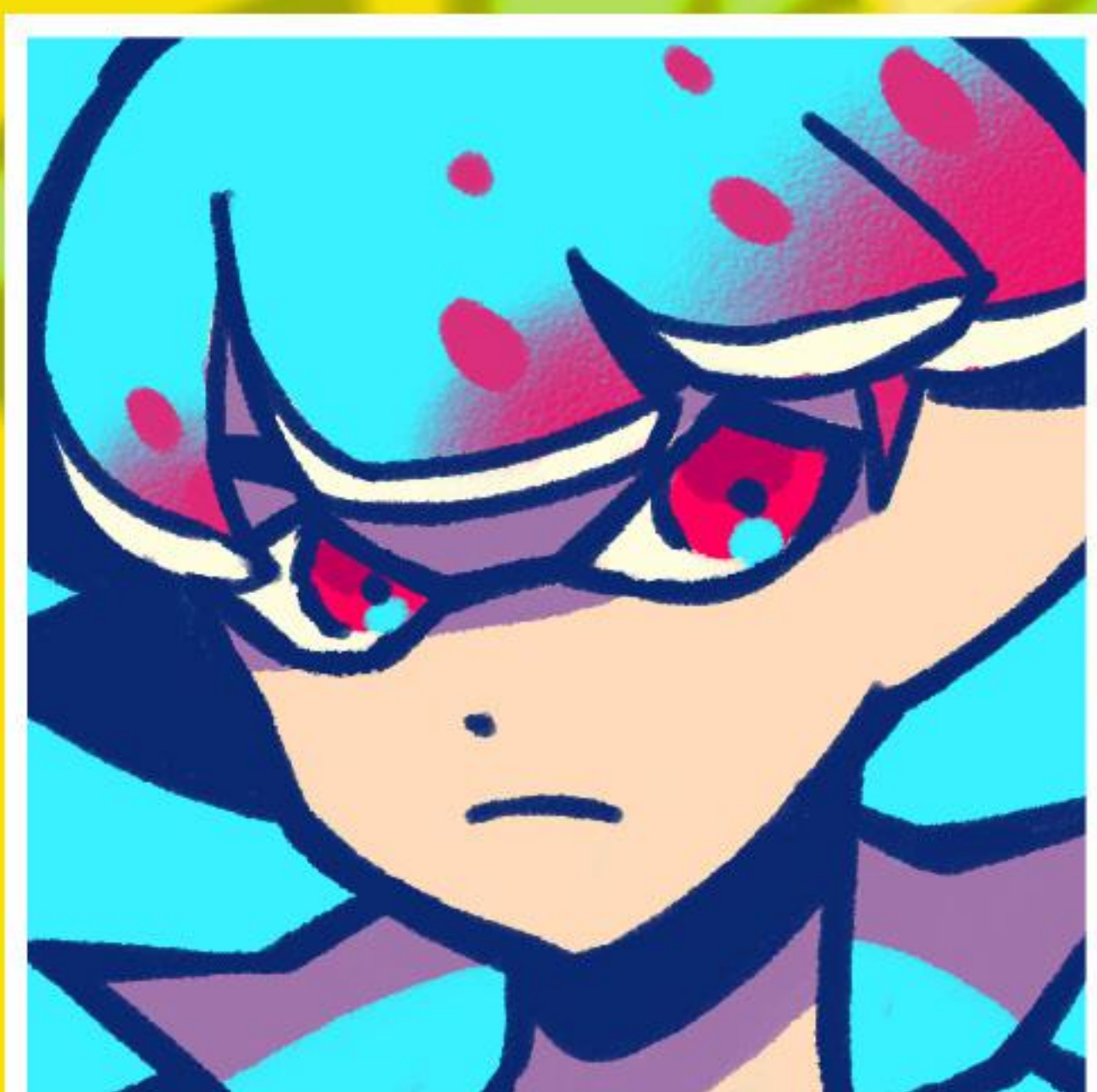
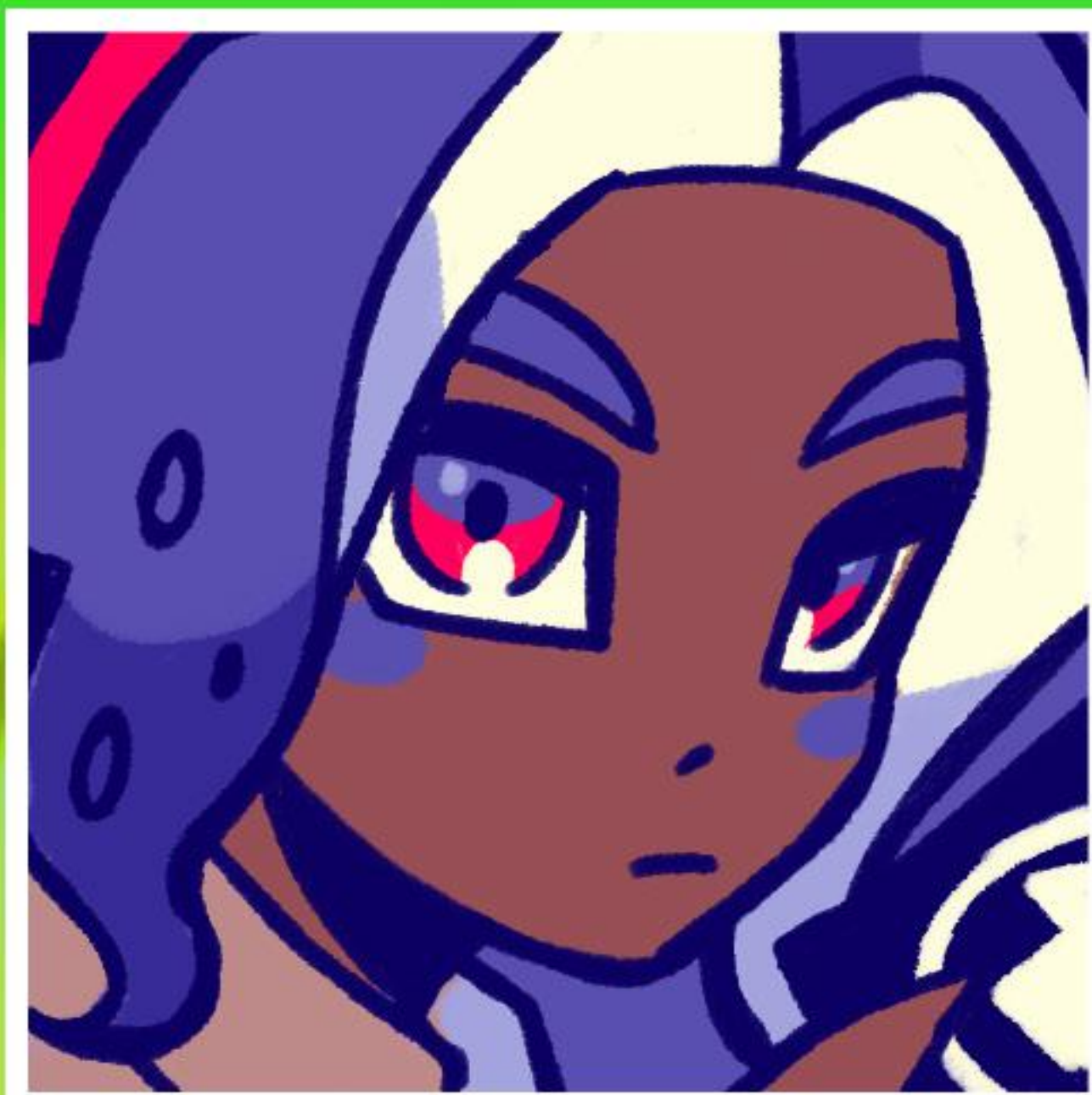
