

When Snoozy Smelt a Smoker

Nice things didn't happen to Chazketchy Mahetchy, so he had to glean them from other people. These people were usually grandmas, parents, teachers or orphans, obviously the human demographics that need nice things the most. And that, my sorrowful witness, is why he enjoyed snatching the nice things from them.

Mahetchy, a member of a now officially extinct ET species (yes, thankfully, he's gone since all of this went down) that looked like a humongous fat blue donkey with a mohawk, was the last of his species. He had bombed his home planet after moving to a new one. And he was happy. He enjoyed being the last of his kind; he thought himself expensive.

He spent his blubbery years on a mile tall hill, smoking a two foot cigar, smelling like barbecue toothpaste, and awaiting sillies from whom to pilfer kind occurrences.

He saw on yond bridge a boulder-drawn carriage, in which what looked like a miserable marriage was making itself heard. Pompous, bloated laughter from her, stifled groaning from him.

The couple were cattle, the form which most of the people on the planet took. He was a hunchbacked, sullen-faced ox, she was a bloated cow, looking like she could rupture from a gas attack. She was squeezed into an embarrassing show-off cocktail dress, which constricted around her like an overstretched quilt. Her head would have been attractive, her shiney hair was cut into a flip. Sadly, her hiccuping laugh made Mahetchy want to stuff her face full of insulation.

"Poh, nothing good there to steal," observed Mahetchy. "But I wonder what'd do if I poked that cow with a needle. That's a good idea! I'll see where they're staying, pretend to sell some garbajunk, and deliver my needl to that stupid, fat animal's subcutany!" He tossed his cigarette behind his shoulder for bad luck (for them) and sloshed towards the road. He wasn't fast, in thought or chase. But he ran, really hard. Then, when he reached the road, he lost breathe entirely.

"I need... fuuuh! ... to get a buuhh - huuu... boulder." That's what he could've stolen from them, were he fast enough. As it was, he flumped on the road and forgot where he was. "Daggit, where's a mattress when you need one? I'll show them. I'll yank one from the back of a smelly old hobo." Nevermind his options were merely dumpsters and shopping carts, dummy.

When he woke up, he was a shadow of his former self. Then he remembered where he was all of the sudden. The traffic picked up throughout his nap and squashed him where he lay. If he were normal, he'd know better than to hibernate in the middle of the road. He'd also be dead instead of pancaked.

Humiliated by his circumstances, he started to peel off the road. "I'm supposed to do all the defeating around here," he growled. "I popped my own planet, didn't I?"

The responsible traffic was not far off. It announced its position with the avalanche laughter of its chief passanger. Cowdame. Chazkechy boiled burnt and popped into shape. He'd pop her for sure, but this time, for revenge. That was a more exciting motive than boredome anyway.

As he stuffed into the trunk, he prospected over the opportunity to harvest a nicety or two. But as he took in his surroundings, he disgusted himself with all the splendor, wealth, and squalor. Nobody deserved all this shiney white finery, not even he. So he picked up a sample of splendor, aimed his vengeful personality, and crumbled his teeth all over it, hahaha.

He wasn't supposed to crumble his teeth; it looked like a shiny white jawbreaker. "What's the big idea?" He asked a warty green troll in fedora and trenchcoat, observing through a people to chronicle every move.

He was no good. Chazkechy tried to blind him, but his aim left a lot to be desired. "I hope you swell up." He already did. At any rate, he needed to assassinate something else. This time he went after the squalor, too slow to catch it declare war on its way to his mouth by lurching down his

throat in response to some sudden drama in the front row, where it took a break as he ached to dislodge it.

Unbeknownst to him, some benevolent (just not to him) permitted him to cough it up when the wagon bumped a rough spot on the road. It wanted him alive for the fate she had in store. This spirit, by the way, resided in heaven. "You see this sluggish blue hee-haw?" For that was the name of his species. "Don't admit him."

All that drama in the front row came from a disagreement between passenger and prey. The Wagon-dragger was, of course, now pulling a double in weight, something he noticed aloud. All the crowd could notice was how much slower he'd grown. She decreed mightier speed with the sharper end of her heel. When this didn't yield the desired results, she painted a target on his rump with her lipstick, and proceeded with further decrees.

All she got in return was a bellyache from "all this new effort," and a rumpache from all the abuse.

"You bloated up, lady," he groaned. "I've been doing this for years."

