

True Memoirs of a Disgraced Clown



Eddie Van Bonkhertz

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Disgraced Clown

*Eddie Van
Bonkhertz*

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Nicholas Milonas-Milligan, Benjamin
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book review. For more information,
address:

bonkhertz1919@gmail.com

www.eddievanbonkhertz.com

SECOND EDITION

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1.....**The Story**

Dedicated to Shoeburt, Fuick, and
Picracko

The Story

I'm sorry for the Evernote reset password email. I can explain, but let me start from the beginning. My name is Eddie Van Bonkhertz, and I was born on April 1st, 1919. When I was a child, I almost bit off my dog. I had a pet goldfish named Bobby1234, you remind me of him, except you're alive and didn't commit suicide on the radiator. My father always told me "...", this simple phrase has changed my very being since I was 3¹. Many years ago, when I was in my 20s, I met someone named Shoeburt Papadopoulos, they suggested that I visit Las Vegas after I won \$10 from a scratch off ticket, so I went. I lost around \$2000 in my first 5 minutes and I was there for a month, you do the math 'cause I sure can't²! To this day I have never learned what a "*Poker*"³ is. Anyhow, to relieve my gigantic debt, I went into the clown business. I had been practicing my upcoming act for a month, and when the opening

¹ I don't remember much about my childhood due to being dropped on my head countless times

² NOTE: (from the editors) he lost 17.28 million dollars

³ I assumed a Poker was a card player who tried to annoy the other players so much that they bent their cards or "*folded*". I was further confused when I found out the game was called poker, maybe in honor of the common strategy?

night came, horror struck. I accidentally crashed the clown car into the elephant, killing 12 out of the 45 clowns on board. As many know, clown cars have no room for airbags. I lived, and only thanks to Jeffrey, Larry, and Ted who I had accidentally crushed in the impact, they very well may have saved my life. Sadly, although I did live, the clown makeup had seeped into my skin, which now makes me look permanently clownish. Because of that, it was hard to find jobs, clown or other. I fell back on my lifelong passion, child birthday parties. On my first day of “work”, I strolled up, a disgraced clown. Upon opening the door, I received what we used to call “an omletting⁴.” For those unaware, an omletting is when you get hit in the face with at least 8 omlettes or frittatas⁵ from what we now call a t-shirt cannon⁶. I was knocked out cold. When I awoke, I found myself on a train, and everyone surrounding me spoke a language that I could not understand. It sounded like everyone had a permanent cough. I knew where I was...Russia. I

⁴ It is my strong belief that people should get an omletting once in their life, it gives your life perspective for the few seconds you see the egg-based foods hurtling at your face. Your mind enters a deep place and you start asking yourself surreal questions. Like, “How did this happen?” and “What have I done with my life?”

⁵ Or so I was told...by the people who had done it to me. I'm sure it's a common occurrence.

⁶ In my day it was just called an omletting gun.

am forbidden to enter by order of some guy named “José-ph Stalin”. When I tried to communicate all that was said to me was “...”, I immediately recognized my father’s signature phrase. I asked them “How do you know my father?” All I got in response was “страшный клоун.”⁷ I was pretty sure it meant hello. Later I found myself in a ground air force camp on the border of Russia with war raging a little while away. I was trained, and everything went smoothly in the end. I only shot three people in my squad!⁸ At rainboot camp, I learned a card game called Blackjack. I was good. Once they had taught me the rules, it was easy to win, all I had to do was put in all my money and try to get the lowest number. Eventually, I got less and less plastic chips, man I was so good! It was much better than that thing called a “*Poker*”. And, I *always* got rid of my chips before anyone else, they even took the chips, those fools! War wasn’t all fun and blackjack though, so to lighten the mood, I developed an excellent prank for my birthday, which coincided with April fools, making it the perfect occasion. I ordered a box of plush grenades and planned to throw them into the

⁷ I have now come to learn that it means, “Who is this handsome man?” NOTE: (from the editors) That’s...that’s not what it means. Might want to google that one...

⁸ NOTE: (from the editors) out of 4

camp. As it turns out, my drill Sergeant (and the man who taught me my secret Blackjack skills) named Denny, had accidentally taken the box of fake grenades and someone else had noticed the lack of grenades and put a box of live ones there accordingly. When the day came, I had no idea. I grabbed one from the box, pulled the pin, and tossed it into camp. I yelled “APRIL FOO⁹...” I never got the last word out. The explosion enveloped the camp. I would’ve died if it weren’t for Timmy, my best friend during the war, who shielded me along with his friend Bob. I owe my life to many, Bob and Timmy included.

Meanwhile, out in the war, the box of fake grenades I had ordered had been distributed on the front lines into crowds of enemies. Although the enemies fled, they soon realized the grenades were duds, and they seized their opportunity to rush the troops on the Russian side. My heart goes out to the men who died in an unavoidable accident that day. The Russian government soon found out that they had a traitor and war criminal among them. It was obvious that I had overstayed my welcome. The KGB¹⁰ chased me through Africa and Greece, but I’m pretty sure my map

⁹ In case of idiocy, I will inform you that I was going to say fool not foo...

¹⁰ I was unaware until later that KGB stands for Kenny Good Beets, after a farmer who made good beets, and who also (I assume) founded the KGB.

was upside down, because I ended up in Warsaw, Poland. It was almost 1500 km from where I started. I needed food and my legs were *really* tired.¹¹ I hid out in Warsaw. That was far from the worst birthday I'd experienced. When I turned 40 in April of 1959, Ted Jansen, my neighbor at the time, had put a fake draft letter for the war in my mailbox. I hid in alleyways for the next few weeks in an attempt to hide from the government, when Ted finally found me I acted stranger than expected. I asked him if he had any bananas. That, my friend, was my very first stroke. Anyway, Warsaw was a great city, I had an amazing time, other than one mishap at the casino. I was playing Blackjack, and I lost my chips faster than anyone else, but the people there wouldn't let me claim my winnings. Anyway, a few weeks after I arrived in Warsaw, the KGB found me again¹², and I was forced to keep moving. I went to Greece to see their famous yogurt. When I got there, I became a bit side-tracked, I wandered around until I got to the Mediterranean Sea. There I found this empty, except for an adult life vest, boat just sitting there in a private dock. I took it

¹¹ Just the thought of another step made my hair jiggle in its skin

¹² They actually found me because I caused a small riot trying to "steal" money from the casino. In the end, it worked! I gained control of the whole casino! Then some *idiot* tried to riot and steal money from *MY* casino!

upon myself to try it out, as I had never sailed a boat before. It was a lot harder than I thought. I decided that I needed a crew, and some instructions. Luckily, under the bottom portion of the ship, I found James, a 10-year old stowaway. At this point, it was too late to return, as we were a couple kilometers from land, so James became my first crewman¹³. He spoke a bit of English and he also knew how to sail. It wasn't long before we approached our first storm on our journey to anywhere but Russia. He was running around pulling on the ropes, leaning off the ship, my man was good! I too, was doing very important work, I was reading *How To Escape Russia* By Josè-ph Stalin¹⁴. He seemed like a cool dude, but his book was weird, it told me to go to the Lubyanka Headquarters in Moscow. We eventually got through the storm, and since we had no food, I took turns shooting the fish with my pistol¹⁵ while James navigated. I couldn't find any food, but we soon found some friendly like-minded sailors. We approached slowly, and at the first sight of us, guns boomed. It took me a while to realize they

¹³ Looking back on it, James was a bit of a numbskull.

¹⁴ The book was only sold in Russia (and still is), probably to help the people there escape.

¹⁵ This pistol was taken from the dead body of Bob. He seemed fine and made no verbal or physical action to stop me.

weren't sailors, they were military folk¹⁶. I shot them back with my pistol, signifying that I had also been in the military¹⁷. I heard a few screams, but the gunshots kept coming. I shot back more and more, trying to tell them I was with the military. After an hour of shots from our boat, their ship fell silent. We sailed closer and attempted to board, with no reaction. Once onboard we saw that they had all died, except a few who had escaped in lifeboats out of fear. You know what they say, don't look a giant boat gifter in the gun, or something. Anyway, we now had in our possession a gigantic boat, with tons of food. I was stoked. James and I would have a feast. I then noticed that James was gone. I looked off the front of the boat¹⁸ and I saw our previous tiny boat sailing away, perhaps to freedom. I never saw James again. Turns out after further looking at the boat, the people who were here had been pirates. That explains why they didn't recognise the military gun call¹⁹. I further searched the boat until I was in the cargo hold. Apart from the starving prisoners, there were a lot of cigars. I had never had a cigar before and I brought a crate

¹⁶ James thought that they were "Pirates", but I knew better

¹⁷ This was common courtesy in the Russian Military, at least from my experience.

¹⁸Also known as the 'start-board'; I know my terms.

¹⁹ A gun call is a majestic sound

back up to the deck. No one was currently sailing at this point so I decided to let the wind take it, and relax. I took out a cigar and lit it, I then shoved the entire burning side in my mouth. But when I took a puff it burned my mouth and I have to relight it every time! I don't know why people go through the trouble of having to relight it all the time. It looks so easy in the movies, they are always lit.²⁰ Just more movie magic lies. I wasn't a fan. I lit it, then decided I didn't want it, and chucked it behind me. I then promptly fell asleep. A couple hours later, I woke up feeling hot, and I noticed that half the boat was on fire! I ran to the lifeboats and lowered one immediately. As soon as it landed, it began drifting away. I didn't know how else to get down fast enough, so I jumped, narrowly missing a sandbar. I got in the rowboat and relaxed again.²¹ I saw the flaming boat stop abruptly in the distance and realized that it had hit land. It then collapsed inward and tipped over extinguishing the remains of what was once a boat. Not wanting to be captured by police for my oopsies, I rowed in the other direction. I almost

²⁰ I actually found out that when you are not using it, you put the non-lit end in your mouth so as not to use your hands.

²¹ I had actually found a note I had written on my hand, but all I could make out was "fre piesoners". I don't remember what I was supposed to do or what it said.

turned over²² many times, but all I had to do was shift my weight to the opposite side. At one point I saw some very pretty pointy fish. They were so eager to hang out with me that they jumped up with razor sharp teeth and tried to say “Hi.” Unfortunately, they soon left, but a piece of me is always with them, specifically my left leg. In the boat I didn't find any rowy thingys, but I found a bunch of wooden rods with flattened wood ends. I thought that I would go faster without them, if I ever found the paddles, so I chucked them off the boat. I fell asleep soon after that, I just blacked out.²³ When I awoke I was near the shore. After further investigation, I saw it had buildings and old looking things and people. That was good enough for me, I hopped off the boat and promptly collapsed, I forgot that I had no leg. It was so difficult to walk correctly I decided that I needed a new leg. I first used a salad bowl screwed to a stick and that was good, but I needed the best of the best prosthetic leg. I then asked a small man outside a big circular crumbling stadium where I was, he acted all surprised, “You don’t know where you are?” and “Haven’t you seen any familiar monuments?” He didn’t know my situation, I had just come from a boat that

²² Or “kapsid” I learned a few things from James.

²³ I know I wasn’t drunk, because there was no vodka on board. If there had been, things would’ve gone differently...

floated here! Anyway he finally told me that I was in Italy. Obviously! I now knew what the big stone stadium was! It's the Eiffel Tower. No wonder that guy was so rude. I then went to a pizza joint where I had 8 pizza slices, 2 plates of spaghetti with ketchup and ball hamburgers. I then had three of the chocolate chips and cream dessert burritos²⁴. I was hungry, but I didn't have any money so I pulled the ol' Eat and Run, where you dine on the food and then dash away without paying for the food. The war had recently ended, I was in my early 30's, and I finally saw a prosthetic leg worthy of my time. I was walking along, when I heard a commotion from a street nearby. When I went to explore the noise I saw a man wearing a white robe and a crown riding on a pristine white automobile. The feature that stood out the most to me was his spotless bejeweled golden leg.²⁵ I couldn't help myself and mumbled "q." I followed that beautiful leg around, but to avoid capture I was forced to hide under that exquisite popemobile. The popemobile slowed to a stop, and the man climbed out. That pristine leg flashed before my eyes and I snatched it away, and I rolled away from the popemobile clutching the leg. As the pope face planted on the

²⁴ I actually prefer the French version called the eggchair, much sweeter.

²⁵ A little known fact, Eugenio Maria Giuseppe Giovanni Pacelli had a prosthetic leg

cobblestones, I ran away and attached the glorious leeeeeeeeeeeeeegg to my stump with a half-used super glue bottle I found on the street that said, “Colla fusibile Non usare.” Whatever that meant, I didn’t know or care. My new shiny leeeeeeeeeeeeeegg was very prominent and so I had to hide or cover it with something. Before I could make it to a clothing store, I ran into someone who had noticed my extremely shiny leg. That person’s name was Fuick McOles. Fuick and I happened to look extremely similar²⁶. I decided to use this to my advantage, I saw a KGB agent up ahead. Because of my beard, I was no longer as recognisable, but my clown makeup still showed, although faintly. I took my hat and I pulled it down to hide my face. When the KGB agent came to me, he asked if I had seen a man named Eddie Van Bonkhertz held up a picture. I said “The name’s McOles, Fuick McOles.” The agent gave me a confused look and asked the question again. I said that I had, and I pointed to the real Fuick who was walking down the street. The KGB agent widened his eyes and darted down the road. Fuick wasn’t that far away and so it wasn’t long before I heard crunches and screams as the agent tackled the real Fuick. I had a new name and a new leeeeeeeeeeeeeegg, so I was off. The best part of getting a new identity was not

²⁶ I assumed that he had been in a similar clown accident to mine.

having your debt anymore! I accumulated a few hundred dollars of debt²⁷ back when I lost all that money at the casino (Thanks, Shoeburt). It wasn't a lot, but it was nice to have a new start. What better way to start a new life, then hitting up the closest casino and trying my luck. Someone once told me that "Practice makes perfect", so to better my poker skills, I wanted to play as much as possible. My poker experience was short lived because I was thrown out for poking the other players. Who are these dolts? That is what you are supposed to do.²⁸ One day, I awoke to a strange feeling, or rather no feeling at all. I reached down to my golden leeeeeeeeeeeeeegg and realized I had no feeling in it! I couldn't feel my toes to my thighs! I hurried to the nearest hospital²⁹ and after a long and confusing conversation with a nurse, I was sent to what they called the Siyk Ward. I spoke to a doctor for a while, and when he finally left, I found a very stylish and warm white coat. I put it on and stepped out into the hall and was immediately rushed to room 217 in the Cadillac Ward. The nurse asked if I was here to help with

²⁷ Note (From the Editors): Understatement

²⁸ I later found out I also was kicked out because Fuick was also in debt, \$20,000 worth. This guy was not smart with his money!