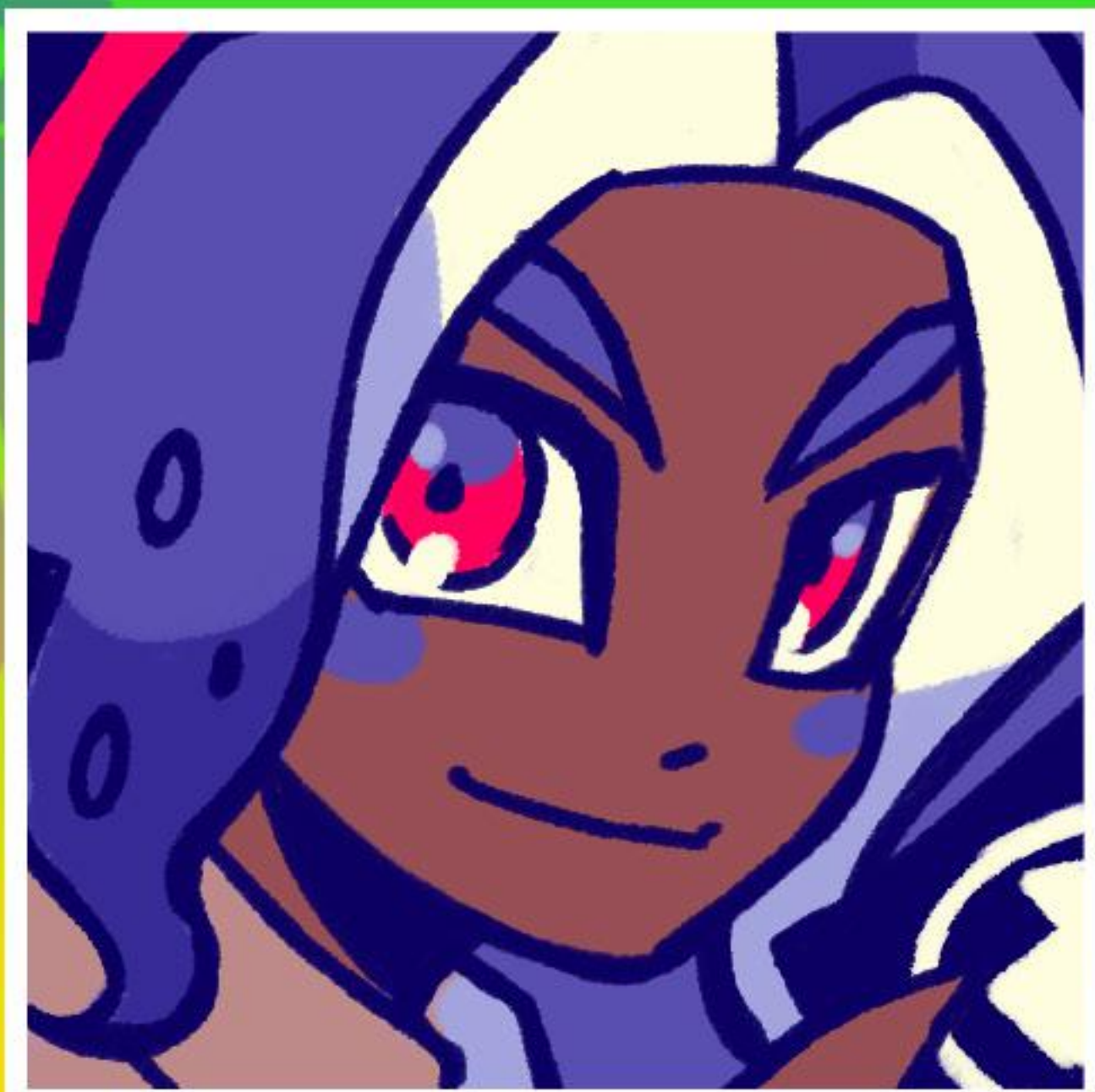
