

Fleur de Conan Bleez

There wasn't any food at the Washington tea party. All of the plates and teacups were empty. Was the statue of Liberty on a diet? Then so were the heads on Mt rushmore.

"On the matter of losing weight," said Lincoln, "has anyone noticed our modern day artistic descendents are getting smaller by the year?"

There was a student who went on a hunger strike. He plotted to eliminate bigotry and intolerance by closing his mouth to all meals. With every moment bigotry was not taken away, he shrunk a little more until his body was hidden behind all the empty space his mass used to take up. If his mouth hadn't gone along with it, they might have shoved Oreos into it. Make him a little more visible.

"Speaking of fat, the chance is just that," quipped Washington, for the contemporary sizes of Oreos, Reeses, and Chips Ahoy, did not measure up to their primordial ancestors.

A boulder waddled by the tea party, depleting his own supply of this year's model. "The samples just get smaller and smaller." It was all a matter of proportion. The distance between the cookie sizes and the size of this observation's father was an ever widening ravine.

The prospect of plus-sized monuments had gone the way of the Deathstar. Ambitions and schemes could have fit through the eye of a cheerio. The Malcolm Gladwell lego action figure, the anita sarkeesian barbie doll, the Cenk Uygur mighty bean were the pride of the modern sculptors. The Carl Benjamin lawn ornament didn't even encapsulate the entire man. It emulated everything from the shoulders up, looking down upon a socially just front yard.

Benjamin Franklin cried out. "Oh, the anguish this generation gives me! I look in every direction, yet the compass does not point to innovation and sexual discretion. These new genders

ought fork over the publicity they do not deserve, and crawl back under the rocks of non-existence whence they came. Sunsuits and Moonhouses have awaited their long-overdue turn to be invented."

There was also the J.K. Rowling jetpack and the Franchesca Ramsey bitcoin.

Theodore Roosevelt Roosedelt with his own angst. Sculptic dedications to the people who scalloped our culture weren't the only things that shrunk.. The othere smallening, the one that odored his hankypank, was time given to exercise.

"It is on that, the time not lent to study and strain, that I blame the size of our grandsons (the lack thereof)."

A car drove up and parked on the lawn. At first, an avalanche of triggered mountain stones rolled out the back of Roosevelt's head. "I figure the passengers are none of them joggers, my foot!" But then, he noticed they were knicking a pick with actually real life food. Roosevelt's neighbor, Alexander Hamilton, explained to him.

"Food is a thing you eat, you see. After it is cooked, you put it inside of your mouth. Then, you chew on it. After it has dissolved into an unsightly paste, you swallow, and the food goes down into a part of your body we all call the stomach. Sometimes, the stomach-"

Rooseveltdt stopped listening so that he could sniff. Before taking the heartiest whiff, he noticed that the food smelled. Though not a man given to covetousness, he stole an immense volume of the smell, closing his eyes so that the smell itself was the only thing to bother about. He opened his eyes to have his sight occupied with the disgruntled Nonjoggersons several yards closer to him, walking back to their position.

"Running away, are we?" He snorted with even greater force. He snorted the stuffing out of the olives, which the daughter chased with a butterfly net. Apples took flight. Trees and bushes gave up their roots. All of nature yielded to the will of the former studier's breathe.

The other Rushmore heads got grumpy. They were uncomfortable with all that unwilling cheekfulness of air. They blew it out themselves. "Oh, blast your fiddle-diddy cheek-aches. Join me, men, open fire upon you torpid loafers!"

As stated before that sentence, they were already blowing out the unwanted wind. It was unwanted by them, it was unwanted by the picnickers. Like a game of 52-card-pick-up, the sandwich ingredients decamped their loaves. Dad clutched both the cigarette and the match, but with his hands full, he had nothing to hold the flame on board.

His wife was a mess. "You and those wretched Tiperellas!"

"Come back here frosting!"

The young son chased an amorphous white manifestation that used to be on the cake before the Rushmore committee cursed it with baldness.

"Gee wiz, this joint is haunted!" panicked the father as he tried to light up and drive away at the same time. The rest of the family threw food at the car to retrieve his attention. He wrecked it though, and got a facefull of potato salad, which ended his cigarette.

"Jumpin' Junipers, wouldja shake it that!" Theodore Roosevelt ruined someone's picnic. "If I have that effect on squat goodie eaters, just think of how dedicated the exercisers will be!"

He took his regimen on the road, blowing down roiders and overweight middle-aged women at the gym. "This'll land you a rich young snake!"

