

This is going to be a website to practice being hilarious with stories. Although there are only two people frequenting this site, likely, I'm just going to use it for practice.

## Story One: The Unhappy Girl



Up in the picture is Prudence Brown. She is unhappy because of her oddly prude and brown - colored full name. People used to make fun of her, like this:

"Your first name is a tongue-twister all by itself, P-pr-p-r-pru-d-prud-p-pru-pr-pu-prd-prden-pdence-pren-pr-" pronounced an odd sort of fellow named Gwagollobridzyu Kamrac-swologulatrör. "And your last name? What of it, you ask? It's just brown."

I think they still make fun of her two sad names.

She was worried that no one will take her to the prom this time, because the last time, they didn't know her name. Nobody would ever say it out loud because it was so hard to spell, let alone say.

"It's very aggrifying," she said as she tried to drop flower pots on the heads of people who passed by her apartment. "My first name is prude and my last name is brown, how will I ever change them? How will anyone ever say my name?"

But somebody did say her name. A yard and a few miles away, somebody said, "Dear Prudence. I embrace you as a virtue and a girlfriend. Love, Alexzerk- er..." They were talking about the noun, not the girl, but they were at least able to pronounce it.

One day, at college, Prudence made fun of a girl's name, Francine Eistoct.

"I'd rather no one pronounce ever my name than be weird because of your name!"

Prudence's victims were rather silly people. Unfortunate on her part, Fransine was sensible.

"What was your name again?" She said.

"Prudence."

"Thank you. Bleh..."

'Bleh' is a word one mostly says when they are trying to show disdain for something or someone. When Francine said 'Bleh,' she was merely trying to think of a proper nickname for poor putrid Prudence, so that everyone could finally pronounce it, and then get on with their lives. However, Prudence did not hear Fransine's sentence as, 'Thank you. Bleh...' She heard it this way: "Thank you, Bleh." Needless to say, for a dialogue does that job for me.

"Ooh, PIGGY!!! I'm so angry! I could walk on your furniture! I know I know I KNOW that Prudence is hard for everyone in the world to pronounce! But I'd rather have no name than the name 'Bleh.'"

Despite being so sensible, Francine found this misunderstanding so amusing that she ran around the classroom with her fingers in her nose, giggling until the professor grew thin and boring and threw everything within his seventy-twelve-year-old reach at her.

A new girl came to college that day, a kindly rich girl name Franceen Swiggle. She didn't learn very much because all of her courses were foreign language courses, and she knew no foreign language. All the same, she told herself "All I must do is keep being kindly. Then, by the

end of the year, I'll learn everything there is to learn that I haven't already, and all just by being kindly."

Her approach could not possibly be less correct. She's been expelled by now, but that's not part of this story. As she browsed through the college's website, she came across a club, called the "Weird Name Club." She wondered, "Do I, or do I not? Have I, or have I not? There's an answer to both questions," and promptly withdrew a phone book, and referenced the name, 'Swiggle.' There happened to be ninety-four people in town with the last name 'Swiggle.' "9T-4? But there must be hundreds of people in this town, maybe even dozens! I'm joining that club."

Prudence was also joining the "Weird Name Club," In hopes of finding somebody who could grant her a proper nickname. Franseen met Prudence, and they talked for a good long while.

"I desperately loath this town. Every and Every boy is a beast, an oger, or a monster. You loath the fact, too, right?" Said Franseen.

"No. You're wrong." said Prudence. "What is your weird name?"

"Franseen Swiggle. I think there are ninety-four people living here with the last name Swiggle. I want to get it changed to something even more uncommon er."

Prudence noticed that Franseen was holding a pair of scissors, and Franseen began cutting her own hair very short. It was very gorgeous. "And what is the reason you're joining the Weird Name Club? Is your name very hard to pronounce?"

"I'm not ready to tell you. Yet. Just call me, 'Whisper.' I wish that was my actual name. It is so simple to pronounce."

"Are you the Brown girl? Prudence?"

Prudence couldn't talk anymore. She grabbed a cluster black hair from Franseen's inappropriate barbery and dashed to the administrator, a squat named Ru Jimmy. He was the first to speak.

"I think I know you, you're Prudence Brown, right?"

