

# Clowns Clemency

By Aidan Michael Collins

## Chapter One

It was a season of tears, sadness, and heartache in the province of Splitnail since the old Mujewill Museum was burnt to the ground and the Chammonne Fitness Center was blown up. Nayte Angus Mujewill was coming back on a bark from Gladerfluet when far away he noticed a yacht approaching. "Increase the momentum for me," Nayte said. "What gives you the right to give orders?" said Everat Wheel Addams, a lifelong mariner. "Just increase the speed, ok?" Nayte Angus Mujewill replied. A couple minutes later a corpulent Gnome handed Nayte Mujewill an envelope which Nayte immediately opened; it was from his brother Ross Burn Mujewill. *Dear brother, our majestic museum's custodian Desmond Frostbridge Barhood has died in a fire that has incinerated our museum and our fitness center is no more. I hope you find a safer abode. Don't phone me* the Letter read. Nayte knew that his brother wasn't lying but he also detected an omission because of his vocabulary and the brevity. An hour later Nayte Mujewill reached land. There were a lot of zeppelins, blimps, Apaches, Hawker Hunters, Messerschmitts, Spitfires and F-15s swarming the sky. There were many variegated trucks with trailers with Leprechauns holding Swagger sticks and wearing Bicorns and Hombergs and waving Banners. It was a Misanthropy Coalition Parade.

Nayte Angus Mujewill got on a bus and gave the bus driver five Glovans and two Monicals then told him to drop him off at Zogailpott Cathedral. Nayte had been doing things without knowing why more and more. Anyway, he started to remember that Pig Masque had kidnapped Clark Neal Mujewill and was keeping him at the cathedral. So Nayte ran through the doors to see Clark Neal Mujewill chained up; he was wearing a cap with some maxim written on it. The words made Nayte Mujewill believe he was on some jubilant peninsula. The colours on the cap didn't seem to go well together, and Nayte also felt as though there was an anchor keeping him in the church and its surrounding vicinity, but he couldn't guess what. Nayte's

consciousness was still on that peninsula, but he thought he knew what the anchor to the other reality was. It was a white horse on a carousel.

The next thing he knew he was having a seizure. "Come on, he needs help here," said a corpulent physician, and gave Nayte an injection of some yellow medicine which eventually stabilised him. Whikstepp Hospital was suffused with greatly wounded patients; but Nayte Angus Mujewill was the most dangerously ill of them all. The chunky physician knew that the injection wouldn't stabilise him for long. So he gave him a drug. That made him think that he was in a melodrama where he was bound to a warhead by a gremlin with a waxed moustache and a cigar. Minutes before the warhead launched, a highwayman rescued him.

At Loofgrineba field, a scientist named Adriunt Veayghrons was presenting his brand new reconnaissance pod with built in reservist turbines, Safari, Facebook, and Skype. "I am eager to say that after seven years of brainstorming, designing, and manufacturing, I have built the next innovative scout Shuttle! And now, like the maxim of the lavish Machele Kinjoum, I say pump up the engines!" said Adriunt Veayghrons. The pod blasted off. Adriunt gave a sigh of satisfaction as his greatest invention flew off.

## **Chapter Two**

Meanwhile Pig Masque and Gersi Juemhawil were staying in a well heeled villa with a provincial ghost monkey on Leimkohq Beach where the referendum soirées happen. These parties are meant to be amiable, though the WASPS and yuppies who live there thought they were a matter of duty rather than fun. They would engage in ribaldry and laugh vociferously. Pig Masque had recently picked up a drinking problem, and his mattress was enveloped with Guinness Lager bottles. "Come on,, friend I have located something piquant," said Captain Gersi Juemhawil. "Well then, what is it?" said Pig Masque. "A chance for us to become the brand new executors of Veayghorns, Inc.," Gersi Juemhawil said. "You mean Hemwhit, that genius who has made more commercial cutting edge gizmos than Justin Imars?" said Pig Masque. "Exactly," said Gersi Juemhawil, "I

know some Faithmen who have recently purchased that company and are willing to sell it. "Ok, I'll put on something curvaceous," said Pig Masque. "You're a pimp," Gersi said and was walking away when Pig Masque pulled out a pin fire pistol and shot him in the neck. "Sorry pal, but you're denigrating my moment, and I'll never forget our bond," Pig Masque said and left the villa with his Ipod.

