

Being From Nothingness

The exosphere excurrented up a frothy foamy liquid under the heads of two octogenarian chinese princes while accidental nightingales swung down to catch silvery silk-worms squirming in polyester paddies. The oldest of the princes reached up to stroke the snoring hippogriff when suddenly the pine mouse (who had been sitting sullenly on a bent tree branch), cried: "Don't touch him!" But it was too late. The hippogriff gobbled up the two princes with one gluttonous gulp. "I was waiting for that," said the hippogriff, who rolled over on his speckled belly to wait for his gloxinias to bloom.

Slowly shaking his furry head and blinking his oblong, almond eyes in disbelief, the pine mouse scampered down to the florescent flux, where docked a small gunboat filled with glimmering drachmas. "Batter down the hutches, and host the soil!" the weather-beaten old captain cried, and the boat lurched from the bank into heavily heaving waters.

Eight millennia later, the pine mouse squeaked: "When will we get there already?" "If you don't stop your muttonish behavior, young mouse, I'll have to make you walk the flank," replied the captain, who was famishing for a nice piece of veal Oscar.

"Tally ho!" came the warning cry from the blasty crew in the crow's nest, and the orbicular dinghy cracked into land. "Abandon hip!" the captain chortled. "Seamen and chinchillas first!" After the captain strangled and buried the pine mouse in a nearby cave, stamped down the desecrated dirt, marked "X" with a yellow-stained nail, thrust the treasure map in a blue Ming vase and wiped the winows from his brow, he stood heavily over the grave, a prayer on his beery lips.

"At last, poor pine mouse, I knew him swell. Farting is such sweat sorrow. Shout shout brief sandal," and with a bleary tear in his one red eye, he danced over to the pile of drachmas lying wantonly in the rusty wheelbarrow near the entrance to the cave.

"Now where can I crash in my chips?" the old sailor shouted to his first mate through his megaphone. Suddenly, there was the wail of a growl and the silhouette of a siamese cat cast an eerie shadow on one wall of the cave. "I think this belongs to me," a hissy voice permeated the captain's hoary haired ear, and the siamese cat sauntered in, a sword dangling daintily from his neck. "God's puke! If it isn't the siamese cat," the captain grumbled to himself. Aloud, he denounced, "My kingdom for a force," and wandered bewilderedly out of the cave, leaving the spoils to rot. The siamese cat thumped onto the wheelbarrow, which continued its journey to the royal Russian tzar fields.

Five trelennium dennium later:

“Eighty-eight thousand, eighty-nine thousand, ...ninety,” the siamese cat finalized, placing, with a black velvet paw, the last crusty drachma in front of King Alfonso. “Goody goody!” King Alfonso rubbed the sieving wart on his left hand and slammed on his royal pitch helmet with the right. “Now I can finance my expedition to bag that elusive hippogriff!”

But he was too late, the gloxinias had bloomed and the Hippogriff was at this moment devouring every nourishing, tasty petal with undisguised relish. In the next second, the hippogriff metamorphosed into a ballistic balloon tire and immediately started an explosion, heating up into a top notch fireball. “Hot dingle juice! An Atomic fireball!” Little Prince Albert caught it with the crusty brown Spaulding glove sweating on his left paw. “I hope it’s the cinnamon kind this time!” and he popped it in his mouth, sucking delightedly and wagging his head as he watched for the next one.