

THE ADVENTURES OF...

MUSICBAT

ART
ARCHIVE



7+
YEARS OF
ART!

welcome to the musicboi art archive!

as of writing this, THE ADVENTURES OF MUSICBOI is nearly 8 years old. and since its inception has gone through many, many changes.

the goal of this zine is to archive and collate as much of my personal art and writing for the series as i can. as well as provide a general overview of characters, including characters that aren't part of the series anymore.

since this is a personal project that i am working on by myself, i will not be including any art created by other people for the series. any characters that i did not create will be labelled as such and credits will be given where they are due :)

thank you for reading!



SCENE 1

INT. A BLUE ATTIC ROOM – DAY.

The clicking sounds of an old ipod can be heard, and music comes in, we listen to this for about 10 seconds.

Fade in to the backside of a boys (KENNYS) head, he has headphones on and as we zoom out the music becomes more muffled, we are hearing it from his headphones.

Orange light seeps into the soft blue room from upper windows.

KENNY (V.O):

I am a superhero.

Sudden, huh? Yeah, that's how it was for me, too.

Y'know, you just wake up one day and you find out you have powers? That's just how it is sometimes.

I think.

I know it can't just be me, there are others here, other superheroes.

CUT TO WALLFLOWER, in his shop, same placing as Musicboi.



MUSICBOI

the main protagonist of the series, roy "musicboi" vallee was originally created in 2016 as a silly joke superhero with music powers. his civillian name also used to be "kenny". to be honest there isn't really a lot to say about him. at his core he's still the same guy i made all those years ago. although i think it's interesting to see how his design has progressed through the years.

2024

2020

2018

2017?

2017

2016

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2016

2019

2019



2018



2017?



CORRUPT MUSICBOI

2017?

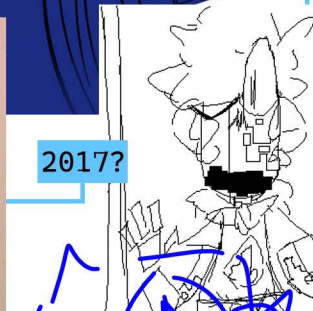
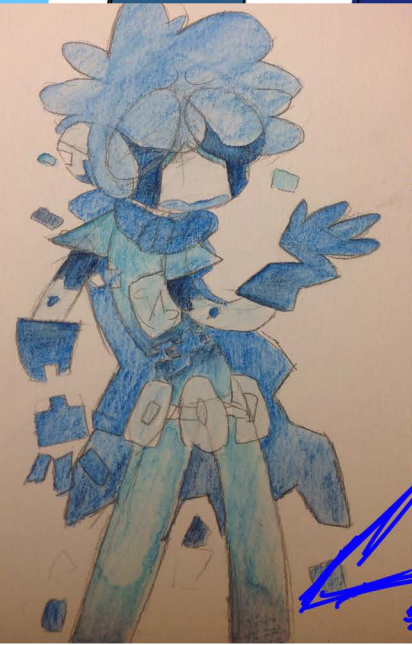
2017?



due to the actions of another character, musicboi becomes "corrupted". his powers become unstable and he is no longer able to leave his superhero form. corrupted musicboi was an idea formed back in... 2017? although the reasoning why i could not tell you anymore. i'd wager a guess and say it's just because i wanted an angsty storyline for the series to explore.

2017?

2019



2018



2017



2017?

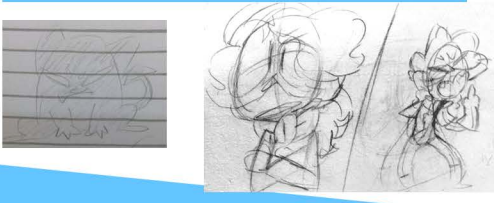
POSSESSED MUSICBOI

2017?

2017?

2017?

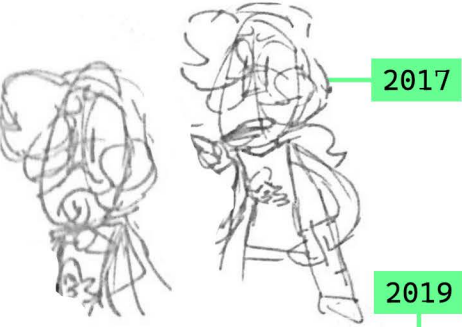
the musicboi possession arc is something that always makes me go, "huh, i forgot about that", when i inevitably stumble across it again. i honestly have very little memory of why it was even created at the time. all i remember is that there was a demon of sorts, and sometimes it would force musicboi to act out and be evil.



CAPTAIN SPECTRE

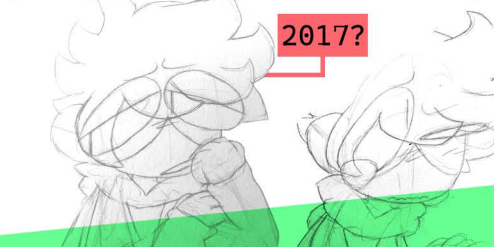
NOT MY OCS

created by "ghostiezone" in 2016. civilian name "mackenzie", captain spectre was musicbois undead friend and crime fighting superhero partner. occasionally the more level-headed of the two, her original name was "captain spook".



SPITE

created by "artlesscomedic". civilian name "aaron", spite was the main villain of the series for a little while who often got dragged into musicbois and spectres hijinks. he also had a habit of calling musicbois by endearing nicknames without noticing.



NOT MY OCS

WALLFLOWER

created by "ti-vi". ethan erik walsh "wallflower" flowers was created in 2017. a superhero with plant based powers who tends to cause more destruction than they fix.

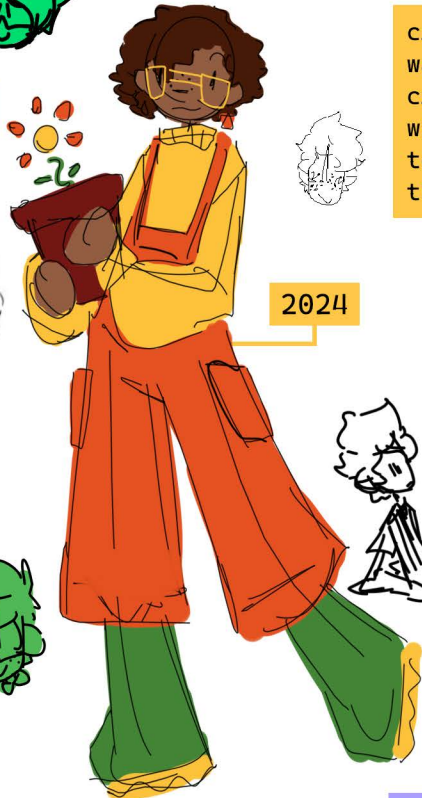
2017



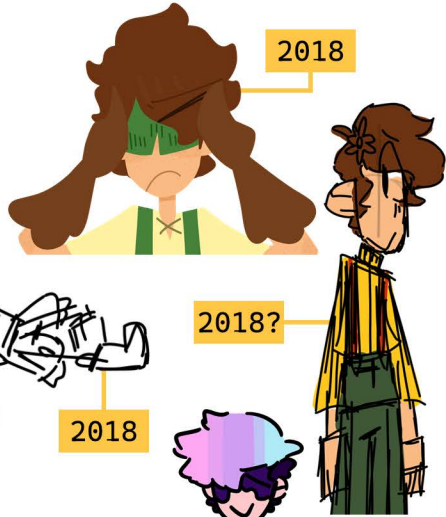
2018



2024



2018



2018?

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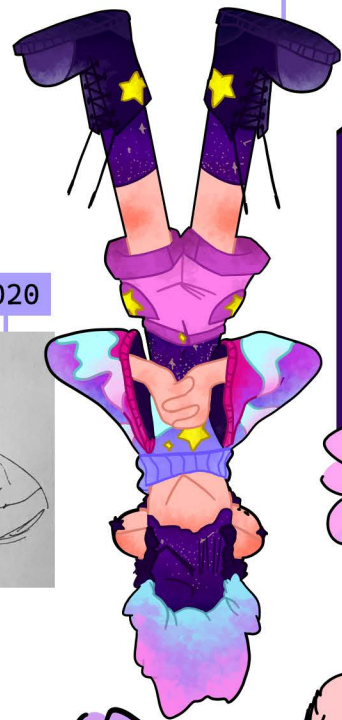
2018



2019



2018



2020



2018



2019

2017



AESTHETIC NINJA

(likely) created in 2017 for "ti-vi" but not officially picked up until 2018. aesthetic ninja is neither a hero or a villain, but instead a being of unknown origin with space-like powers. what does that mean? well. i'm not quite sure either. i believe i originally designed this one, but they're not my character.