Prudence still said nothing. It was a horrible crisis, two people she had met within an hour knew her full name.

"And you did want to be called 'Whisper,' right?"

Prudence was finally able to speak. "How does the whole gang suddenly know my full name? And my improvised nickname?"

"You need to be aware of how fast the word spreads," said Ru. "I'm going to help you form a relevant nickname, because I also know that you don't really want to join this club. That's neutral by the presidential board. By standards, I would take you into a room during 3rd period and discuss the derivation from your name, but because I feel very short, as in lack of tallness, We'll just discuss it right here and now."

Franseen had followed Prudence over.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful squat, you have to realize that you are not a beast, and you are not an behemoth. You are not a troll, or a goblin, or an elf-

"Franseen, please GO AWAY!!! We don't want to derive a nickname for me if your standing there, shooting your mouth off about whatever bland peice of snot crawls into your mind."

"Thank you, thank you. Now, what I want you to do is come up with an anagram of 'prudence.' You can leave out letters, or words, or whatever makes it easy for you."

These words put Prudence to sleep. She thought of as many anagrams as she could, while eating graham crackers and buttering toast with Franseen, Ru, Alexzerker, Gwagollodzilla (or whatever his name was, I can't remember), the other Prudence, and the old, thin, boring professor. Everyone was there, except for Francine, who stuck her tongue out at the refrigerator. Ruce, Encep, Prence, Need, Ruce, Ucedpre, Erp, Drupe, Rupee, Dunce, Ecun, Decup, Creep, Peer, Purcee, Udeep, Durence were all the anagrams that she could think of, and those anagrams were horrible.

It was no use. Prudence woke up when Franseen tried to cut her hair, and Ru restrained her.

"It's no use. I'm stuck," said Prudence.

"But what about your other name? Whisper? Why don't you try to make an anagram of that? It's such a loving name." Said Franseen.

Ru Relinquished his grip. "That's against our policy, uh... Excuse me, I don't know your name... oh never mind. Prudence-"

But Prudence was asleep again, with Franseen neatly trimming her hair. Prudence had another dream, this time, they were all there, walking around in circles around Ru. Suddenly, Francine gasped, and they all saw the old, thin, boring professor growing taller. Somebody said, "If he can, then can we?" and they grew. All of them except for Ru.

"You're right, Francine," said Franseen, "We can, can't we, Alexzerker?"

"You're right, Franseen," said Alexerzker, "Francine is right. We can, can't we, Garbolglotnygabblegrum or whatever you name is?"

"You're right, Alexerzker," said Garbolglotnygabblegrum or whatever his name was, "Franseen is right, Francine is right. We can, can't we, old thin boring professor?"

"You're right, Guggagrimbathimbaloosca or whatever your name is," said the old thin boring professor, "Alexerzker is right, Franseen is right, Francine is right. We can, can't we, Prudence?"

No, we could not, because Prudence was not a part of the we that we were anymore. She was Eprish, Hip, Pirse, Espir, Pie, We, Sihe, Wership, Ripe ,Sipew, Ershi, Pwei, Sprei, Perish, Whie, Swerp, Wish, or She-Wip. She wasn't any of those, which were the anagrams Prudence thought of this time. All of those ones skunked.

"This is all your fault!" the first words she said when she woke up were. "I should have known better than to listen to small runts and then listen to people with Swiggle as one of their names! What are you doing? Can't you hear I'm blaming you! Oh, hahahaha! HA HA HA HA!"

Prudence was still mad of her unconquered distant knick, but added to that was her laughy of Ru Jimmy all thinking he could barricade the cabinet like that. Franseen pried to get at the prisoner within. She'd finished Pru's new deaux.

"Don't worry! I'm controlling the things behind me, and they're terrific and plain," panicked the Ru. "Nothing is shaking the filing cabinets, they are empty except for the unexciting folders, which contain documents that are lame. I could fall asleep just saying them!" He snorred. "The cabinets aren't really shaking, something's wrong with the visual dimension. Are you a lunatic? You might be a lunatic if you think they're shaking. Siegfried! Walk this way and tell these gentlenuts they're lunatics."