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 Socmed 2

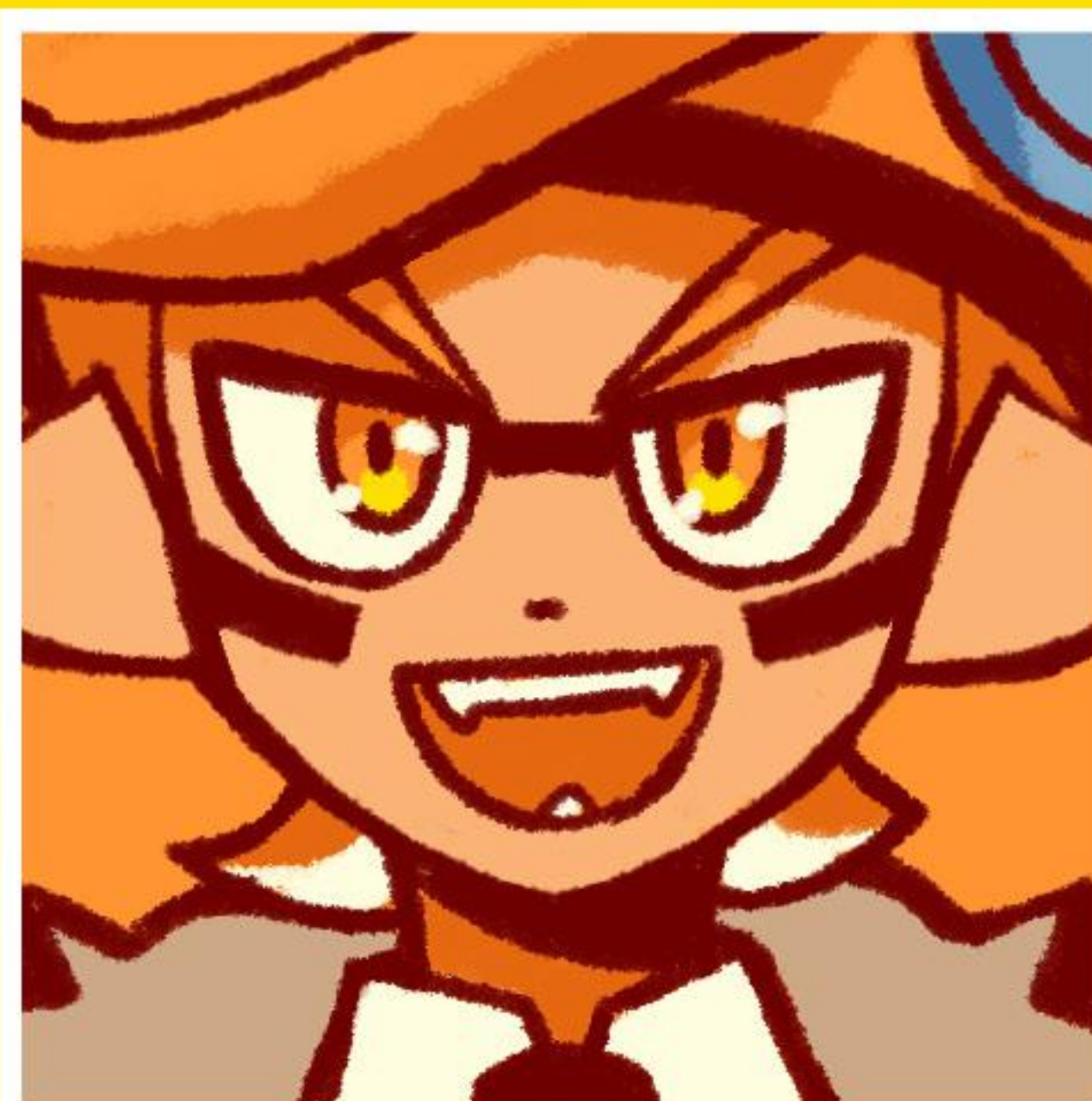