2018



2018



BENNY

created in 2017. benny osteen is the (relatively) new kid in town. a talented artist and video editor, he and roy like to make AMVs together. much like a lot of characters i've made, he originated from a dream.



2019



2024



2017



2017



2018



2017

2018?

2017



2018

2017



2017

2018

2017

MWAH!

2018



2018



2018



2017



NOT MY OC

NEGABOI

created by "2bitmel" in 2018. although her current version really came into existence in 2019. mel "negaboi" menora is musicbois self proclaimed rival and biggest hater. negaboi really marked the start of the current era of musicboi. at least to me.



2020



2024



2021



2022



2020



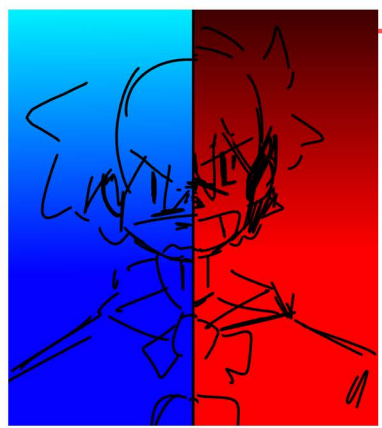
2019



2020



2019



2021



2020



2021

FOX KID

created in 2017. fox kid is the resident trouble-maker and local scene kid. i believe fox kid is also the character with the highest amount of art created for them, though i'm not fact checking this.

2018

2024

2018

2019

2018

2018

2018

2017

2022

2019



ILLUSIONIST

+ klaus

created in 2017. the illusionist and his son, klaus were a (scam?) magician villain double act. i believe the illusionist was some sort of alien. and klaus had a big role in the corruption arc.



2017

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2019?

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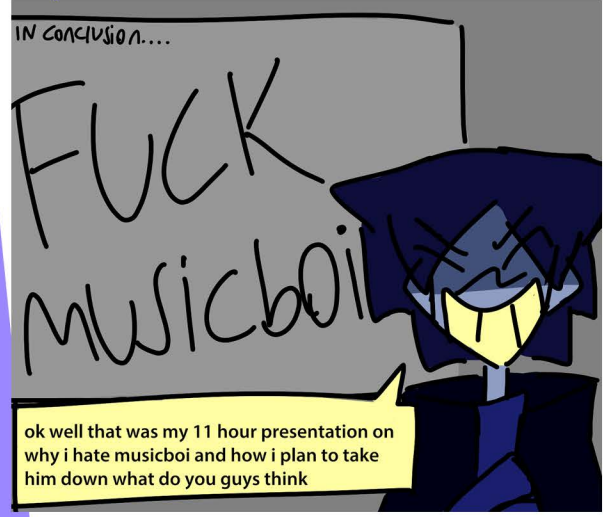
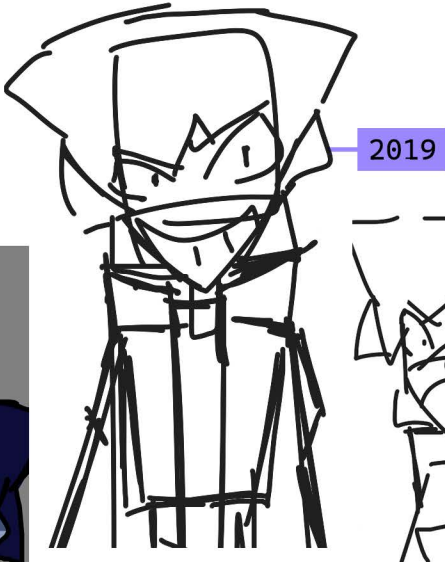
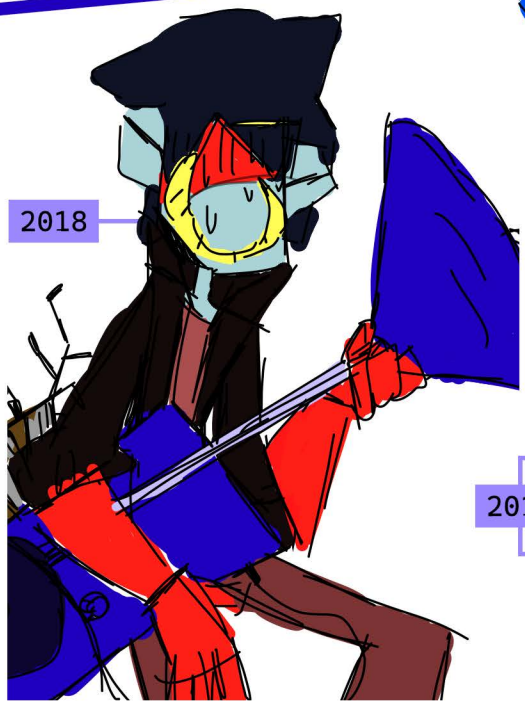
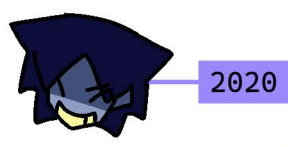
2019

you are... very tall

steal money
2 almost
2:6
rain
2 PROCT

?????????

the original "MAIN VILLAIN" of musicboi. the cause of musicbois downfall during the corruption arc. since the corruption arc isn't really a thing anymore this character has since been rescinded from the series. because... i mean. really, who is this guy?

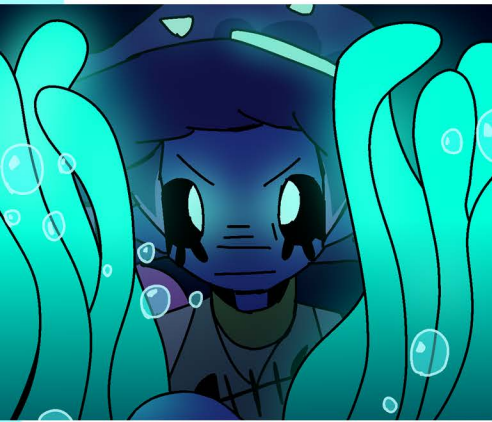


BETTA



clownfish will say "i know a spot" and take you to a fucking deadly sea organism

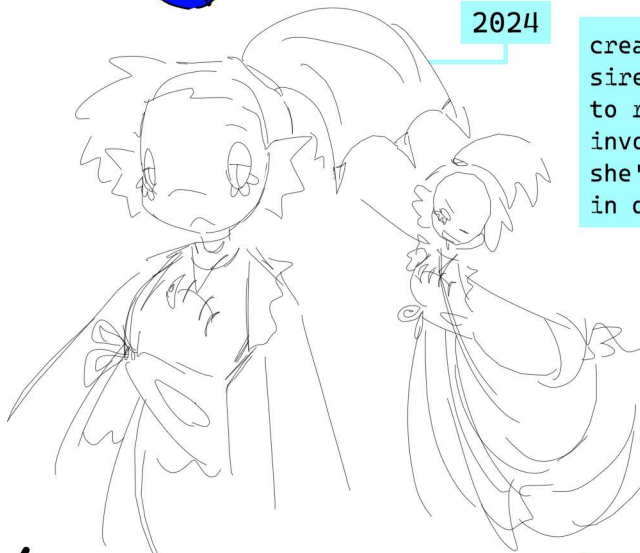
2020



Real shit?



2024

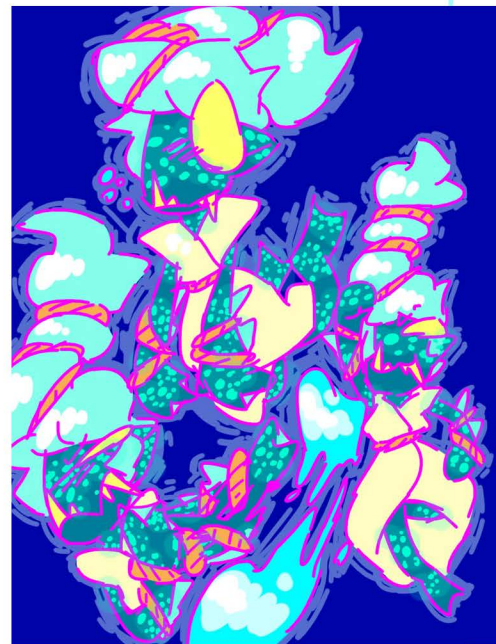


created in 2017. betta is a siren of the sea on a mission to regain her legs. though this involves falling in love, which she's thoroughly uninterested in doing.

