

The Story of...

SOMETHING!!!!

By Joshua Gulch - Author of Jimmy Joe and the Box

It all started about ninety and a third million years ago when **SOMETHING** crawled out of the yucky, icky, disgusting, gross, but yet still naftubulistic sludgy slime at the bottom of the lake that later became the Atlantic Ocean. After climbing out and basking in the sun, it opened up the first Comfort Inn near Fairfax, Virginia. It had everything! Queen size beds, free local calls, free Showtime, and broken fire alarms. Oh yeah, and there was an ice machine, too. And right down the road a bit, you had the Dulles International Airport.

The **SOMETHING** then decided to hire four guys. ALL NAMED JOHN!!!! First there was John D. Rockefeller then there was John Z. DeLorean followed by a guy named John Hammond (Deoxyribonucleic Acid freak) and last there was John (No last name, just John). There was also two other guys, Jimmy Joe, Sr. (who quit because he couldn't seem to find his son...) and there was Stupid Stupid Yow Yow, Sr. (who was thrown in jail for blackmailing the family dog, using his son as a shooting range, cheating in Trivial Pursuit, trying to sell Burger King and McDonalds a special "Mystery Meat" [later found to be processed chipmunk], having an intelligent conversation with Lesile for FIVE MINUTES STRAIGHT, and eating frozen octopus bladders [he liked the creamy filling the best], also because he worshiped those greeting cards with a kitty on them). As for the Johns, they worked pretty good until they decided to leave to open up businesses for themselves. Rockefeller opened a gas station, DeLorean made cars, Hammond bought an island off the coast of Costa Rica to build a resort, and John, well, nobody knows what happened to John.

By now, it was the mythical, whimsical year of 1987, the year of the waffles. Yes, every day more than 8,970,742,068 waffles were consumed in the Northern Hemisphere alone (the Southern people aren't waffle nuts like us) Even the **SOMETHING** ate more than his share in his quiet little bungalow on the tropical island of Kookomo. Finally, the Waffle People of the planet Waffel 9 got mad and launched an attack on earth. They attacked the earthlings by shooting them with maple syrup and by "pancaking" (dull humor, ask your mom) them with giant waffelizers. Little did their small buttery minds realize was that miscalculated plans (as well as bad directions from that old guy at the truck stop on I -75 who was eating a \$1.99 bagel with cream cheese and drinking a small \$2.47 coffee with 1/2

a pint of creamer and four teaspoons of sugar added) led them into New York's Central Park where they were soon devoured by a gang of hungry guys. Those who did survive ran into the Central Park Zoo and locked themselves in a big cage to get away from the hungry crowd (they were after all, big waffles). While the others were intimidating the people on the outside, Willie, The Waffle Leader, heard a noise, turned around, and was face to face, er, face to six-foot retractable claw with the legendary Polly, the 80 foot tall parakeet. He screamed. Bad mistake. Giant bloated monster eyesight is based on movement. Willie was soon gobbled up. The others were eaten up too. The hungry people outside got mad at Polly and ate him.

Mean while, not far away, a duck opened it's wings and jumped. Flapping it's wings vigorously, it continued to f

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I. SPLAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It

smashed into the pavement ONE FOOT AWAY FROM A COVENIENTALLY PLACED PILE OF MATTRESSES, BLANKETS, PILLOWS, AND FEATHERS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! A squirrel picked up a nut next to the pile and headed over to a nearby tree when **SOMETHING** fell and smashed him f l a t. Far, far away a dog howled. Funeral processions are as follows: The Duck~8:00 AM this Saturday. The Squirrel~6:00 PM this Sunday.

What is this unexplained phenomom? Is it really unexplained? Is it even a phenomom for that matter? What is it? It has to be **SOMETHING**. It's somewhere in this world. In fact, it could...

**BE RIGHT BEHIND
YOU!!!!**