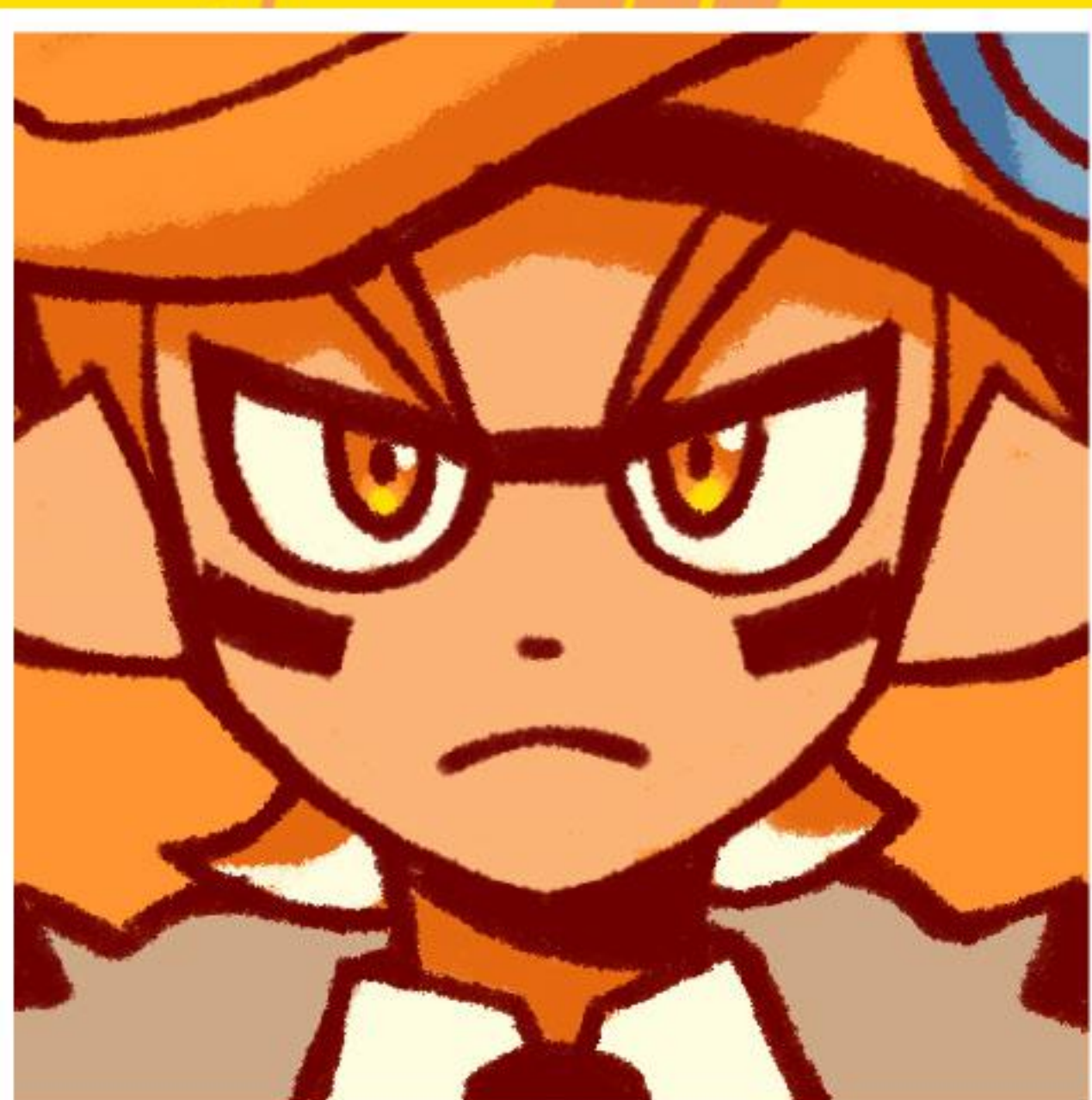