²⁹ The nearest hospital was the brand new, Ministry Of Hospital, recommended by 10 out of 2 doctors. Their address was Viale Giorgio Ribotta, 5 - 00144 Rome Main Headquarters Lungotevere Ripa, 1 - 00153 Roma Minister Office.

the Cadillac arrest. I figured that would have been a better job for the police, so I ran to the nearest phone and called them. I told the police that there was an armed³⁰ robber in room number 217 of the Ministry of Hospital. In 5 minutes there was the sound of footsteps racing up the stairs. An Italian SWAT team came storming out of the stairs and burst into the room. The SWAT team busted down the door and were oddly surprised to see an unconscious man on the table, with his chest open surrounded by a bunch of medical equipment. They soon questioned me about why I called the police. I said that he had an easily see-able trait, he had arms (that's why I said he was armed, duh). Plus I was told he had undergone a Cadillac arrest and I assumed that he stole the car. The police seemed angry, and so I was arrested and taken to the police H.Q.³¹ They placed me in a dark room with two chairs and a table. For some reason I couldn't move from the chair. Then a small light turned on in the room and a man walked in. Fearing that he was from Kenny's Good Beets, I pulled my hat down, covered my leg (not the golden one obviously) and said "The names McOles, Fuick McO-" The agent cut me off by saying "WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE!".

³⁰ Seeing as the man in the bed had limbs attached to his chest, I figured this necessary to state so the police could identify him easily...

³¹Hangabuga Quigig

They talked briefly about the hospital disaster. Next he asked “We are doing a favor for the KGB, do you have any information on the whereabouts of your brother, Eddie Van Bonkhertz?” I suddenly realized they thought I was Fuick and not Eddie, also that I had a long gone brother. I was soon shackled, thrown and tossed like a salad. Anyway I was now in the police car and we were speeding off to a place called the Pri Zone where I would await my trial. I was sent to a delightfully cozy little room (a big step up from the piece of sidewalk I controlled). Once I got settled into my room, I took a piece of chalk and drew out my situation on the wall to determine who's brother was Fuick's mother's brother's daughter or something like that. After an hour of long thinking (something I'm good at) and then a 4 hour rest because thinking is hard and then another hour of thinking, I finally came to the conclusion that Fuick was my son. I was sitting in my room trying to find the room service menu when I heard a crash, some screams, and finally the door creaked open. I peeked out to find a scary clown man³² standing in the hall. The man looked like someone I had seen before, but I couldn't place who it was. He turned to me and we both said in unison “The Name's McOles, Fuick McOles.” I looked at the man for a second and then it dawned on me. “My

³² Fun fact, in russian, Scary Clown man is страшный клоун

son!" I said " I can't believe you've come to visit your mother." My son looked at me with pure confusion, and said "???". I looked at the wall, then at the man, then back at the wall, and so on for about an hour. Then I realized that he was my Cat, Gerbils! Why didn't he say so! "Come here! Come!" I said. "You want a treat?" He looked frustrated and yelled at me "I'M NOT GERBILS, I'M YOUR BROTHER FUICK!" I slyly mumbled "That sounds like something Gerbils would say." After getting the facts straight, I invited him to live with me in my cozy abode. He said "We can't, we have to leave right now!". "I DON'T WANNA GO!" I screamed. I heard loud footsteps on the stairs and shouts. I suddenly felt a tug on my leeeeeeeeeeeeeggg, and was dragged down large steps. A policeman came running towards us. The policeman's belt was loose and a can fell out. I picked it up and threw it at them. The police were stumbling in the hubdabubda. Me and Fuick were running down the street, when we heard the most frightening sound one can imagine hearing at 12:30 am, the click of an omletting gun. It was barely hearable over the quacking of my oversized clown shoes. From around the corner, 5 big men with omletting machines appeared and then shot 20 rounds containing around 8 omlettes a piece! I konked out. I awoke in an alley with no omlete remains on me, but

Fuick was gone³³ so I assumed that he had blocked the shots to save me.³⁴ Unfortunately, one of the omlettes had ricocheted off a pole and had gotten me in the ol' thinker. (konked again) I rushed to the hospital and got in the door before I re-konked. When I un-konked I had just gotten back from surgery. That ruthless gang of omletters had gotten me good this time, I was \$104,035 in the red (well more in the red after that casino a few years back). To make up the cash I needed to pay off my medical debt, I decided to start a bouncy castle company. *Everybody likes bouncy castles!* I thought. I tried to remember what I read in a book about how to start a successful business. "Steal From The Competition!" Was all I remembered. Yeah, I thought, STEAL FROM THE COMPETITION! It worked out nicely since I didn't have any bouncy castles. So the next night I went to Jimmy, Bob and Ted's Wonderous Bouncy Castle Rental Store and stole 22 bouncy castles. The next day I opened up shop, Eddie, Van and Bonkhertz's Bouncy Bungalows. Someone walked into the store at around 6:30 when I was still setting up. "What are you doing in here?" He asked. I explained that he was in my

³³ ...And my wallet, but the joke's on him because I had -60,000 dollars in there

³⁴ Note (From the Editors): Via outside sources we know that in fact Eddie had grabbed Fuick roughly by the shoulders and used him as a human shield

new store, Eddie, Van and Bonkhertz's Bouncy Bungalow. The man claimed that "This is my store, I'll calling the police" and "How did you even get in here?" Pssst, whatever. This man never heard about windows? I pointed to the me-shaped cutout in the glass window at the front of the store. I heard a sound in the background and hollard OH NO, IS DA POPO! I immediately ran to the back room to hide amongst the bungalows. I think I may have tripped on the inflate all button that was on the ground, because I was soon under a pile of *pure* bounce. It started inflating and in a few seconds the room was entirely bounce, nothing but bounce. I could hardly breathe. I had to puncture my life's work to survive. I heard the Popo kick down the door, and it had become the great escape. With the bouncy bungalows eating the police officers, I had to stab faster and faster to keep breathing. I began making my way towards the front of the room, swimming in the growing mass of bungalow. When I reached the door, gasping for life, I turned the handle. Just in time to see the loitering police man's club come swinging toward my brain case. It looked like I was going for tri-konk, a new record! Next thing I knew I was getting hit with boxes in a dark place. I heard the sound of engines roaring feet above me, then I knew where I was, A jungle boat in the

midst of the Amazon.com's³⁵ shipping warehouse. The ground rumbled underneath me as I felt myself jerk forward followed by a monsoon of boxes. Next thing I knew, I was on a conveyor belt coming out of the bottom of a flying bus, into the eye burning sunlight. I quickly hopped off the moving platform and ran to the closest door to find a bathroom and phone. As I slowly waddled up the stairs, I realized something...I would never make it. Sitting in agony sprawled on the stairs yearning for a bathroom, I gathered enough courage to stand back up. As I then ventured up the remaining 3 flights, I finally reached the door, and I looked for the closest bathroom. Luckily, It was just a few feet away, but when I went in I found that it was under renovation. I decided to go anyway. When I came out of the bathroom, I looked around for a phone somewhere. I saw a phone sign in the distance. I finally reached the phone and as I dialed Shoeburt Papadopoulos, I only heard the dial tone. Then I saw the sticker that said 5 cents a call. I fished into my pocket and found my trusty nickel. If only that nickel were a dime, then I could've used it. I decided to walk out and hail a cab, I told the driver the address of Shoeburt, the last time I was there. Two

³⁵Note (From the Editors): We don't know how he knows this, as amazon.com didn't exist yet he may have been on some immoral substance at the time, namely markers

Days later, we finally arrived at their address in Ohio, I gave the driver a penny I found in my pocket, and went to knock on Shoeburt's door. I was shocked to see none other than Fuick McOles answer the door. "What are you doing here, Fuick?" I asked. "My name is Eddy, Eddie. I changed my name to Eddy Vun Bonkhurts." Fuick said. Fuick had stolen my identity, how could he do such a horrific thing? I asked him why he was at Shoeburt's, dodgeballing the question, he asked me how I had gotten to America. I told him I started a very successful business where I sold Bungalows made of bounce and somehow I had offended the police so much they deported me to the great land of the freedom turkey and the stars. Later I was invited into the house and I asked If I could make myself a ham sandwich because I hadn't eaten in 24 days. They declined, and so I spent the night there awake thinking of schemes to try and get food on my \$-10 a day salary. Looking back, I probably could have just made the sandwich when they were asleep. My conclusion was that I needed money. Where does one get money? The ground! That night I went searching the ground for spare change, dollar bills or food. I came across two green hamburgers that didn't taste as good as they looked, but no money. Finally, on my way back I found a single dollar. Unfortunately it was glued to the ground, luckily I had a connection, Fred! Fred gave me a

jackhammer and in return I promised him money from my money tree. After chiseling the dollar out of the concrete, I walked over to the bank. I waited in line and when I reached the teller, I saw a bowl of mints. I asked if 'me could take mint'. They said that they were free. I took the entire bowl and dumped them into my pockets. I asked where I could deposit my dollar covered in concrete. They said I could deposit it into an investment-something. I agreed and in return got a certificate. As soon as I got back to Shoeburt's, I planted the certificate in a hole I dug and watered it. Then I went to the bookshelf in the house and ever. So. Slowly. Took the book on money out and found the part about making money. It said, "The money is made in the Mint." The Mint! If I break in there then I could steal more food, the place must be full of mints! I liked mints too. They were so tasty and very filling. I told Shoeburt that I would be leaving, then I stole their keys and drove off with Shoeburt's car. I would ask someone for directions to the Mint along the way. I opened the car, got in and unlocked the engine and started the car. I put it in reverse and *ever so gently* went backwards, until I slammed my clown shoe on the gas, I tried to take it off, but it had become stuck in the pedal. Probably the gum I

store on my shoe that got it stuck there.³⁶ The car shot backwards, completely totalling the car. I decided I would be better off going on a train. I walked to the train station and got up to the booth and asked for “One train ticket, please.” They shrugged and gave me a ticket. As payment I gave them a handful of mints from my pocket. I left in a hurry with mints spilling out of my pockets. I got on the train and walked through all the compartments until I got to the conductor. It only took a couple hours, but by then I was exhausted. I asked him where the mint was and he said in Washington D.C. “Then *why* am I going to Wisconsin?!” I asked. He then called me a bunch of mean words and kicked me out the engine room. Turns out that was the wrong door, and I was hurdled out the train, instead of the compartment. I tried to hitchhike a train, but it was no use. They sped past me. I eventually made my way to D.C. driving a storage truck full of bananas with the only song being Banana Boat for miles. It was destined to be stuck in my head for decades to come³⁷. When I arrived in DC, I had gotten so sick of the endless

³⁶ I’m constantly eating gum off my shoes, no matter where I found it it always tastes the same, like soggy socks. Fun fact- in France, soggy sock is a delicacy.

³⁷ In a speech I gave at my former preschool, I accidentally started singing “Come Mr. Tallyman come tally my banana.” It definitely got the most happy giggles from the 2 year olds of any part of my speech.

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAYO, so I had put bananas in my ears, half peeled, so the squishy part was like an ear plug. I saw a man on the sidewalk in a wheelchair, rolling *very* slowly. I honked my horn repeatedly, but he didn't hear it, although, neither did I. I couldn't stop the big metal box because my 50 or so old banana peels were lodged under the brake pedal. I pressed down and started to brake. It was too late, the man had been hit...by me. I got out of the car to check on him, and he looked alive.³⁸ I realized that I had forgotten to pull the parking brake and so the vehicle continued to drive over his body and down the road. Now, he looked dead, and his head was bleeding. Then, I remembered that the president lived around there, I could've gotten me into serious trouble. I got back up to leave when I saw someone in a suit, it had to be the president! I booked outta there and tried to find a motel or something. Everyone I went to denied me service, I couldn't put my finger on it, because I couldn't hear them. Then I realized, I couldn't hear them because of the bananas in my ears!³⁹ The next place I walked into accepted me without hesitation. I had realized earlier that I had no money for hotels or food, so I swiped some from that guy I ran over. I handed the money to the

³⁸ His nametag said "Hello, I'm FDR". What kind of dumb name was that?

³⁹ I still wonder why they kicked me out to this day.

hotel cashier. I got my room key and politely inquire, “Do you happen to know anyone by the name of Fdder?”⁴⁰ They looked at me like I was crazy, I’m not the one who decided to name my kid ‘Fdder’. I walked up to my room and turned on the radio as I unpacked my suitcase, that I had forgotten was full of bananas. On the radio, it said, ‘BREAKING NEWS! President FDR has been found dead of a stroke after seemingly being run over by a truck. In unrelated news, a banana truck was found crashed into a building down the hill from where FDR was found.’ I thought that maybe the Fdder I found was his cousin or something. I took out the single sheet of paper in my suitcase and a pencil that I had stolen from that Fdder guy.⁴¹ It was time to draw up plans for breaking into *The Mint*. After staying up all night, I finally went to bed at 6pm and had my plan ready. The next morning, I called a bouncy castle company and asked them to drop a bungalow off with the inflator near *The Mint*, in a parking lot.⁴² My plan was in motion. I went into the building using Fdder’s keycard on Memorial Day, when everyone would be gone. To my surprise, there were a ton of people there, apparently, mint

⁴⁰ A.K.A FDR

⁴¹ It had a cool circle design on it with a bird of some sort and some letters, a good pencil

⁴² They needed identification, so I gave them Fdders’ they seemed pretty compliant after that.

making was a full time business. I walked in triumphantly, to appear as if I worked here. I waved to a nearby lady and said, “Good morning Delores!” To which she responded with something about her name being Debra. I didn’t care. I waltzed into people’s offices, although without the music and a partner, I looked kind of crazy. I went in to ‘supervise’ people’s jobs, but instead, stole their desk mints. I passed several money VM’s (Vending Machines)⁴³. I decided to only get enough to pay off my enormous debt. Unfortunately, all the money in the place was not enough, so I decided to print one 17.28 million dollar bill. I found a machine to do the job, but it needed a design, so I inserted a polaroid from the military. When prompted for how many to print, I put one, but then Dave came by and, trying to hide my project, I leaned on the machine and must have pressed on the zero button. The next day, the newspaper headline was, ‘Unknown man showing up on billions of millions of dollars around the country’. To escape, I was planning to go into the vents and land on the bouncy castle, from a map of the building plans.⁴⁴ I grabbed a handful of my 17.28 million dollars and headed for the vents on the top floor. I could barely fit in the vents, because my pockets were full of mints, spilling

⁴³ I know the lingo

⁴⁴ In hindsight, I probably could’ve walked out the door again.