Siegried told the girls, "They're lunatics." Unfortunately, he wasn't the only thing to walk over. Anchormen and athletes peered greedily over the counter. Journalists wrote essays that speculated the jittering contents within.

"What could be in the cabinet? A troll? Or maybe, a troll?"

Those who saw Franseen's scissors snip at nothing in particular. That is to say, nothing in particular might have been long Repunzal princess hair. Even though it wasn't, a sinister gleam in her eye reflected the desire to emancipate such a hair from the princess it grew out of it.

Franseen was struck with a sudden bomb of anguish and howled over on the floor.

"O wonderful, wonderlaiden squat, you are not a goblin or elf. You are not a ghost, a behemoth, or a serpent, and it is why you won't overcome the threat of the cabinet." She wept over his thus soothsaid fall.

Because of all the silliness going on, Prudence had a lot to make fun of.

"Everything that's happened today is coo-coo," she screamed. "I wish Franseen didn't just say something that was true, that way I could have said it first! Because the Ru Po Squat won't win against the cabinet! Do you think you will? Ha, and again, HA! I'm glad I'm not a squat! You should go be in a short-squat club."

Because of all the right things that were just said, Ru became discouraged. "Don't go away! And be sure not to open," he said to the cabinet before he left to get some stilts.

Everybody didn't know this though, and they questioned the reasons with his leaving.

"Probably to be in a short squat club."

A worried reporter worried this sentence: "If he comes back and he fixes the problem of being short, he might actually overcome the cabinet, and we will never find out what is hidden in there."

The last idea glew Franseen.

"O wonderful squat, your length so long, I shovel scoops into the future that is that! No one will ever overcome you, not the press, not the po-po, not the filing cabinet with contents so divisible..."

Her unbridled glow suddenly reminded her that Ru Jimmy's quest for tall (presupposing its success) nullified the division of long Repunzel princess hair, and she collapsed again into a howling heap.

Now, as you all two of you know, a yet-to-be-knicked Prudence Brown had come for another sort of division: her from the identity of unpronounceable lables. Here she was all prude and brown, and all that she'd acquired so far was wasted minutes hopping from awful poopoo anagrams to jiggling juggle-cabinets. Why didn't thebling-blang thingy just open already?

It was nothing compared to the outrage when Francine Esticot filed out.

"Why you swine, you very PRATZEL!" Prudence turned grape. She could have launched. "All along, there was a person throwing my name around like gut-buckets at everyone's ears. I'm heard all over, all because of you! I defy you, I smite you utterly!"

This scared a lot of the weird name clubbers. A lot of them became so scared that they ran about the building to find the bravest one in there. "Save save us from the grape girl!"

All the anchorpeople and journalists were bored when they saw the revelation of random college girl when it could have been hostage heiresses or outer space aliens. A lot of them slept or went home. They woke up and came back when the excitement of the drama started, and Franseen got out her scissors.

It was all quite silly, but throughout, Franscine stayed sensible. She assessed the danger coming from snipping scissors, and rescued herself by diving back into the cabinet.

"Oh, you can't get me in here, but you still must listen to what I have to say. Up you must shut, and go back into a trance. There, you'll use the accidental name 'Bleh' for anagrams. Now, repeat the hypnotic words: Trance-Eel-Vein-Knee-Uh..."



"Uh" was what she said because she forgot the fifth word. Prudence went into a trance anyway.

It was Friday, the day everyone took out their friers and chanted odes and anthems in the hallowed name of frihood. Do you know your Fridentity? Isn't it Frime you got a job? Have you earned your Friver's Fricense?

"Fri don't know... but now Fri do."

Leb, Helb, Bel, Heb, El, Ehl, Be, and other things were the anagrams from this trancisode. Prudence Plhblblblb'd at them, but she didn't wake up unknicked.

"I am who I choose to be, which means I am not, but that which I choose." That was the answer to all of the secrets.

"Well steal my neighbor's dog and run it in the washing machine. I did it! I am now newly knicked. Boys will take me to the prom and we'll Disco and Cha cha cha and Farandole, and all that they can pronounce my name, look out!"

But peasents did not collapse at her feet in admiration of said (unsaid) knick.

"Ahem! I said I am no newly knicked. Boys will take me to the prom blah blah blah." I am using the word blah to mean I am too bored to finish the rest of that sentence.