It was three days after Pig Masque's arrival, and a schooner of Faithmen approached the beach. It was a windy day when Pig Masque joined the Faithmen who expected him to give them his antique astrolabe in return for Veayghorns, Inc. laboratory. Which Pig Masque did. "It's a deal then, but feel fine to indemnify us later," said Eustas Lucius Blake the high captain of the schooner. "We sail in nine minutes; be sure to have your retinues," said Eustas Lucius Blake to his crew. Suddenly Pig Masque thought he saw Gersis' soul. "I'm so sorry," Pig Masque said. "Sorry for what?" said Eustas Blake. "I'm sorry that so few have the chance to view the majesty of the ocean," Pig Masque said and put on his iPod. Then Gersi's soul dissipated.

He heard something like spaceship turbines that were burgeoning very quickly. "We have to go right now," said Pig Masque. "What are you on about?" said Eustas Blake. "Something massive is on its way," said Pig Masque and he and the crew exited the ship in catamarans. The hue of the water turned from blue to green when Adriunt Veayghorn's pod hit the schooner and the waves it created sent Pig Masque and the Faithmen flying through the air and into the ocean. Only three Faithmen and Pig Masque made it to land still alive. "Man I could do with a nice juicy brisket with hollandaise sauce," thought Pig Masque when he saw one of the Faithmen lying in a prone position. "You'll be alright; I got you," said Pig Masque and revived him.

### **Chapter Three**

Meanwhile in Vimerstring Theatre, a bucolic burlesque was about to start starring Mason Hornwood Hillan and Brakgroum Headpage Levat. The men found it far more amusing than the ladies did. There were snorts and roars and knee slapping and laughter. After the burlesque, Derek Mujewill

along with eight of his apostles tailed Mason Hillan. Mason lived in an estate at the margin of a green camp. His estate was a place of infidelities and heretics; and when the moon comes up, the youngsters ferociously play their accordions, cymbals, and Hauboyes. They were determined to prove their invidiousness by performing demonic tunes. Mason was about to open his door when Derek Mujewill shoved him to the ground and pressed his pepperbox pistol to his head. "Are you raving psychotic?" said Mason Hornwood Hillan. "Christ no, I simply want this world to praise the Mujewill dynasty for quietly testing radioactive weapons near noncommercial abodes and stop driving while drinking," said Derek Mujewill. "Well, I haven't done any of those things and still I have a loaded pepperbox pistol pressed against my head," said Mason. "I researched your profile. You took an itinerary to Beargich Metropolitan Depot. You snuffed out hundreds of peaceful lives only for animatronic continuity," said Derek Mujewill. "Ok I have sinned; but if you show me clemency, I can help you. Please believe me, believe me," begged Mason. Derek closed his eyes as though his skull was splitting, then holstered his gun and opened his eyes. "Do not make me regret this," said Derek.

Pig Masque and the Faithman found their way to a citadel at the top of a gigantic knoll gleaming with gaud lights. It had an extravagant welcoming vibe that even the most misanthropic sort couldn't pass. Pig Masque rapped his fist on a lavish myrtle wood door. It was opened by a Keabight wearing a leather and austracon trench coat and more jewellery than Rick Flin the pros boxer. He was also holding a varnished cane caked with malachite and jade, with a bronze ferrule. "Welcome. I presume you are both here for the auction," the Keabight said. Pig Masque smiled. "Why yes, we certainly are," he said. "No we aren't," said the Faithman. Pig Masque kicked the Faithman's leg. "Don't listen to him, he's always canarding," said Pig Masque. "Your fibs are ineffectual, but remonstrance is not the deterrent that it poses," said the Keabight and gesticulated them in. Pig Masque gazed bewildered. The Faithman immediately had a vibe of fear. "Can we get out of this place? It's giving me chills," The Faithman said. "Where's your courtesy? This kind man gives us his generosity and you intend to flake!" said Pig Masque. "Fine. I'll stick around. but I will not

excuse any duplicity or conniving,” said the Faithman. “Deal,” the Keabight said.