everywhere. Once in the vent, I pulled out my map, which had no up or down indicator. After hours of searching in the vents, I found the final one and braced for bouncy castle impact. I went through the wrong vent tunnel, the one to the immediate left of the correct one. As I fell, I saw the bouncy castle close by, with no way to get to it. Further down I noticed that it was full of police officers, I was wondering why I hadn't been arrested yet. Just before impact, I looked down to see a reflection of myself in a S.W.A.T van, and the white puff as the mints disintegrated on impact. I woke up at a hospital, where I was soon confirmed to be positive⁴⁵. The doctor said the mints had stopped most of the force. I kicked the bedside table-over and raced to the window, my gown fluttering behind. I lunged towards the window. I braced. The ground rushed up to meet me. I recall so vividly a sense of terror. My life flashed before my eyes. I remember a tinkling bell below me. I fell past three stories⁴⁶ in seconds. ⁴⁷ I came crashing to the earth. My fall would have been *el fin* had I not landed on a group of 10 to 20 Nuns out for a midmorning bike ride. Had it not

⁴⁵ Definitely one of my favorite words to hear from a doctor

⁴⁶ Three *New York Times* Best Sellers had been thrown out the window above me

⁴⁷ I happened upon a down-right egregious thesaurus whilst attempting to compose this chronicling of my exploits

been for Sisters Mary, Theresa, and Patricia I may not be telling this story today. They gave their legs⁴⁸ for a righteous cause, me being alive. I got up quickly and started running, I needed to get out of there because they would be sending the very finest after me. The S.W.A.T sent who I later would come to know as Inspectah Wobbly. “Dun, Dun, Dun”.⁴⁹ Former rapper turned government agent had hunted down many a clown in his time. There are many things to be known about Mr. Wobbly, but I don't have time to explain anything other than the fact that he is a scary, scary midget. I escaped the wraiths of the nuns and ran. At that point I was somewhere around ‘Hungry-Austria 1909’, though I’m not great with maps. When I got there they told me it was actually this place called Washnin-gton Columbia District⁵⁰. Native morons. Little did I know, but Inspectah Wobbly was close on my be*ind⁵¹. I decided to go to the Smithsonian American Art Museum, while I was abroad. I saw this exhibit with these horrid constructions. Contrasting colors, gradients, foreign languages, and weird imagery. The artist turned out to be next to me as I yelled at this

⁴⁸ And lives

⁴⁹ I said this out loud at the time, warranting for a few weird looks

⁵⁰ I learned later that I had never moved more than a mile during this time

⁵¹ I'll keep it PG-13

painting for hurting my eyes. He then proceeded to take the painting off the wall, setting off multiple alarms, and beat me with it. I had to befriend this genius. After I regained consciousness, we decided to hit up the local shake place.⁵² We discussed our earlier professions, we had both been birthday party entertainment specialists! What a coincidence! He, unlike me, got his clowning degree from the Clownington School of the Arts. I was too busy ‘clowning around’ to learn to be a clown, as my teacher often said. He also had had a run in with Fuick. He had seen Fuick in Middle South Central North East-West Australia. Fuick had double crossed him, stealing his clown job, pretending to be me. Before I told him my name for the first time, he thought that I was Fuick, and beat me with the nearest piece of artwork.⁵³ Despite what numerous doctors have told me I find major and/or minor concussions refreshing, really cleanses the brain.⁵⁴ Anyway, we decided to seek revenge on him. Since he was now an Australian, we decided to use their life-long enemy to attack them... the Emus. We were on a plane to Australia the next hour. After the hours of

⁵² We both liked milkshake because coffee was to adult for our respective jobs

⁵³ Sadly, the nearest piece of art was a sharp metal sculpture. I was quite bruised after that.

⁵⁴ I was also a fan of leeches, before they were considered ‘unsafe’

layovers, waiting, sleeping, and choking on those darn pretzels, we had arrived. As we were landing I noticed an Emu in front of the plane. I was worried we were going to hit it. I was correct. The plane slammed into the Emu and it split in two. The plane burned like a burning plane⁵⁵. Me and Picracko were in awe of the Emu's power. They stormed the plane and pursued the survivors. To survive, we barricaded ourselves in the bathroom. We were terrified, but the scariest part was that the toilet paper was one ply. We sat there for hours waiting for the emu screeches to cease. When they finally did stop, I stepped outside, pretzel bag in hand. A flurry of feathers attacked me, and my measly pretzels were no use, they just ate them. After two bags of pretzels they became chill and I was seen as the Great and Holy Pretzel God. They were military grade emus. We rehearsed our plan with the emus, attacking the man we point to when we yelled 'attack'. We had to use a real person, so I volunteered Picracko. He came out in pieces, but that's how we knew they had been trained properly. I decided that I needed a sandwich, so I went into the airport to grab a submarine sandwich. I reached the sandwich stand, with 50 or so emus trailing behind me. They asked me what I wanted, and I pointed at a guy who had just ordered and said, "I'll have

⁵⁵ I lost my thosuorus (smart word book) and my book of definitions, what's it called...

that.” Little did they know that I was field testing my emu army. They stormed the man with the sandwich, and I yelled a triumphant yell, as the screams of the stranger got louder. Security came over and asked me what the issue was, I said, “Just an emu revolt.” Unfortunately for that man with the sandwich, bless his soul, we forgot to add a stopping phrase, so the emus continued to attack until they got tired. Small oversight aside, we were ready for revenge. We walked on foot, to the nearest emu farm, to liberate more members to the cause. On our way, we practiced the attacking a bit more and came up with a safe phrase, “Destroy!” We rented 6 veggie-table-hauling-trucks⁵⁶ to carry the emus in batches to Fuick’s house. After we figured out where it was, we knocked on Fuick’s door. “Hello?” “We have come for revenge. Feel the wrath of the emu army! Destroy!” The emus stood there, a confusion-type face on their face. They did nothing. “Destroy!” I repeated. Nothing occurred. “I got to go to work...” Fuick said as he started closing the door. I turned to face the emus, “Why won’t you attack?” I yelled, gesturing forward, towards Picracko. Within a second, 50 emus were on Picracko. I had to stop them, what was the safeword? I thought. “Demolish!” “Charge!” “Strike!” “Onslaught!” None of them had worked,

⁵⁶ Since there were only two of us, we had to train a couple emus to drive

what was the safeword?! Oh, I remember, I thought. “Destroy!” They all immediately stopped the attacking. Now, how to get them to attack Fuick... What was the unsafeword? They had just started attacking. “Attack!” They all leapt into action and began to maul me. Picracko shouted ‘Destroy!’. Was he trying to get me killed? All the emus mysteriously stopped their incessant mauling. We knocked on Fuick’s door again. Picracko shouted ‘Attack’ and all the emus raced inside the house. We closed the door, and packed up the trucks, and, assuming our work was done, left. We had not planned ahead, so our tickets had been one way when I bought them.⁵⁷ Meaning we had to make some money to get back to the US. I looked around one of the rather big towns, Sidknee, and looked for a store I could rent. I found a closed down Pizza Place and decided not to rent it, but walk in and reopen it⁵⁸. It looked abandoned, and the sign was copyrighted, so I used a marker and drew ‘Eddie’s’ on a piece of drywall, then used blue tape to affix it over the ‘Dave’s’ on the Dave’s Pizza sign. It was now Eddie’s Pizza, and apart from the exposed piping

⁵⁷ Since I was broke, I used Picracko’s credit card, which I had swiped when he wasn’t looking

⁵⁸ Continuing to use money that was not mine, this time it was Fdder’s. In unrelated news, it seems America’s government is worrying about someone embazzling (or something like that) money to open a pizza shop. I hate these damn people who steal from the government

visible from the wall I had just peeled off, it looked great. To patch this hole, I went to the nearest hardware location. I stole a gallon of ‘Spackle’ by hiding it in my coat. When I returned to the pizza place, I poured the spackle in the wall hole and covered it with cardboard. I also broke off some tree branches to put in the pizza oven. Luckily the last owner had left a ton of fresh ingredients covered in white dust. I illuminated the pizza sign, and was ready to make pizza for the swarm of customers. No one came. No one gave me the memo that people in Australia are weird and don’t eat pizza at 12 am. I waited until 6, when the first customer came by, and asked for a cheese and emu pizza. I apologized, saying I was fresh out of emu meat, but I could get some, if they wanted. They sighed and continued on. The next day, I got my first customer, a pizza critic, the best in the world (his name was Paul⁵⁹). I had spent my night coming up with a pizza recipe. “I’ma fry you!!!” I yelled at the Pizza. I heaved it into the oven, and prepared my ingredients. I made my masterpiece, a cheese pizza with emu feathers, sawdust, mozzarella cheese, greek yogurt, and ghost pepper. I didn’t taste it before I served it. I was confident in my ability. Unsurprisingly, he loved it. He gave my pizza a five out of five. This was an unacceptable

⁵⁹ A world class name

score; he had said that I gave him the best pizza ever and he only gave me five out of five. I mauled him with my emus, that'll teach him. I decided to take a break from the paycheck to paycheck life, close down the store for a bit, and find myself. Coincidentally, my amazing pizza recipe, and the whole pizza joint went up in flames, due to an improperly installed pizza oven. Which was weird, since I installed it myself. I took a walk down the mini mall, and overheard a baker and a customer discussing eggchairs and killing a man named 'FDR'. I walked away from that pretty fast, it sounded like they needed couples counseling. Walking down the street I saw many posters advertising a piloting academy called the 'Austrian Navy'. My life long dream for those past 5 minutes was to be a pilot. I decided to take them up on their offer. I walked into the recruitment center and signed the many forms saying that if for some reason I exited the military, they could legally shoot me. Luckily, I would never leave the military, unless another war occurred. I was assigned to New clear Sub 24. Maybe because when they asked for my resume, I gave them a random one from a guy named Jeff, that I found on the street. I crossed out his name and put in mine. He must've been a new clear what's'you McCallit. Plus I specifically asked to be on a sub, so that I could enjoy the meatballs. When I stepped on the sub store, I noticed that

there was a distinct lack of meat smell. Maybe they didn't believe in meatball subs, I'm not one to judge. I searched the hull looking and smelling for any inkling of sandwiches past or present, but found nothing but a bunch of torsos and a big red button, which was surprisingly clicky!⁶⁰ I was able to walk around with ease since I still had Fddder's ID. I found the captain's quarters and put on his outfit and went to the bridge. I decided to play captain for a while. Then I got tired and decided that I should probably head home. I went over to the hatch and noticed the floor was covered in water, and there was a small waterfall coming out of the hatch. I can't believe this place comes with water features, it's so fancy! I soon realised that the water was not, in fact, a water feature, but water pouring from above, and that it must be raining. I decided to close the hatch, but it was much more tiring than I had presumed. By now, the water was waist high. I checked the map, but there was nothing but water. Where did it think I was, the ocean? Crazy boat. I was apparently on a course to a place called Flow ride-ah. That was nowhere near wherever I came from, I was pretty sure of that. I decided to open the crates of food, because I was going to be here awhile. I opened up the pre-made soggy pancake crate and who did I find there, but Gerbils! Oh,

⁶⁰ It even came with a very loud explosion sound effect

and Picracko as well. Picracko was trying to flee the growing emu situation in Australia. Little did I know, those emus created a whole emu gang war, wrecking the lives of citizens. I was so glad to be reunited with such a good friend! Gerbils was truly missed. ‘What are you doing here?’ I asked Picracko. ‘I’m escaping the emu takeover in Australia. I couldn’t breathe in that box, since it filled with water. Hey, where did this water come from anyway?’ He responded. ‘What are we playing, the blame everything on me game? Help me navigate to... Floora.’ I said. Picracko walked over to the control console and stared at it. Picracko was smart! He’d find a way out of this mess. He, without speaking, grabbed Gerbils and whacked him on the console table repeatedly. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO GERBILS!” I screamed. “I have come to the conclusion that Gerbils is an imposter. Why you told me Gerbils was your childhood cat, when this Gerbils imposter, is an actual Gerbil! Look closely!” He handed me Gerbils, and, upon closer inspection, it was a gerbil, not Gerbils. Gerbils the gerbil squeaked out “I’m not a fake cat, I’m Fuick!”⁶¹ I said “That’s something a fake Fuick would say! Anywho, if you were my dearest husband Fuick you would think that *I* would be able to recognise

⁶¹ I later learned that Picracko and I had actually been whacking the gerbil against our heads giving us minor concussions.

you as my own son!” Coincidentally, Picracko smashing that gerbil on the console table (as well as our own skulls) set us on direct course to some island at about 200 mph. After about 20 minutes, I realized that we were speeding too fast into some island. I frantically tried to push buttons to slow us down. One of them released some heavy cargo and made a far away nuclear explosion noise. I finally found a steering wheel in an old crate, and attached it to the console. I turned sharply on the steering wheel, towards Virginia. The ship moved so suddenly, I was thrown across the room, and konked myself out for the 3rd or 4th time in my life. When I awoke, I was on a beach with picracko and a very dead gerbil. I saw our ship stuck on the beach. I still didn’t see any sandwiches, and was beginning to think I had been deceived. I checked my pocket map, and I looked for ‘Beach’ on the map, but I couldn’t find it. I poked Picracko with a stick to see if he was still alive. He groggily awoke and started to stand up. I decided that we needed to make a plan. First step, find out where we were. I herd ancient folk used to use the sun to find their location. So I stared at the sun for a bit, while Picracko went to find help, or food. After about a minute, I couldn’t see the sun anymore, or anything anymore. I called out for Picracko, and he used sound to guide me forward. Apparently, he had found a phone booth, but he didn’t have a nickel. Once

my face hit the cold wall of the phone booth, I told him to check my pockets, to see if I had any change. He told me he had found a nickel! He asked me who we should call. I told him that we should call Shoeburt and get them to pick us up. “Hello Shoeburt.” “Yes?” “I’m the friend of Eddie’s. He is temporarily, or permanently, blind, it’s hard to tell. Anyway, he wants you to come pick us up in wherever we are. We think it is somewhere near Virginia. What do we see? We see a lot of water, and also a lot of sand. And the sun, heh, wow the sun is pretty today... (*screams*)...You better hurry, it appears that I too, have mysteriously fallen blind.” Picracko told me they were on their way here. Very conveniently, plot wise,⁶² Shoeburt knew this exact place, because they too, had washed ashore here as a child. We slowly regained sight. When Shoeburt finally arrived, we were on the brink of death, we had to eat the gerbil to stay alive, it was the roughest 30 minutes of my life. Shoeburt gave me and Picracko each a small canister of nickels so I’d be able to call each other when we got in trouble next. Shoeburt asked how we had blinded ourselves. I told Shoeburt that I had been staring

⁶² If this were a story, I would be positive that the writers were just trying to get their main characters plus one dead gerbil out of a tough situation in the easiest way possible.

at the sun to find out our coordinates⁶³, and Picracko had been blinded by looking at the sun when describing it on the phone. We explained to Shoeburt that we had been in a half-sunken nuclear sub and that's how we arrived here. Shoeburt asked if we were the ones who blew up that Island, and we said it was going to be demolished anyway. Shoeburt shrugged and said there were only 50 people there, give or take. Not a huge loss, nonetheless, I added it to my running "Ooopsie!" list of accidental deaths I 'caused'.⁶⁴ Shoeburt drove us to their home, back in the good ol' Ark-Kan-TEEx-SAW-Mont-Uta-Man-IAsKA⁶⁵, the best state in the mid-south-east-west. We arrived at Shoeburt's house and ate a healthy meal, turned out to be poisoned, Picracko went to the hospital, lost the sense of touch for ~4 days then it came back after a short fall off the Grand Canyon⁶⁶. After all that, we decided to get an apartment, someplace to call mi casa briefly before our inevitable next wacky adventure. We looked at a lot of places, but they weren't exciting enough for us. Then we got word of an exciting

⁶³ It did work, although not until after Shoeburt picked us up.