His customer threw her head back to set free a scorn-filled laugh. "And how can you tell it isn't my husband?" Husband got an elbow in the ribs. Then she went back to the rump-target. "You just don't exercise enough."

"All I do is exercise. Just like all you do is ruin everyone's day."

"Say, that's what I..." noticed Chazkechy. "Uh-oh."

He tried to make a quick sacrifice (out of the troll) to Cupid so the bare-bunned cherub wouldn't match-make him with Gloria up there. He tossed a wad of wealth toward his mouth, hoping to suffocate him, and that's when the troll decamped the trunk. Failing that, he used Cupid's name in vain. Either way was bound to work.

"Wait a minute... What are you halting for? We're hardly halfway there."

"Humph." The boulder stamped all four hooves in succession. "I'm not going anywhere until you foist out that bathroom scale of yours. Let's see who needs to exercise."

Chazkechy already had his fill of the world where traffic could talk back, and yet here came the overly bejeweled claw of Georgina Harriette Stoker on a hunt for the gold-nugget banker's balance. "You'll never fit on it, you balloon of a broad," he snarled as he forked it over. She didn't compare their weights, though. She smashed it over his rump. "Get going."

Chazkechy ached with sorrow as he watched the pieces left behind. The thing itself was junk, but a cardboard children ring swarmed up on all fours to collect the pieces and sell them to Mr. Dump down at the sleazatron. He knew there was something fishy about all those cardboard boxes. He missed grabbing things out of poverty's hands, soft dainty lady-like hands. Even if things were worthless.

Whatever. A few miles down the road, Chazkechy began to wonder what was taking them so long, even though the obvious answer was that they had 3549 more pounds to pull, and that is not a sexy number. Even Georgina weight less than that (specifically 2691, which was 248 more than her husband, and 35 more than the boulder). "Uuugh this takes longer than the trip from my planet!" It was then that he chose to forgo the whole scamming portion. He scoured his cramped surroundings for the sharpest thing. That happened to be the right-angle wealth corners. "Screw that." So he looked outside itself for providence from the road. "Come on, you've got to give me something more than a headache." He found an arrowhead! Though a little remorseful its original warrior wasn't around to put up a fight over it (and lose), he sighed, then grinned, and sharpened it with the aid of the squalor.

Just as the thing was 3.41 mm from doing its duty, Georgina walloped her husband. "Oh, Brass look! Let's try it out here!"

With a yank of the reigns and a sudden sharp turn, she demolished the wall of a hotel lobby and caused an avalanche of cargo, Brass, and Carriage, with Chazkechy inexplicably on the bottom.

Georgina brushed herself off from the dust of a job well done. "Well. If that certainly isn't the thick of things." She proceeded to corner the clerk and pointed to the room she wanted most.

"What's happening? First I have to be the carpet and now I'm a miner?" Chazkechy tunneled his way through the pile and spat a mouthful of splendor. There was another missed theft opportunity, especially when the one he wanted burst walked up and mistook him for a bellhop.

"Oh there you are, serve-boy. Be so kind and gentle as to take thes up to room 77, for that is a saucy number indeed." She clamped his hands over two suitcases, tipped him with a stale hotdog bun, and gave his slick rubbery croup a thank-you spank before escorting her husband through the hole she'd just caused.

Naturally, the cases were thrown against the ground, where they split open for billboard children to swarm and collect the contents for Mrs. Hoard at the Snobbiton. Chazkechy had never faced so much justice in his life, even though from his point of view it was injustice. He stormed out of the building, kicking over a plant for good measure, and resumed his bullet of a goal.

Oh, also, one of the clerks was a warty green troll in fedora and trenchcoat, observing through a hole in the keyhole to chronicle every move. I can't believe nobody noticed.

Tracking Georgina was no olympian labor. She signaled her location with the path of havoc she left in her wake, a path that surmounted any antisocial fling Chazkechy had ever undertaken. "I could wreak way more than that." And so he came up with an even more interesting motive: eliminate the competition.

He followed the destruction and sorrow with jealous endeavor. When things got peaceful, he knew he'd gone too far. The water fountain was shallow, evidence that some fatty had dive-bombed there. With all that water out of the way, Georgina realized the coins therein and offered them to the

sky, where surfboard children would ignore them and try to extort the gargoyles (of all things) as lifeguards cast hooks to relieve the water of its unwelcome. One of these life guards was a warty green troll, observing through a sharkbite in a surfboard to chronicle every move..