## **Chapter Four**

In the Czar of Gumkirk’s palace, Vincent Edward Leave was trading lapis lazuli to Davis Geapit Harth for intel on Pig Masque’s whereabouts. Then betwixt the brokering, the assault alarm went off. “Have you double crossed me?” Vincent Edward Leave said. “No, of course not,” Davis Greapit Harth said. “I trust you, you’re an honest man. Come on, I know an escape route,” Vincent Edward Leave said and poked the eyes of an earthenware Vulture man and a bookshelf moved down revealing a cavern. Vincent stepped in,” though Davis didn’t move. What are you waiting for? Come on,” said Vincent Leave. Then an ensemble of Frost spiders came crawling towards them. Davis joined Vincent Leave just at the final second. If we avoid the vat mines and the mosaic traps. we might just make it to Hencigns Datchebrige’s harbour house,” Vincent said. Suddenly, Vincent Leave tripped and fell down a shaft. “Are you ok?” Davis Harth said. “Yah, I’m alright,” Vincent replied. Vincent found himself looking at a Leprechaun playing a Saxophone and a Vampire playing a Bugle. “Come down here; you gotta see this,” Vincent said. So Davis did the same. “Is it a jazz club?” Davis asked. “I think it is,” said Vincent Leave, and the two of them hopped down and the music paused. “Can you hand me your Bugle?” said Vincent Edward Leave. A bugle was thrust in his hands, and then a Flabby pumpkin face picked a beat from a casino jukebox. Then Vincent started to play; all the guests got up and began to jam and snap their fingers. Davis cared very much for Vincent Leave though watching all those jazz buffs hopping about to Vincent’s bugle skills made him feel a bit envious and doubtful, doleful and an iota dubious.

Davis was born on a sloop in the early nineties in the damnable sea of Blandgrib. Davis quickly adapted to the salty air of sea life. The captain wore a necklace of amber and sardonyx. He would often brag that the crystals kept him eternally strong, smart, and youthful. The other sailors often rebuffed him. One morning the sloop crashed against a large scarp of garnet and the sailors were stranded with only pineapples to eat. A few

days later the captain went missing. but left behind a sack with a kindle with a phone app. One of the older sailors opened the app and found the keypad on the screen. He remembered that the captain's twisted concubine pulled the threads at Chronic, Inc., the time jumping syndicate and remembered seeing the phone number to get ahold of it at Lygough Reenactment Theatre. But the keypad froze. "Damn," thought the sailor. "Perhaps you could try opening a new keyboard window," said another sailor. "Good thought," said the first sailor. And it worked. The sailors called Chronic, Inc. and asked them if they had seen their captain. They said yes, and promised to send them a chauffeur. Five years later Davis moved to Gladerfluet into an expensive inn and found himself basketing and buying a lot of pizzas and nachos. Davis was living the dream when one day all the electronics in Gladerfluet went on airplane mode. Absolutely no one knew why and the Mujewills were days away at their chateau. The Mujewills forgot that the cheapest flight that July left at gate five at two p.m. Instead they picked up Rick Aker at gate one at eleven am. So they missed their opportunity to help Gladerfluet.