⁶⁴ 200 pages is a normal amount for a one hundred year old, right?

⁶⁵ Founded by the famous explorer, Hernan Boon Cook Erikson Bly Buttutu Polo MMMXXMXXMI

⁶⁶ During which, he was being transported between hospitals

new mission to someplace that couldn't possibly be boring, the moon. We decided to go become astropeople at NSA. We didn't have enough money for plane tickets, so we asked Shoeburt to borrow a car. Shoeburt agreed, but only on the condition that neither Picracko or I drove. Shoeburt didn't trust us to drive, after I crashed Shoeburt's car on my way to The Mint. Once we arrived, we walked in the door and demanded to become astropeople. They threw us out and locked the door, but that wasn't the end of that, we wouldn't give up. I snuck in the window, while Picracko went and caused a distraction by launching one of the rockets. Once inside, I put flu germs on all of the astropeople's clothing. I then changed the backup astropeople's names to mine and Picracko's. I stopped midway, and something dawned on me, I didn't know Picracko's last name. How could I not know my best friend's last name? What sounded right? Picracko John? Picracko Papadopoulos? I radioed to Picracko. "What's your last name?". He told me "I don't have one." "Oh, okay." I replied. Anyway, I inputted the names, and snuck out of there. The next day the paper's headline was 'Astronauts sick and some outraged'. Our plan had worked. The next day, we went back and showed them our ID's and told them that we were the replacement astropeople for the moon rocket. They checked the computer and, surprised, let us

into the training room. I was the first one put in the spinny thingy. I became so queasy so quickly, they said I shouldn't even be allowed to move on foot without getting ill. Nonetheless, they didn't fire me, and I kept at it, doing the underwater training and then the simulators. After 2 months, we were ready. Sadly, just as we had completed our training, the old backup astropeople busted in the door, raging. Apparently they had found the footage of me changing the names, and poisoning the food, while I loudly described my plan, stated my name, and showed the camera my real ID. "That won't hold up in any court!⁶⁷" I protested. They rolled their eyes. Me and Picracko ran out of there as fast as we could. So our moon mansion idea hadn't gone according to plan, on the first try. We would find a way to get there. That night, we snuck into the place once again, this time I didn't show the camera my ID⁶⁸. We snuck into the moon lander, to await the launch that was

⁶⁷ NOTE (from the editors): Speaking of court, most books will tell you that their story has no relation to the truth, and any similarities are purely coincidence. That is in no way applicable to this story. If you know someone named Eddie van Bonkhertz and he's friends with another guy named Picracko odds are he's the batshit crazy guy this memoir was written by. I have some therapists to recommend if you need some. I actually have some very good friends, a baker and his customer, that have been greatly helped by therapy.

⁶⁸ I almost did, but Picracko yelled at me when I tried to.

happening in a few days. We also brought a TV in there to watch our own launch. When the day finally came, we watched as we ascended to the sky. We didn't notice any difference at all. Maybe this whole gravity thing was just an elaborate scam⁶⁹. I argued with Picracko if we should dare open the hatch. I looked out the porthole. "Hey," I said, "We're still on the ground. There, there is Ted, the maintenance worker who gave us the TV." "I know who Ted is. I ran him over with the golf cart way before you did." Picracko replied. After that, it was a mere 2 hours before we both agreed that it was safe to open the hatch. Once we did, we were outraged that our plan to sneak aboard a national voyage to an external celestial body had failed. We broke into the gift shop and got ourselves some buckets of liquid moon cheese to feel better. I also learned astropeople ice cream is not as creamy or icy as its name would suggest. The package said freeze-dried, and that gave me a great idea! I would make my own company, right after I finished my second gallon of moon cheese.⁷⁰ I founded T.G.I.E.F.F.F, Thank God It's Eddie's Fine Frozen Foods. I looked at the package of the ice cream, and found the place where they make it. Picracko and I were heading to wherever they make it. But first, we needed a

⁶⁹ I mean I've doubted it for a while

⁷⁰ Who knew that this would kickstart my disastrous moon cheese addiction

ride. I called up Shoeburt who, knowing we were going to go on a new adventure, stayed in Florida to wait for our call. There was someone at Picracko's house to forward the call to their hotel, very elaborate. Shoeburt picked us up and we began driving to the ice cream factory. Once we arrived, it was after closing hours, just as we had elaborately hoped it would be. We broke through a window and prepared to steal a freeze dryer. They were much larger than expected. Nonetheless, we hauled the 1 ton freezer out the 3 foot hole in the window, and onto Shoeburt's car. It crushed the roof in, leaving barely any room to get in the car. I took some old dental floss from my pocket to secure it to the car. Once we all got in the car I started to think, where is somewhere that people want ice cream, but it's too cold for regular ice cream? By the next morning, we had arrived in Los Angeles. We rented a small store near the beach to entice people. Unfortunately, the freeze dryer wouldn't come off Shoeburt's car, so our shop just had a car with an industrial machine on it in the back. After a while, ice cream became boring. I decided to freeze dry more interesting things, like chili, and cotton candy. By far my most popular food was freeze-dried soda. It was a big crunchy brick of cola, and was a popular snack for beachgoers. People were weirdly put off by my freeze dried moon cheese. I became so addicted to the moon cheese I had to sell my shop

and the freeze dryer I earned with my honest stealing. All my assets were in moon cheese. I needed help. Then, someone spoke to me. It was Picracko. He also agreed I needed help. I tried to nod, but my mouth was full of moon cheese. The question was where could I seek help. I went to the YMCA (Youth Moon Cheese Anonymous) to seek help. I introduced myself as Eddie, addicted to moon cheese. They told me to go cold turkey, at least for a while, to try to get myself off the moon cheese. The very next morning I grabbed three cold turkeys from the supermarket, and brought them home. Everytime I felt like eating moon cheese, I ate the cold, raw turkey instead. I needed to buy 17 more turkeys before the day was done. The next day I went to the hospital with salmonella. I was cured of my Moon Cheese addiction! Although, now I have a raw, cold turkey addiction, I was sure that'd work itself out⁷¹. The next day I was out for a stroll because my fridge had stopped giving me cold turkey. After a while, I needed to use a bathroom, so I went into the nearest church. I burst through the door drawing attention away from the wedding currently taking place. "These two should not be wed!" I shouted. There was a large gasp. The priest asked me why. "I need to use a bathroom." I

⁷¹ It never did work itself, I'm still addicted to cold turkey to this day. Unfortunately the cold turkey technique doesn't work for a cold turkey addiction.

said. He pointed me to the left and continued with the ceremony. I came out relieved, but the crowd was pretty mad at me for crashing a wedding. “I have a leg,” I said as I showed off the pope leg, “what do you have?” They all gasped when I showed my leg⁷². Apparently he who holds the pope leg is the pope. I decided to use this to my advantage, churches make the mula, so if I had my own church...I could be the pope! I told everyone there to convert to my new religion, Bonkhertzism. The following day my cult⁷³ and I transformed the church into the First Church of Bonkhertz. Instead of a golden cross, there was a golden EVB. Instead of being called ‘father’, I am called ‘Uncle Bonkhertz’ or just ‘Uncle’. Instead of common wafers, the food we eat is the Bonkhertz Split, a chocolate ice cream sundae that has mints from The Mint, a half chocolate, half card straight flush as a reminder of the saviors blackjack skills, and is topped with the ashes of those who ‘gave their life to see the savior safe’. There were 4 kinds of ashes: the Island ashes, which give you the knowledge to know that mistakes occur, Nun ashes which grant you the power to be safe from all falls, because nuns will stop your fall, the Bob and Timmy ashes, which give you shielding from all blasts, and the Jeff

⁷² These people really did like to gasp

⁷³ Of which I had gathered almost 400 people from the church

Larry and Ted ashes, which prevent deaths in cars and elephants. You must eat each flavor once a week to continue having their blessing. We have a congregation every Tuesday, the holy day⁷⁴, where convict Greg comes in and controls the holy 'ation'.⁷⁵ During congregation, I sit atop a throne of Bibles, the throne is called 'The Bible'. Every monday at 6pm we have our weekly sacrifice, where one lucky individual in our very group, burns some hard to read books⁷⁶ as a punishment to the books for being hard to read. After reaching 100 Bonks⁷⁷, I decided we should go canvassing, recruit people of all religions to give over their faith in favor of an unknown religion. We gained another 800 Bonks. One day I did some errands instead of my church duty. By the time I got to the church, they had already finished the lunch and midnight sacrifices. Soon we had a Bonk temple on every continent and in every country. After a little while, I was tired of being the savior and so I decided to leave the church for a bit. I decided that I needed a job to make the green as well as some money. I was

⁷⁴ It is the holy day because that is the day I walked into the original church.

⁷⁵ Convict-greg's-ation, or congregation for short.

⁷⁶ Last week we burned Hungry Hungry Caterpillars

⁷⁷ Followers of the Church of Bonkhertz

hired at a mattress design company.⁷⁸ I was immediately put in charge of a new mattress design taskforce. I was now a part of Operation Mattress X. After months of hard work with my team, and dozens of failed designs in the shape of a lollipop, cookie, and Oregon, we had the final design, The Eddie. The Eddie was a masterful design combining death and life, dumb and undumb. It was a 3D bed, the first of its kind, in the shape of a dying DNA strand. It made whoever slept on it gain an extra decade of their life. Sadly, our design was rejected and only one prototype was ever produced, and I, as chief officer in charge of mattress design, took the only prototype.⁷⁹ After the The Eddie debacle, I was fired from the mattress company and was back to looking for a job, a place to live, and searching for my long lost cat Gerbils. Then I noticed that Picracko was gone. Where had I seen him last, I thought. Oh yeah, he was helping me with that freeze dried store in Myami, then he told me to get help for my moon cheese addiction. I must've left him in Florida by mistake! I immediately got on a flight to Myami. While on the plane, I used the specialized airborne telephone to call up TGIEFFF's phone number to see if Picracko was

⁷⁸ Probably because I said on my resume that my dream was to reinvent the mattress

⁷⁹ It was actually stolen by my old religion, and the bed was declared the savior

there. "Hello?" It was Picracko's voice. "I'm on my way back to Myami, sorry I left you there, you would not believe the last...amount of time. I started a religion by going to the bathroo- " I said. Before I could finish, the phone beeped out, 'Please input another 50 cents'. It's fine, I thought, I'll see him in a little bit anyway. When I landed I went searching for my freeze dried store. I walked around the shops in downtown Myami. I saw an alligator that I thought was Gerbils. After it bit off my left pinky I figured that it probably wasn't him. Pinkyless, I wandered about the place, into a car dealership. I hit a car and slumped down, and next to me was a beautiful vehicle that was begging to be stolen. It could've been the chloroform I had on the plane, the fact I had just hit my head on the car, or the fact that I hallucinated often after my brined incident, but all of a sudden, a figure appeared before me. It was Jesus!⁸⁰ He told me to take this car and drive it into the ocean at top speed, 'for the god.'⁸¹ I, of course agreed, and hopped into the luxury car and drove it through the wall of the dealership. Unfortunately for me, there was a ramp on the other side. I sped up the ramp and I crashed into a fruit stand called Michigan. I ran over Michigan. I closed my eyes and let go of the wheel as I put my

⁸⁰ Since I was the god, I was just doing this for fun. No harm no foul.

⁸¹Or a similarly looking homeless man

foot down hard on the pedal. The next thing I knew, I was covered in dying orcas and glass shards. I had driven into Ocean World. I cleaned myself up and went into the Ocean World gift shop. I saw some whale pushes, a fish net hat which was a hair net with a fish taped to it. I also saw a keychain rack with names on it. I tried to find my name but the best I could find was 'Eddie Van Bonkhorts'. I reminisced about going to an Ocean World with the pope as a reward for curing the Spanish Flu by being born. Good Times. The place had really changed though. When I tried to pet the sharks, I was zapped by a gaurd. I applied for a job, since I loved working with animals. Ever since I lost all of my blood to combat the spanish flu, and was just a dried up raisin, I had a good connection with animals. They didn't see me as a threat since I was already dying. They accepted my application almost instantly since they were in need of staff.⁸² I started on the penguin exhibit and the sea lion exhibit. They gave me two buckets, one for the penguins, and one for the sea lions. They told me not to mix them up, but that 'you already knew that, Dr.'⁸³ They both looked the same, raw meat in a bucket

⁸² Apparently, they had all left in a strike because they were being fed the sick animals during lunch. They had a mighty fine dolphin steak, though.

