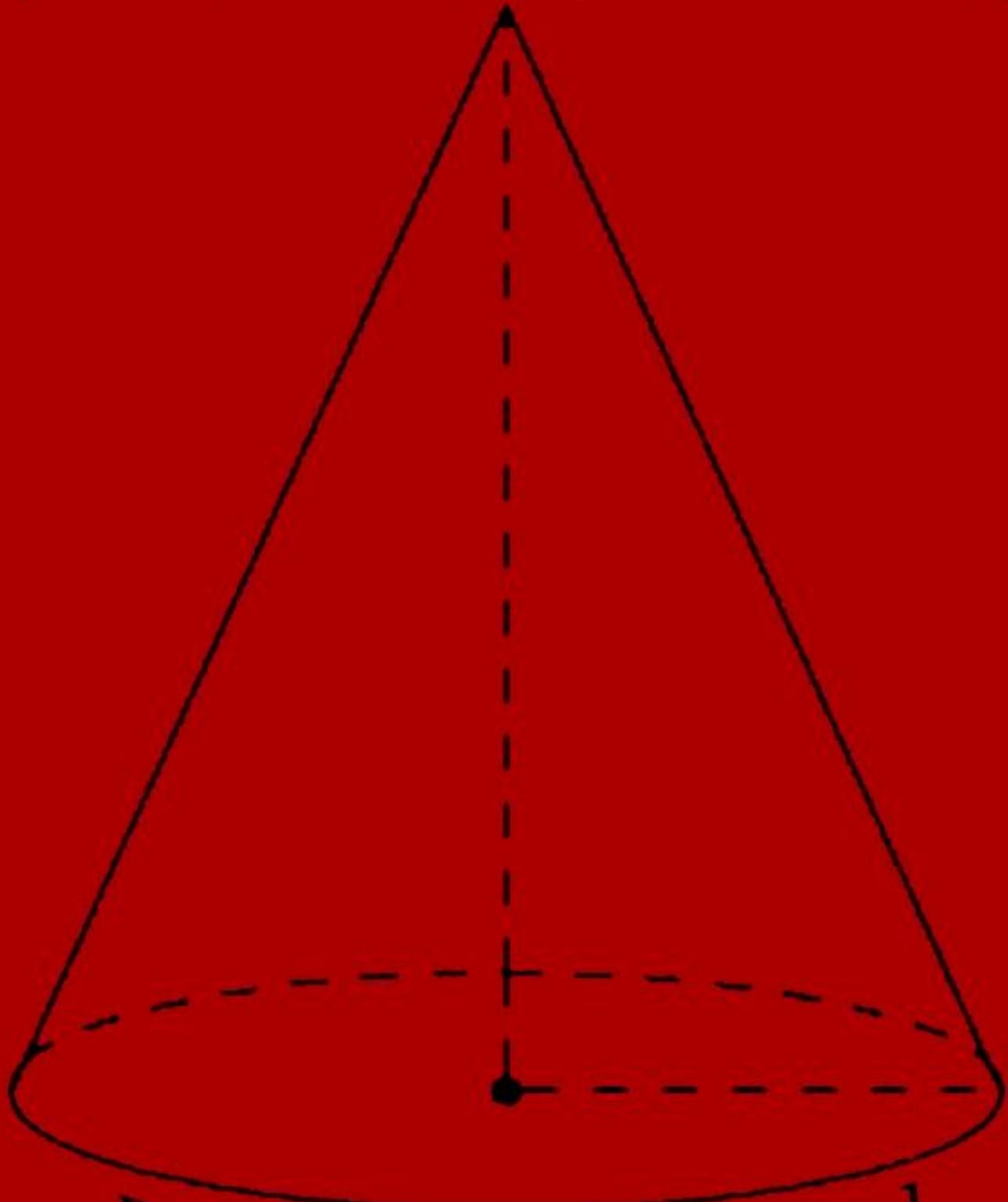


# Where Foot Meets Mouth

*A Modern Short Story Classic*



*By Howard, Ungart, and  
Thomas Bobpop*

*Chronology One: The Glasses of Enick*

# Chapter One - The Dead Old Man

“Serving jus and serving lunch” -Sir Darrovan Carlyle Juice

I went to the hospital. There was an old man lying in bed. Earlier that day, I got out of bed. The old man was in bed.