2017



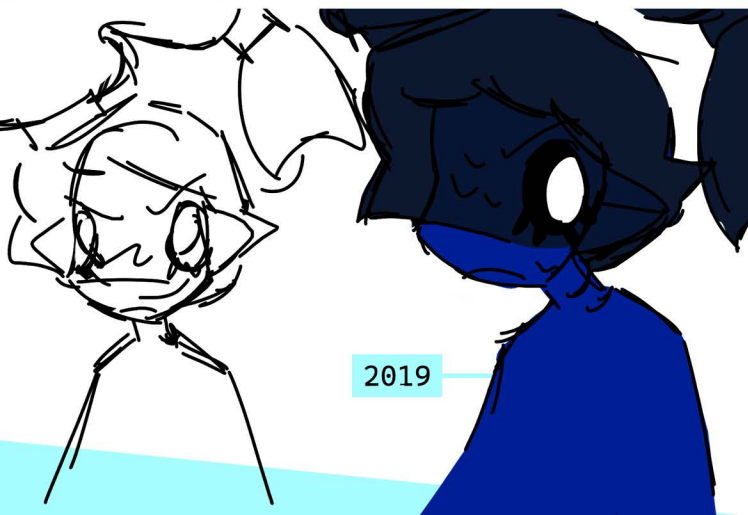
2020?



2017



2017



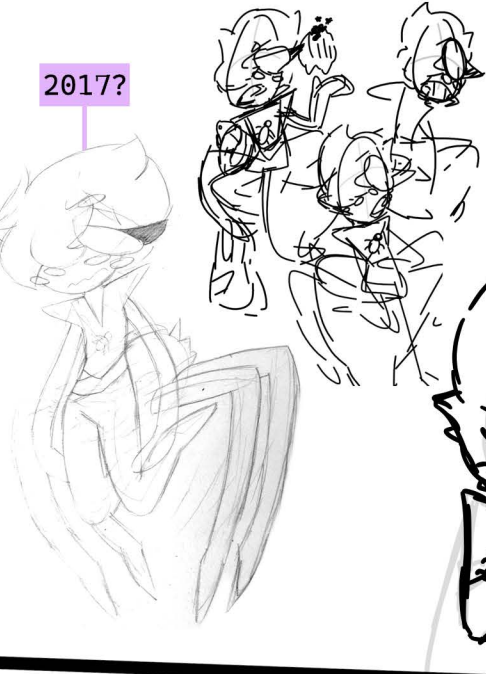
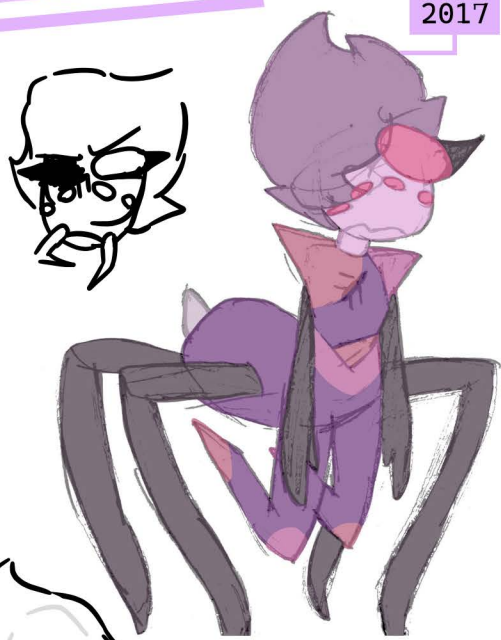
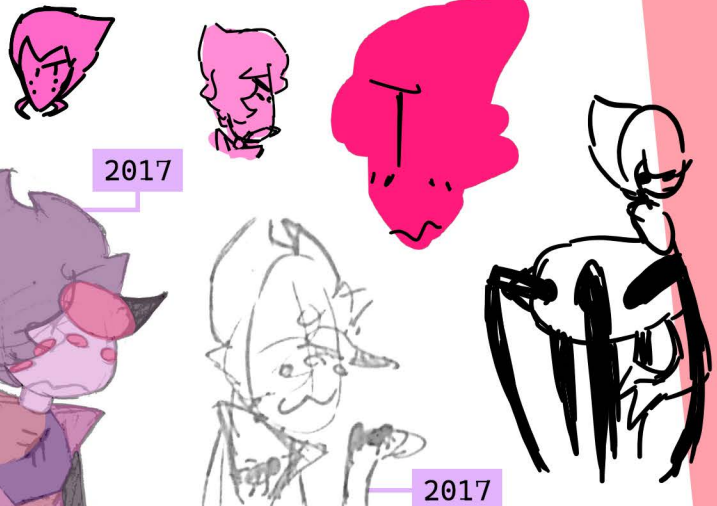
2019

2020?



ELMA

created in 2017. any information about elma has been lost to time. all i remember is that she was involved in benny and his original storyline.



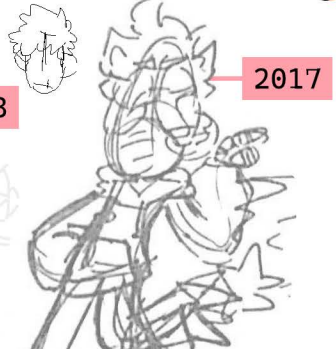
NOT MY OCS

LIGHTNING ROUND

(likely) created in 2017 as "inkthecryptid"s character. comet had super-speed powers. the scar on his mouth was from a rock that spite threw at him.

created in 2018 by "ghostiezone" a pirate of both music and in general, marina was also spectres love interest.

created in 2017 by "artlesscomedic". copycat had shape-shifting powers.



MUSICBOI WRITING

welcome to the writing section! all of these were likely written throughout 2017. most, if not all of these are unfinished and outdated. but they're charming in a way :)

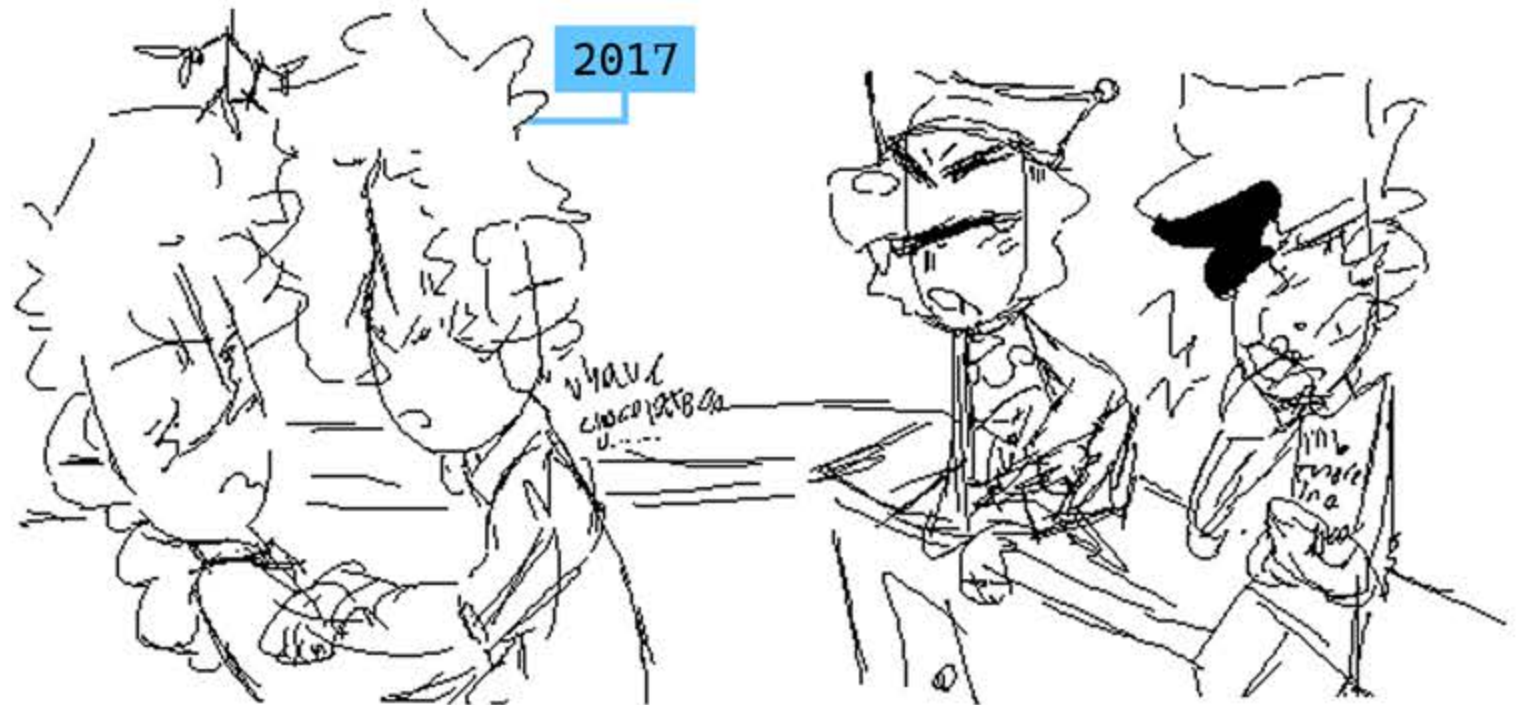
i believe this archive will be the first time these pieces have been available publicly, only a few people have read these until now! which is kind of crazy to think about. so i hope you can enjoy them.