⁸³ My record and ex-con sheet may have been edited slightly.

for a bunch of heathens. I grabbed one and chucked the container into the aquarium. I then walked to the sea lion exhibit, but I must've not closed the door, because after I threw in the sea lion food, a bunch of penguins jumped in too. I thought it was a happy moment until the sea lions started viciously attacking and eating the penguins.⁸⁴ Even better, or worse, a school full of children were watching it happen. Soon they could barely see the lions because the water had turned a dark red. I ran out the door, still holding the half full bucket of food. The sea lions noticed the food and chased me out of the exhibit, drenched in penguin blood. It was quite the scene. Those penguins were going to go that way anyway, and it was a fun learning experience for all of those scared children. I ran out of the entrance, but grabbed some souvenirs to remember the experience by. I took some photo booth pictures with the angry sea lions, and some t shirts. I ran to catch a bus after the whole Ocean World experience. I then bumped into Picracko. "Picracko, how's the ol' freeze dried shop?" I said. He told me that he didn't know, since he left to come get me. "I was just about to go downtown to see the store and you, that's why I'm down here" I replied. He told me that the shop was in L.A., not Myami. I asked him how he found me

⁸⁴ That must be why they are known as the ocean's black bear.

and he said that he saw a newspaper about someone driving a Ferrari into an aquarium and assumed it was me. Before we left Florida, I wanted to see this newspaper article that Picracko mentioned. I found an orange quarter in my pocket and tried to put it in the newspaper box. It wouldn't accept the quarter, so I punched the glass with my forehead. Sure enough, the front page title was, "Florida Man steals sports car and drives it into the Ocean...World". Below that though, was what interested me, "Vatican Empire considering Changing Religion, Looking for Crazy New Religions Pitched by Disgraced Clowns". I had an epiphany, I was a disgraced clown, and I had a crazy new religion! "Picracko," I said, "next stop the Vatican!" We flew ourselves into Luxembourg on a rented plane because it was cheaper. It wasn't that interesting, the Bermuda triangle didn't have as many lost planes as we thought. Once in the Vatican, we took a tour of every inch of the place. After that rather dull half an hour, we decide to convince people to change their religion. What was the best way to do this? Pamphlets. Instead of using my boring hands to hand them out, I planned a helicopter drop with Picracko. Unfortunately, there was an unexpected burst of wind. The wind sent the roughly 20,000 pamphlets east, accidentally converting the entire city of Rome. Second time's the charm though. The next week,

after we reprinted the pamphlets, we tried the helicopter stunt again. This time, there was no wind, but Picracko had forgotten to take off the rubber bands on the pamphlet stacks. All the pamphlets landed in the Vatican, just all in one spot, specifically on the pope's head. We landed and returned to the central pavilion where a crowd had gathered. "Our leader is dead!" Someone shouted. "These mysterious pamphlets, they must be a sign from god!". I took the pamphlets and passed them out among the crowd. They studied the pamphlet, 'So you want a new God?' I heard some objections to such a 'disrespectful' and 'just plain mean' pamphlet, but most were intrigued slightly. I setup a 'Free lemonade with each conversion' stand which signed up 80% of the city. We kicked out the remaining 'unbelievers' and renamed it the Bonk Empire, to make it seem larger than it was. We replaced all the Bible's with the teachings and life history about me. We replaced any sign of religion into symbols of me⁸⁵. I introduced them to the concept of Convict Greg's... ation. I needed a new convict name Greg though, my other guy was back in wherever Picracko said he came from. I asked around and put up flyers, and finally found a convict named Gorg, close enough, I thought. They seemed intent on some sort of holy water, instead, I gave

⁸⁵ Occasionally Picracko too

them the holiest water, vodka. Everyone in the Vatican got new priest clothes, white sweatshirts with the letters EVB in brown. Each and every new recruit required a special ‘Bonktizm.’⁸⁶ Everyone got a passport with my initials on them. Soon the Bonk Empire had an influx of people wishing to be a part of the empire. In fact everyone we had accidentally converted in Rome, wanted to join our cause. If Rome was on our side, we could recreate the world's best empire, the Greek Empire. Picracko printed out new pamphlets while I discussed the new drop location. I settled for Sicily, everyone's favorite caribbean island. Once done, I could move the Bonk Empire to Sicily and begin the inflation. It was only a matter of time. On Wednesday, we planned to drop 250,000 pamphlets on Sicily. Once completed, we waited. Within minutes, people were itching to join the Bonk Empire. We accepted, throwing the disbelievers into the Sea. I then moved all my followers to Sicily and declared it a new country, the Bonk Empire. We created a monument of me as soon as we arrived. I organized a building crew to build a temple for the religion to have our holy ceremonies in. I soon realized that Sicily was much too close to Italy, it was like we were part of the same country. I decided on what to do, I gave a speech

⁸⁶ Our version of a baptism

proclaiming that to be independent, we needed to get farther away from Italy. I asked them for their financial support so that I could buy 500,000 outboard motors to attach to the end of Sicily. Once all my motors came in, I had my followers unbox them and place them at the end of Sicily. Once fueled up, I had them all start at the same time. I put a marker in the ocean of where Sicily used to be, so once we moved Sicily, we could see how far we moved it. They all yanked on the cords at once and I could feel the island moving. We kept them going for the next hour, until they all went dead. I checked our patent-pending Sicily measurement system. We had moved an island an entire foot! Unfortunately, that small shift compounded through the earth, and caused an earthquake in southern California, whoops.⁸⁷ I had spent so much time in Sicily that I had forgotten about the former Vatican, and Picracko, who I left there. I bought a boat ride ticket to the Vatican. When I arrived, I was cornered by an army of Emus, MY EMUS! It was unsurprisingly the work of Fuick. He had apparently earned their trust with those oversized hot pretzels.⁸⁸ Now he was back for revenge. He had taken over the Vatican, and taken Picracko as a hostage, but worst of all, he renamed it the McOles Empire. I returned to

⁸⁷ Another 65 added to my death list

⁸⁸ That would've worked on me, too, but still, he had no right to take my emus that I abandoned!

Sicily immediately to tell my followers to get their crusade gear. I declared him the ‘anti-pope’, and he was our sworn enemy. He had taken our land, our followers and our name from us. I made an official declaration of war on the McOles Empire. My army was boarded onto ships and we were on our way to Italy. We docked and then marched to the former Vatican. Once we arrived, we soon realized that we could not all fit in the so-called ‘Empire’. “Only 20 men at a time, we’ll take shifts in the rampage.” There were groans of disappointment. The first batch of men charged in, only to find a sign that said “Gone leavin’ - Fuick.” That bastard! He had left us like a bunch of fools. Just then, I spotted Fuick behind a wall. “Charge!” I yelled. I pointed in the direction of Fuick. We ran over there, swords a wagglin’. We just hacked at the man blindly. Once the hubbub had died, we noticed that he was just a holy janitor.⁸⁹ Damn, he still had my emus and Picracko. I had to find him! Good thing that I had spies around the planet, out on the search for Fuick. First though, I had to stop the bleeding from my pinky that had been going on the last 7 days. I needed a new pinky. I walked over to the rotting corpse body, still covered in pamphlets. His pinky seemed un maggoty. I asked my soldiers, “Why isn’t his finger horribly dying like

⁸⁹ He’s cleaning god’s trash now.

the rest of him?” They told me, there was a legend of the golden pope pinky, that one pope would have an unbreakable pinky. As soon as I heard gold, I took the pinky. I needed to find that adhesive that I used to attach my leg. I knew that I left it on the ground a couple decades ago. I think it was on Piazza del Colosseo. Sure enough, there was good ol’ tuby von stick. I squeezed out some of it and attached my pope finky. I had lost the group of soldiers when I went to look for the glue, so I tried to wander back. I walked past Rootin’ Tootin’ No Refund Shootin’ which was oddly enough a music store. Pttfh, musical instruments are a con-man’s game, I thought, you buy some shiny metal then you have to *learn* to play it. “You look like the kinda man who could use some fun!” Said the cowboy at the music store. “I like fun, but I don’t like instruments.” ”Have you tried the harmonica?” ”Yes, it’s garbage.” “What about...the *TRIANGLE*?” He held up a shiny metal triangle. It glowed in the light of the lights. “Here try it.” he offered. I did. It was like music to my ears. I was better than that other guy who played the chin guitar, I was the GREATEST! “I’ll take it!” Next thing I knew, I was a worldwide hit⁹⁰. Only 25,000 dollars for such a magical instrument, what a steal. I decided that I had to show the Bonks when I got back to the

⁹⁰ Someone in Zanzibar mailed me a letter that just said “Hate song”

Bonk Empire. “Everyone look, I got a new instru-” Nobody was looking at me. They were all praying on their knees to a curtain. “Guys, you don’t have to do that, I’m right here.” The curtain opened to reveal The Eddie. “Son of a mattress...” I was shunned out of my own empire⁹¹, for the second time by that **DAMN** mattress!⁹² I put my fast-moving music career on hold to find Picracko, Fuick and my Emus. I stole a plane to Chigacho to look for Picracko and Fuick. I saw a weird billboard that said ‘Go to evbofficial.com’⁹³ When I was walking downtown I saw a pizza joint called ‘Hut Pizza’. Their tagline was ‘No one out huts the pizza’. It looked like a good place to get some grub. I walked in the door. A delicious smell was around. It was strangely familiar. “I’ll have one Australian small to go.” I took a bite of the pizza. The sawdust and emu feathers perfectly complemented the greek yogurt, and the hot pepper was a nice touch. I thought Hut Pizza were geniuses. Then I realised that it was *my* pizza recipe! They had stolen it, somehow. It must’ve been Paul! I knew that corpse I hid was just a fake! Enraged, I chucked my pizza behind me, after one last bite. Un-knowleged by me, the

⁹¹ Which had been renamed the Mattress Empire

⁹² I apologize, I get worked up when I talk about my son

⁹³ Beneath that, it said ‘The EVB Text Game, proudly on the website by next week, I swear!’

pizza slice hit another janitor/priest and he dropped some dangerous acid on his lungs and body.⁹⁴ I was going to take them to court, after one last slice. After succeeding in finding a lawyer, I told him to bonk off, and that I was going to represent myself. It felt like a courtroom, mainly because it was. “Your priestess, I would like to address the Jury directly if I may...” “You may n-” “That recipe was stolen from me, **STOLEN!** I rest my case.” Shockingly, I did not win, but I got a nice settlement out of it, a piece of their delicious pizza. Back to looking for my enemy and Fuick. I had a hunch that they were in Europe, the only European country I remembered other than South Africa, was Sweden. It’s native name, ‘Ikea’ is very strange. Once I entered, I realized what people meant by the ‘harsh norweigen winters’, it was below 50 in there! There were a surprising amount of couches in their natural region. I was careful not to disturb them.⁹⁵ I walked through the wild stoves and cooktops and then came back around to the couches. I did that a couple more times before I was walking in an oval, the same stuff over and over again. I needed to join a tribe. I decided to take my chances with the couches. I walked over

⁹⁴ That was the 14th janitor I had accidentally killed

⁹⁵ I was careful, but these other poachers just sat on them and took them! Why didn’t the government do anything?

and introduced myself. There was silence. After hearing barely anything from the chairs, apart from screams, I decided to eat one of them. There were fabled rumors of a distant cafeteria with meatballs as far as the stomach could stretch, but they were pure nonsense. Once I had eaten all the chairs, I decided to do the unthinkable, explore Sweden. I took the heroic step to leave my humble sofa area and venture toward the rumored tales of a so-called ‘exit’ and the cafeteria. I packed my bag with the sofa leftovers in case I couldn’t find food on my journey. After about an hour, I discovered the desk area. A whole new world! I saw some signs in some cryptic language, the only thing I could make out was ‘Cafeteria’. The legends were true! I followed the sign with the arrow, only to discover another sign with an arrow, then another sign with an arrow, and then I was back at the desk area. I went around to the desk chair section where I found two homeless bums, which turned out to be Picracko and Fuick!⁹⁶ They looked starved, I offered them some of my emergency sofa cushion fluff. I recruited them to help me brave the cold Sweden winter to find the cafeteria. They looked confused, so while they were munching on the cushion, I explained to them the tale of the cafeteria, with all kinds of food and drink. They

⁹⁶ We were too hungry and tired to be mad at each other anymore

didn't believe me at first, but then I told them about the signs. I asked them how long they had been here, apparently it had been 5 days or so. I had lost all count of days, Sweden didn't have the sun, just bright lights and high ceilings. We marched and chanted, helping other lost souls with our cushion fluff along the way. About 73 hours into our expedition, we had gathered over 60 members. I had told them all of the food dispensary, and gave them pamphlets on Bonkhertzism⁹⁷. When we finally reached the food arena, it had been a total of 17 days in Sweden, eating nothing but couch fluff and plastic bananas. We stormed the place when we arrived, stealing food with no regard for safety or laws of any kind. It was a complete rampage, one that I organized⁹⁸. Of course, I participated in some looting while the chaos was happening, I snagged myself a chair of some sort, as well as some chocolate cake and meatballs. After the rampage settled down, The Sweden people called the police, but they couldn't get to us, because they had gotten lost in the entrance as well⁹⁹. With our brains fully fed, we were a powerful mob. We were sure to find the exit soon! It took a record-

⁹⁷ You can't have too many religious followers

⁹⁸ That's goin' on the old resume

⁹⁹ A couple weeks later, the headlines all read "Cops called to arrest rampagers, go on rampage 14 days later"

breaking 5 hours to find the exit. Once we left, I made a pact with Fuick to not wage war with each other again. I also made a deal with Picracko and Fuick never to go back to Sweden. “Well, what should we do now?” I asked the group. We discussed it for awhile. We talked about places we hadn’t been to like jail, the moon, madagascar, texas, the one with the syrup, japan, and italy. We decided to go to Hut Pizza, grab a slice, and go back to thinking. I finally had a golden idea¹⁰⁰! We would restart my music career with Picracko and Fuick as well! “Can you guys play any instruments?” I asked “Cause I’m basically Jesus at the triangle.” “I’m pretty good at the Glockenspiel.” Said Picracko. “And I’m good at the old Metal bar tube.” Fuick Said. Picracko and I looked at Fuick with confusion. “You know, the metal sleigh, the golden horse, the prickly player?” he said. We stared blankly at him. “The harmonica.” We stared at him still. “Nevermind.” It didn’t matter what he played, he played his whatever really well, or just at all. All we needed was a name. Then I had the best idea of my life. “We should be called the Bangin’ Ding Dings!” I said. The group cheered, and others not a part of our group just tuning in, also cheered. Around the world, the cries could be heard “Bangin’ Ding Dings Bangin’ Ding Dings Bangin’ Ding Dings.”

¹⁰⁰ Or Brainkid as it is often called

I scheduled a bus to take us to the most rockin' country-style state there ever was. The next day we were in Woonsocket, Rhode Island and ready to blow some minds! We were playing our first show at Balloux Home for the Aged and Vintage Faced. I stepped on stage and immediately recognized a man in the crowd. It was Inspectah Wobbly! He seemed not to notice me, so I casually¹⁰¹ pointed him out to my other Ding Dings. We decided, the show *must* go on. As soon as we got on stage, the Inspectah's eyes got wide. He jumped from his seat. We frantically began bangin' our instruments (ding dings). The magical music hypnotized the Inspectah. Before we knew it, the Inspectah began rapping along to the ding dings. We played the whole night. Our first song, the ding dings, got everyone on their walkers. We closed the night out with a bang, a bangin' ding ding. Inspectah Wobbly passed out after 4 songs. We snuck out of the back exit and into the cool crisp Woonsocket night. I was fretting. Where could I go where no one would ever think. Where would no one want to go? CALIFORONA! I had only sold one CD, to the Inspectah, thankfully I charged £560. I had just enough! Sadly, I was warned by the Air Force to 'Never fly again' because I'm 'a risk to human existence'. Whatever. I couldn't fly to Califorona, so I'd have

¹⁰¹ by yelling and pointing.

to get there some other way... “Bike faster, Picracko! We need to get there by sundown!” “I’m biking....as...fast as I can.” Picracko wheezed. We stopped the bike to think of another method. I thought to myself, ‘What’s faster than a bike, but not a plane?’ Next thing I knew, we were biking to the nearest stables. We found a good horse, Carlos, but it still only got us two feet closer to HippyLand™.¹⁰² We finally found a suitable alternative, a limoguini¹⁰³. Perfectly between a horse and a plane.¹⁰⁴ We arrived a mere day and 9 bottles of tequila¹⁰⁵ later. I got out of the limo, ready to embrace the warm sunlight of HippyLand™, but I instead konked¹⁰⁶ myself on the top of the car door. When I awoke, I was being splashed in the face with non-gmo, vegan, free range, humanely raised, water-free water. I immediately knew I had made it. HippyLand™. “Who are you?” I asked to the figure splashing me. “You don’t recognize me?” said the figure.