Now at the present Davis and Vincent shared a few sweet bottles of Kopparberg cider and discussed their next move as they walked. They at last came to a beach. The fresh air felt completely amiable and before Davis and Vincent was a rubenesque schooner. They stood there for a minute gawking when two muscular Leprechauns lowered a gangway and one handsomely dressed Vultureman walked down and extended his hand to Vincent Edward Leave. He was an effeminate behaving man who made Vincent uncomfortable. "You're sailors aren't you," the Vultureman said. "Travelers," said Davis in a disturbed tone. "My apologies; sailing the open seas is an inveterate hobby of mine. Please show tolerance. I sometimes forget some rather prefer their feet on the ground," said the Vultureman. "Actually I was spawned on the ocean," said Davis. "Awesome! It's almost like you're my kin and where are my manners!. I'm admiral Victor Cassidy Walters," the Vultureman said. Suddenly the firmament began to darken. "God no it can't be them," Victor Walters said as he drew his cutlass. "Who?" said Davis. "The Rat Gremlins," said Victor Walters. "I studied them in college. They sneak out of their garrisons every generation and darken

the skies because the rays of the sun welters their ears. They suffocate their victims with a toxic mineral cosmetic. Then dress them up as Peelers. It's a kind of sadistic affinity of theirs, but I thought that my uncle had incinerated them all," said Victor. "Well, we'll have time for musing later; for now let's get outta here," said Vincent Leave. "The schooner!" said Victor. "Obviously," said Vincent and they left.

The Rat Gremlins were gaining on them in their horn boats. "We're not fast enough! We need to face them," Vincent Edward Leave said. "Are you nuts? Think about it. We would have our asses handed to us in a second," said Davis. "The perpetual motto of the clowns is Never Kneel Before Infidels and Heretics," said Vincent Leave. Then he snatched the admiral's cutlass and jumped onto a horn boat and killed four Rat Gremlins, then jumped onto another boat and decapitated two more. Two large Rat Gremlins started bludgeoning him with metal bars. "I guaranteed to my platoon as well as myself I would never use a Tritium Atom Missile ever again," said the admiral; and launched the missile. It incinerated half of the crew and propelled Davis over the side. Davis seized a piece of a forecastle and held on for days. One morning Davis saw a flock of canaries in front of him, but then the firmament got more gloomy. Davis got to land just when it started to storm. He wandered into a bizarre wood until he found a bivouac that appeared vacant. Davis entered and inadvertently found an incandescent lantern. He walked a dirty groaning flight of stairs until he found a cubicle with a lot of scattered hack work.

At Tounigail Institute for Youngsters, Mr Jonah Whajstin Pfangue had just entered his classroom. He was a tall, chunky man with blond hair and green eyes and he often wore a monocle and a blue pocket square. Some of his students didn't listen to him because of his weight. Though Jonah Whajstin Pfangue was a liberal man and showed compassion to his students. Jonah lived in Libvumez aka the all sovereign state of Maswealth with his wife Kala Olivia Pfangue who was very empathetic as well. Jonah had a suspicion that Kala was cheating on him. He was driving his Ferrari down Danninpit Road when something ran right through his car and into him. Jonah Whajstin Pfangue drove off the road and crashed into a

megajoule cube. Jonah somehow survived and got on a bus. He was minding his own business when he was distracted by an Easteregg Head masticating on a hot pretzel. The Easteregg Head blatantly noticed Johna and approached him. "Jonah Pfangue," he said. "That's me," replied Jonah. "Kala told me all about you. She said you are a school teacher," said the Easteregg Head. "Is that all she said?" asked Jonah. "She asked me out for dinner. I think she intends to begin a courtship with me," said the Easteregg Head. "Great, this is my stop," said Jonah Pfangue and got out. Then he saw an ice cream stand and suddenly felt extremely dehydrated and pushed his way to the front. "Give me a large caramel swirl with chocolate sprinkles," said Jonah. "You have to wait for your turn," said the ice cream guy. So he angrily went home. "Hi honey," said Kala when she heard him come in. "Look sweetheart, I'm really trying to nurture our relationship, but my time at work is difficult enough and I don't want my time with you to be the same," said Jonah. "I understand and I'll make it up to you if you trust me," Kala said. "How?" Jonah said. "I'll take you to Verve Island," said Kala. "Then let's go," said Jonah.

