

Foolish Mistakes of February 6, 2003, aka...

“Stale, Longwinded and Otherwise Horrid First Lines”
Dedicated to the Bulwer-Lytton competition

Our four heroes (Jim Thorp, Arthur Dent*, Wiley Coyote* and Freddy Mercury) were stuck searching for a treasure in the desert land of Egyptolia, between the seas of Evermelt and the Harlequin Ocean, on the World of Gartmore (a world much like our own, but slightly different in that ‘griffin’ is only a variation of ‘gryphon’ and not the other way around), when instead of finding the treasure as one might expect from a group as intelligent as ours, they were all suddenly squished by a giant squid named Bashoon the Barbed Wire, with the same sort of squishing sound and generally in the same sort of way that I imagine any four people would be squished by a giant squid, especially one named Bashoon the Barbed Wire, which, as you can imagine, is a somewhat threatening name to be squished by.

Long before gaining fame in the land of Egyptolia by squishing our heroes, Bashoon the Barbed Wire was living in the harsh suburbs of Port Lambassador, and was often found calming his giant squid of a mother, in the way that all squids are found calming their mothers -by waving their arms around- but once, just at the crucial moment of gentle calmingness, Bashoon waved his arms in a unique manner that will not be discussed here and accidentally summoned up the Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka, who appeared under the guise of a group of presidential candidates wearing glasses and then were suddenly destroyed when the evil IntroPale LanderStalking barged into the room and shot them with his laser gun, ‘in the name of decency.’

IntroPale LanderStalking was a horrid, horrid person with curly, black hair, a short goatee and shiny shoes, and I would even go as far as to say that he was pure evil (and what I say goes since I created him), but it's not really fair to judge, because his parents were turned into cardboard boxes by an invention of mine, 'the Turn Anything Into a Cardboard Box Machine,' five seconds before they were going to give him the name, Bill Gates, which really sucks, in case it has never happened to you, and it should also be taken into account that IntroPale died yesterday when I hit my head against the wall, along with Jordan Artichoke, Timmy the Turntable and my understanding of how to use the word 'anteater,' all of which are now stuck in the void, and, of course, this is all too bad because I kind of liked Timmy the Turntable, which has caused me to decide to go into the void myself, charge in on a golden-maned horse that looks a whole lot like a dirty broom, something rather dangerous, on which I cannot guarantee safety, nor success, but it is something that I have to do because it's about time I helped Timmy like he's helped me so many times, and until I do help him, I'll be terribly sad, only consoling myself with memories of him, such as our work together on singing "Polyethylene (Parts I and II)*."

"Polyethylene (Parts I and II)" goes something like this: "...we scare ourselves of all that you wanna be; you just got paid and now you're going (how long should you be?); if I get scared I'll just call you, and I miss your glow as I unsettle, mmm I will always feel- I will always be, right, one, two, three, four... so sad you're sitting tight, well come and live with me, something something something polyethylene; there is no significant risk to your health (she used to be beautiful once as well); plastic bags, middle class, polyethylene, decaffeinate, I'll let it keep all surfaces clean, mm if you don't believe me, sell your soul; if you don't get into it, no one will."

Despite common thought, if you don't get into it, there is still a slight chance that somebody else will, such as if I were to mention the term 'swimmer's ear,' it might not tell you very much, but a pediatrician would be all over the term like a poodle on a piece of American cheese, or something along those lines (and here is another good example, in which if you did not know about poodles' affinity for American cheese, you might consider my analogy somewhat weak, but the true poodle-fanatics are nodding at each other and talking in high tones), or another example might be when Verdona GodFreeze shot JerrPie HumberPop in the head, which is a tad bit confusing and difficult to imagine for people who have only met Verdona and JerrPie, but people hearing the whole story will be really into it.

Long before being shot in the head by Verdona GodFreeze, JerrPie HumberPop was a very nice young man, who was often called a treasure by the various people who made his acquaintance, except that he was not nice, not young, and more a bald eagle than a man, or at least more a bald eagle than a HumberPop, which is probably because HumberPops aren't things, while men and bald eagles are things, and JerrPie was a thing, until he was shot in head by Verdona GodFreeze, when he became nothing (except maybe that very nice young man who was shot in the head by Verdona GodFreeze), although at the time JerrPie looked more a box of pearls resting on my counter than a thing, or a bald eagle, or even a man, if only boxes of pearls had heads or were slightly more obtuse.

The box of pearls resting on my counter rested like boxes of pearls that are often found resting on counters, both mine and that of people who are not me, except that right at

the crucial moment of resting, it did something that resembled waving its arms in a unique manner that will not be discussed here and accidentally summoning up the Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka, who appeared under the guise of a group of presidential candidates wearing glasses and then were suddenly destroyed by the evil IntroPale LanderStalking, only the box didn't have arms, and so had a good deal of difficulty waving them, and the Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka were less summoned than not summoned, but who wants to hear about a box of pearls that does nothing but rest on my counter?

The Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka are often considered the cause of a good number of people being squished by giant squids, although nobody knows quite why this is, because the only time they were ever seen, and indeed the only time they ever existed, was when they were accidentally summoned by a giant squid (who later went on to squish our heroes) and were then shot, with a laser gun, by the evil IntroPale LanderStalking, who was only evil out of bad luck and a terrible piece of technology that shall not be discussed here, but at present our heroes were not yet squished and mostly in the shape that becomes of humans, sort of obtuse with weird limbs jutting out of every conceivable orifice (Wiley Coyote, who was the intelligent member of the group, slightly varied from this general shape in that he was a coyote rather than a human, although at being squished, a certain spectator would remark that he looked an awful lot like a box of pearls resting on the spectator's counter), and were on the World of Gartmore trying to find a particular treasure, which by a strange coincidence also at one point looked like a box of pearls resting on the spectator's counter, although he usually went by the name JerrPie HumberPop, until he was shot in the head by Verдона GodFreeze.

Verdona GodFreeze, the cheek-boned, blonde-haired young dame who famed herself in the desert land of Egyptolia by shooting someone in the head for seemingly very little reason, actually had a rather good reason, namely that she was in that certain mood, in which one is able to shoot people in the head for seemingly very little reason, but her murder victim also had an aggravating habit of clicking his tongue whenever he said the word, “gryphon,” which, surprisingly, happened ten times in the five minutes that she knew him, and she killed him for that as well, along with his annoying tendency to chew on his fingernails, and his even more annoying tendency to point a laser gun in Verdona’s direction, something a tad bit confusing and difficult to imagine for people who have only met Verdona’s victim, but people hearing the whole story will be really into it.

The desert land of Egyptolia is a very dull desert land, filled with sand and cacti, in which people can fame themselves for just about the stupidest things, such as when the evil IntroPale LanderStalking found four presidential candidates, dressed in blue suits and wearing glasses, next to a squid who was trying to comfort his mother, and decided to call them the ‘Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka’ and destroy them because they caused people to get squished by squids, and it was the Dark Lords that became famous rather than IntroPale LanderStalking, often in stories told to scare little children, such as ‘the Time the Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka Tried to Drain the Seas of Evermelt and the Harlequin Ocean,’ which is quite possibly the most famous children’s story in all of humanity (or in the case of one of our heroes, in all of coyotedom).

The Seas of Evermelt and the Harlequin Ocean were, respectively, a group of seas and an ocean, and were rarely in use because they were so horrifyingly large, and if you

can't picture a group of seas and ocean so large that they are rarely in use, imagine the tallest person you know and then imagine that they are as big as a really big group of seas or ocean (it might also help to paint that person an ocean-blue, and replace all of his or her features with waves), and if you still have trouble imagining just how vastly huge the Seas of Evermelt and the Harlequin Ocean were, try changing that person's sex or if that person was originally male, give him a small penis, and as a last resort you can always go back in time to before the World of Gartmore was destroyed and visit the Seas of Evermelt and the Harlequin Ocean yourself.

A few days before the World of Gartmore was destroyed by a Fool's mistake, it was alive with interesting stories and legends, such as that of IntroPale LanderStalking and the Dark Lords of Mikwakwaka, or that of our four heroes (Jim Thorp, Arthur Dent, Wiley Coyote and Freddy Mercury) and the squid Bashoon the Barbed Wire, or even that of Verдона GodFreeze and JerrPie HumberPop (which is only really easy to get into if you already know the whole story), none of which shall be described here, namely because the World of Gartmore *was* destroyed by a Fool's mistake, and to ignore that fact would be to ignore something crucial, something which shall also not be discussed here, for the reason mentioned earlier.

The Fool, from this point forth, will be referred to as I, since I prefer not to speak in the third person, and is quite possibly duller than the desert land of Egyptolia, which is so dull that people can fame themselves for just about the stupidest things, most of which are about as dull as I am (and, due to this, I will not discuss them here), but I did accomplish something of at least a bit interest when I remarked, yesterday, that Wiley Coyote looked

like a box of pearls resting on my counter after he was squished by a giant squid, causing a laugh from both the squid and myself, but word of that never got around the desert land of Egyptolia, because the whole World of Gartmore was destroyed at that moment when I mistakenly hit my head against a wall.

*** Notes on the story:** It is rather important to note that everything in this story was stolen, and everything that it was stolen from was in turn stolen from something else. For example, the character, Arthur Dent, was stolen from “the Hitchhikers’ Guide to the Galaxy,” and “Polyethylene (Parts I & II)” is, other than the grammar mistakes, mostly the same as Radiohead’s song “Polyethylene (Parts I & II),” found on their disc “Paranoid Android (CD 1),” who’s name is also stolen from “the Hitchhikers’ Guide to the Galaxy.” Also, Wiley Coyote was stolen from “Loony Toons,” while the idea of a) changing someone’s sex, or b) if that person was originally male, giving him a small penis, was taken from Shannon Olsen, and she took it from somewhere else (or so I heard).

The only possible conclusion from all of this is that everybody is about to get sued by everybody else, who will in turn be sued by everybody else. The only people left standing will be those who don’t write anything at all.