"Uh-oh," thought Prudence. She hoped they weren't listening suddenly. She said "no newly knicked," and that sounded like there were newly knicks, but she wasn't one of them. She had to flaunt quick! So she paraded around, flouncing her existence as a noun more than prude and brown. The locomotion style she used was known as the "ready for my close-up."

To make sure that attention flew her way, she tread on toes that belonged to other people, and grabbed an occasional item to throw at people. "HONK!" she honked, and was just about to feel confident in the direction people started looking when that direction suddenly changed to somewhere besides her.

This was because Ru Jimmy came back into the room, taller due to stilts. "Here I am, Ru Jimmy the squat, and now I am ready to classify the cabinet. There isn't really anything in there making it shake. We were all hallucinating it."

"Shoo!" ordered Prudence. "You're cramping my moments!"

Ru Jimmy long-legged his way back in front of the cabinet, and footed it with the stilts. They had shoes glued to them, and he wondered if Prudence said "shoe" and was talking about them.

"We'll settle this with a flaunt-off," said a passerby. "Whoever gets the most noticed wins."

Since nicknames are invisible, Ru Jimmy's visible stilts were noticed way more. Franseen Swiggle went to fetch an axe so she could give a haircut to those stilts.

So Prudence's new knick did not squirm its wormy way into anyone's knowledge-knower.

"Fine! I came up with the nickname all on my own anyway. You all will be known by suck-names, and no one will ask you to the prom. The opposite of thanks, all of you!"

Arbor Fields was once traumatized by a banana. She often found her wits in odd sort of places like her feet, not knowing they went there in the first place. None being in her head made her not know this. "What are you doing down there? You should be up here. Well, you'll just to change."

She could be found that day feet-up head-down on the kitchen table, urging the abstract inner contents towards her scalp.

Prudence had planned a celebratory trapse through the house, swinging her pelvis and curling her wrists as her new status as celebrity girl, and the feet-up dormfellow, who was her roommate, disturbed those plans / made her scowl.

"Get out now."

"No, I will not. All of my wits are almost at the bottom of my head, which is to say at the top, for I am upside down. When all of them are there, I will be ready to write homework. And it will be good."

Prudence scoffed that she ought to show the professor a movie trailer for her homework if she expected it to be that good.

"I'm going to go out of this room and then come back in. If you remain in here, you won't afterward."

Neither idiot left the room at all, but instead Prudence stuck her finger in the air, invoking the name of Hypnoto right before slipping skateboards beneath the freakin' thing, only to wheel it outside and pushed it down the hall. She hoped it would smash down the stairs, although she didn't hang out to watch.

"Now Dodo brain is gone. Yes, that is what I will call her. I hope the other students here say it too," mused Prudence as she lit deadly neon fume candles all around the apartment. "Now that Dodo brain is gone, I must prepare for the prom by reaching good-name nirvana."

She put some of the candles around in a circle, then sat in the middle. With all the time she spent in trances that morning, the preparation fancies would be a sinch. They say demons and things come from circles like that, but Prudence didn't think about those yet.

She first thought about all the boys who'd ask her to the prom. They'd pronounce the prunes out of her nickname, and then writh on the floor in agony over her absense in their lives.

One of them wouldn't stand for it! He axed down the dorm door and burst into the room with wax lips and roses, then fell down in awe of her unfathomable pronounceably knick-named radiance.

"I fall!" he cried. "How ferocious and deck your emanating knick! It renders me lame and paltry!"

The next man to break in came in with a blindfold. Being smarter than the first, he knew not to show his nude naked eye the girl with the spectacular knick. He foot-felt around until he trod on the first, and then stuffed feathers into his pockets.

"Gulock, gulock, gulock. You're the chicken, and that's the noise I hear you making in my head."

Open flew Prudence's eyelids. "I don't want nitwits taking me to the prom!" She panicked, but there was no one there.

"Phew. That was the least ask-out-able scenario I ever fancied. Let's try that again. This time, you will be someone I want to the prom with or I'll fork you."

She was talking to somebody that didn't exist, but whatever. This time, there was a sailor far at sea. He looked to the stars for the name of woman whose heart he'd win. Not Betty or Racheal, Veronica Sue, not Lucy or Candace, or Helen Ann. Who?