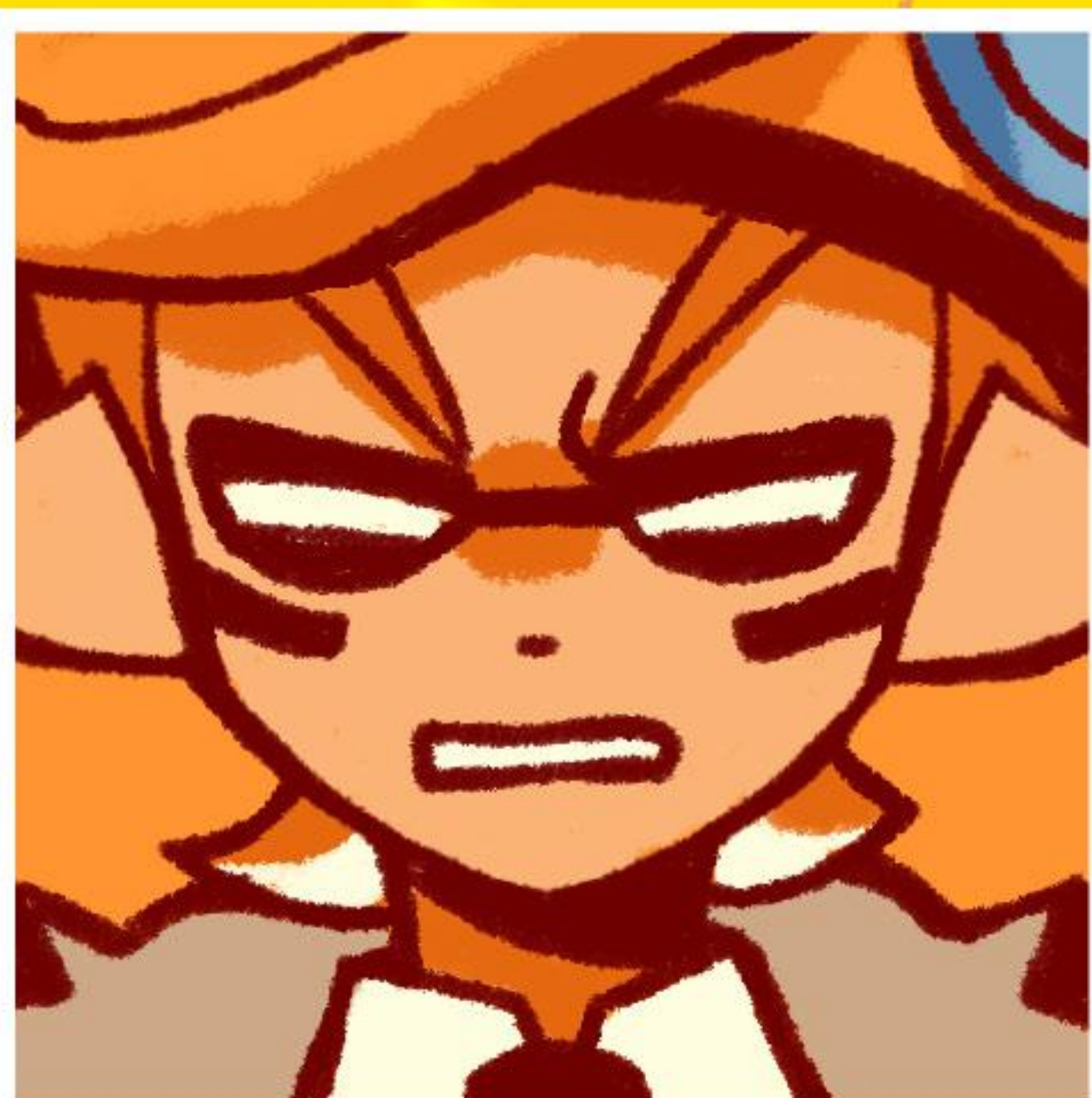
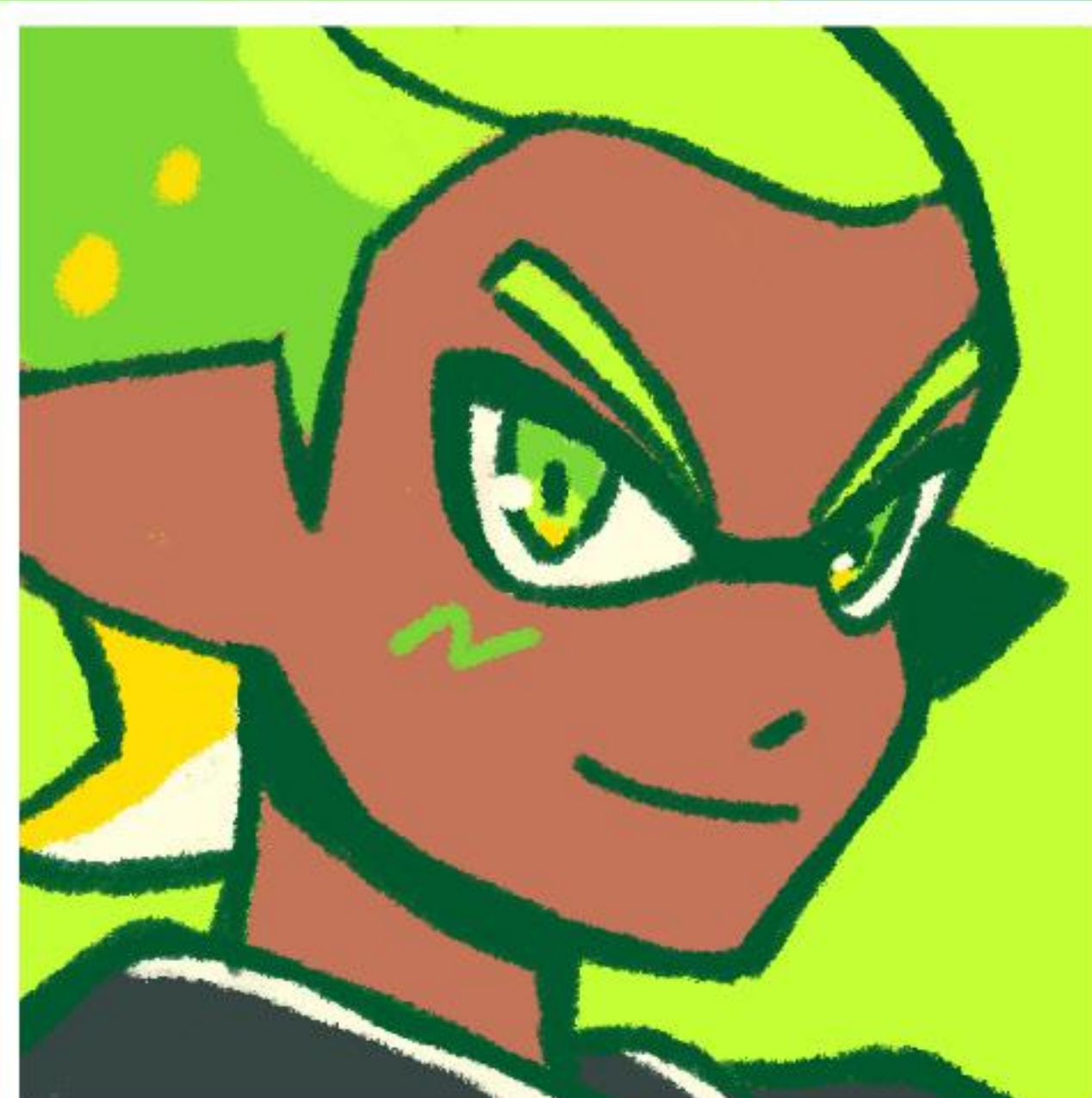