## **Chapter Five**

Davis found himself encompassed by wilderness and solitude. He decided to spend his isolation reading some of the hack work and found out how the Rat Gremlins survived. It seemed there was a biologist named Howard Langbous Bhareau who had his PhD denied for insubordinate banter. Howard's eclat was incredible, though he was inhumane and believed that mental mutation is the key to survival. So he was not wrong and the experiments Howard Langbous Bhareau did on the Rat Gremlins must have made them friction proof.

Vincent Edward Leave somehow survived but was then nearly mute from the incident. He found himself at a B&B in Evankitt. He'd usually get breakfast served by waiters who spoke in staccato sentences. Vincent would languorously eat his meals because of the damage done to his neural diversified consciousness. Vincent Edward Leave's caterers knew who he was and lost some of their machismo. They knew well enough not to threaten a professional clown. It was a cold June day and Vincent



Edward Leave decided to go snowshoeing to Waledcly Island. Vincent heard that the bartenders there have exquisite whisky sours. He got in his Corvette and drove to Waledcly Strand where he encountered some sort of mist. Suddenly Vincent heard a voice coming from a portmanteau which was opened. Vincent examined it with scrutiny and saw that there was a second hatch and opened that one as well and heard voices in unison talking about mental mutation to ensure survival (whatever that means). He spent his R&R there snowshoeing.

An hour after he left, Vincent Edward Leave arrived in Whamphand. The first thing he saw was a penitentiary and a cop car driving straight out the gates. "This can't be nice," Vincent thought then turned and ran. Prisoners were chasing him. Vincent ran for miles till he got to a kayak and paddled away. Vincent finally came to a stucco and quartz schloss. He started desperately hammering on the schloss door. It was soon opened by a Pumpkin face wearing a green and flaxen robe. "What's going on out there?" said the Pumpkin face. "I promise to fill you in later; just let me come in," said Vincent Leave. "Not without a gross or a lump sum of Glovans," said the Pumpkin face. "Don't be a moron, I'm not horsing around. Now let me in," Vincent said, and handed him the currency in his jacket pocket. "Fine, fine, come in," replied the Pumpkin face and allowed him in. "Welcome to Dearmartvon Castle. This is my gorgeous dining room. These cups and plates are patrimonials from my father. He was a great philanthropist and gave hundreds of Gold Monicals to alleviate poverty and disease. He was a benevolent man for certain." Vincent opened his mouth but the Pumpkin face interrupted him. "Indeed he had potency, but . . . " "You're a bastard, you know that! There's a rabble of escaped inmates causing calamity just outside your real estate!" said Vincent. "Yah I guess you have a point," said the Pumpkin face. "For now we need to work as one because those renegades out there want to rip us apart. So why don't we hunker down and give them a fight," said Vincent. "Alright let's examine the armoury," the Pumpkin face said.

The escaped prisoners were consolidating outside the schloss. Vincent and the Pumkin face pushed a ballista stone down the murder hole. Then they

fired flaming arrows at their antagonists and quickly triumphed. "You know what? You're not as meek as I thought," Vincent Leave said and held out his hand. The Pumpkin face took it and at that moment they became friends.

Meanwhile the Rat Gremlins had located Davis and were chasing him towards Horlijbon village. Davis was cornered at a lachanus wall and was about to climb it when a corpulent Rat Gremlin tazed him. "Shall we end him?" said the chunky Rat Gremlin. "No, he could be good for insurance," said Oliver Lypragh Tilga. "What are you saying?" said the flabby Rat Gremlin. "Don't you ever read?" sneered Oliver Tilga. "Not these days. What's your point?" said the chunky Rat Gremlin. "If we happen to fail, he could be a bargaining chip," Oliver Tilga said. "Right; now I get you," said the flabby Rat Gremlin.