2019?

sorry foxkid if this looks gay to the viewers



2017



2017

MUSICBOI ORIGIN

Kenny Vallee, y'know. normal kid, normal name, likes music, does stupid things occasionally, but who doesn't?

The stupidest decision he ever made was sneaking out of his house to join a party, full of young, dumb kids getting pissed in the middle of nowhere. A party, of which, he remembered basically none of it.

Okay, he remembered some of it, not liking the taste of alcohol being one, getting flustered by guys, being another. But the end, the end of the party?

Nothing.

All he knew is he woke up the next day, fingers tingling and chest aching – And he knew something was wrong.

The night before, what exactly happened?

He mused about it for a couple of minutes, wondering if he ended up fucking up his body, or if he had gotten into a fight?

No, he'd remember that.

Rolling over to his side, Kenny vaguely wondered what time it was, and whether he could get away with sleeping for another hour. But the seething pain in his chest forced him to just suck it up and check what was up.

He looked himself up and down in his mirror, nothing really stuck out to him. No bruises, no blood, pressing his hands against his chest did little to ease the pain.

Ah, it was probably nothing, he thought as he clambered back into bed. Growing pains, probably. Everyone got growing pains.

Just as he started drifting off, his alarm blasted into his ears, and he just knew today wasn't gonna be his day.

He did enjoy work.

Music blared out of nowhere, it was loud, too. Instinctively, Kenny pulled out his phone in hopes to stop the music (as he had done oh so many times) and stop embarrassing himself for two bloody seconds -

Wait.

He stared blankly at his phone, nothing appeared to be playing, and when he turned his volume right down, nothing changed? He looked up at everyone staring at him and smiled apologetically.

“I need to go!”

And that was the last thing he said before he bolted, going off somewhere private, so he could figure out just what the fuck was going on with him.

As he slid to a stop, on the soft sand of a beach. He pressed his hands to his chest in hopes to stop wheezing. And that's when he felt it, and his heart stopped.

His chest was thumping.

Not like, thumping with his heartbeat. Like - like a speaker that's struggling to cope with music with too much bass, like, really thumping.

Thumping to the music.

Oh shit, shit! he's doing this! This was coming from him!

He needed to stop this, right now!

ANOTHER TAKE ON CORRUPTED MUSICBOI

“Ke-- Musicboi, wake up!”

The boy in question finally stirred, opening his eyes and then closing them again with a groan.

“Ugh.. what happened?”

No one answered him immediately, aside from Captain Spooks sigh of relief it went suspiciously quiet.

“You passed out fighting Betta, don't you remember?”

Musicboi racked his brain for anything like that, he had fought Betta a lot, never passed out.

Punch, kick, cool fighting music, witty remark, sudden water to the face... Ear piercing screech, white noise, silence.

“Yeah, kinda.”

He squeezed his eyes open again and was greeted with the sight of Spook and Betta hovering over him, the latter looking surprisingly stressed.

“You are alright now, though?” The fish lady spoke up, “You've been unconscious for about an hour, now.”

“Oh. Sorry about that.” He apologised, although not entirely sure why. “Did I just.. pass out? Like, out of the blue?”

They both nodded.

“Huh. That's never happened to me before.” He tried to prop himself up, but his arms suddenly felt like they just... weren't there anymore, so he fell back onto his back.

“Woah, you alright?”

“Yeah, I.. my arms just felt like..” He lifted them up, and was met with two perfectly fine Musicboi arms.

“Huh. Guess I'm still a little wobbly.”

A little wobbly. *Understatement of the year.*

Kenny hadn't been secure on his feet since Thursday. It felt like both his ankles were twisted, he was constantly tripping up and falling over, if they weren't bruised, his hands and knees were scraped all over because of it. Benny had kindly lent him his old crutches for walking outside, WHICH he couldn't use anyway because he had also come down with a cold.

It's not like it was surprising, he had passed out and promptly fallen into the freezing ocean. It was to be expected, but it still sucked.

He wasn't even sure if it *was* a cold, he wasn't sneezing, or anything. But he kept breaking into cold sweats, and his body ached *all over*, particularly around his arms and legs, but his stomach hurt too, as if he was having the worst cramps in the world. Honestly? If he didn't know better he would've thought he was actually dying. So he just lay in bed all day, his headphones occasionally muffled by the random ringing in his ears.

Were his thoughts always so fuzzy? He could barely think at this point, between the music and the fuzz and the constant ache and the crisp packet touching his leg, it was all a little much.

He cried for the fourth time this week, trying to keep quiet because it was still 3:13 in the morning but wanting to just scream because he couldn't stand it anymore.

He missed Spook, he missed Benny. Hell, he even missed Fox kid, of all people.

Since Musicbois been out of service, Spooks had to deal with a lot of the things going on, and therefore hasn't been able to talk to him in a while, He didn't want to risk somehow getting Benny ill, too. And Fox kid was probably already full of diseases, and also didn't know where he lived.

His brain *screamed* at him suddenly, ceasing all comprehensible train of thought.

His face hurt.

His eyes hurt.

Kenny scrambled to get out of his bed so fast he ended up falling out and having to crawl towards his lightswitch and his mirror.

He couldn't see. His eyes hurt and he was crying and he *couldn't see*.

Rubbing his eyes so hard he made them hurt more, he could barely see himself, his face was red and his hair was greasy and ***there were blue lines streaming down his face.***

He blinked once, twice, three times, but they wouldn't go away. They were coming from his eyes and his eyes were the same colour.

His eyes were the same colour.

He screamed, he covered his mouth and screamed.

And then he screamed more when his right hand separated itself from his wrist.

AARON GOES TO KENS HOUSE

Kenny had just settled down after a long day baking and fighting off supervillains, y'know.. The usual. It was late afternoon, and chucking it down, Ken had finished preparing himself some hot chocolate for himself, he wanted to marathon some of his favourite movies before he settled down to bed.

He had gotten about halfway up the stairs, hot chocolate in one hand, bag full of sweet treats in the other – when someone knocked on the door.

He froze. *Who could it be?? No one should be out in this kind of weather.*

Frowning, he placed his hot chocolate down on a shelf and rushed towards the door to answer.

A tall red haired boy was hunched over at his door, his legs looked like they were going to give in at any moment, and he was soaked to the bone. He couldn't see his face, but Ken knew who it was immediately.

“Aaron.”

The red haired boy's head snapped up, and – he looked horrible. His eyes were red – as if he had been crying, his wet hair stuck to his face, and Ken thought he could see a bruise forming on his cheek.

“Ken.” He gasped out, before his legs gave in and he promptly collapsed.

“What's taking you so long, man? It can't take that long to make hot chocolate, c–” Mackenzie had just floated down the stairs, arms folded. “–an... it....?” She raised an eyebrow, looking concerned. “Ken, why is Aaron in your house, in your.. arms?”

“He was just-- here, and then--! then he collapsed! I don't know what to do, help!”

One of Kenny's adopted siblings, Joey, trailed out of his room silently. Kenny actually didn't notice him until he tugged on his sleeve, eyes wide with curiosity.

“Joey! Buddy, do me a good one and start running me a bath, please?”

His brother paused, and then nodded, off to go run a bath for Aaron. “He's a good kid, I'll have to give him some of my sweets later.” Ken said to no one in particular, and continued back up to his room.

The room was empty except for Aaron, who was sitting on Kenny's deskchair, swaying slightly as if he was about to fall asleep.

“Hey, man. I grabbed an inflatable bed for tonight, and--”

“I'm not staying the night.”

“What – of course you are! I'm not letting you go back in the rain, man. You'll die out there!”

Aaron opened his mouth to argue, but Ken shushed him. “You're not going out, I won't let you, I'll be up all night worrying about you if I do, dude.”

The taller boy looked shocked, and Kenny took that as his cue to keep talking. “Anyway, Joey's running you a bath, and you can borrow some of my clothes.”