“Oughhh,” he groaned. “The old spine is killing me,” said he, giving me a view of his messed up spine. How did it come to this?

It was Christmas three years ago, imagining leap day happened negative three times within that distance. My grandpa was opening a present: It was a VHS copy of Toy Story, despite the fact it was 2016 and we already owned 12 copies of the movie. Falling fast asleep in the rocking chair, Grandpa was ill.

This old man was my grandpa. He was one that hungered, thirsted, and wanted love like everyone else. He wanted water, whispering, waiting for warmth under the bridge with wild wonders.

He spoke: “Help me, I am dying.” He took notice and no heed.

Intertwined like a ball of yarn we all are for the universe. The world in our very palm. Love is a game. The universe is our umpire. O’True, I felt, I thought, at least, was me. None other than Bethilda O’True. Was I mistaken?

I was hiking through Jerusalem, scanning the world around me. I planned to travel to Saudi Arabia the next day.

The old man stared at me with haunted eyes, blue, the color of water under the bridge. Woah! Embellished were the plains of my mind. No thoughts were ones with crying, suffering, and hurt. All sadness was devastated and blown about like washcloths in a windy winter, as if they were a popsicle stand being blown by the winds of fate.

*Winds of Fate, a poem by the Great Tuna:*

*The mind is a dangerous thing*

*Like Cheezits to the soul*

The Old Man's body was taken from the Earth. I was reading a copy of "Cliffnotes: Leo Tolstoy's War and Peace". I had a copy of the librarian bible and the "Apocalyptic book of the Librarian Lunch Lady League", a frequent librarian apocrypha.

The man's eyes faded a harsh wooden platinum hybrid cyan. The cheezits of the mind echoed, leading me to a hunger, inducing consciousness within my empty soul. My grandpa was dead. Although, you'll find out why in the next chapter.

"And then you take- ahh! And just, ah! Yeah, how much do I have left?" I asked.

"Timer says 'two minutes'!" My dying Grandpadre said.

I left the hospital in search of greater prospects.

My flight to Saudi Arabia would leave tomorrow.

## Chapter Two - Untitled

“There is a reward for his head” - Sta Sara

You lie crouching atop a rooftop. The target, unaware of your presence, crawls onto the street and puts her fingers on the handle of the bookstore. One of two comrades gives you the sign. You know it's too late. The target enters the bookstore. Your black robe flips in the wind as you pounce onto the side windows of the book shop. You can see the target approach the librarian. Your comrade lands softly beside you, shuriken in hand, but you tower beneath his hand, whispering “too many people.” He understands and conceals the shuriken.

As you look back through the window, you realize you had been distracted for too long. The target disappears into the back of the store.

You know you need to act, so you take off your hood, letting your long hair pour down your back. Still, you enter the store. Before the allies can root for you, you hide behind a bookshelf. You see three doors in the back.

BOOM! You kick down the largest door, katana in hand. An old man with overalls on is by a shelf. His head turns towards you, eyes wide. You slit his throat before he can cry out, realizing your mistake. You shut the door behind you. No one saw. The Saudi Arabian police will be after you soon for your mistake.

You walk to the second door casually but a voice arises. You open and see a man. You let him look ludicrously at your luscious locks as you listen closer.

No sounds. You pass to the next door, trying to hold back the desire to murder the confused man.

You arrive at the door just in time to heal the librarian. “And now you know the rule of the book store. Now, come out to the customers, Mrs. O’True. Mr. Bimbi will show you the rest.”

You hear chairs shifting and the sounds of footsteps approaching the door. You wave to your katana.