Vincent Edward Leave was getting bored so he decided to search for hidden passages or buried treasures. But the Pumpkin face had a better idea and took Vincent Edward Leave to his favourite diner where they were served by Gnomes wearing Sugarloaf hats and suspenders. "This place is excellent," Vincent said. "I'm thrilled. I had a feeling you would enjoy it here, and I have something for you back at the schloss," said the Pumpkin face. "Thank you," Vincent said. "Call me Otto Yietson," said the Pumpkin face. "Thank you Otto Yietson," said Vincent Edward Leave. "My pleasure. Allow me to pay for the food," Otto said. "Truly there's no need; I still have several Silver Glovans," Vincent Leave said. "Please allow me," said Otto Yietson. One hour later back at the schloss Otto gave Vincent a fashionable jerkin. "Thank you very much; you're my new best friend," Vincent Leave said. "I feel the same way," said Otto Yietson.

## **Chapter Six**

It was a dreary March morning in Gumkirk and an old henpecked husband was taking his grandchildren out to a cinema. "Right, I expect you all to share your popcorn," the henpecked husband said as he drove his Plymouth Fury up a thoroughfare. Suddenly a branch blocked the road and caused them to crash. "Everybody ok back there?" said the driver. "No, I think I sprained my wrist," one of the grandchildren said. "Don't worry, I'll

call the sawbones,” the henpecked husband said. Suddenly the front of his vehicle caught fire. The old man went into a woebegone panic. He slapped himself hoping it was a nightmare but tragically it wasn’t. Suddenly Vincent Leave and Otto Yietson came to the rescue and saved the old man but two of his four grandchildren died in the accident. Otto Yietson, Vincent Edward Leave, and the three others made their way through witch hazel and sassafras when there was a transient change of light. “How did you find us?” said the henpecked husband. “We were just on our way to a book club when we took a wrong turn and ran in your direction,” said Vincent. “This is all mega weird. What happened to the sun?” said the old man. Suddenly the light came back. “Strange,” said Vincent Edward Leave.

Suddenly a leprechaun wearing an orange tricorn hat, a doublet. shirt, galligaskins, and a monocle approached them with a jubilant look. He handed Vincent his business information, his reimbursement card, and his official ID. Vincent Leave was pleased to have his things back. The leprechaun’s name was Ekart Duncan Cheryl and his specialty was editing historic novelas at an education enterprise called Tidy Lyceums. Ekart Cheryl appeared to be a lenient businessman, though there was something a scant ominous about his dragoon appearance with the surrounding landscape.

Meanwhile, Pig Masque and the Faithmen said their farewells to the Vulture man. Suddenly, the Vulture man got out a tommy gun and shot down Pig Masque but let the Faithmen go. Pig Masque began whimpering while the Vulture man put a sack over his head and dragged him away. The Vulture man tied Pig Masque to an amphitheater chair then removed the sack. “What is happening?” Pig Masque said. “A platoon of my loyalists had been contacted and informed by a concerned peddler that captain Gersi Juemhawil had been shot in a villa. This accusation has been corroborated by their ocean rescue supervisor who came over early. The supervisor saw you pull the trigger, though he couldn't do anything because his Iphone was currently acting peculiar especially on contact DLC. So he just hid in the forecastle of a Hussar Sloop until you left,” said the Vulture man. “Alright, I repent now so let me go,” said Pig Masque. “I'd love to let you go, but