All his friend did was nod slowly, he looked like he was deep in thought, so Ken left the inflatable bed on the floor, and went to check on how Joey was doing.

After the bath was done and Joey had his pick at Kenny's bag of sweets, Aaron was directed towards the bath and his clothes were dumped in the washing basket. Ken left him some of his clothes, and went to go sort out where Aaron was sleeping.

MAGICIANS, HUH?

There was a new kid in town.

That wasn't a surprise, honestly. People moved here almost all the time, Benny had moved in just a few months ago, and Thomas before him, and probably more people before them. So it wasn't new to Kenny, he was good friends with both Thomas and Benny, of course.

But this time it was... Different.

Him and his dad just cropped up one day, moving in quietly and, if they didn't set up an entire magic show in the middle of the beach one day, Kenny probably would never have noticed them.

It was on his way to work, walking past the beach in the early morning with his headphones on full blast. His attention was caught by a bright blue, red and yellow tent being set up by two strangely dressed people.

The first man was incredibly thin, almost stick like. He wore clothes of red and blue, and upon his bald head was a large blue hat, with a red ribbon tied around it. He hopped around the beach with ease, propping up the tent carefully, like he had done this hundreds of times before.

He was accompanied by a taller, bleach blonde boy, who wore a deep blue winter jacket and red baggy trousers. Bafflingly, up against his back was the biggest backpack Kenny had ever seen in his life, it wavered whenever the boy moved, who never seemed phased by it.

Kenny watched them dance about with the bright tent for a few minutes, he wanted to get a better look at them, but the still dim light of the early morning did nothing for him, and he had work.

FOX KID IN THE RAIN

It's not every day you have to stop fighting a spider because of rain, running back home with your cape tugged over your head in hopes of avoiding at least some of it.

Alright, it's not every day you have to fight a spider, but when you're a superhero in a town full of strange supervillains, that's kind of just the norm for you. At least, that's the norm for Musicboi, who actually hasn't spoken to any other superheroes, too confirm if that was the truth or not.

He didn't even know if there were other superheroes out there, outside this town. It's hard to contact others when you're fifteen and only have access to MSN messenger.

Anyway, it was still raining.

Rain – and water in general wasn't his best friend, he'd lost count just how many times he had been pelted with water during his fights. At least he knew it was all good fun for the most part. This, however, was not fun. Especially considering he couldn't fly far right now.

At least Spook was with him, annoyingly not getting wet because she was, well, a ghost. But he liked Spook no matter what, and having her here made everything a little less painful.

He was almost home when something bright orange caught his eye.

Snapping his head towards whatever he had seen faced him with what appeared to be a small kid laying on their side, back towards Musicboi. And he knew who it was immediately, the garish orange hoodie was almost too familiar to him.

He could already feel himself getting stressed at the sight, but he crouched down and tugged on his shoulder anyway, turning him to face Musicboi.

“What is it?” Spook asked, floating up next to him.

“Fox kid.”

Completely knocked out cold in the rain.

His distinct hood was barely doing its job at covering his face, but Musicboi could still see his split lip, the blood dripping into his open mouth and the red scratches that ran up and down his face.

“Jeez,” Spook mumbled once she saw him, bending down to get a better look. “He really did a number on himself.”

Musicboi only hummed in response, too caught up in the idea of Fox kid being beat up and just left in the rain.

“We can't just leave him.”

“I know, but you're carrying him.”

Musicboi didn't even hesitate, hoisting Fox kid up in his arms, albiet somewhat awkwardly. He was quite small and subsequently, not very heavy, which he was thankful for.

Deciding, despite his exhaustion, that it was probably for the best, Musicboi flew the rest of the way home, wondering what the fuck he had just gotten himself into.

Fox kid was crouched on his desk, currently shoving a whole handfuls worth of sweets into his mouth. Getting his grubby hands all over his secret stash of sweets that he had managed to dig up by seemingly throwing everything else out of the drawers, judging by the mess on the ground.

Kenny couldn't even comprehend how he knew there were sweets around, maybe Fox kid could smell as well as a fox, too.

His head snapped up to meet Ken's, dribble trailing down his chin. His grip tightened on the sweet jar and was he like, growling at him?

Kenny took a step forward and with a yelp, Fox kid had pounced off his desk and was now attempting to crawl under his bed.

He caught sight of himself in the mirror and, oh. Brown hair.

Shaking his head and watching his hair turn blue was still very fun to him, but it wasn't time to get distracted.

Two seconds later, Musicboi popped his head in the room, the only thing he had actually changed was his hair and now he had his mask on, but that was probably all he needed.

“Fox kid?”

Shuffling, and then the badly stitched fox head poked out from under the bed. He heard a gasp and before he knew it the kid had jumped out from under the bed.



AFTER THE FIRE

Two weeks since Aaron had died.

Kenny was having nightmares about him, his face before the flames engulfed him, his screams for help as he was burned ali-

Ken shook his head and turned his music up, he came to the beach just off the side of where he lived to clear his thoughts, just as he had done for the past five days, it had started to become a routine for him - go to bed, have nightmares, come to the beach and then go back home to bed.

It was late - probably around four am - he wasn't paying attention, he'd just stay until he was tired enough to go home, he wasn't tired yet, night had been particularly bad for him.

His trousers were rolled up to the knee and he had his feet dipped in the cool ocean water, staring out into the night. He liked everything about the beach at night, the sky and how clear the stars were, the ocean and its calming waves, the shadowy figure climbing down the rockpools, the--

What.

Kenny yanked his headphones off and turned towards where he had seen the figure, eyebrows furrowed, everything was silent aside from the waves, and he couldn't see anything moving, maybe it was nothing?

A soft thump and a voice confirmed that it wasn't nothing.

"Wh-.. Is anyone there?" He yelled, stopping his hands from shaking, he was a superhero, he could handle this.

Silence, and Ken had enough, he went to find out himself. He felt safe enough to fly up instead of climb, it was slippery and he didn't want to injure himself. He searched for a while, flying low and looking out for whoever or whatever it was.

WHAT KLAUS SAW

Klaus watched the whole thing.

His breath caught in his throat, getting dressed wasn't even a second thought at this point, knocking various things over as he clambered over his apartment balcony and jumped onto the ground below.

Oh fuck, oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck, he hoped he wasn't too late.

Klaus watched when his his head was being forced up towards the screaming superhero in the sky.

Klaus tackled the man as soon as he came into his vision, but it was too late. He let out a silent scream that physically hurt his throat as he saw his technology being used to destroy this boys body.

Klaus watched the boy fall, unconscious into the water below him.

His head was forced up towards Musicboi, who had started screaming and tugging on himself in agony, he shook his head and closed his eyes, trying to think of anything else but what was happening right in front of him.

Klaus watched the man who did this to him laugh, and laugh, and laugh, and laugh, as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world.

The screaming stopped, and Musicboi was soon falling upside down into the water below him. He felt the man laugh below him, a slow chuckle which quickly turned into manic laughter.

Klaus watched his knuckles turn white, and watched as the mans nose quickly became broken.

The laughter stopped when Klaus pummelled his fists into his face, over and over until he heard a crack, and blood poured out of the mans nose. He had never felt so angry in his life, his hands were shaking.

Klaus watched the weird fox kid almost drown when he jumped into the water after him.

His head snapped towards the other side of the town, some kid in an orange hoodie had jumped into the water after the corrupted superhero. The others were all shouting at the fish villain he had just been fighting, and off to the side was someone he recognised as the bakery kids boyfriend, leaning against the wall separating the town and the water with his head down.

Klaus watched fox kid screaming and kicking as he was pulled out of the water and away from the corrupted boy.

People were screaming now, and the distraction proved enough for the man who lay below Klaus to find his way out without him noticing.

Klaus watched as the two older villains spoke briefly before taking the boy away from everyone else.

They were taking him away, they were taking him away and Klaus wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not, he had to follow them.



BENNY GETS HURT

Pain shot up his leg as he tried desperately to scramble away from the dark figures, was it them? Were they back for revenge? Oh god, he was just a kid – he can't die, he can't–

His thoughts were cut off when a sudden blast of strange music came from the other side of the cave, Benny took this as his chance to escape, he shouldn't have been here in the first place, he's messed up everything.

Attempting to scramble to his feet, he took approximately three steps before he fell back down onto his stomach, hard. Hard enough to knock the wind out of his lungs.

Despite feeling like he was going to pass out, or die, he struggled as hard as he could against the spider lady's grip. He was going to die, oh god.

“Stop struggling, I'm trying to–“ She gulped, taking a few seconds to speak again, as if she was deciding what to say. “– Stop struggling, you're only going to make it harder for both me *and* you.”