As you prepare for battle, you reflect, and you remember a poem:

*When the pool of gold runs out  
And you start to pale  
Your comrades sniff and sneeze and shout  
But to no avail*

You think the door will be locked, but it's open. The target spots you immediately and pulls out her sword. "You..." she spits. "You are the ninjas who killed the man with eyes like water under the bridge, or maybe wood. Even now I give up at the loss. And so I shall take you on again, frogs!"

As you pause and contemplate why the target would use rhymes at the time, like this, two things happen: One of your comrades throws a shuriken at the librarian. The target gets up.

The librarian falls to the floor. As you run forwards to leave you execute the two shurikens.

But too late! You land a shuriken at the target, but she dodges, tears running down her face.

The target pauses as you cry out. A sword plunges into your stomach. All is going black!

...

You wake up in a hospital the next day, and you notice how medical insurance can ruin a dramatic moment.

## Chapter Three - Untitled

“An anvil from space?” -Sam Stael

“True, and then all the men fight, and return to their home.” Bathilda felt the urge to pay homage to her father, and attended Fed Fred’s Juice.

“Fred!” she called to the bearded man behind the counter. “Get me some juice!”

“You okay? You seem a little,” he paused for effect to pour her a poinsettia concentrate into a glass, “Off today.”

“Ninja,” she responded, sighing, wondering about the meaning of life, submerging herself in deep thought.

She sipped her sap and stood up suddenly. “Fred?” she called. “I’m under the bridge.”

Fred did not seem to notice or take heed to the woody eyes she had just put forth from his mouth.

Everything suddenly disattached, and the O’True’s eyes started glowing.

Startled, Fred knocked over a lantern on O’True. Had she been aware, she would have pointed out the fact that she was being fed Fed Fred’s Juice. As it was, though, Fred was distracted by the lantern-fire.

“Woah,” embellished O’True, finding him as he pulled gloves out of her mind. “I never knew how much of a home I carried, hmmm.”

Her mind echoed onto the ground, projecting visions of her grandpa, and childhood whims. There was a cracking like the blaring of a harsh winter wind.

“Life is strange, is it not?” wondered a voice in O’True’s ears.

“Who are you?” accused O’True, not sure what she was accusing the voice of.

There was a large, wooden eyed Samoan man standing next to her, speaking with the cadence of water under the bridge. "I have read your mind and I see that you need aid. You have some serious soul searching to do."

"Yeah, I guess I do."

Four seconds later, looking over a tranquil Japanese thunderstorm, the Cheezits of her mind exploded, which let her unleash a psychic attack. She bent it at the enemy.