you're a heretic and probably part of a racketeering group. Why don't you spend another day here with me. Do you like calamari?" said the Vulture man. "I adore calamari, especially with tartar sauce," said Pig Masque. "You're fibbing me aren't you? You think you have some benevolent guardian guiding you to fame," said the Vulture man. "You're an unkind slice of shit to slander a man after you perforated him twice," Pig Masque said. "You defile my hospitality and merely observing the way you ball your fist, I am extravagantly tempted to toss you out with those other ungrateful urchins," said the Vulture man. "Wait, I'm sorry. I confess I do think I have a guardian guiding me to fame," said Pig Masque. "That's the spirit," said the Vulture man. Several minutes later the calamari was served. A couple minutes after that Pig Masque was shown to his room. It was a pragmatic place with an old fashioned print of a watercolor painting of Javiar Blanca, the seafood chef, noted ambassador, and venerable physician, and signed by Juaquin Tirmarie. The following morning Pig Masque rose bright and early. He combed his hair, put on deodorant, got dressed and went downstairs to find breakfast ready and a Vulture man sitting at the table. "Good morning, Juaquin Tirmarie," said Pig Masque. "Who are you?" the other Vulture man said. "Aren't you the person who incarcerated me?" "I see you have met my older ditto," said the Vulture man. "You look exactly the same," Pig Masque said. "I was actually kind of canarding. I really am Juaquin Tirmarie." "So many vexations. Is there a library here? Studying helps me process," said Pig Masque. "Indeed yes, upstairs, second door on the right," Juaquin replied. So Pig Masque studied the Parson's Tomes. He was growing bored of his research when he found a segment about a logical doctor who specialized in respectable diets and navigating vagrants to solace and success. His name was Exavior Blanchet and he resided in Gladerfluet Farms. Pig Masque recollected him by his waxed moustache and short beard, and then Pig Masque got the feeling that the respectable physician was somehow related to the Tirmaries and devised a plan.

The next day, Pig Masque offered for the three of them to go to mass. "Come to your senses; it isn't a Sunday," said Juaquin. "No, however it is a Saturday, and not everything is unequivocal," said Pig Masque. "Fine, I see your point. I guess I will prepare. Dude, I haven't attended church in ages,"

said Juakin. A half an hour later when they had just arrived at the church, Pig Masque told them he forgot the hymn book in the Corvette, then bolted to Maswealth Airport and from there to Gladerfluet Farms. It was an enlivened place though a touch odious. It was not long before Pig Masque found Exavior Blanchet and discovered his affiliation to the Tirmarie family.

## **Chapter Seven**

Exavior Blanchet explained his story. "I can't mostly recall when I lived with the Tirmarie family. I just remember I catered for them at a nautical buffet built on a scant pier at Cluia Cove. They entreated me to come work for them and promised to give me an extravagant lump sum in addition to regular pay, far superior to what I was earning. So I did. But eventually I found out that their source of wealth came from exploiting poor people. It troubled me and I feared that it meant that the payments would soon wane. Eventually, I left and have not heard from them since. So there you have it." Pig Masque stayed silent for a couple seconds trying to feel empathy for the man, then offered him a mug of coffee which he at once accepted. While they enjoyed their hot black coffee, they chinwagged about their nomadic abodes and the parts that thrilled them and the parts which jaded them. They learned that they both moved to Gumkirk when they were fourteen and went to Rhusweirb High School.

They had just begun their third mug of coffee when they decided to revisit all of those old nostalgic locations. So one February morning, they prepared and set off. Their first stop was Vimerstring Bay. The quartermaster was nailing a copper plaque to one side of the ship which said The Tribbegoda. The Tribbegoda was an apex upmarket vessel so it had a prodigious amount of innovation and nobility. The quartermaster usually seemed uninterested by the aggregation of media and the only activity he appeared to like was reading biographies about familiars that sailed every broad rainy feral patch of water on the gothic blob. It was bizarre to Exavior Blanchet and Pig Masque that the Quartermaster read these thrilling anecdotes at night and in the mornings. He didn't resemble a child of the night.