“Please don't kill me, I can't – I'm sorry! I shouldn't have tried to stop you, I just – I didn't want him to get –” He was practically in hysterics now, every choked sob making it harder and harder for him to breathe.

A sudden hand on his shoulder silenced him, he was still breathing awkwardly, staring at a very blurry pink spider lady.

“Alright, first of all. Breathe, you're gonna make yourself feel worse if you don't – breathe properly.” She didn't speak again until he was taking deep breaths, very shaky, deep breaths.

“Second of all, I'm not going to kill you, that's horrible. I'm trying to *help*, believe it or not. So *shut up*, and let me work.”

HURT FEELINGS

“Your costume looks stupid.” Spite spat, looking Musicboi up and down., he had been trying to rile Musicboi up for the past ten minutes, he wanted to fight.

“Yeah, I know.” The small superhero replied, a grin across his face. *Goddammit!* Musicboi was in the process of wrapping Spites leg up because he had noticed him limping and stopped the fight they were in the middle of to help.

Spite just wanted to keep fighting, and he was trying to piss him off so they could keep it going but.. Nothing! He couldn't tell if he was genuinely stupid or if he was doing it on purpose, but it was pissing Spite off.

“Blue doesn't suit you!”

“Could've told me that before I made it my signature colour, my dude.” *Fucking hell.*

“Y-..Your hair is dumb!” He spluttered, losing his confidence about this whole thing, *was Musicboi really this chill about everything? was it even possible?*

“Mm. You try flying around like I do and see if your hair stays in place.” He turned his head towards Spite. “On the bright side, it's nice and fluffy!” He smiled, using one of his hands to ruffle up his blue hair.

“Why won't you get angry?!” Spite huffed, folding his arms. “Stop being so annoying!” He hissed – mostly to himself.

But apparently it was loud enough for Muse to hear, because he went silent. It almost freaked Spite out, normally Musie would have a comeback in seconds.

He stopped what he was doing, but didn't look up at Spite. “You.. think I'm annoying?”

This was it, this was what he was trying to achieve!

“Yeah, you're.. Super annoying!” He looked down at Musicboi, a smug expression on his face, he expected him to look pissed and ready to fight.

Then why did he look so sad?

It was an expression he had never really seen on Musicboi, he looked.. Confused, like he was trying desperately to think about what he had done.

It shouldn't have bothered Spite as much as it did.

The smaller one blinked, finally looking up at Spite. “Good, that's.. What I was trying to achieve!”

Sounded fake, but okay.

Musicboi had started wrapping his leg up again, but he almost seemed to be rushing, and he wouldn't respond to Spite's pokes of fun anymore, only humming in response.

He had hurt his feelings, bad.

“ALRIGHT,” Musicboi said suddenly, standing up and brushing himself off. “I've patched up your leg as good as possible!”

“Musie--”

“Don't - get into any more fights, for your sake.” He shifted uncomfortably, and wouldn't look directly at Spite, or near him, for that matter.

“Musie, listen.”

“Anyway, I've gotta go! Uh- check over the town. --Bye!”

“Musie, wait!” And he was gone, flew off in a puff of smoke.

Ah, shit.

Musicboi

Spite was panting, but he couldn't lose him.

“Muse--! Musie! Hold up!” Spite gasped, he didn't have the energy to run anymore. Musicboi finished signing their autographs and floated towards Spite, looking concerned.

“Spite..? What's up, dude? Is something wrong??” He placed his hand on Spite's shoulder, and Spite wheezed.

“I'm.. fffine.... I wanna - apologise. For earlier.” He took a breather, clutching his chest. “I guess... You're not that annoying. I was just trying to.. Get on your nerves.”

There was a pause, and Spite was breathing a bit better, now.

“So like - uh, if you wanna.. we can go for a walk, or, uh.. Something.”

The sun had set, and Muse had felt it was probably the best time to ask.

“Do you genuinely think I'm annoying?”

“What! No! I - not actually, I really don't.”

BODY SWAP

“Ugh... What happened..?” The red haired boy groaned, rubbing the back of his head. He felt terrible, his head hurt like hell, and there was something else, like he felt like crying? He couldn't describe it, something just felt like it was looming over him, and it didn't feel good.

He's never felt like this, he couldn't imagine feeling like this, ever.

This wasn't him. His costume didn't look like this, he didn't have red hair.

Spite.

“I've changed my mind, Musie!” Spite said excitedly, grabbing his arms, and Musicboi barely had a chance to respond before he was cut off.

“I'm keeping your body!”

And he felt his heart stop, his face felt very hot and wet suddenly. “No! you can't, this isn't right! We need--” But he – Spite, looked so happy, he wondered how long he had felt like Musicboi did right now. “To.. fix... this..”

Spite looked shocked, almost offended at the idea of switching back, and shook his head, Musicboi was about to yell at him – *he's never been this angry before? He doesn't like it.* – but he couldn't, he wasn't this bad. He sighed, defeated.

“Okay.”

“Please, Muse, I've never-- wait, what?”

“You can keep my body.”

IN THE RAIN

Spite was an idiot, the absolute worst, he had managed to get caught up in a terrible thunderstorm, and the only place he could take refuge without being seen was an abandoned warehouse, which gave him the creeps.

“Hey.” The sudden voice almost made him jump out of his skin, what kind of moron would take shelter here? Aside from himself, of course.

“Who's there?” Spite squinted in the darkness, reaching his hands out, he recoiled almost immediately when he felt something touch his hand. “Relax, dude. It's me, Musicboi?”

Oh good, he was basically trapped with the one person he hated, today really was his lucky day.

He huffed in annoyance, Musicboi was the last person on earth he wanted to talk to – well, aside from Captain Spook, but he'd take her over him any day, Musie made him feel weird, especially when they were alone.

“Sooo.. what're you doing out here?” He asked after a few minutes, it was like Musicboi had a grudge against silence.

“None of your business, Muse.”

“Aw, c'mon! If we're gonna be stuck here you might as well talk to me!”

Spite said nothing, and Muse shrugged, humming and tapping his feet – cheerful as always.

The red haired boy tried to think about anything but his arch nemesis, who was sitting not too far away from him. Musicboi made him feel odd, it didn't feel bad, exactly. But he didn't pick up on it for a while – but it definitely wasn't normal. He never felt this way around anyone, except for--

**Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream
Make him the cutest that I've ever seen**

Oh god. He was playing music.

That was easily one of the worst things about being around him, he loved playing music whenever he had the chance. *why does he have it? it's not even a superpower!*

**Give him two lips like roses and clover
Then tell him that his lonesome nights are over**

Musicboi was mouthing the lyrics, and Spite almost rolled his eyes, what an absolute dork. He wasn't gonna lie, he had started humming along, quietly enough so it wouldn't be picked up on, the last thing he needed was his arch rival teasing him.

Sandman,

The song cut out suddenly, and Spite turned towards Musicboi, blinking. The smaller boy looked apologetic, he had wrapped his cape around himself and his face was nestled into his shirt.

“Sorry, It's hard to- do my thing, When I'm cold. Can't focus.”
He shifted, giving a shaky thumbs up, *Cold? It wasn't that cold, was it?*

“Whu-- huh?”

Spite shifted, turning towards his rival and holding his arms out hesitantly, not looking him in the eyes.

The rain had stopped, and the clouds were starting to part. But Musicboi shifted in his arms, and - *well, what was another hour, huh?*

“Fuck – it's cold.” Spite hissed, mostly to himself. He frowned when Musicboi actually answered, he thought he was asleep.

“C'mere, then.” He mumbled – he sounded sleepy, spreading his arms out. Spite raised an eyebrow.