There it was in the costellation, Prudence's knick spelled clean as arranged by the stars. Throbs and sweat wets, her.

He left his sail ship to the mercy of the waters, blazing mountain and valley, pit, trench and ditch to unite with the one the sky just told him to.

"I would brave battlefield and bullet to lock arms with ye lass, as indeed I have! This hole in my leg I got from the battle of Yuka Canal, and this tooth I lost starving my way through Chimbalaya valley!"

And a moment more was a piece of him less, until he dragged himself there at the foot of her door, while the soccer-pocket team unscrewed his peg to play pool.

"WHAT???"

Prudence splayed her fingers into prongs and jammed in the doors direction. When she remembered it was all just a fancy, she waited a minute it wasn't "FANCY AT ALL!"

"Why do nincompoops keep showing up in here?" She pointed at her noggin. "I'll never make it to the prom! All that will be left of crust-captains like that is a wandering toenail. Good holidays, my prom date will be a toe nail! I'm surrounded!"

You will recall that Prudence was surrounded. By candles. Foolish Prudence neglected the lesson that circle candles incur fiends to come when you least expect them. She wasn't in her fancies the time a bicycle horn honked. A Danish clown was on its way to slip into her bathroom and cram an au gratin potato where it could stink but she couldn't trash it.

"Oh no you don't! Time is the only thing that stands between Prudence and Dane! Well, windows and doors stand there too. You won't walk through them!"

She seized a mop and assumed attack position. When she stood that way for twenty-seven seconds, her leg itched and she went boom-boom-boom on the ceiling. It should have disrupted enemy sensors.

"It isn't defeated yet! I must throw fear into the equation!"

She dashed to the TV and maxed the volume out. There was a lot more stumbling, so she must be getting somewhere.

"I have nuked his sense of hearing and scared him with TV noise." She also nuked her own hearing, but all that noise distracted the notion.

Another notion came along and raised its voice.

"What if it has infiltrated my dominion, and has hidden the gratin potato behind my fuming candles? Take a base of action!"

There was an indeed sort of stooge fumbling around, but not the Danish clown. The supernintendant was around on a complaint of smokey smelling candles, and he was there to tell her off if he could find her. The discovery was delayed with all that smoke and smell over the place. How could anybody see or smell a single thing? He decided to tell off using the same speech in every room. It was sure to reach the culprit's ears eventually.

"Okay, resident, you have had your fun. I am now stopping all the candles and taking some compensatory items."

Prudence didn't have a lot of valuable things. Soupy the super picked up coasters and groceries and stuffed them into his pockets, though he couldn't find the candles. Too much smoke and fume hid their origins.

When Prudence whapped his head, she was already marching through the place aimlessly swinging the mop. She massacred many candles without concluding the flames they sported first. In fact she was proud of the blazing mop fabric. It made her more formidable and her target's head more scorchy.

"Take that! I stopped the intruder. Now to figure out the potato situation."

It wasn't the clown she got. That guy fell past her window, and she opened the latch so she could jeer at him.

"Loo-loo! Lousy name, lousy name, I bet you go stag to the proms!"

What sillier target could she pick besides a clown?

Prudence never actually made it to the prom. We noticed she never really revealed to the world what her nickname was, so as far as the campus singles were concerned, she was still the unpronounceable Prudence Brown to those aware of her existence.

As to the prom itself, rumors were traded like kiddie cards as to the fate of Rising Rooms Dorm. "What caused it to burn?" "I heard the seniors did it." "I heard Stacy tried to kill a mouse." "I heard the coffee machine was left on again."

None of this was true, of course, so the fire went down in an almanac of urban sophomore tales while Prudence and her names, knick or otherwise, faded into obscurity.

Some say they can hear her heckling right outside their window. Others spot her dashing across the forrest, steering a wigged mannequin on roller skates. More money dumped into investigations regarding missing "missing mannequin cases" than the likes of Predense Brown. And Franseen Swiggle? Well, she has a promising career as a straight-jacket model in "Looney Bin Weekly." She was last seen auditioning for the role of "crash test dummy" in a roller skating safety video.

THIS STORY IS OVER.