¹⁰² Apparently, a horse can’t carry 3 people and 5 señors. In other words there were a lot of Carlos refusing to carry us, I can swear that he called us fat at some point

¹⁰³ Carlos stayed with us in the limoguini, he took up all of the front seats but he was a good driver so it didn’t really matter

¹⁰⁴ Other than perhaps a flying limo, or a flying Carlos

¹⁰⁵ Tequila was a fake bottle of Tequila that had those fake snakes in ‘em, except these snakes were made of Tequila.

¹⁰⁶ I lost my konk streak :(but was determined to regain it in all its glory

“I’m the Notorious K.I.M., King of whom you call the ‘hippies’.” He asked me to get up and get some food in me, I had gotten a pretty bad konkin’. “Here, eat this.” K.I.M. offered. “What is it Mr. Notorious K.I.M¹⁰⁷.?” I asked. “It’s a vegan powerfood. And call me Lil’ Pasky¹⁰⁸” I explained to him that I only eat food as long as it has a 70% chance or above to cause fatal diseases. I asked them if they had any McDeathaldis locations nearby. They yelled at me for ‘even the thought of ingesting those putrid non-non-gmos’ *scoff*¹⁰⁹ I tried to escape, I called out for Picracko and Fuick, I was informed that they had fled before I was taken in by these awful people. The next day, I found myself tied up like a cow. They showed me their pet dog, who looked like skin cancer come to life. They forced it to be vegan. I screamed, but it was no use, they’d force me to be vegan too. The thought of it was torturing my

¹⁰⁷ Who names their kid Notorious it's so weird, but still one must always be respectful, never once have I broken that rule. Especially not around those annoying hippies.

¹⁰⁸ Lil ‘Pasky (Notorious K.I.M.) too had been a rapper before he discovered the ways of the hippies. His life changed forever. But hey, maybe he worked with Inspectah Wobbly at a time. NOTE(from the editors): Actually yes they did, they collaborated on a song called *Inspectah Pasky*. Unless you want your ears to bleed I don’t recommend listening to it.

¹⁰⁹ Yes, I wrote scoff into my memoir, It’s my life, my story

soul¹¹⁰. I met another prisoner there, someone who had been captured just like me. “What’s your name?” I asked him. “They call me the Markerman for short, Markito for shorter. Or Mark for shortest” I slowly befriended him. We bonded over our hatred of these hippies and Picracko’s artwork. I told him about my brother, my debt, Picracko, and Gerbils, my long lost, soon to be found, cat. He slowly began to trust me, because, and I quote, “You seem too dumb to betray me.” That place was miserable, I needed to find a way out. I thought for hours when I suddenly thought of a solution. The rope they tied me down with was 100% plant, and hand-crafted, meaning it was incredibly weak. That night, I got up and tried to find the exit. There was a big neon sign that said exit¹¹¹. I walked calmly out the door before the alarm came. It wasn’t just any alarm, it was a natural alarm. All the cows and other walking sandwich stuffers screamed and cawed at the sight of me. I saw the lights in the eco-friendly, reusable teepees turn on and I knew I was screwed. I started sprinting, before getting exhausted after 3 feet. Those bastards had fed me nothing but beans for days. I was as weak as my cousin, Weak McOles. Luckily, Carlos was there for me. I hopped up and was about to say ‘yee-

¹¹⁰ Vegans are the stuff that nightmares are made of. I shudder at the very thought

¹¹¹ Weirdly enough, it was running on fossil fuels.

haw', like you do, but Carlos was already speeding off. I owe my life to him, and not because he died¹¹²! He saved me from those all natural hippies. As we left, I heard their screams about the next farmers market. Mark and I raced away on Carlos. I woke up in a hotel bedroom. I noticed Shoeburt and Picracko and Fuick there as well. I asked them what had happened. They told me I had been kidnapped by some hippies, when Shoeburt came to rescue me, after a call from Picracko. "I must've been really out of it," I said. "I thought Shoeburt was a horse named Carlos." They told me that Carlos was real, but that Shoeburt was the one on Carlos when they rescued me from the hippies. "Where's Mark?" I asked. They looked at me with confusion. "The guy I met at the hippy palace. Didn't you rescue him too?" They shook their heads. I convinced them that we had to go back. We hitched a cab back to HippyLand™. I broke through their defences by pretending to be a sun-fed grass salesman. I found Mark and took out my knife. I sawed through the upgraded ropes that were tying him down. I only had 40 seconds because, if it had gone according to plan, Picracko and Fuick had placed 37 active bombs around the defenses. I released Mark with 20 seconds to spare. I anxiously told him to run. Mark answered, further

¹¹² That was a first for me.

down the hall. I had untied the wrong guy! I went over to the real Mark and cut his ropes. With only 2 seconds to spare I leaped behind a hippy van for safety. I heard a loud explosion and I saw hippies getting hit with pointy bits from the explosion. K.I.M was unharmed and swore the ultimate revenge. Mark only had a 2 pound piece of glass in his head. We rushed him to the hospital, where the doctor said that he had had the greatest IQ¹¹³ in the history of man, but because of the glass and the veganism¹¹⁴, he would have permanent brain damage, dropping his IQ to 30¹¹⁵. Once he recovered from the hospital, we started coming up with business ideas, since we were omega poor. Apparently, we both had ‘issues’ with gambling¹¹⁶. Doing something 5 times a week because you can’t stop isn’t an ‘issue’ it’s a good time. Anyhow, in the process, I got a teeny paper cut¹¹⁷ and went to get some hand sanitizer to clean it with. I put on a miniscule drop and was instantly konked. It was the first time I had had any alcohol. I awoke in a dream, a wonderland if you will, but please don’t. I saw a giant beast, a

¹¹³ Knowledge points

¹¹⁴ It was later discovered that the glass had no impact whatsoever

¹¹⁵ Twinsies! IQ bros!

¹¹⁶ I never thought of my gambling as a problem. I had only lost \$17.28 million. Losing \$20 million, now that’s an addiction.

¹¹⁷ When has a slit wrist ever been deadly, huh?

giant marker beast. I had a vopral blade that I used to slice off the marker cap, revealing the marker within. The smell was glorious. I woke in a second. I rushed to Mark and told him “Either I’m going to start a business or write a poem!” We made talking noises for a while and decided to start a marker business. We called it Dr. Draw Smelly Markers. I had a crazy, weird konked out idea, but I needed to make it be real. I and Mark bought chlorine gas, lead pipes, fruit for the smell, moon cheese for the taste, and a blender to mix them all together. I first put together the lead pipes and the ouchy gas. The pipe broke the blender, shattering the top of it and releasing the gas everywhere. The gas fused with the moon cheese, and the fumes dual-konked me¹¹⁸. When I awoke, I left Mark’s garage in Southern California. I found many a konk-ee laying in the road, but no konkers. What had happened here?¹¹⁹ From this new konking I had another wacked out idea. I rushed back to the garage and put the moon cheese-chlorine into a blender and then I chucked in some lead pipe shavings and a ton of strawberries. Once mixed, it created the most addictive, good smelling, slightly explosive substance any marker had ever seen. Since I barely used the lead at all, I decided to repurpose

¹¹⁸ One could call it a bicykonk because I fell on a bike.

¹¹⁹ I later found out that I konked out.

them as shotgun ammo. Then after shooting at an ice cream truck which didn't stop, I repurposed those shotgun shells as marker casings. I had my product, now I just needed a place to sell them. I was walking around trying to find a storeback to sell my markers from when I saw it. The future. My little eye spotted something called a Lemonades tand¹²⁰. I went back to Mark's garage and laid out my plan. We would strategically place our "Lemonades tand" and sell our magical markers from it. We didn't get much business, apparently people thought we were actually selling lemonade and avoided our stand.¹²¹ Our big break was when we got an ad on the super bowl, a large statue downtown that everyone went to.¹²² We got an influx of visitors, though most of them appeared to be coming right from the dumpsters.¹²³ We were earning so much money, we had to hire a numbers man, or 'accountant' as Mark called it. We were getting upwards of 1200 smackers a week. Mark explained to us that profit is the good stuff. We were only on track to make 30 bucks a month in profit. You may ask, "Where did all of the money go?" Well, so did the accountant. Apparently buying markers one at a

¹²⁰ My big eye was busy

¹²¹ For some reason, no one wants lemonade in winter

¹²² Rumors were that it was full of super cereal. It hurts to lie...

¹²³ One guy was wearing nothing but a banana peel

time, then replacing the marker bits with our secret mixture was not efficient. One day, I spent our daily earnings to see our ad in the local newspaper. Sure, it may have been only 1/200th the size of a stamp, but it was influential for two reasons. The main one was that it started the world famous Mr. Draw Marketing Campaign. Before the hugely controversial stunt, we still had very little money. At the end of our first month I took all our savings and printed 125 stickers. On the stickers was an advertisement for our company, Mr. Draw. My idea was to think of the 125 most famous locations and landmarks around the globe and put a sticker on all of them.¹²⁴ The first stop was France, where we put stickers on the Mona Lisa and on the Colosseum. Then we went to China. I had heard about some sort of great wall that was there, and so I decided to put a sticker on it.¹²⁵ On our way back to the airport, Picracko dropped our map into the open mouth of a coyote, who ate it whole and immediately left. Wandering around, we accidentally stumbled into Ukraine and found an abandoned building in the woods. It had a broken sign that read 'RIP C_T CO_MU__STS'. It was getting dark and we

¹²⁴ Mark and Picracko didn't like it, but I told them that after it was done I'd give them each a dollar.

¹²⁵ Shoeburt, who was running the business back in America said that our customers had tripled after that sticker.

needed food, so we decided to cook Picracko's emergency squirrel¹²⁶ and camp in the building. Inside was one of those stands for books that had a book called 'Farm Animal' on it. This was my kind of cult. We found some cots covered with blankets in a room in the back. Picracko and I used the blankets to forge beds. The next morning, I searched around the building for more useful equipment. All I found was some old wooden boards, a combination to a safe containing 'Stalin's Treasure', an intricate map of the local area, cans of beans from the 60s, a safe containing 'Stalin's Treasure', the secret to make communism work, 134,000 sealed copies of the Communist Manifesto, a Lenin doll, and a snippet of Stalin's mustache¹²⁷. None of it was particularly interesting. I called up Shoeburt on one of the local forest payphones. I told Shoeburt to sell Mr. Draw markers for as much as possible. "The business is worth 20 million and we are actually on track to make 6 million a ye-" Shoeburt protested. "Yeah, yeah, just sell it, and soon, and have the money converted to russian money, and send it to me somehow. Within the hour, chop chop." I was stern, but I had a good

¹²⁶ He has an emergency kit which contains a bunch of dead animals. I wonder why he didn't just carry food...

¹²⁷ I'm not ashamed to say I pocketed it. You never know what you might need if you run into a commie on the streets late at night.

reason. I was going to use the money to buy a map, and to restore the communist cult to its original glory. Once I received my 2 million dollars, I remembered to write russia on all of them.¹²⁸ I still had some bills that I converted to Italy dollars, but now that we were in Russia, they weren't worth anything. I used some of the money to buy a broken dune buggy from a fellow homeless person so I could try to find a detailed map of the surrounding area in town. After I bought the dune buggy, I discovered that it only went backwards, and if you stopped it while it was already going, you would need high voltage to start it again. And if it ever ran out of fuel, it would explode, because the metal was explosive. He also said that it had the usual broken dune buggy stuff, leaking fuel tray, random sparks even when turned off, etc. It took a little while to figure out how to go backwards without making tree boo booz, but I eventually figured it out. Before I left, I gave Picracko my Russia money and told him to fix up the cult cabin. Then I rode to this pretty little town called Pripyat and thought to myself *nothing could ever go wrong here*. I was wrong. My buggy's fueleometer was getting close to "F" so I decided to stop. I pulled to the road middle, hopped out of my car and asked the closest person where I could find fuel. He said "What the fuick

¹²⁸ You can't forget to convert your money in another country

are you doing here?! “What’s the problem?” I asked. “You just bust through the wall of this highly sensitive operation!” “So, what do you do here?” “This is a clear reactor. Why are you here? We are getting ready for an inspection.” “I... Um.. I’m here for the inspection, yeah. I’m the clear inspector.” I said. I went around the room, flicking knobs and turning dials. One was labelled “Core status.” Next thing I knew alarms were blaring and people were running around me. I quickly put the commotion to rest with my cool calming proclamation “I touched da shiney” I flicked the switch back into the on position, but the light kept lighting. Not wanting to get caught, I hopped back in the still running dune-buggy and powered out the building. I yelled “I gotta go, but this place looks down to code!” I drove the dune buggy as far as I could before it hit a wall. From behind me I heard Picracko shout “I just finished the restoration, you know I used to be a carpent...” I hit the wall of the newly restored RIP Cat Communist Headquarters. I lunged away from the building. The whole thing crashed dramatically on top of the dune buggy, which had just run out of gas. That guy wasn’t kidding when he talked about it running out of fuel. The explosion happened seconds after the building collapsed, sending all of the rubble and artifacts inside flying. Like one giant grenade, if it contained bits and pieces of famous dictators. I was about to

approach the rubble when I was struck by lightning. ‘Weird’ I thought to myself. I tried approaching the rubble again and got hit with lightning again. I approached it one more time, but stepped back quickly to fool the lightning. It worked, but the lightning set all of the rubble on fire. I just stood there and a couple seconds later I was hit with lightning again. After most of the fire had spread to the surrounding fire, a single ember floated toward me and I tried blowing it away, but it spiraled closer. It then landed in my pocket where it set fire to my 17.28 million dollar bill.¹²⁹ “BAD FIRE!” I screamed. I tried stomping the bill to put out the fire, but I must’ve forgotten to take the bill out of my pocket because I accidentally kicked myself in the face. When I regained smart brains, the bill was nothing but ash. I walked over to Picracko, he also had lightning burns. I told him that we had to break into the Mint...again. I told him that my Eddie Bill had burned up and that I was now responsible for my previous actions¹³⁰. I had forgotten to cash it. If I still had a home¹³¹, I would’ve been basically homeless! I had to think and think quick, I had a list of countries I’m no longer allowed to visit because of ‘the past’. I had left ‘the past’ in the