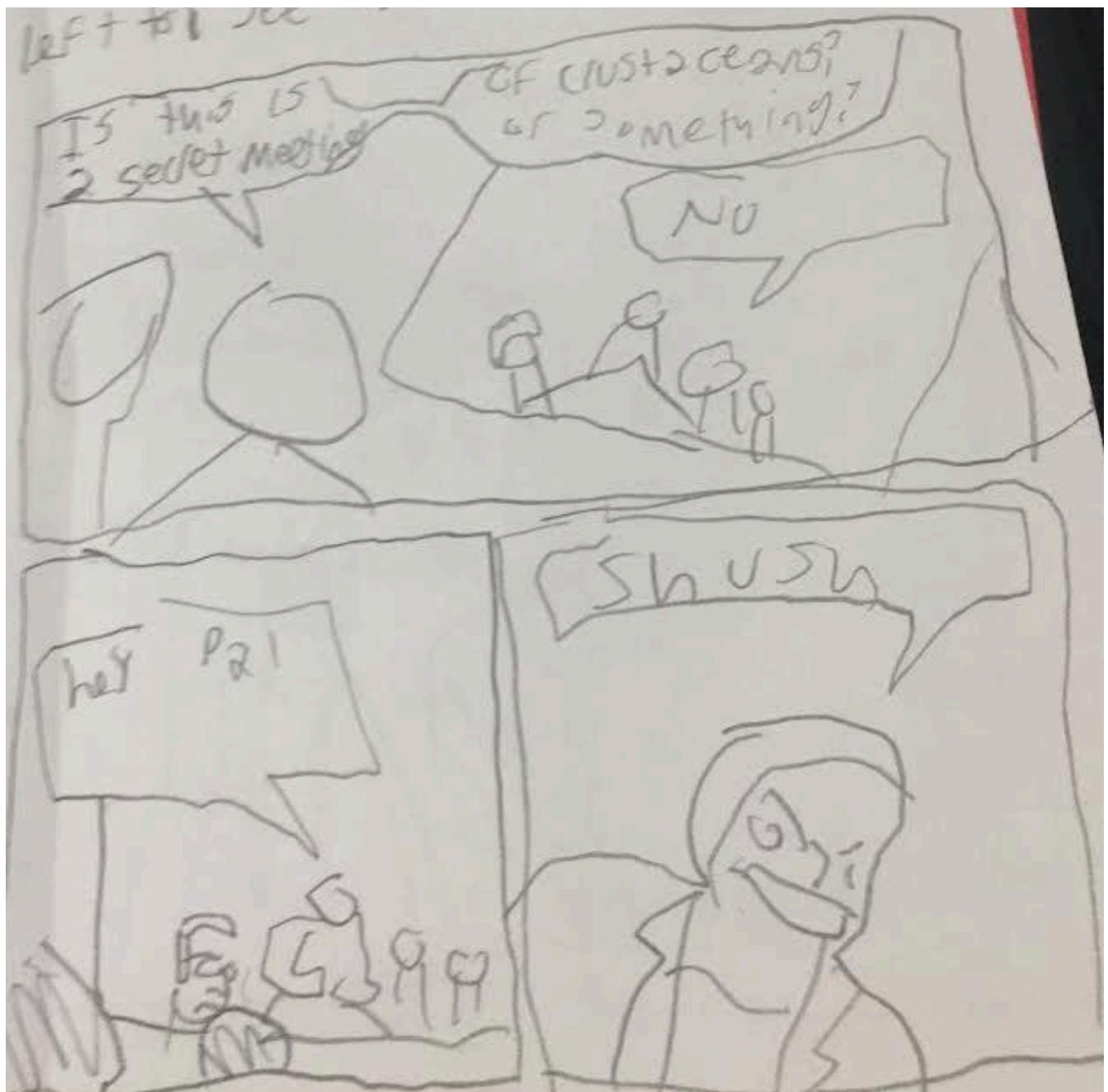
Later, reflecting over a Cote D'Ivoire sea, O'True had noted, "sometimes you know, sometimes you're on the go," effectively proving Heisenburg's uncertainty principle.