"Helluva lot to eliminate," thought Chazkechy. He could have easily exploded this whole planet if he wanted to. That would have saved him (in the sense of his own existence, as we will later learn, but more readily noticeable) a lot of time. It wouldn't be as satisfactory as taking down the illustrious cowdame first. "Here's what I'll do. I'll just moose my razor-head into a fin shape," he did just that, using his own spit in the place of the moose, "then just take this safety pin... aw, shut up kid." He got it off some kid's diaper. Kid started screaming, so the safety was off. Basically, his plan was to dispose Georgina, and the rest of the world would follow suit.

So he got in the water and hummed the jaws theme, slinking towards her, pin first, safety off. He encountered a net before he got near enough, then any further travel only lead him deeper down the throat of a canon.

"Hey who turned out the lights?" Especially frustrating were a series of slaps experienced by his rump. What was happening was that the life guards were testing the blubber content with fly swatters.

"Look how jiggly?" said one. "Only whales contain that much blubber." His cohorts agreed. With the help of a compass, they determined the direction of the ocean. Georgina inaugurated his departure with coinfetti as they blasted the blob into the sky. All the while, Brass hung his head and groaned, trying to pinpoint which choice had brought him to his current predicament.

It took a while for his bloated, watersoggy corpse of a living vessel to wash up on shore. Sharks felt misrepresented by his failed cowdame hunt and pursued him. If his reaching land before they got the first bite was anything to go by, I'd say that was a pretty fair representation.

Chazkechy spat out a pondful of water and noticed Georgina's trademark trail of misery. Before he took off, though, he noticed a couple of kids trying to cook a starfish with a magnifying glass.

"Get out of the way. There's a much faster way to do that."

Stomping the pud out of the thing. Along with the magnifying glass, whose sharp pointy shards would come in handy in a few minutes, or at most, he thought so.

If the Stokers came from a place where there was a clear distinction between clothing outlets and fashion museum, they didn't act like it. While Brass stood in a corner and grunted an imaginary conversation with the wall, Georgina stripped all the mannequins of their apparel and climbed aboard it. By the time she was done with it, usually about six second from completely suffocating to death, its shape was all wrong for the mannequins. She seemed to know this, because she didn't return it to its rightful place. Instead, she tossed it over her shoulder, where stiff-bored children would try to make a trampoline out of it. All the while, a warty green troll in top-hat and tuxedo observed through a crack in a mirror he primmed with to chronicle every move.

"This is preposterous!" Railed Chazkechy. "If I don't do something quick, that dame is gonna take all the fun I'm going to have out of blasting her burst." He thus posed as a mannequin, but not before seizing the trolls mirror, feeding it to the ground, and arming himself with an especially sharp shred. All exposed in her underwear, Gorgina's interior looked just about ready to overthrow the bounds of its skin. Wouldn't take much, just a quick plunge, and she'd be in pieces.

"Look, Brass, even the mannequins have fallen prey to this brave new dietary epidemica." And Georgina finally found something that needed dressing more than she. "Don't look, kiddies." She grabbed a tuxedo and crammed it through the struggling Chazkechy.

"Stop, no, I'm a living being! You can't do this to a living being!" But she mistook the athletic parts of the protest for a size incompatibility (and far be it from Georgina to let a silly thing like that get in the way of her duties), and she mistook the verbal parts for the natural sound effects.

"All right, you can look now kiddies. Are you looking? Because you can, now that the clothes are all on." She was still in her underwear, by the way.

The rivalry between captor and captive tightened as Chazkechy longed to escape the clutches of this show-suit. The tuxedo was strong and commanding. When it had enough of its bitch's subordination, it spat him blast through the museum's roof. Somewhere, a student failed his astronomy test because he identified a bouncy blue pinball bouncing across planets and other astral bodies.

Hee-haws never stay put anywhere they don't want to. The journey back to the world was acquired through the exploitation of an alien taxi. Chazkechy wanted to steal it, but a substantial lack of gravity saved the driver from an exciting plummet to the ground. Each time, he floated back into his seat. "Where to?" Chazkechy finally gave up. "The place you should have fallen to, so I could have rumbled all over your stinky rotting hide."

Down on the crater, the driver charged him eighty space dollars. "Well, stools. I gotta figure out a way to get my lumpy self out of this."