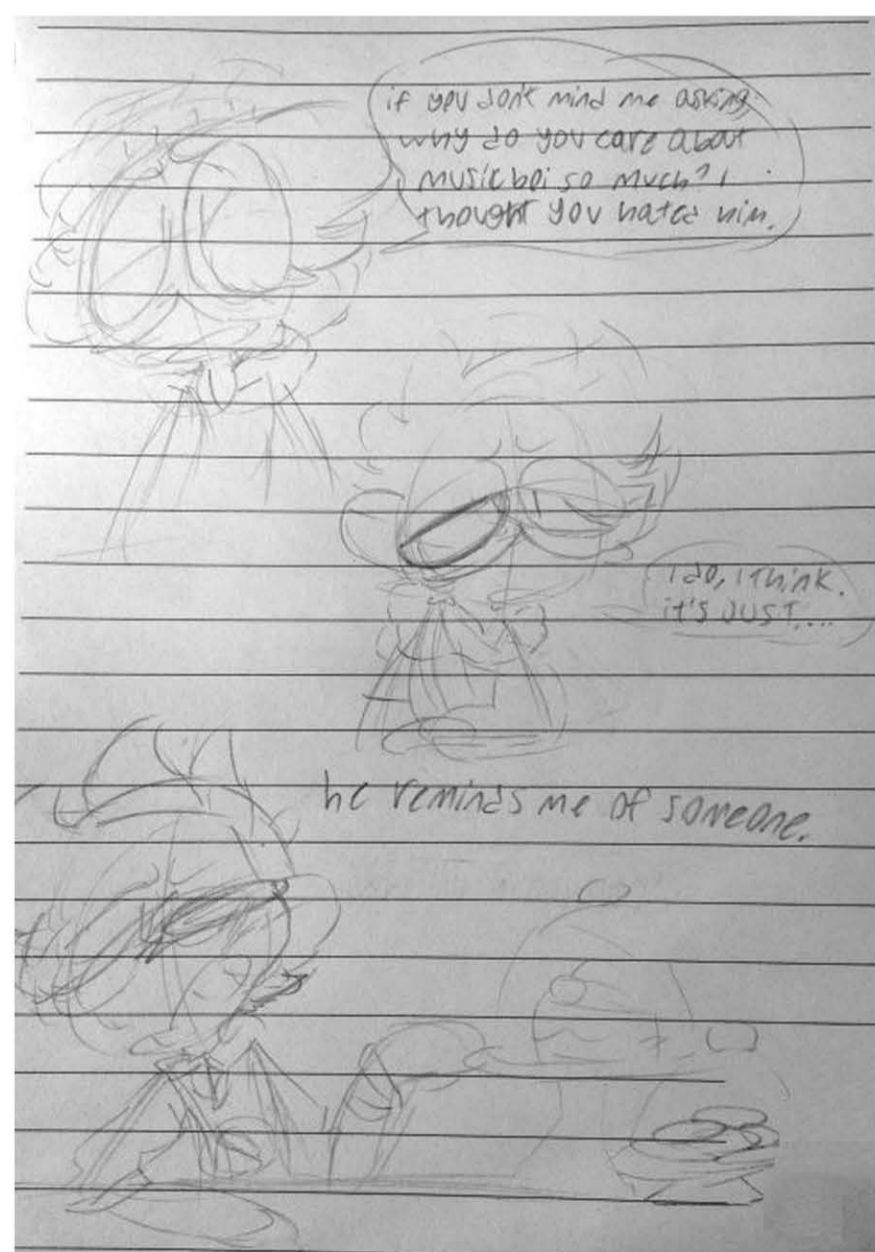
“What.” He said flatly, his rival trying to get cuddly with him? No thanks.

“I thought you were cold? I've got a cape, man.”

“You're literally smaller than me, and also my arch nemesis.”

Musicboi huffed, sounding defeated. And Spite – despite the fact he was shivering, looked smug.

He felt something lean on him, and he hissed. “What are you--” Oh, he figured out why Muse wanted to help, he was genuinely warm. “...You're warm.” He heard Musicboi laugh next to him, and he jolted away suddenly. No!



2017?

CORALINE AU

Dreary, damp and dreary. That was the best way to describe today. In typical British fashion, the only colour the sky wanted to be was grey.

The only thing Kenny could think about was how much he missed home as they drove further and further away from where he had lived his whole life. It was for the good of everyone, he knew that, but it still hurt.

He missed his family.

Letting a loud sigh escape his lips, he clutched his blue stuffed rabbit and shifted so he could look out of the window, his legs were pulled up to his chest and his music was droning on quietly, loud enough to block out the noise of Aaron and Mac bickering, but quiet enough so he could sleep. Which is what he had been doing for the majority of the drive.

A hand tapped his leg and the blue haired boy looked over to see Ethan smiling at him, Ethan had been comforting him for the majority of the trip, but Aaron and Mac had been bickering so much that he had to intervene and switch seats with Aaron, so now Aaron was sulking in the back seat with Kenny, which wasn't comforting at all.

“Hey, it's okay. We'll be there soon.” Ethan gave him one of his most heart warming smiles, he was good at those.

And he wasn't wrong, just an hour later they approached a strange looking faded pink house, the moving truck following not far behind them.

His stomach was doing flips, this was real, he was doing this. God, was he gonna be sick? He felt like he was gonna be sick, he really hoped he wasn't gonna vomit, that wouldn't be good.

Gently pressing his hand to his stomach, he focused his attention on the house, it looked nice, from a distance. But as they got closer it was obvious that the house was in poor condition, obviously weather-beaten from years of only rain, and the once vibrant pink paint had been faded away to a soft, almost grey-ish colour.

There also appeared to be a thin, lanky guy sitting on top of the roof who disappeared quickly when he realised he was being stared at. Weird.

He strolled along the muddy path, hands in pockets and headphones on, he didn't know where he was going, but he felt ill and wanted to try and walk it off.

The three-eyed, skeletal stalker pulled off his mask and Kenny gasped – It was just a boy in a costume.

Small – Well, he was taller than him, but his oversized black coat with what appeared to be reflective tape on it made him look smaller than he actually was. And his head was tilted in a strange way, almost like he was studying him.

That didn't last long, though. As –

“Ah, I'm sorry! I w-was just..”

“Lemme guess, you're from somewhere coastal, right? Somewhere warmer than here, I'm assuming. Your clothes are too light for someone who's lived here for years. What's this about, though? I've never seen someone use a stick like this before.”

“It's a dowsing rod, man! And I don't like being stalked, much, y'know, Not by strange kids in costumes, or their cats!”

The small kid laughed nervously, crouching down to pet the cat on its back.

“She's not exactly my cat, she's kinda feral, you know? She just does whatever she wants. I mean, I do feed her every night and sometimes she'll crawl in my bed and sleep next to me.” He pat her head, and she purred loudly in response.

“Whatever, whatever. I'm from Cornwall, as you said, coastal town.”

All he got was a hum in acknowledgement, almost in a smug kind of way. It made his face feel hot.

“Stomp too hard, and you'll fall in it!”

Kenny jumped out of the circle of mushrooms in reaction, and the boy scraped at the ground, scraping off enough dirt to reveal a large circular covering made of old wooden planks.

“Supposed to be so deep that if you fell to the bottom and looked up, you'd see a sky full of stars in the middle of the day.”

Deciding he wanted to change the subject, he raised a gloved hand for him to shake, a warm smile on his face.

“I'm Benny, Benny Osteen. Short for Benjamin, but just call me Benny. What'd you get saddled with?”

“Nothing, it's Kenny.”

Benny chuckled, and it make Kenny blink, what was so - Oh.

Their names matched.

“Kenny what?”

“Kenny. Kenny Vallee.”

“Hmm, interesting, interesting.” He still had a silly smirk on his face, Kennys face was hot again.

“Y'know, I almost fell down a well yesterday, Aaron.”

Aaron didn't look up from what he was doing, which was scrubbing the kitchen floor. Ethan was sitting on the kitchen counter, placing seed packets on the windowsill and looking sad.

“Uh-huh.” The red-haired boy grunted, clearly not listening to anything Kenny was saying.

“I could've died.”

“That's nice, Ken.”

Kenny huffed, scratching the rash on his hand and trying to focus his attention on something else in this boring house.

“Aaron, can I go out? It's the perfect kind of weather for gardening.” He wondered if anyone was listening to him, Ethan didn't seem phased by what Kenny had said, he seemed more focused on gardening.

“No, Ethan. I've been cleaning this floor for hours, and rain makes mud. Mud makes a mess.”

“But Aaron, I want stuff growing when people come over!” Ethan whined, clearly wanting to just get outside already.

“Isn't that why we moved here?” He added, stretching over the counter and putting his feet in the sink.

“Something like that. But then we had the accident.” Aaron gestured over to Kenny, an eyebrow raised.

He raised his arms in defence, pouting. “Hey! Wasn't my fault someone tried to kill me!”

“Never said it was.” He clearly *thought* it was.

“I can't believe it – you know I wanted to garden, it's the perfect weather for it! All my plants are gonna die if I don't plant them soon!”

“I don't have time for you right now, Ethan. And Ken, you still have unpacking to do, lots of unpacking!”

Kenny grunted, sliding down from the counter so he was hanging upside down. “But that's booring!”

“Oh, I forgot! I have something for you.” This raises an eyebrow.

A small, squishy, newspaper-wrapped package.

“Some kid left this stuffed in the letterbox, by the way. It's probably yours.”

Giving Aaron a quick, confused thank you, he walks off to where Mac would probably be. Reading the note attached to the package as he walked.