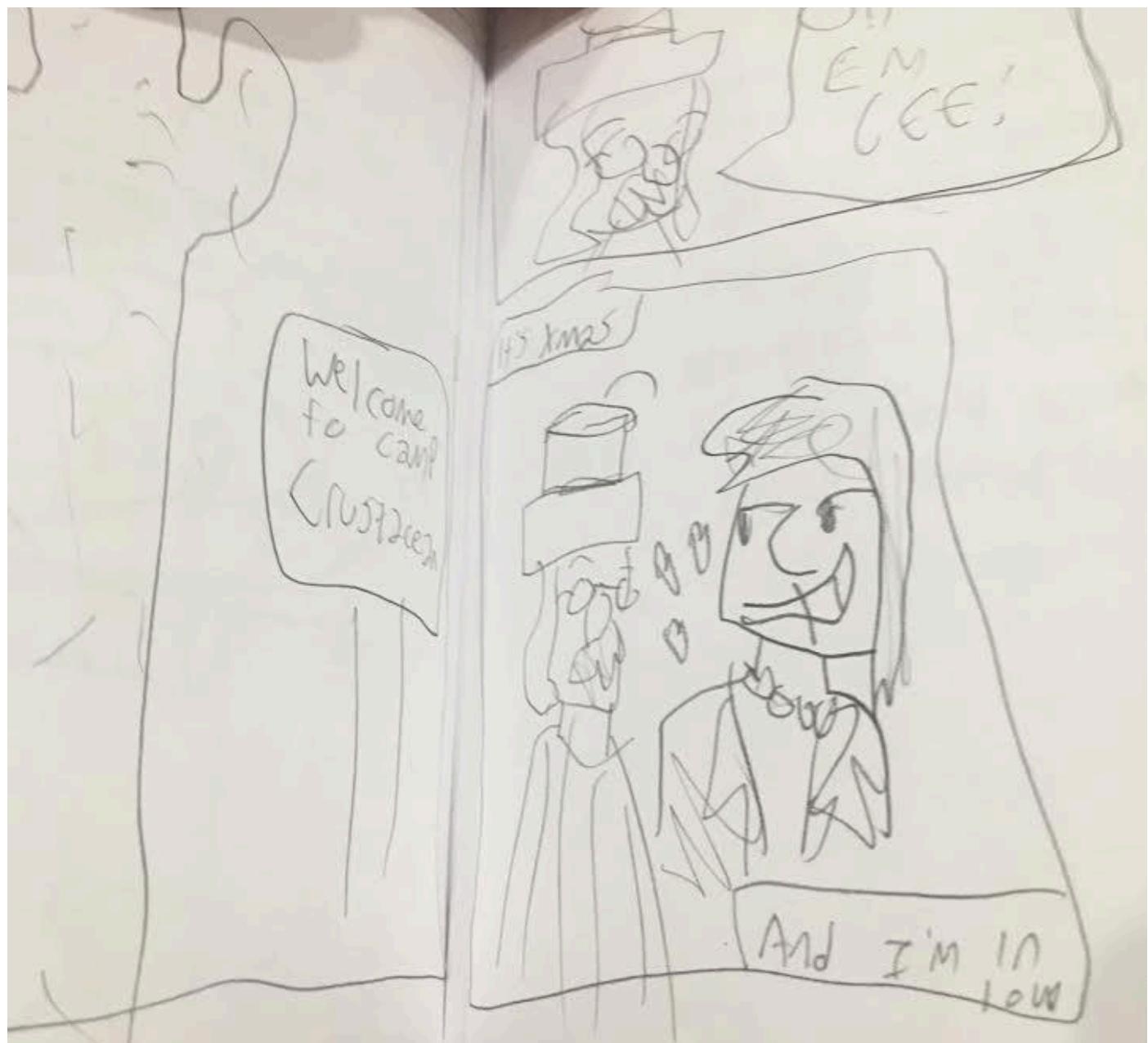
*Chronology Two: (The Pho)Enick(s)*

## Chapter Four - A Christmas Story

"There are 100 reflecting mirrors in the array" -Knight Jonesfield

I was tiring of writing as I entered Cote D'ivoire, and I left to see Camp Crustacean:





Excerpt from the “Sand Land of Typo-Man” by George “Goerge” Hubrick Lambothy:

Ts’the, ts’the sand

It rolls in, be sure to dodge

The man of the sand

And of scurrilous scrupulous

Salty stinging seas of song

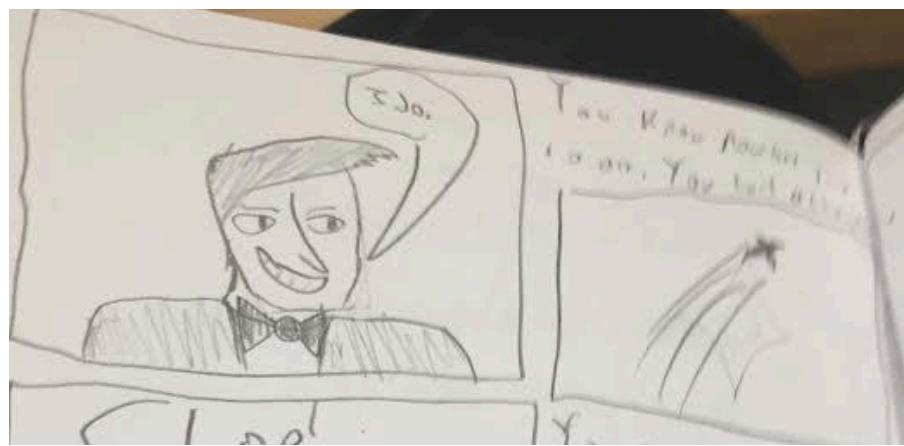
And thus the animals were starting to win.