So he whistled for a second taxi, driven by a drunkard. His escort was totalled, so he sicced the police on him. "Well, at least one thing went my way today." Then, seeing a ballerina academy with a steer-shaped hole in the wall, decided, "let's all make it two."

"Heave it up, girls!" Georgina did a bunch of squats. Her tutu stretched and disoriented her muscles, and they bulged in awkward uncomfy directions. Meanwhile, the dancing instructor rushed to beat and crowbar them back into more appealing shapes.

"Get out of my class! Haven't you done enough damage?" For there were more holes in the room than your typical slice of moldy swiss cheese. More holes than a moth-infested overcoat, through which shoe-box children reached for the pockets of onlookers.

Between Georgina, Chazkechy, and a warty green troll in fedora and trenchcoat who observed through the breaks in his pirouettes to chronicle every move, there wasn't a barnyard of room. This became especially problematic when Georgina insisted at having her (literal) turns, but we'll get to that in a minute.

First, Chazkechy noticed something especially fishy about this troll. The fact that he was everywhere raised a few eyebrows. Less than a few, actually. Just one. His own. "This bloke sure gets around a lot," he observed. "Wait just one darn second. He isn't anywhere, just wherever this big bloated babe goes. What is he, more competition I've got to eliminate?"

It was time for a confrontation. There wasn't a lot of room, but everyone's body was squishy, being mostly made of fat. He squashed and squirmed his way into a position of conversing with the troll.

"Listen up, fat. There's room for one predatory chump in this joint, and that's me."

"Hardly."

It was then that Chazkechy had the perfect opportunity to strike. But he'd missed every opportunity up to this point, why should now be any different?

"What are you even doing here anyway?"

"I am Detective Raskavora. Georgina Harriette Stoker is suspected of detonating an entire planet while everyone was still on it and going on the run from the law. I am chronicling her every move, so as to verify the suspicion and take the necessary action, if needed."

Chazkechy fumed with envy. She'd blown up a planet, too? He'd blow up two. Three, if he counted her. He momentarily got his rage under wraps long enough to get sneaky.

"Oh, well, I'm a cop too. Cops are blue, right? Thaz me. What say we team up and corner this dame once and for all?"

"Well, I'd have to weigh all my options first, but it's not out of the question."

If it came to weight, it'd obviously tilt in Chazkechy's favor.

"Enough of this already. My turn now."

It was not officially Georgina's turn, only according to her. And she took it. She took two.

"Stop it, fat! You're runing my ballroom."

"I will be done in a jippy."

And done she was. Done after seventy more turns, that is. But she felt so rushed that she turned as fast as she could. These turns were 360 degree ones. 360 celcius ones, even. They could, as she promised, be measured by the "jippy." Quite frankly, that made it even worse, as all the friction brought up a tornado which tangled donkey and troll, picked up the school, and plopped it on the head of some random witch lady.

When you consider the context, it takes a little of the random away. The Witch was earlier a worker at a popular carnival. Now she was just a victim of a house storm, just like everyone else in that academy, including Chazkechy and Raskavora, who were tangled together like passionate eels.

They crept around in search for a giant screwdriver. A carnival was no place to show off your manhood, believe me. They settled on a pair of back-to-back spinning tunnels, begged the carnie, once he was all done laughing and pointing, to reverse the direction of one of them, then divided themselves into a pair of lachrymose slugs and headed for the ferris wheel.

It was easy to locate Georgina. If there was an obvious path of devastation and heartache, one was sure to find her at the end. This time, it led to the Faris wheel, where she planned to work out her marital frustrations.

"What a magnificent view. Isn't it just romantic?"

"It's the middle of the afternoon, and I'm sweating out of the armpits and butcrack. Isn't that romantic?"

She shoved her husband and howled. "Such a card. Ever since the day we married." It was not a love-shove.

Chazkechy found Raskavora loathesome from the start, but this was even worse. Getting on a ride, especially one that pandered to couples, was the most pointless thing he could think of. Unless he was going to sabotage it for the other passengers, he avoided them altogether.

"Keep your hands where everyone can see them," he warned. "I don't want anyone to think that we're steady."

Raskavora sized up Chazkechy. "Trust me, they won't."

"Bet he thinks he's got some muscle under all that blop," grumbled Chazkechy.