¹²⁹ I knew I forgot to cash something

¹³⁰ As everyone knows when you have money you’re not responsible for anything

¹³¹ Correction, if I ever had a home

cabin! Darn! No way to tell. That meant that I was now allowed in every country. Where would be the place with the least amount of the Popo? And somewhere that I haven't been yet, keep things fresh. "Say we haven't been to Italy yet." Picracko said. "We haven't been to Italy yet." I responded, "Now let's think of places to visit." We sat in the burning forest and thought of ideas. "What about Britain? The ol' ...Uh...place." Picracko suggested. "I don't want to learn a new language." I said. "They speak English there." "Like I said, I don't want to learn a new language.¹³²" I decided to go anyway because the forest was getting quite hot, and we needed to go somewhere. I walked over to the forest payphone and deposited a few acorns and called Shoeburt. "We need you to pick us up in this burning forest then take us to Britain." "Do you want me to bring Mark?" Shoeburt asked. "Who?" "The guy who you started the marker business with." "Uhh, sure bring him I guess." I informed Picracko that Shoeburt was coming and bringing some stranger too. We sat there for a bit until a large bus came with 'Shoeburt Mobile' painted on the side. "Who could that be?" I asked Picracko. He shrugged. Out of the bus came Shoeburt. I asked where they had gotten the bus. Apparently Shoeburt had saved some money from selling the

¹³² I never wanted to stray from my native tongue, Bonkerherinosismssil

company. I asked Shoeburt how much was left. It was 17,279,999. “Damn, so close, only one dollar short.” Picracko and I got in the bus. There was a man already inside. “Who are you?” I asked him as I sat down. “I’m Mark, you started a business with me that was going to make millions. Don’t you remember me?” He looked confused. “Forgive me, for I had a little Head-Foot incident recently.....” I trailed off for a couple minutes. When I came back from my second or third brain lapse in the past two days I asked Shoeburt why they bought the van. Apparently I was ‘so needy’ and asked for rides so often, getting their own bus and private jet was cheaper than renting or flying. “How are we getting to England? It’s a peninsula, you can’t just drive there.” Picracko smartly asked. Shoeburt pushed a button and a soundproof divider slowly rose up. “Shoeburt?...Shoeburt?” Picracko asked. It was a long ride to England, then I knew how the Native Europeans felt going on the Oregon Trail. The air conditioning wasn’t even that cold.¹³³ We played blackjack in the back of the van to pass the time. Apparently my amazing blackjack skills that I had learned from my Sergeant Denny weren’t so amazing. Since I didn’t have any money, I bet anything else that I could. Everyone was saying ‘Hit me!’, but when I punched them they

¹³³ It haunts me to this day

suddenly shouted ‘Ow!’ and glared at me annoyed. We rotated dealing and when it came around to me I couldn’t admit that I didn’t know how to deal in blackjack. Concentrating my hardest I tried to deal. “No, Eddie, it’s two cards.” Picracko chimed in. I tried again. “That’s 5 cards.” I tried yet again. “That’s a house of cards. Just take two cards and put them on the table.” I took two cards and put them on the table. “Not face up!” Mark shouted. This continued for a while until I gave the deck to Picracko. After another round Picracko put away the cards saying “That’s enough blackjack for today.” We sat there for a bit, wondering what to do until we heard a knock on the door of the van. We opened it up, it was Shoeburt. “We’ve been in England for the last 2 hours. What have you been doing?” “Blackjack,” I said cheerfully. We all got out of the van. I was so excited to see the colosseum, and the ancient greeks, and the statue of freedom. When I got out I screamed “Wait, this isn’t England! This is Britain!” There was a big clock and these tall red buses. I wanted to go to England, not Britain. What a letdown. Picracko had never been to England before, so we went on a famous Spots du London Tour. We got onto one of those fancy red buses and sat on top. I recalled in my distant memory the last time I was in such a vehicle. The year was roughly 300 days long. I had been hanging out in Dryington, trying to learn

to play, of course. I was walking the silky road (not too silky) and met a handsome looking bus such as yourself. I boarded and, well, lets just say Helen blew her top.¹³⁴ *crying* She was a saint. Our first stop on the tour was the Big Clock. Dumb. Then the wheel. Now that was cool. It was so circular! I would've slept in there, but hey, you have to be kicked out sometime¹³⁵. That dumb tour was far too low brow, as they say, so I chose to wander a bit myself. I was walking in Lowde Park when I tripped on a pebble. There was a little sword in this pebble¹³⁶. I said to myself "There is a little sword in this pebble." I pulled the sword out of the pebble and doves began flying about. A light shined from above. Unseen crowds started cheering. You know what they say... when doves fly... mercilessly chase them until they tire and you can catch them. I ran but was caught up in some idiot's coronation. I don't think they wanted me there because they threw a cape and a weird metal thing on me then escorted me to some castle thing. Kinda weird. Don't worry, I managed to escape. I just faked my own death. Thank you to the three brave little dogs who volunteered to be my 'body' in the 'fiery helicopter crash into the

¹³⁴ and then some

¹³⁵ That's actually on my family crest

¹³⁶ Note: (from the editors) In all actuality he most likely tripped on the sword, not the pebble. It was a regular sized sword... with a pebble stuck to it.

meat processing plant'. Good Foo Foo... RIP Foo Foo. It was not that slaughterhouse's day. When I turned around there were people with torches chasing me. I had forgotten to take off the cape before my great escape. I quickly took off the robe and tossed it behind me, towards the mob. It landed on one of the torches and instantly went up in flames. The mob seemed to get angrier. I entered the nearest phonebox, without getting the mob's attention. Then I called up Shoeburt to pick me up real soon. Shoeburt was apparently 'busy' doing 'community service' for 'harboring a known criminal'... phhh. I tried calling Picracko who was under arrest for vandalism. Darn, there was no one else to call, except that lame guy, Mark. I dialed a few numbers then put down the phone. I... I just... just couldn't... couldn't *do it*. That Mark guy... he was just the worst, I'd rather take my chances with the mob. I rushed out of the phonebox and down the street. There was a man selling red bananas. I stopped and bought a few. I knew all to well the hardships of the banana sellers. I quickly ate the bananas and tossed the weird skin behind me. They were a little meaty and not cooked, but overall not too bloody. I heard shouts from the mob "There he is! Get 'em!". The mob started chasing me, but as I ran away I heard grunts and pained noises as the entire mob slipped on the banana peel. I quickly

called everyone¹³⁷ to meet me at the airport where we would go to a less anger-filled country. “How about Russia? Haven’t been there in a couple years.” I suggested. Picracko said sure, Shoeburt was against it, and I was for it, so in 20 minutes and 3 hours waiting for our plane, we were on our way to Russia. On the plane, I pulled out a pamphlet. “*So you are going to disappear: A guide to ‘visiting’ the USSR*” It contained useful facts like ‘How to get an SOS through the iron curtain’. Apparently the highest selling book categories were now Nonfiction, Fiction, and Russian Escape. We landed in Russia and took our luggage off the plane. For security purposes, each plane that landed in Russia had to be ‘sterilized’ after everyone evacuated the plane. From behind us came three loud booms as three planes were sterilized. One of the engines almost crushed my left leg. That was a close one! We continued to the airport terminal where I bought a personal pizza and ate it whole. We had to decide which monument to visit first. I was under the impression that Russia was located in a tropical region, like Norway, but I was sadly mistaken. As a result, all of my clothes were shorts and corny t-shirts from motion pictures. I went to a small clothing store in the airport to expand my wardrobe. Everything I looked at was or had been

¹³⁷ except Mark

at some point alive. I went with the classic bear skin hat and squirrel skin jacket. I didn't have enough Russian money to buy pants, however, with the help of a few rocks and some very friendly dogs, that was amended. I came back to where Picracko and Shoeburt were waiting for Mark. Shoeburt gave me an odd look, but Picracko had a similar getup.¹³⁸ His emergency squirrel kit must've come in handy fur that one! We caught a train to Moss Cow. At the station there was a man. His name was Gennady Yanayev, something greek like that. Anyways, I met this guy and... well... we got to talking. Turns out, he also was feeling down on the USSR¹³⁹. Coincidence? I thought maybe! We both hated that Gorby-borby dude and wanted him out. We argued about how. Gennady thought we should do a coop, but I kept explaining to him that it'd never work, Shoeburt was out of town so the chickens would've had nowhere to go, and you *don't* want to leave your chickens in the open. Hawks, man. They'll eat your chickens. I tried to convince Gennady to just ask politely. He seemed to disagree. In the end, I managed to convince him to do a coop¹⁴⁰. Later I heard on the news

¹³⁸ Never tell him, but I was a bit jealous. He had *cat* pants! CAT!

¹³⁹ Split second decision making: the train station didn't have a taco bar so...

¹⁴⁰ We switched sides a few times, but / won

about my good friend Gennady cooping the USSR. Way to go! That Grubber-chub can go run his own country. Now I know this may sound terrible, but I was getting kind of sick of the Russian climate. I know, It's like all the rage right now, but really, the mix of tobacco, smog, clouds, and cold air are just too much for my lungs. I decided to go to the epicenter of clean, fresh air. CHINA!! We hopped on a plane, me and my crew, and rolled out. Upon arrival in Shanghai I had briefly been a country music star, been disgraced and thrown off of a plane, been rescued by my friends after twelve days at sea, and thrown out of another plane (though this one was for fun). After all that travel we ended up somewhere in the Carribean. Too bad to, I was looking for a nice climate. I decided to buy myself a boat. An old one. I dressed in the only clothes I could find. I ended up with a weird hat, a long coat, weird baggy pants, a poofy shirt, and a bunch of useless and ridiculous makeup. I wandered through the streets looking for gold when I overheard someone say "spssspsps... crackedhead... spsssspsppps." I found my boat, in all it's 12 foot glory, lying awaiting its commander. I hopped in and sailed away. As I neared the shore I stood up in the blackbird's nest. I looked into the sun with my long hair and coat fluttering behind me. My boat began to sink as I neared the dock, sinking to the top of the mast by the time it hit shore. Sitting

on the dock was this little man by the name of Ed Telliot, or something like that. Four-ish years later, I discovered he made a ‘movie’ about ‘me and my exploits being a pirate in the Caribbean’. He named it something like *Pirateers of the Caribbean*. Sounds dumb. I hate dumb things¹⁴¹. Anyway, from the Caribbean we sailed to Florida, just Picracks, Shoeburtt and I. Mark had gone to Russia after we left him in England and had taken a ‘tour of the gulag’ and would be released in a couple years. We rented a small condo on the beach and I got a job as a computer guy. All I had to do was type a couple simple phrases like ‘if’ and ‘then’ and then submit it. Easiest 100k a year I ever made. I quickly was recognized as a computer genius and was promoted and given many awards, none of which were made of chocolate.¹⁴² It took only 2 minutes per day to do my job¹⁴³, so I spent my free time on the beach reading ‘Florida Man’ stories in the newspaper. I was determined to make this ‘Florida Man’ my new best friend. I tried seeking him out at every bar, alligator swamp and Taco bell, but nothing. Then, a month after my failed quest to find Florida Man, I turned 80, and I began showing my age, I had my first grey hair! I remember it to this

¹⁴¹ and dumb people, they sicken me...

¹⁴² :(

¹⁴³ Still too many if you ask me...

day...I glanced in my mirror and I saw a single gray hair at the front of my head. I was so stunned I dropped my Bleach Shake and ran into the condo. I consulted Shoeburt, who also was closing in on 80, I was told to 'not freak out' because it is 'natural and only means you'll die soon'. Well to take my mind off my decaying body, I decided to grow a mustache! After a couple months, I realized that mustaches don't bring happiness, so I went to a bar to drown my sorrows in alcoholic smoothies and slushies. The nearest bar was known as 'The Gator'. I walked in and found none other than Inspectah Wobbly as the bartender! I was going to flee, but I realised that I was 80 and probably going to die soon anyway. I ordered the Wobbly Shake n' Snake. I didn't know what was in it and I still don't. I do know that it tasted good and I ordered ten more that night. The next day, I woke up in the bar, with the Inspectah telling me that I 'Better pay up if you lose the bet.' Confused, I asked about the bet. He said I had bet on the upcoming presidential election. And I had bet on Bush. Panicking, I dashed out of the bar, stole a Lexus and drove home. Once home, I sat at my computer and thought up ways to not lose money on this bet. I decided to call the Inspectah to see how much money was at stake. He explained to me how I may owe him a whole \$1.25. If I lost that bet, I would go broke, I had to find a way to not lose.

Just then, I got a call. It was Code Co., *The place for code*. They only trusted me with the task of fixing a major computer malfunction...Y2k...devastating...every computer ever...huge problem...fix it...etc. I didn't follow the conversation too much. I think it was bad. I was told that it was a big no no and in everyone's computer, even mine! Without stopping, I grabbed my *Skull Smasher* brand baseball bat and smashed my computer to Skull Smashed dust. I suddenly had a genius idea. Get rid of the problem! Why didn't I think of it before? We would just tell everyone to destroy their computers and get new ones with the problem already fixed. I called up the president to notify him of the problem and my solution. "This solution better work, we don't want a rigged election..." The President said. Suddenly, another stroke of genius! "Bye Señor. President-o, gotta go!" I would rig the election so I wouldn't lose the bet with the Inspectah! Sadly, I didn't know how to rig an election, I was about to look it up on my computer, when I turned and saw a pile of dust instead. I tried to type it in on the horribly smashed keyboard, but to no avail. The enter key just said '...'. IT WAS A MESSAGE FROM MY DYED FATHER!! I decided to go to the local book place and use their computer for my treasonous purposes. When I arrived though, I saw a note taped to the door, it said 'PLEASE... JUST... DO NOT COME IN, THE GATORS,

THERE ARE *SO MANY GATORS!*' I ripped the note off the door and walked in the library. I was soon waist deep in gators. However, this was not my first rodeo. I scooped my way to the computer area and looked up 'how to rug an election'. Nothing came up but a bunch of Persian sites. None of which had to do with elections. I was just about ready to throw in the towel when I noticed a site called bushcampaign.com. This intriguing site described, in detail, how to rug the election. I printed out the instructions then got up, only to realise that my chair was a gator, then I looked up, and the computer was also a gator. I walked through the slowly moving pile of gators over to the printing station. A horrible screeching sound came from the printer¹⁴⁴ as it printed the instructions. I was still about 10 feet from the printer. I walked slowly, getting closer and closer until all the gators stopped moving. I was locked in my spot, I couldn't move up down or the other ones. I pushed with all of my strength and finally got out. I stood on the gator pile but noticed that the sharp blades on one or 5 of the gators had massacred¹⁴⁵ my leg. Legless, I hopped on to the gator pile and walked over to the printer where I grabbed the instructions. I read the paper and it said 'Get rid of the votes'. It must have been some

¹⁴⁴ Also a gator

¹⁴⁵ I learned this word from a po-po man in a trial

cryptic code, I decided to read further. ‘Let’s say for example, you want Al Gore to lose, just get rid of the Gore votes.’ I desperately wished they had an example for my exact predicament. It then went in some detail about how to break into a vote storage building and how to destroy votes, using Florida and Al Gore as an example. Even though it was nothing close to my situation, I decided to try it out anyway. I once again felt the searing pain as my body's juices were coming out my leg, including a bone or two.¹⁴⁶ I finally got to the door of the library and panicked because the door wasn’t opening, then I realised it was a push not a pull. I limped my way back to the condo, leaving a trail of bones and blood. By the time I got there I only had 130 bones, although I still don’t know how many you are supposed to have. When I finally reached the condo, I knocked on the door and Fuick answered. “What are *you* doing here?” I asked. “I moved here after you guys left me in California.” I asked him how he’d been and then he asked about my leg. I told him that I’d had that leg for a while, after I stole it from the pope. He then said that he was talking about my wiggly, flattened, boneless right leg. I asked him if he had any materials that I could make a new leg out of. He said that all he had was a brand new prosthetic leg and a stack of old newspapers with ‘Florida

¹⁴⁶ Who even needs bones though, right?

