

JIMMY JOE AND THE BOX

This is a horror story, don't read this if you plan to go to sleep after reading this. In fact, don't read this after you go to sleep. Better yet, just to be on the safe side, don't read this if you ever plan to sleep again. But then again, why trust me? I'm just the psychologist!

One day there was a boy named Jimmy Joe. Jimmy Joe was a quiet kid, good in school, always obeyed his parents, stalked his pet hamster named Huey Hickup every midnight, ate his own weight in food every few hours to survive, worshiped Leonard Nimoy every night with marshmallows taped to his clothes while wearing his mammoth fur underoos and burning scotch tape scented incense. You know, the type you should worry about but don't? Anyways, here is the story about him...

Jimmy Joe lived in Kokomo, Indiana way back in the magical year of 1987. Jimmy Joe had a large 57" Zenith television box in the back, left corner of his basement. But this was no ordinary box, this was an evil box from either Heck or somewhere down in Mexico. I'm not sure where exactly. Anyhoo, one time Jimmy Joe's dog, Dizzy Dewey Domino, jumped into the box and after about a second, a loud fizzing sound and the smell of burning rubber filled the room, and about an hour later, a cat hopped out. Jimmy Joe liked his new cat. He also likes Curious George and Rush Limbaugh. One day, a horse named Haw Haw HorseyHead jumped into the box and a short time later, a hamburger and a can of Happy Dog™ dog food popped out. Jimmy Joe was hungry so he ate the dog food and gave the hamburger to the neighbor's dog. Another time, he threw in a piece of string and a walnut popped out. Jimmy Joe liked walnuts. He had a whole shoebox full.

One time Jimmy Joe looked into the box and saw swirls of colors, like the toilet bowl after Dad was finished using it. Jimmy Joe was immediately sucked in with a Shhwuuuumpt!!! sound.

The next morning, Jimmy Joe's parents looked into the box and guess what they found?

An egg with J.J. written on it's side and a roll of toilet paper. Since it was time for breakfast, his parents ate the egg.

Later that night, Moron Mom From The Moon and Dorky Dad From Denmark went doodoo at exactly 8:48 PM and the doodoo crawled out of the toilet and yelled "**BOOLA!**". Jimmy Joe's parents re-ate their doodoo and threw it up. Their vomit then yelled "**BOOLA!**" so they re-ate it. Later when they went normal potty, the normal potty dripped out onto the floor yelling "**BOOLA BOOLA!**" until their new dog: Zorba, The Children Eating Dog From Heck, Helper Of Evil, Immortal, Invincible, Killer, Cannot Be Put To Sleep, Say My Whole Name Right On The First Try Or Die a Horrible Bone Shattering, Blood Curdling Death, The Devil Dog Who Takes 254 Lives A Day, An Evil, Non-puppylike Demon Of Death And Disaster drank up the normal potty, spun around three times yelling "**BOOLA BOOLA!**" and then exploded.

Now at dinner, sister seats mom and brother seats the new dog at the table.

Today, if you ask the family about Jimmy Joe, they'll deny ever knowing him and they will throw you into the box.

**THE
END**