They filled out the cart when they crammed in. It was already straining under the capacity of Georgina, and yet, Chazkechy called for the carnie to crank it ever higher. Raskavora considered the demand a bit odd at first, but when Chazkechy loosened the bolts and abandoned his seat, it all made perfect sense. All the way to the zipline, down to the clown wash, dissolving into greasy black skittles, it made all the sense in the world.

"There now. That's that. My job is nearly done."

It hadn't been nearly done at all that day. Georgina was no closer to explode than she was the moment he saw her cross the bridge. He watched from his perch as she propelled her cuck towards the cinema. Chazkechy didn't feel sorry for him. He'd burst him too, but he looked like he was made of dry cement. At any rate, he followed the two in, and stole a fountain pen from a student and emptied it out over his snow white shirt.

The cattle couple were engrossed in their current hobby. She dictated the duties of the ticket clerk, while he slouched around the margins of the scenario. There was no hiding a flab of

Chazkechy's layery, but he didn't even need to hide. At last, he was within reach of bursting point. He couldn't help but give himself a moment to savor. This was the longest road to victory he'd ever trekked in his life, and he took eight minutes of euphoric bliss.

But then the bliss was over. "What are you doing?"

Georgina had been watching for half the time. So had the rest of the theatre. She cleared her throat again.

"What are you doing? Standing there, drooling for eight minutes, leaving everyone in suspense. Haven't I seen you everywhere I go?"

"No, you haven't. You need glasses, babe. But I don't. I noticed how subordinate your boulder was back there. If you paid me a lot, I'd drag your carriage all around the places you should go instead. I'm more than worth the money!"

Her countenance blossomed into a garden of cheer that Chazkechy couldn't wait to conclude.

"In that case, here's a contract. Do sign it right away!"

Chills made a racetrack of Chazkechy's spine as he focused on Georgina's eyes. Into her naval went the fountain pen, and it all erupted into a constellation of milkshakes and cheeseburgers. All that was left of Georgina was a bovine crater, while her husband stood in petrified amazement.

"You know," chided a triumphant Chaz, "I pretty much did you a favor. You definitely owe me one, chump."

Brass brightened up, something that his lumpy brick self should have been incapable of. This, of course, only darkened Chazkechy's moment. "Cash, buster. Lots of it." And so he departed for the movie screen. He'd deal with the groom as he blew up the planet. For now, he would enjoy the show.

Brass had let out twelve shouts of joy before he recalled all too late that his betrothal to Georgina in the first place was proof of some curse he'd earned as a child. Sure enough, from behind the counter came the real Georgina.

"Just as I thought," she observed. "Your end of the bargain looks like this?"

"You rented a decoy?"

"I had every reason to. Just look what it taught me. I swear, I have no words, but they will come." She took Brass, whimpering, weeping Brass, by the arm. "Bet your spirit, they will come." And with one last act of hostility, she disrupted the popcorn machine.

Epilogue

Today, the universe is empty of hee-haws. The last one who ever lived, Chazkechy Mahetchy, was left with nothing but ignorance. All the same, it was an ignorance he revelled in, authoring such a massacre. So sweet it was, his accomplishment. It pleased him. He started to laugh, rupturous, bellowing laughter that got pregnant with itself and laid eggs and those eggs hatched into seismic waves that shook nearby chairs, and chairs nearby to those chairs, and chairs far distant from those.

Left and right, the audience flailed for something to hold onto. They grasped at the seat of their chairs. They held on tight to their butts. They wrapped around to their lovers as tsunamis of laughing theatrical disruption soared all throughout until a little old lady was launched from her place.

That was the last straw for her. She stormed to the source of the shakes and declared, "I'm never coming back here again!"

"Who are you? No, don't answer, just get out of the way, broad, I can't see the show."

Words could not release her indignance, unlike violence. A nice stern poke in the drum-taut donkey-paunch with an overly sharpened nail was all it took to blast the floor, walls and ceiling with

webs of neon blue slime, trapping everyone there as a fossil of their former selves and signalling the entrance of Detective Raskavora and Leitenant Waterworks.

After a ten-minute inspection, the detective was satisfied with his analysis. "That about proves it. These are the remains of hee-haw murderer Chazkechy Mahetchy, who's responsible for the extinction of his own kind. The criminal is no more. Well, I guess technically he's neither more or less, but everyone's safe from him." He winked at his companion. "Even the rental decoys."

Waterworks, an overweight yellow cat, rubbed his chin. "You want we should scrape all this off and store it in forensics?"

"Nah, Mrs. Croswell can sell it as blueberry jam."