The roof of Sid Barklemite's took a hike. His bedroom was henceforth at the mercy of the sky. Before he resumed his usual hobby of measuring the amount the Reeses had shrunk that year, he took a break to wonder, "Is there a draft in here?"

One of Abraham Lincoln's favorite hobbies was knitting. The Lincoln memorial was knitting one day when he realized that if all the shorties could build monuments, so could he. He set out to

yarn bomb the Honey Boo Boo monument. He didn't quite understand its location, but he figured that any chimney that eventually led to a bedroom would have a Honey-Boo Boo on the dresser.

He chose the Washington monument to climb down. "Pardon me, George." Lucky for him, the Washington monument couldn't talk back. It was built as a testament to the concept of height rather than the likeness of George Washington. Whatever.

Lincoln left bulges in the thing that were visible from the outside. Erect it stood, but it was not quite the same. Once he hit the ground again, he smelt something fishy. For one thing, the great big concrete stick didn't operate in the way of a chimney. It led to nobody's bedroom whatsoever. No Booboo in the yarn bomb.

This was because Honey Booboo resided in the minecraftiverse. Without any cash of his own, the millennial sculpter took his talents to Minecraft. He saved a fortune on marble and clay. If Abraham Lincoln had gone online, he would have seen a striking facsimile of Lady Liberty.

There lay in Italy a discrepancy between the giant rabbit and the people who wanted to lay on its tummy. "If you need a frickin' elevator to get up there, you're going down!" They took to torching it. They didn't get to, it started raining.

The arsonists sought the consultation of a fortune teller to display the moments of rain within the future. Luck was not on their side, however. She cursed them to face the company of a storm cloud on every outing to the rabbit. And that is how "Giant Italian Rabbit" season never got off the ground.

A tacky beachhouse marred the otherwise campy shore of a Wisconsin coastline. Given to fits of remodeling, the woman living inside of it constructed the whole thing out of Janga blocks. Some house inspectors went to investigate the intrusion when the inhabitant held them captive with a tour of the scene.

"I've been thinking of adding a second story to it all. O, I do cherish remodeling. Why, it just now strikes my fancy!"

The idea that her sofa would be enhanced with a second wing behind it drove her to the end of the wall. After exercising her hands and arrangement prowess, she demolished it by moving too quickly.

A group of zealots played tag in a field. They were deciding who would witness to the person who lived in the Lego house into moving out of it so they would find a more sensible home. The strategy was to sing, "The house upon the sand" until the native emerged.

And so, they established their post surrounding the lego house and began their musical. Instantly, Lego pieces threw through the windows of the house at them. What once was a neighborly warning turned into a game of duck and dodge. Realizing that the house was haunted, they cursed it to crumble as they ran away.

Davey the postman whistled away his troubles. Whenever he delivered an envelope, he pictured himself inserting food into the mouth of a baby dragon.

"Open wide!"

This time, the dragon spat up. A jacket of dirt brought him back to reality, and there was a kilderer implementing its own burglar alarm to keep him from doing its duty. He shielded himself with the junkmail, wondering how to act in the face of this new development. One thing was for sure, this never would have passed the firearms committee. "You infernal weakling," he cried.

Davey reminisced about his wardays when the widow of Ridley came out in her nightgown and curlers.

"What's the matter with you, Davey? Why is my junkmail dosage of the day in your hand instead of in the mailbox?"

"It has apparently not been invited in by the box's inhabitant."

"Oh, for heaven's sake."

The widow closed the lid and lifted the flag. "Consider that its eviction."

"Oh no you don't," scolded Davey. "Not until I see a stamp on it. Where's the stamp? I want to see a stamp."

Washington declared the tea party to be a meeting of many great minds. "Why not construct our own dedication to it? We are not bound to the rinky-dink sizes of our grandsons. At our scale, the result shall tower among the towers."

So jazzed was the statue of liberty that she instantly shoveled houses together while the people ran screaming. The bravest warriors were the children, popping rubber bands in the name of home while the Rushmormen argued over the shape the new dedication ought to take.

A schoolchild protested the drama. He expressed his protestation through an essay, arguing on behalf of a journey through time, fist-first into the face of Gustav du Flaubert to design a smaller statue that wouldn't devastate their estates.

"It is a crunchy sort of clay, I declare," lamented Benedict Arnold. "How on Earth shall it assume the shape of a teapot?"

"Silence, good gents," ordered Paul Revere. "Perfection is odious. It is the flaws that testify the fingertips of mankind's delicate touch."