



SCHADENFREUDE

by Thomas and Howard Bobpop

Ungart left us.

Rest in war.

Translated from its original Mandarin script.

“Took all of my money out of the bank today I wanted to take pictures of suits in the bath bathing in cash, I did not have enough to fill the bathtub I went back to the bank and asked the cashier to give me the same amount in fivers, so I'd have more it wasn't enough I went back to the-”

-Dean Blunt

Foreword

By Elton John

When I first encountered the Bobpop Brothers' work, I gotta admit, I was disappointed. I thought this stuff was way too complex for me to understand... I then discovered the ez-read version of "Where Foot Meets Mouth." I was blown away. It was so deep, my song, Bohemian Rhapsody in Blue and Piano Yodels United in C Major were almost completely based off the pain I felt after reading the Bobpop Bros' book. I then did more research, only to discover that the Bobpops' books are almost exclusively sold in old dusty bookstores, like "Epic Adventure Books." I was thrilled to learn that the Bobpops had put out another book. Imagine my delight. I was so happy. I broke into song and needed to be calmed:

Oh joyous day (dum dum dum)
Cahloo cahlay! (dum dum dum)
The foot (bum dum)
Met the mouth (dum dum dum)

My new album:



Chapter One - This Chapter is the Coolest Because...

Omoreson woke up and punched a pencil factory owner in the face and afterwards burned down the factory itself, FWOOSH! And zoom went a car driven by Stinc Buggson who claimed to be the evilest person in the world. Stinc Buggson claimed to like hitting people with his car. Omoreson knew a lot about the Mughal empire and even more about Genghis/Chinggis Khan and the Mongols; he himself aimed to be more of a 14th century Mongol warrior everyday. Anyway, sometimes he'd squash his enemies like a stink bug. Sometimes Stinc Buggson would squash his enemies like an Omoreson. They were both part of China's population control forces. Omoreson liked to salt and pepper slugs and snort them until the snail guts would end up in his vividly orange beard. And sometimes he thought murder was awesome, well, really, ever since he did an SAQ on if murder was good and he wrote, "Yes!" 'cause he was copying off of Mikalay Badetoven while Sergei Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 played from the

Chapter Two - ...The Insane Mongol Hordes Destroyed My Town...

Radio sitting on the stall of the bathroom door, which for some reason only played Russian classical music. Anyway, Omoreson was walking along a narrow alley with his shotgun, looking for people to “control,” *control* meaning what it is used to mean in the phrase “China’s population *control* program.” He was looking to fulfill his duties as a Chinese Citizen.

A head popped out from the shadows and grinned, saying: “Hey, kid! Want some opium?”

Omoreson grimaced and shot. “It’s for the good of the people,” he repeated to himself, “After all, we don’t want to have another Opium War, which China would undoubtedly lose to the British, again, even if the British weren’t originally part of the conflict.” That was just The Opium Way, as Omoreson dubbed it on his AP World Exam LEQ, which for some reason he got a 1 on, although it hadn’t really mattered since Omoreson had opted to shoot people- **control** the population instead of going to an American college.

After all, he told himself, going to an American college is just as starting another Opium War with Britain.

Anyway, Omoreson was feeling rather happy as he bagged the body. It had been a good day.

Chapter Three - ...And Since It Does Not...

The stink filled the room, spreading out and engulfing the other occupant until he could hardly breathe. I watched his face contort in disgust, his eyes bulge, his mouth instinctively clamp around his nose and mouth. A few seconds later, with the stink rebounding off the walls and slamming into his all too delicate nose with the force of a sledgehammer repeatedly, he fainted. I grinned devilishly, but, when, glancing around the room with that unstoppable feeling everyone gets when they do something hilarious, namely seeing if there was anyone around I could show off to, I realized far too late that the room I was standing in was sealed off, the door closed.

Whether locked or not, it mattered not one gram. I couldn't open it. And my one source of aid was out cold, sleeping on the cold, stone floor of 712 Catchumash (Cush-SHOE-ach) lane.

Knowing that I could not be saved, except by a small chance of good fortune, I toddle up to the man's face and released the spray- now he might not get up at all, and perhaps, the smell would escape that unescapable door and reach the noses of some employees, most of whom smelled like the hordes of devastating people on horses that had occupied this great city many centuries ago.

But for now, I awaited my fate with a smile, not that

Chapter Four - ...Actually Count as a Chapter, It...

Anyone would've seen it with my fuzzy body and bushy tail on the ground. Then I noticed a hole in the wall, crawling through it, I found my way into a room full to the brim with employees. "Darf ich zur Toilette, bitte?" An employee nervously asked the boss. The boss was named Khan Kublai. "Du bist dumm, dick, und hasslich!" Someone yelled at me. And it was true. I really *was* dumb, fat, and ugly. And I was punishing everyone in the world for making me live my life that way.

I was watching Castle in the Sky off of the computer of a worker slacking away instead of doing his job. I released the spray again; everyone in the room was suffocated except me. I navigated my way out of the labyrinth of corpses, I knew my work was done. As I walked out, I saw my dumb, fat, and ugly owner, an evil teenager named Columbus Sohcahtoa, who'd awoken from his bench-nap on 712 Catchumash Lane. He was known for his treadmill endurance and sit up high score on the Fitnessgram Pacer Test.

He put me in his jacket pocket and we left the city in a boxcar train traveling three miles per hour. We were in a boxcar with four old guys. Columbus gave them all small pox and they died. We "unrelatedly" (it was related) had a tasty dinner that night. CHOO-CHOO!

Chapter Five - ...Shall Not Count as a Large Thanksgiving Feast, Either

To an outsider, it would seem like Omoreson was injecting opium, forgetting his duty to prevent the Opium Wars from happening again. But he had his reasons.

After all, he reminded himself as he walked onto the tracks and pulled out his gun, if I do it, that's less opium for the rest of China to abuse!

But he had his plan concocted for mass violence: fire his nerf gun and shotgun simultaneously until he gets hit by the train coming in two minutes. The train was approaching at a snail's pace, maybe even at three miles per hour. He had to kill *everyone* on this train to help control the population. He figured he was no coward. He'd face the train head-on. The captain's face appeared faintly in the window. He was the first to perish. He was coincidentally named Ungart.

This was the only way. He thought to himself, *success is not final, failure is not fatal: it is the courage to continue that counts*, accidentally quoting Winston Churchill, prime minister of the United Kingdom during WWII, which he called "The German-Anglo Opium War."

The train was nose to nose with Omoreson and the wheels crushed his toes. He was knocked over. He took out a grenade and pulled the pin. BOOM went the train and so did he. On it, a stink cloud emerged in the air and it was aided by the screams of an evil teenager.

And it was okay, funny even, because all of them were bad people who did bad things for the wrong reasons.

The Daily Thanksgiving Feast

Breaking News: Chinese Population Control

Worker With Magnificent Orange Beard

Heroically Commits Suicide to Escape Job!

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The end.