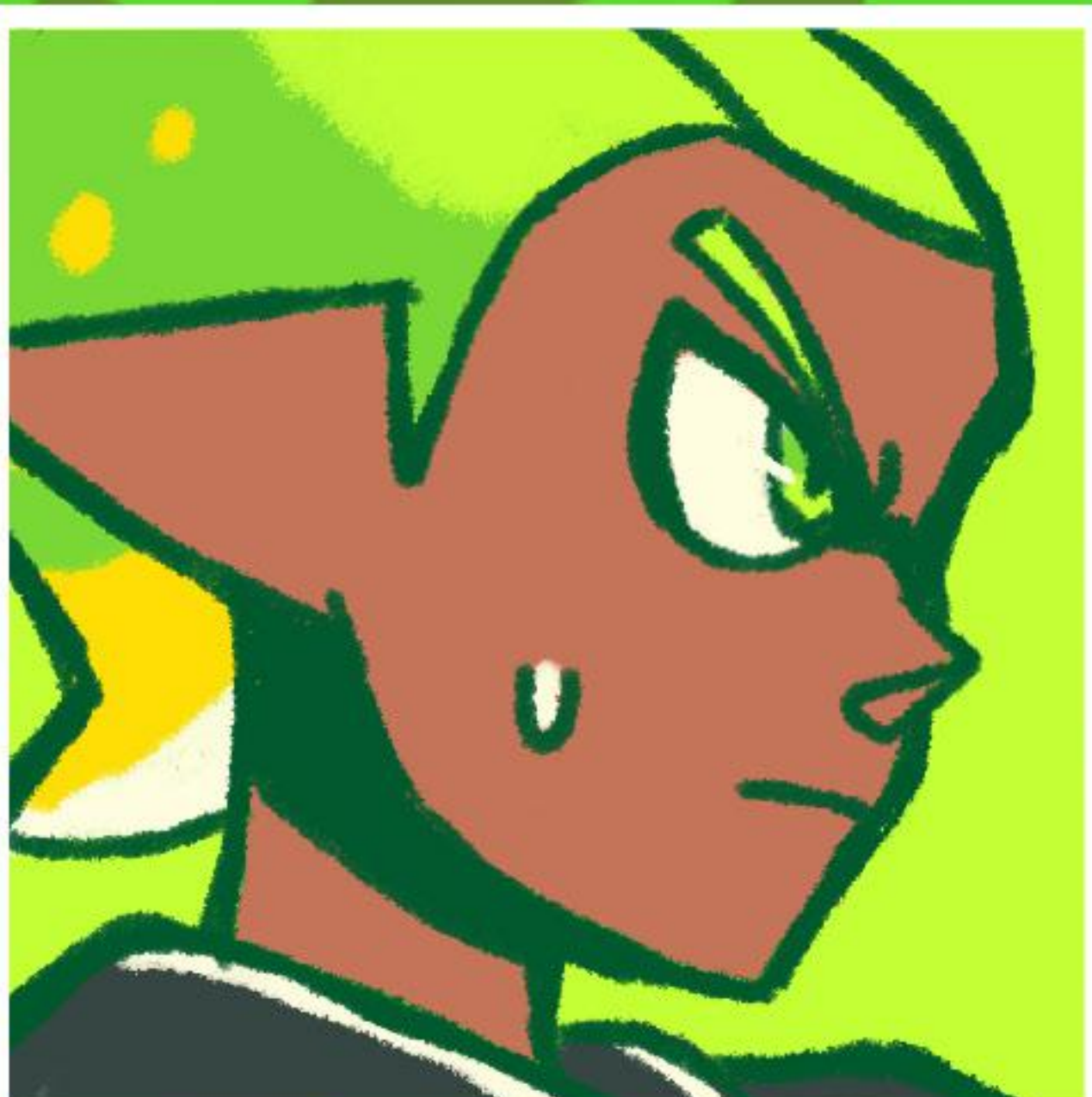
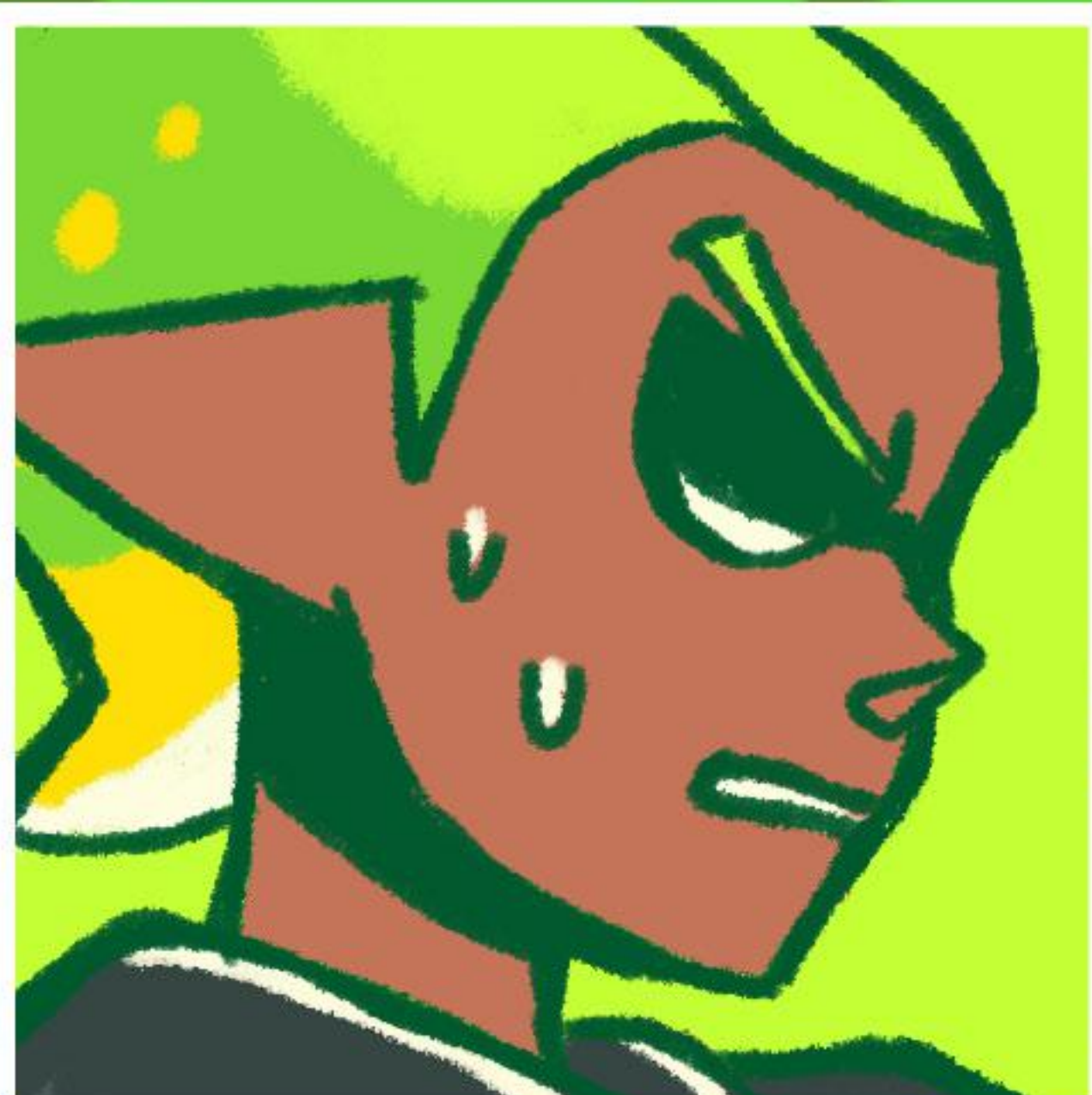
