"Do you think that... maybe... anybody... anybody... but you... yourself... gives a fuck what you think?

- Do I give a fuck what I think?
- Do you?"

XXX

Deep in the bowels of the Empire, a girl and a boy, tired of the cruel misstreatment they have had to endure from their wicked, selfish, manipulative, loveless parents, poison dead the bastards burgers, grab the bread basket filled with croissants and run away into the countryside.
- After the initial feeling of desperate relief clears up, the children decide to live in the woods forever.

"In the world without money, without laws, without work, without technology and without all the numberless horrors produced by civilisation."

- Who happy? We happy! they kept saying, living in each other's sunny shadows.

- Until one day the evitable turned inevitable: the bread basket was no more croissants...

- And panicking procession of wild boars—chased by hunting party of Domesticated Bloodthirsty Wolves—...

- Unite!!!

- ...passed by.
The kids, not forgetting the empty bread basket, followed.

Soon, the jolly party arrived to the shores of the vast ocean.

And the leader of the wild boars—helped by wolves munching the slow-feet/out of shape/fatalistic tail of the procession—started swimming into the distant horizon.

The sun was setting into the...

Green water.

Fish were jumping...

... and the tide was high.

XXX
The children jumped into the bread basket, grabbed the tail...

The pig-tail!

... of the last in line swimming wild boar and took a ride into the unknown.

They arrived on an island.

After drying their clothes on the flat hot rocks...

On the exotic beach...

They soon discovered the river.

What happened to the wild boars and the wolves? I asked.

Just shut up and write! he said and continued.

xxx

Soon they discovered the river, fresh of susimusi...

Full of susimusi water...

And bat fish.

Voila.

Here we go.

"We are an Empire now and when we act, we create our own reality."

xxx
Floating down the river, inside of the bread basket, one morning...

One morning they woke up anchored next to the same islet in the shallow depths of the river.

Pop.

... XXX

The only islet inhabitant was the schizophrenic aetruistic wicked witch.

And instantly...

Aetruistic enough not to be
extremely wicked, wicked enough
to qualify as the witch."
- And instantly offered to fulfill 3 of their wishes.

- Sorry, the polite kids said, but
  we have only one wish.
- Yeah?
- Can our bread basket
  always be full?
- Done! said and did the witch.
- Ah, sorry, the boy said beseeching,
can we have some burgers too?
- Done... almost, gasped the witch.
- you can burger me, I just hate...
- A small favour to ask... in return.
- What favour now?
- Nothing spooky we hope.
- oh, no, nothing like that.
- What then? Speak up!
- Speak up!!!
- Well... you can have my flash... for your croburgers... but can I... in return... as a favour... be forever... and ever...
- Whaaat?
- Your Special Secret Imaginary Friend?
- Ah! Done, said (and did) the Kids.
- Wait a sec, the girl remembered something very important it seemed. "We also have a third wish!"
- Jaaaaa?
- It is a secret wish.
- Done!!!
As the witch was pretty fat...
- And the kids smalle...
- The big feast of croburgers...
- Witchburgers.
- And fresh susimusi water...
- Lasted forever...
- And ever.
- All the way into their coming of age.
- They did come of age and soon their secret wish came true: a hybrid baby boy was born.
- And then...
- As it regularly sometimes happens, forever and ever ended.
- There were no more burgers.
- Hey, hey, hey!
- The witch was gone. Through the bowels and into the geraniums.
- Cactuses!
- The hybrid baby started to scream: I want burgers, fuck your raw fish and bloody geraniums!
- Cactuses!
Ding dong, the witch is dead,
Ding dong, the wicked witch is dead!

The parents peacefully explained the lack of burgers.

The hybrid kid cried and cried...
hiccupping on his bread dominated diet.

till two voices in unison...

Sang,

Ding dong the wicked witch
now dead!

It was the Aetruistic Special
Secret Imaginary Friend.

ASSIF.

And the Wicked Special Secret
Imaginary Friend.

WSSIF.

Brilliant. Welcome to the story,
guys.

Let's cut Mr. Nice crap, said
WSSIF and ASSIF.- Let's have a
vote on the issue of introducing
burgers back to the menu.

They said in unison.
- But the witch is gone to the gene... cactuses! shouted the girl and the boy.
- VOTE! I said.
- So they all voted.
- ASSIF: ✓
- DSSIF: ✓
- Hybrid Kid ✓
- Boy X
- Girl 0

xxx

- The new democratic majority decided, before the burgering begins, to fasten the parents on "only-bread-diet". As bread...
- Croisants?
- As croisants were plenty...
- Never mind the hiccups.
- ... soon the hybrid kid was the islet's first Orphan of Destiny.
- Auuuuu!
- His only company two special secret imaginary friends and two mountains of burgers.
- Me, Momies and Mr. Dadies.

xxx
On the regime of crowitchburgers, the kid grew up into a teenager and...
And became a wordsmith by profession.
The word spread around the whole of the island and the customers started appearing...
The word buyers.
Started appearing from all of the directions, buying word by word and...
Taking it back to their...
Languageless homes.
For example?
For example, one would bring an animal, weird looking, furry...
Tailly.
Cute.
And the nameless creature would get its Banizbatian name.
Mokos.
The squirel might object, I don't wanna be Mokos, all would say: Shut up Mokos, here m
This island you are Mokos.
- Fucking squirrel...
- Or whatever...
- ... somewhere else.

X X X

- As Hybrid Teenager would just pop-out words...
- The new words.
- ... soon he was nicknamed...
- Pop!
- On the Pop Islet!
- Oh the Pop River!

X X X
And Pop, ASSIF and WSSIF lived happily ever after on the Pop Isle.
Till forgotten by all but few.
- Aetamirians.
- Aetaminians?
- Followers of Aetamira.
- The cave?
- Do your fucking homework before you bring your fluffy skinny ass here next time!
- A cave!!! Rings the bell. Any other caves that might...
- Ok jk. Chill. Got it.


image ?