

# Phnom Penh and Vienna



Thomas and  
Howard Bobpop

# Chapter One: North America

Frank McDonald's, Age 5

One day, we decided as a famiwwy that we wood be twavewwing akwoss the gwobe to see evewy countwee but my bwothro is my onwee wiving famiwy membo afto we went to Amaowika fwum ao own countwee Canada and mommy and daddy woo mauled by bison when we cwossed into the Montana boedoe. So he and I stuck out ao thumbs and hitchhiked down to Cowowado and then we went to Utah and then Nevada and then Caowifonia and then we went to Mexico whayo we finally cowected enough coins fwum the fwool of a McDonode's to finawee spend it awe on a night at a Howiday Inn. It was that night my bwothro and I decided we wood foofie my pawents's dying wishes to see evwee countwee. In Mexico, we saw a cactus. And then we wocked by foot to a McDonode's in Guatemauba. We woo so hungwy since ao we'd had foe dinno was McDonode's in Mexico, and this was ao thoode day of the twip. Then, we atMcDonodes foe dinno again when we got to Bewize and then Eieu Saovado and then Hondoowas and then Nicowagwa and then Costa Wica, and then we swam to the Cawibbean and Haiti and then the Dominican Wepublic, and then the Bahamas, and then yacht-hitchhiked to St. Kitts and Nevis, Antigua and Baobuda, Dominica, Saint Wusheya, Baobados, Saint Vincent and the Gwenadines, Gwenada, and then Twinidad and Tobago. Then we doggy paddoed to Cuba, wieow we joined a commune and then weft the countwee onwy the next day when we went to Jamaica and then the day afto that we went to Panama and then we saw the canao and chose to stay thou fo fifteen yeohs. We swept in a Howiday Inn and the manajoe was wieke a conditono fatho to us but then he did fwom watto poisoning of the highest seveewity since I sneezed in his watto and then he dwank some and died the end.

# Chapter Two: South America

Frank McDonald's, Age 20

Today, Sam and I decided to travel the 5 feet between us and South America. It was a long and arduous and lengthy and annoying journey and Sam just couldn't handle it. I could tell he was on the verge of collapse, so we pulled over (even though we didn't have cars) once we'd crossed over into Colombia and found a McDonald's, which I guess was there from this thing I learned about in AP World (in Panama) called globalization. But anyway, my brother, Sam, was able to keep going and so we hitchhiked and made it to Venezuela by the following mealtime, and for dinner we ate, you guessed it, McDonald's. Though, this time it was a little weird. Anyway, we looked for a Holiday Inn to stop at, but for some reason, there were none around. He and I opted to sleep in the jungle. Sam's leg wasn't there in the morning. Anyhow, the next day we went to Brazil through taxi. I saw a market ahead, but Sam was complaining so much that the driver threw him into the jungle. I never heard from him again. But the McDonald's were much better here in Brazil, so it didn't matter much to me.. The next hour, I travelled to French Guiana, which looked nothing like what I'd learned about France, and I wasn't complaining (except about the McDonald's, which almost made me throw up). After that, I went to Suriname (where I saw the ocean for the first time I'd entered the continent) and Guyana, then drove back through Brazil by taxi and down to Argentina. I was sort of busy, I guess.

Then I traveled to Paraguay and Uruguay. I don't know why their names sound so similar; the McDonald's' were completely different! Next, I went to Chile and slept in some Incan historic site or something. But, historic or not, it didn't compare to a Holiday Inn. The next day, I went to Bolivia, which had maybe the best McDonald's so far, and then I went to Peru and Ecuador. Neither were super interesting as the McDonald's weren't anything to die for. But nevertheless, I stayed there in Ecuador for the next fifteen years, saving up for my next flight. One that would take me to Antarctica.

# Chapter Three: Antarctica

Frank McDonald's, Age 35

I went to Antarctica on a one way flight- the worst flight ever mind you. I sat next to Harry, a morbidly obese DJ who said he was gonna try to claim Marie Byrd Land. “BOMBS AWAY!” I yelled as I threw him out the window. I was allowed to do this because I was flying Atlantic and not Delta. I had the good fortune of finding enough money in his wallet to finance fifteen years of McDonald's for dinner, until it struck me that there were no McDonalds' in Antarctica. “NOO!” I yelled, throwing Harry's chair out the window. Then, underneath his chair, some guy had left his wallet, glasses, and left eyeball. Inside was enough money to pay a lifetime of busfare that would take me from country to country. And then it struck me that there were no countries in Antarctica. “NOO!” I yelled, throwing Harry's wallet, the other dude's wallet, my own wallet, my pants, my glasses, my chair, my glasses, my complimentary on-flight McDonald's meal, and an elephant that snuck onboard out the window.

When I actually arrived I spent my days ordering Russian Uber sailors to get me McDonald's while secretly sleeping in a research base. Eventually, though, only after three years, did they find me. I was promptly kicked out and starved for the remaining twelve years.

# Chapter Four: Oceania

Frank McDonald's, Age 50

After 15 years of starvation, I finally stowed away on a plane and made it to Australia. I feasted off of the McDonald's there, using the mountains of coins people dropped on the McDonalds floor (and sometimes in peoples' purses in dire circumstances) to buy dozens of hamburgers and chicken nuggets. All in all, Australia wasn't a bad place, though a snake did steal a nugget from me. Next, I swam to New Zealand, where I saw a bird with a long beak. I killed it and gave it to a McDonald's as payment for my meal, but for some reason they got mad at me and I had to leave the country and swim to Papua New Guinea, which had a lot of McDonald's. Next was Fiji, where thankfully had a McDonald's, even if it tasted funky. Then I went to Samoa, Palau, Nauru, Tuvalu, Tonga, and Micronesia. I think Micronesia's a pretty stupid name; I mean, who names their country "tiny"? Not me, that's for sure. I'd name my country "Holiday McDonald's Inn". Then I went to Kiribati, Niue, the Cook Islands, and the Solomon Islands. Then, I swam to the Marshall Islands and slept in some old Buddhist temple. So boring. Then, I made a living robbing stores and spent all day gorging on McDonald's, which will never ever get old. But after I robbed the McDonald's cash register fifteen years later and used the money to buy more McDonald's, I decided to swim to Asia to get more countries in.