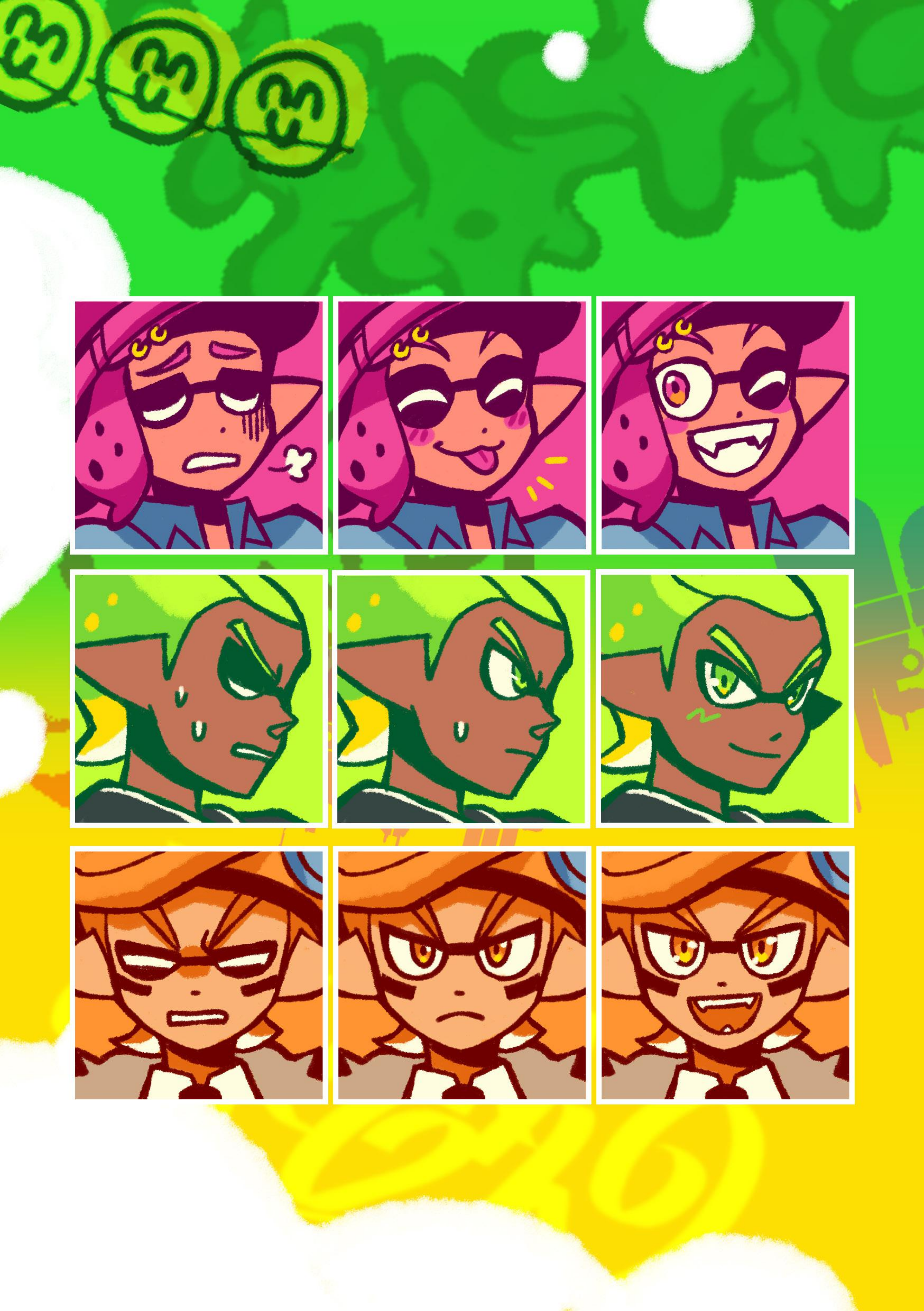




Other Art by Gummy







MODS:



Gummy

@gummymela

**Cover by Gummy
also**

Mist

@m15t34