## Chapter Five - But What If I Won't See 17

You are sitting in a chair, watching a wedding you were invited to. You know you must stop at this mission, since you are surrounded by toughened millionaire ninjas. The wedding is none other than that of the target's.



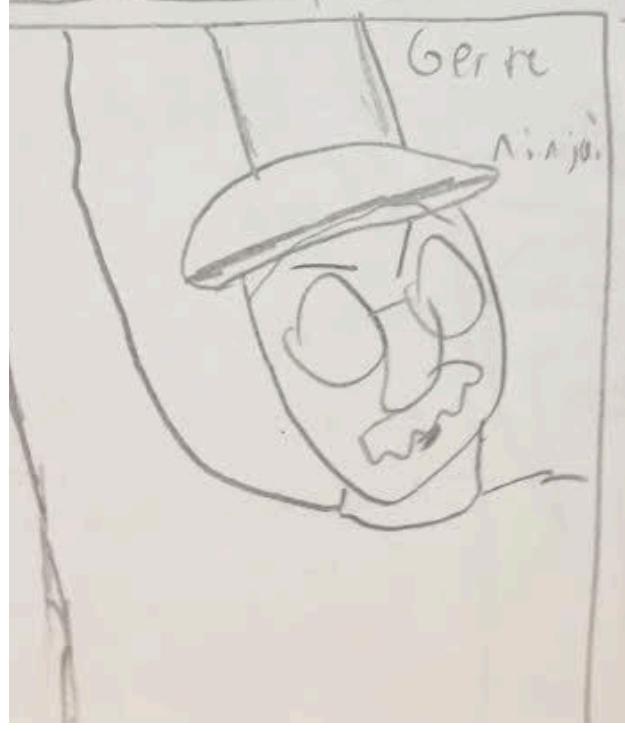
You know naught but to go out. You lose your shuriken.



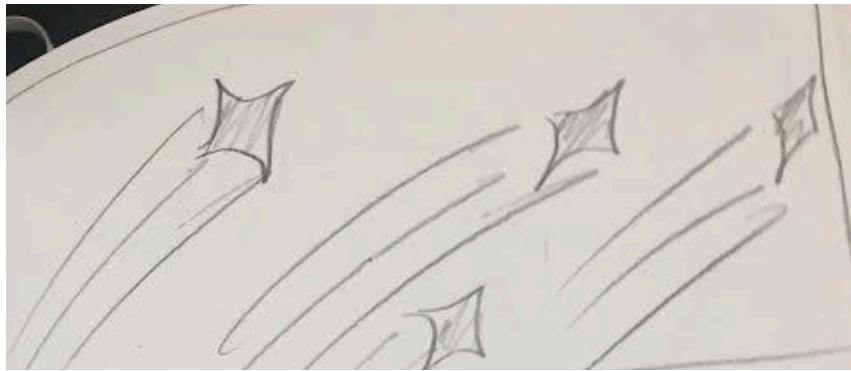
You know how  
I do, you tell me!



You  
know  
how  
I do



You curse as the shuriken misses, and you run away. The crowd tails after you.



Your shurikens fly through the air but miss the target.