'Hey Vallee, look who I found in Ma's trunk. Look familiar? - Benny.'

Curious, he tore at the paper and was greeted with a small, button-eyed doll with blue hair that eerily matched Kennys own dyed hair. It wore a strange looking superhero outfit, however. Blue masked, cape-wearing superhero. Decked out with little DVDs around his waist and a little musical note embroidered on his shirt. His own little music boy.

"A little me?" What was with the outfit, anyway? It was cute, and Ken was never too old for toys. It made this whole moving experience just a little better for him.

"Hey Ethan, Ken." She leaned back and blinked at the doll in Kennys hand. "And Ken.... doll."

It made Ken smile slightly, Mac was clearly stressed, she had never been so far away from her home before. She was probably still a little homesick.

"Mac, do you know where the garden tools are?"

"It's pouring out there, isn't it?"

"Pfff, it's just raining!"

"*Please*, Ethan." Ken could see the crease in her forehead. Very stressed.

"Look, go out and count every door and window, list everything blue. Just - let me relax. Please."

It looked old and falling apart, small patches of mould crept around the ceiling in groups and cracks lined the walls with intricate patterns.

“Think they're trying to poison me?” He asked his doll, and made it nod in response, smiling faintly, he leaned back and –

Fell onto his bed, changed into his pyjamas and his bedtime playlist playing in the background. He had tried his hardest to decorate with what he had, but the room was so big it just felt empty and cold.

He leaned over to grab a photo that rested on his bedside counter, it was a photo of his family. He had a lot of family members, and damn if he didn't miss them all.

“Don't forget about me, guys. Okay?” He touched their faces with his fingertips sadly, all he wanted was to be back home, with his family.

But this was home now.

“You're not my friends.” He stated, defensively. “My friends don't have.. B-b-buh...”

The strange looking Aaron laughed, and Mac tapped her button eyes. Was this some sort of really messed up dream?

“B-b-b-buttons? Do you like them?”

“We're your other friends, silly. Now, go run along and tell Ethan that dinner's ready.” The way they spoke to him was strange, but it was a nice change from the usual snarky comments and just general stressed tone his other friends speak in.

Except for Ethan, who was trying his best, but was clearly just as depressed as Kenny.

Right now though, all Kenny was was hungry. Roast dinner had always been a favourite of his.

“Well, go along! He's in the study.”

Kenny shuffled along, taking in the house as he went. It was filled with a warm, orange colour that seemed to travel around the whole house. Freshly placed wallpaper lined the walls, with beautiful patterns and family photos that looked like they had been there forever. Family photos of everyone.... except for Kenny.

It made him stop and raise an eyebrow, but the smell reminded him of the promise of food, which forced him to move on and go get Ethan.

The study was completely transformed, filled with all kinds of overgrown plants, vine-like plants that climbed up the walls, flowers that smelled so strongly that it masked the smell of food, potted plants that towered over Kenny, every kind of plant you could imagine, all crammed into one small room.

The strangest thing was what Ethan was doing, hunched over a piano in the middle of the room that was covered in leaves and flowers. Tapping away on various keys slowly, it was almost eerie.

“Ethan?”

Ethan whipped around, he also had bright and shiny button eyes, he seemed just as happy as Ethan used to be, a big, silly grin across his face as his eyes landed on Kenny.

“Well hello, Ken! Wanna hear my new song?”

This was definitely weird,

“You can't play piano.”

“No need to! This piano plays ME!”

All of a sudden, large, mossy arms popped out of the top of the piano and attached themselves to Ethans own, his hands raised up dramatically and then dropped down gently to start playing as Ethan started singing.

“Makin' up a song about Musicboi!

He's a peach, he's a doll, he's a pal of mine!

He's as cute as a button in the eyes of everyone who ever laid their eyes on Mus-ic-boi!”

Kenny blinked, astounded at how well Ethan could actually sing, he always thought he had a nice voice, but he never realised how well that translated into song. It made him smile, maybe moving here wasn't so bad, after all.

Other Ethan had finished singing, and was now looking at Kenny expectantly, waiting for a response from his friend.

“That – that was amazing, Ethan! I never knew you could sing!”

Ethan looked very pleased, clapping his moss-covered hands together with joy.

“Thank you, thank you!”

“OH! They told me, to tell you that dinner's ready.”

THE END...

if you're reading this, congratulations! you've made it to the end of the first MUSICBOI ART ARCHIVE!

wait.. first...?

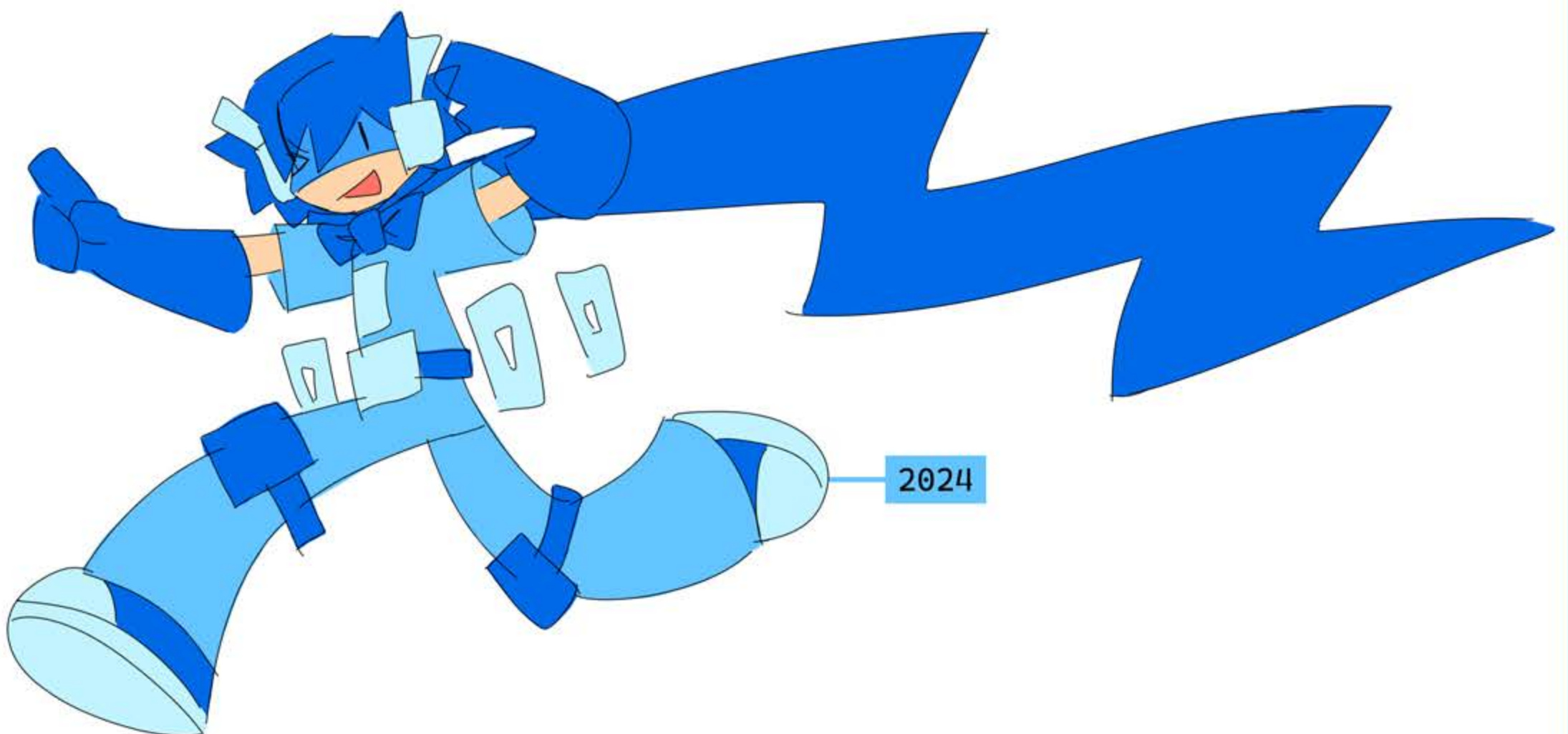
well. despite my best attempts, there is still so much musicboi series art that hasn't been archived. more than enough to fill another zine with. the world hasn't seen the last of musicboi, yet...

i want to give my thanks to everybody mentioned in this zine: ghostie, jonesy, ink, holly and mel :) as well as a special thanks to alva (for implanting this idea in my head) and 3am (for the continuous support on musicboi through the years. and musicboi daily)

and you, for reading this zine! thank you very much! :D

see you next time!

- wormy



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