# Chapter Five: Asia

Frank McDonald's, Age 65

In Asia, I went to Malaysia, Timor-Leste, Brunei, Singapore, and Indonesia. Then, I traveled to Vietnam and wound up in Cambodia, where I spent all day purposely avoiding the capital city since the McDonald's there had terrible Yelp reviews. Then, I went to Thailand, saw a terrible symphony in Laos, then Myanmar, then went upwards into China and swam to Taiwan, then the Philippines, and then doggy paddled to Japan, and then stepped one foot in Russia before learning had no McDonald's, which made me so mad that I threw a snowball at the customs guy, who chased me with a rifle into Mongolia. Once he was off my tracks, I ran into North Korea and learned they *also* didn't have a McDonald's. So I threw a dirtball at their customs officer and got chased into South Korea where I doggy paddled to Sri Lanka, hitchhiked by ferry to the Maldives, and then swam onto India's coast, traveling afterwards to Nepal, Bangladesh, and Bhutan. Then I ventured through Tajikistan, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Kyrgyzstan, and then found myself eating a McDonald's meal with the shah of Iran, before I ran off to Iraq. Then, I passed out from exhaustion in the caucasus when I arrived in Abkhazia. Then, I accidentally called Abkhazia a part of Georgia and an angry mob chased me into Georgia, and then the same thing happened in South Ossetia, which pushed me into Azerbaijan, and then I said Artsakh wasn't a country accidentally, but nothing happened because Artsakh fell apart in 2024. Then I went into Armenia where I played chess with some dude in a McDonald's, and then went to Oman, Yemen, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, Qatar, Bahrain, Kuwait, Israel, Syria, Palestine, Lebanon, Jordan, and concluded my journey in Türkiye's beautiful McDonald's with a painting of Suleiman the Magnificent on the wall. Then, I swum to Cyprus, and then moved to Northern Cyprus for the next fifteen years.

# Chapter Six: Europe

Frank McDonald's, Age 80

I swam up to Greece, then stumbled through Macedonia, Albania, Bulgaria, Kosovo, Transnistria, Moldova, Ukraine, Romania, Montenegro, Croatia, Serbia, Slovenia, Slovakia, Hungary, Belarus, Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia as drunk as a skunk, and after a week of perpetual drunkenness, I awoke with a nasty hangover in Finland. To fight the hangover I drank some more, stumbling through Sweden and Norway before I made a short trip to Iceland while stowing away on a barge. I awoke with an even nastier hangover in Denmark, where I stole someone's bike and rode to a McDonald's for dinner. There, my order took so long that I punched a kid incredibly hard in the face with all the combined rage from both my hangover and this minor inconvenience. I saw ambulances and cop cars pulling up as I silently rode away in a ski mask, planning on robbing a bar for some scotch to numb the hangover again. After that, I ran into Germany, Czechia, Poland, Austria (I chose not to visit the capital, another Cambodia situation with the Yelp reviews), Liechtenstein, Switzerland, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, San Marino, Malta, Italy, and then the Vatican where I was elected pope. Then, they realized I was the *wrong* eighty year old so I got chased by a peaceful mob out of the country. I didn't know they were peaceful, so I ran all the way out until I found myself swimming in the Celtic Sea, where I awoke in Ireland. I put one foot in Belfast, which unfortunately meant I had visited the United Kingdom. At that moment, I hijacked the queen's helicopter (she left it in a parking garage) and flew off to Scotland, Wales, England, and then Andorra. Afterwards, I walked to Spain, and there I ate McDonald's, one where everyone was so rude that I punched everyone there including myself and ran to Portugal. I spent the next 15 years of my life out in Gibraltar.

# Chapter Seven: Africa

Frank McDonald's, Age 80

I was proud by the time I'd made it to Morocco, which had a lot of desert and a *just okay* McDonald's. Next was Libya, and then Tunisia, and then Algeria, and then Egypt. Then I ran through a bunch of countries to get to South Africa, but I'd go back to all of them later. Then I went to Lesotho, Eswatini, Madagascar, Mozambique, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Botswana, Angola, Comoros, Mauritius, Seychelles, Cabo Verde, Sao Tome and Principe, Democratic Republic of the Congo, the Republic of the Congo, the Central African Republic, Tanzania, Malawi, Namibia, Burundi, Rwanda, Uganda, Kenya, Ethiopia, Somaliland, Somalia, Djibouti, Sudan, South Sudan, Chad, Gabon, Equatorial Guinea, Nigeria, Niger, Togo, Ghana, Burkina Faso, Cote D'Ivoire, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Liberia, The Gambia, and Senegal, and then the Sahrawi Republic. Then, I lived in Benin and decided to stay there for fifteen years before I decided to go on a plane to who knows where.

# Chapter Eight: The Moon

Frank McDonald's, Age 95

By sheer luck, the plane I was traveling on passed right by a rocketship, and for some reason their window and my window was both open, so I pressed the eject button on my wheelchair, and flew right into the rocket, which had McDonald's on it, thankfully. And then I made it to the moon. Once there, I promptly removed the American flag and stuck in 198 flags from all of the countries I visited, and made sure Canada's was higher than the rest.

The moon was the last place I needed to go. So then I just gave myself up to nature as anyone would.