Man' stories. I was so lucky that he had that on hand. I waved goodbye to Fuick as I walked out on my new-spacer leg. I walked a couple houses down to our condo. I knocked on the door and Mark answered. "Mark! I thought we left you in England and then in a gulag!" I screamed. "Who's Mark, my name is Wonston." I apologized and went one more condo over which happened to be the correct one. I rushed in and told Piccako about my bet and my plan for election rigging that had to happen. I showed him the very broad plan. He looked surprised and asked me how I could come up with such a detailed plan. I told him I got it from the interweb. He helped me rent a car from a nearby auto shop. Following the instructions led us to Tallahastee where we found the state capital and next to it, a small phonebooth like building. I got the machete that Piccako had recommended and we busted in the door of the phone booth building where votes were being sorted. I found the AI pile and took my machete to it. Slice... BANG went the machete. Then for good measure, I stole some Bush votes, placed them safely outside of the building and then Me and Piccako poured fame liquid all over the building. Sadly, neither of us had a lighter, so we left it as is, but we locked the door so no one would suspect

anything.¹⁴⁷ A couple days later the results were announced and my bet had been won. I tried to find the Inspecta, but he appeared to have left town. I went back to our condo where I saw Shoeburt standing outside the building with a bunch of suitcases. I asked them what had happened and they said something about not going to work for weeks. *phht. Silly work people* I thought. *Phht. Silly Eddie.* I asked “What’re the suitcases for?” Shoeburt responded very seriously “I’m out Eddie. I’m sorry, but you need to grow up. We’ve been across the world with you. It has been fun, but I’ve had enough. On every adventure you mistreat us. I’m done. I was going to settle down. We could’ve been happy living here... together... but no. You ruined that too!” Shoeburt reached into their pocket and pulled out a Be Gone¹⁴⁸ notice. “So... thanks for that!” Shoeburt stormed off. Shoeburt liked me... but I had been too brined to see it. I turned to Picracko. I gritted my teeth somewhat in anger, but then shrugged it off. I asked Picracko what he wanted on his half of the pizza. Picracko shook his head and explained to me that he was leaving too. I asked him why, but he said that I wouldn’t

¹⁴⁷ I learned sadly that there had been a janitor in that building who died from the fumes, another accidental janitor death

¹⁴⁸ That’s what I call them, but I think they are actually called execution notices

understand¹⁴⁹. Piccako walked down the street to where Shoeburt was getting a cab. I closed the door behind him. I picked up a pizza take-out menu. I ordered my favorite pizza¹⁵⁰, a large roni-anchovy-mushroom pizza. It came and I sat down to eat it. That's when it came over me. I stared at the massive pizza, a third anchovy, a third mushroom, and a third roni... for me. I was 92 years old, living alone, with no friends. I cried all night. I never knew I could be as sad about people as I had been about Gerbils.¹⁵¹ The next day I went to the nearest phonebox and dialed the number. 555-919-1919. Inspectah Wobbly picked up. That brings me to today. I am writing to you from County County Prison, County, USA. I am now 94 years old and still kicking.¹⁵² I have been living in this prison for a year and a half. When I arrived and was shown my cell¹⁵³, I found that my roommate was one Fuick McOles. Upon seeing him, I apologized for all the times I left him places, forgotten him, and tried to maul him with an *unstoppable* emu army. One day in the cafeteria, I was on the second level balcony when I slipped on a red banana peel and knocked into a

¹⁴⁹ He was probably right

¹⁵⁰ Second favorite to the amazing one I made years ago.

¹⁵¹ I know he's out there, somewhere

¹⁵² Figuratively speaking, I hate kicking.

¹⁵³ Extra strength bars too, I'm royalty

janitor cleaning the rail.¹⁵⁴ The guard walked over and saw Fuick leaning over the edge looking at the recently deceased janitor. The guard was grabbing Fuick. I stepped forward and proudly exclaimed “I was the one who killed that janitor!” My heroic selflessness was almost worth the harsh, harsh beatings. Soon I got a phone call out and I apologized to Shoeburt and Picracko and told them to come visit us in jail. They did, and they brought a cake. I reached into it, but instead of cake, I found an original Picracko portrait of me! Later that very day I used its hideousness to blind the guards while I stole more mashed potatoes. I then wrote Picracko a very short letter that just said ‘thanks 4 the tatoes.’ It wasn’t long before Shoeburt came to visit, but instead of bringing a horrific painting, Shoeburt had brought a bucket of Moon Cheese, a pack of Mr. Draw markers¹⁵⁵, and a pack of Cold Turkey. Shoeburt said that they were for trading to the other prisoners to get valuable stuff, but I forgot that and ate them myself. Shoeburt also gave me a ‘Get your ass out of trouble’ coupon, which has since been used. I also got a letter from Mark that I didn’t bother opening.¹⁵⁶ That brings me to last

¹⁵⁴ whoops

¹⁵⁵ Now the richest marker company in the world, dam it

¹⁵⁶ It said ‘Help me!’ all over the cover, get *yourself* out of trouble, MARK

week when I smashed the prison computer's keyboard and up popped Evernote, I went to forgot password and typed in the simplest email I could think of, no offense Bob1234. So that is why you received the evernote password reset email, and I'm not that sorry, because it is not a huge deal. I am thank. Because you gave me the idea to write my life story in an email and eventually a book. However unbelievable it may seem, this is my life and I am proud of it, especially the crimes. Shoeburt, Picracko, I love you both. I want to especially thank you, Shoeburt, for picking me up over hundreds of thousands of miles because I was broke and lazy. And to my brother, Fuick, I'm sorry again about the emu thang, and leaving you in California, and declaring war on you and calling you the 'Anti-Pope'. I'll see you guys at the next visit and... wait... hold on... somethings happening. The prison break alarm is ringing. It sounds like a prison break. maybe. I'll be right back...

- *Eddie Van*

Bonkhertz

The Glossary

“ ... ”

...

/ ___ /

A life-changing phrase originally uttered by Eddie Van Bonkhertz's father.

Ex: " ... "

Bonkhertz Split

/bonkhUrts spliT/

Bonkhertz Split is a chocolate ice cream sundae that has mints from The Mint, a chocolate straight flush as a reminder of the saviors blackjack skills, and is topped with the ashes of those who 'gave their life to see the savior safe' in 4 'flavors': Florida Ashes, Nun ashes, Bob and Timmy ashes, and Jeff, Larry and Ted Ashes.

Ex:

*Customer: "Add one **Bonkhertz Split** to the order."*

Baker: "Ex-Excuse me?"

Customer: "Oh you know, a Bonkhertz Split, the official holy food of the Bonkhertzism religion."

Baker: "Does this religion allow suicide? If so, I'm in."

Bonkhertzzyism

/bonkhUrtseeism/

Bonkhertzzyism is the religion centered around and created by "Uncle Eddie" EVB.

*Ex: "I'm no longer an atheist, I am a follower of the **Bonkhertzzyism** religion."*

Bonks

/bonks/

Bonks are the followers of the religion Bonkhertzzyism.

*Ex: "I am now part of the **Bonks** ."*

Brain Case

/brÄn//kÄs/

The technical term for the natural cage that surrounds and protects your brain.

*Ex: "Did you hear about Ted, he had a major injury to his **Brain Case**."*

Cadillac Arrest

/É^kadilak//É™É^rest/

A serious medical condition of the heart in which a car has been stolen so much that the criminal suffers heart issues.

Ex: "Bob died today of Cadillac Arrest."

Chocolate Chip Cream Dessert Burrito

/É^CHÃk(É™)|É™t//CHip//
krÄ“m//dÉ™É^zÉ™rt//
bÉ™É^rÄ“dÅ/

A delicacy from Italy that is commonly eaten as a dessert.

Ex:

*Customer: "Yes, I'll have one
**Chocolate Chip Cream Dessert
Burrito.**"*

Baker: "A What?"

Continuity

/ˈkɒntɪnjuːti/

Something that doesn't exist in
'True Memoirs Of a Disgraced
Clown'

*Ex: "This story about a sad clown
has no **Continuity**."*

Eddie

/ˈɛdɪ/

Eddie Bonkhertz is a felon and
author of 'True Memoirs of a
Disgraced Clown'.

Ex:

*Customer: "I just saw this guy **Eddie** open up a pizza joint but it burnt down before I could get there, that's why I'm here."*

Baker: "Uhh...would you like to order anything else?"

Eggchair

/eÉjCHer/

A French dessert consisting of a cream-filled bread tube with frosting on top

Ex:

*Customer: "Also add an **Eggchair** to that order."*

Baker: "Should I call an Ambulance?"

Fdder

/FuuuDddddder/

A guy who is commonly run over by trucks carrying bananas.

Ex:

*Customer: "You know, I recently ran over a man named **Fdder**."*

Baker: "Would you like a therapist that you could talk to instead of me? Because I know a few."

Customer: "Nah, I'll just stay here."

*Baker: **sighs***

Fuick

/foo-EEk/

Eddie's brother who had a brief stint as the 'Anti-Pope'.

Ex:

*Customer: "I heard that **Fuick** was attacked by a gang of emus."*

Baker: "Who is Fuick, should I even ask?"

Customer: "I really reccomend buying this book, it'll answer all your questions."

Baker: "T-Thanks?"

Gerbils

/É^jÉ™rbÉ™ls/

A rarely-mentioned Cat who previously belonged to Eddie.

*Ex: "Then I realized that he was my Cat, **Gerbils!**"*

James

/Ě^jÄmz/

A sneaky stowaway, who was accidentally kidnapped by Eddie and was never heard from again after he was last seen sailing into the horizon.

*Ex: "...I found **James**, a 10-year old stowaway."*

KGB

ÐšÐ“Ð‘

An acronym for Kenny Good Beets, after a farmer who made good beets, and who also may founded the KGB.

*Ex: "The **KGB** chased me through Africa and Greece..."*

Konked

/kŃˆNGk/

A misspelling of the word which means to get knocked out

*Ex: "I **Konked** out."*

Leeeeeeeeeeeeeeg gg

/leeeeeeeeeeeeeeg/

The name for a golden, bejeweled leg that was stolen from the pope by Eddie. Always said wistfully by Eddie

*Ex: "...the glorious
Leeeeeeeeeeeeeeggg..."*

Military Gun Call

/É^milÉ™ÉœterÄ“//ÉjÉ™n//kÃ´/

A way to signal to other military veterans that you were in the military. You shoot near them to let them know. It is a majestic

sound originally used in Russia during WWII.

*Ex: "That explains why they didn't recognise the **Military Gun Call.**"*

Omlette

An egg based food. Not to be confused with an omelitte. An omlette is a type of omelette that is used in the process of omletting (see above) by omletters. An omlette can be eaten and used in omletting, but an omelette can be eaten but not used in omletting.

Ex:

*Customer: "I'll take one **omlette** to go."*

Baker: "Do you mean an omelette?"

Customer: "No, I need more ammo for my omletting gun, and maybe a quick snack on the way."

Baker: "This is my personal hell."

Omletting

/Ë^Ãœm(É™)lÉ™tiNG/

When you or someone else was forcefully hit in the face with a minimum of 8 omlettes or fritatas, usually using a t-shirt cannon.

*Ex: "Upon opening the door, I received what we used to call 'an **Omletting.**'"*

Picracko

/Pick-rack-O/

An artist known around the world for a 'unique' style that affects people deeply...in their stomach.

Ex:

*Customer:" I saw this guy's paintings, **Picracko** I think. What do you think of them? Not my style, I don't really get art..."*

Baker:"I think they're pretty good...wait a minute, why are you still here. I'm calling the Po-Po."

Poker

/Ë^pÅkÉ™r/

A game named after a common strategy of the same name in which a card player who tried to annoy the other players so much that they bent their cards or 'folded'.

*Ex: "It was much better than that thing called a '**Poker**'."*

Shoeburt Papadopoulos

/?/

A friend of Eddie's who horribly suggested that he go to a casino, where he promptly lost millions he didn't have

*Ex: "...I met someone named
Shoeburt Papadopoulos..."*

Tooka

/toíokÄ/

The way Eddie says 'took a'

Ex:

*Customer: "I **took**a piece of
bread, is that okay?"*

*Baker: "No, any why do we keep
being in the examples?"*

The Mint

/TÍYHÄ“mint/

The nickname for the U.S Treasury, where money is produced. Originally located in Wisconsin, but moved to D.C much to the annoyance of Eddie.

*Ex: "I saw **The Mint** when I went to DC."*

More EVB

If you are looking for more stories about Eddie Van Bonkhertz, try out a bunch of other EVB related stuff are available on our website:

eddievanbonkhertz.com Use the QR code below.



This code will give you a special item if you use it in the Official EVB Text Game on the website.

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If you want any EVB Merchandise, such as T-shirts, Decks of Cards, Pins, Pencils, etc. Go to the website shop. And if you want the latest updates about the text game, the book, the website, or anything else, subscribe to the Official EVB Newsletter on our website.

Origin

True Memoirs of a Disgraced Clown came about after an unfortunate incident. I accidentally smashed my keyboard, when a note-taking service popped up. I decided, for whatever reason, to type in the most basic email I could imagine, bob1234@gmail.com. A message popped up saying 'Password reset email sent'. I was suddenly very guilty, and decided to write that man an apology email. To explain to him why he had gotten an email, I had to start from the beginning of my life, and the email then turned into a biography of my own life. Shoeburt, you'll see them in this book, suggested I make my email a book. I hired some very lazy editors (Hey!) who decided to keep the email as it was written, no breaks or pauses. They also took some of my minor thoughts, and made them footnotes, which are *crucial* to my life story.

- *EVB*