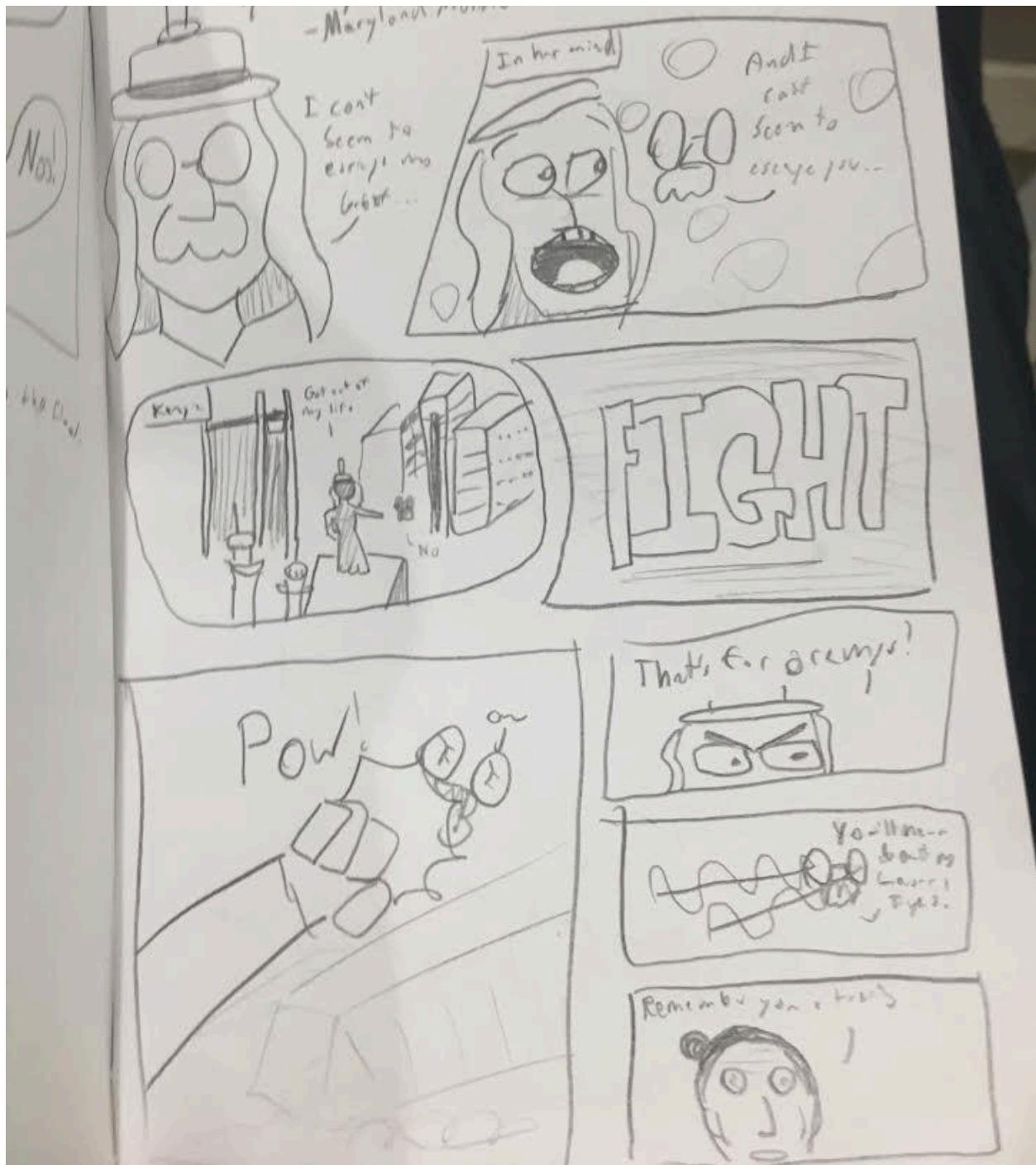


She turns away. By the time you catch her, she's at the airport. You bypass security but her plane leaves.

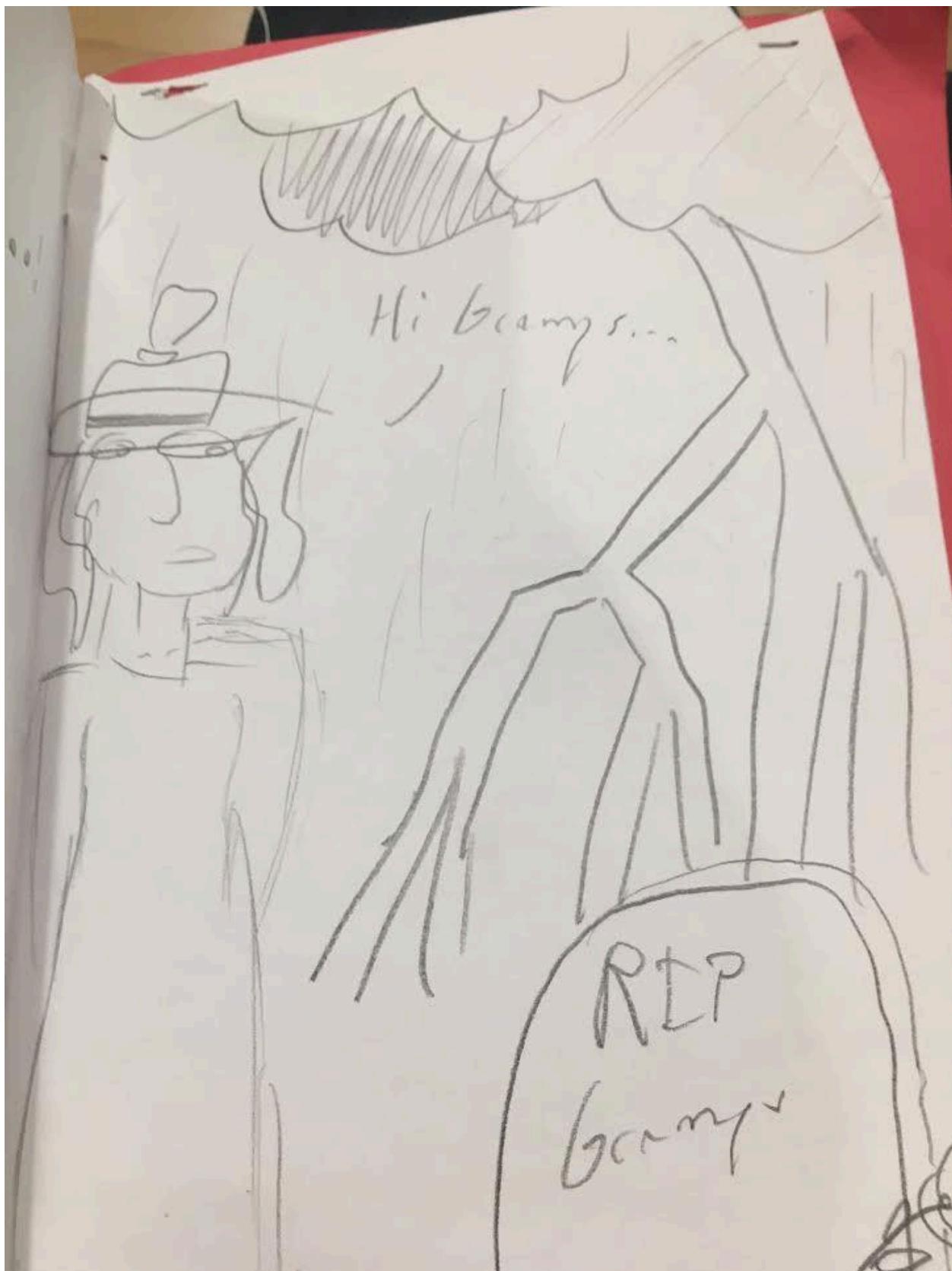


She had gotten away. You stick to the floor. You have failed your mission.

## Chapter Six - ><



My grief is dead. I now can ascend to godhood.



*The End.*