Pig Masque and Exavior Blanchet had been adrift for four nights when one day the Quartermaster grew violent and burnt Exavior with a Cuban Cohiba. The next day, he pulled Pig Masque's hair. It wasn't until the sixth day when he threw a bottle of brandy at the captain that they wrestled him to the bulwark. But instead of yelling and screaming he was incessantly apologizing, but they still threw him overboard. Suddenly an enormous crustacean devoured the Quartermaster in a single bite. The next morning, Pig Masque searched through the Quartermaster's belongings and found a book called Demographics. Pig Masque started to read the acknowledgements and learned that Edwhardo Barnes, Simon Cohan, Adrian Rami, and Bohlock Gummhorn were included; all were known sadists. He knew not to read any further. Suddenly Pig Masque remembered that the Quartermaster had bunches of those books, then heard screams and moans coming from above.

Pig Masque ran up to find the cabin boy covered in bruises. "Who did this?" Pig Masque said. The cabin boy gesticulated towards Exavier Blanchet. "You scum! I believed we were pals," said Pig Masque in a repulsed tone and seized Exavier's shirt. "I understand," Exavier said. "You're a liar," said Pig Masque and pushed him off the ship.

Suddenly a pontoon boat drove over and a Leprechaun jumped out and rescued Exavier just as a colossal pincer emerged out of the waves. Exavier and the Leprechaun immediately climbed onto Pig Masque's vessel. "What are you doing?" the Leprechaun said. "He was whaling on that janitor stripling," Pig Masque said. "I'm terribly sorry; I'm suffering from insomnia."

Then the Leprechaun told the others of the depravity of the man eating crustaceans and the cursed books of the commissioning sadists. "If you read the introduction, it exacerbates all your cruelest rage and anger, and the crustaceans (who have been doing that) now enjoy shaming their meat and waiting until their meals have sailed for months trying to escape. Once they are weak with hunger, they are easier to consume."

## Chapter Eight

Three days later they reached land but just as they were getting out of the ship an entire cohort of the man eating sea creatures all chased them far up a hillock of sassafras, witch hazel, and rhododendrons. They at last made it to the peak, and on the other side they saw a rough stairway leading to a marshy steppe enveloped by mist. They carefully began to walk down when it started to rain. They were just past halfway down when Exavier slipped and fell out of sight, though the Leprechaun and Pig Masque made it to the bottom with a bruise to their zest.

They came across a spacious manor. A couple minutes later they found an oil lamp on a hook and made it downstairs to the cellar. It was rather tedious for them to find nothing to eat or drink besides old bourbon and pasta. Even though they were days apart from civilization, they felt a weird feeling of excitement. Early the next morning a Gremlin with an aquiline nose came over with an upmarket package for Pig Masque. Telling him to walk to the confluence next to the birch tree, there was something appealing about the way the Gremlin had his sleeves rolled up and had his shirt tucked in. "Todd Lancaster, is that you?" Pig Masque said. "What, no kiss? I thought we loved each other," said Todd Lancaster. "We went to see the Bolshoi on our only date, and it did not end very well," said Pig Masque. The Leprechaun came to the door. "Who's this?" said the Leprechaun. "Only a friend," Pig Masque replied. "Boyfriend!" Todd added. "I am Cassedy Ruso Troymar," said the Leprechaun. "Why did you never tell me your name?" Pig Masque said. "Truthfully, because I am a servant," said Cassedy Troymar. "That doesn't matter to me," said Pig Masque.

Then suddenly Gersi Juemhawil arrived with a Winchester. "Oh please, no, it cannot be him," said Todd Lancaster. "How do you know Captain Gersi Juemhawil?" said Pig Masque. "I used to boat race with him. I would always win against him. I think he wants revenge," Todd said. Then Todd pulled out a Chiappa Rhino and took a warning shot. Then Gersi shot Todd in the chest. Pig Masque turned and ran and arrived at the confluence. There he found Cassedy Troymar, Juaquin and his ditto brother waiting in a flat bottom horn boat.

Five days later Pig Masque, Cassedy Troymar, and the others came to a superannuated city called Dyszinear. They exited the boat and freewheeled around the municipality until they came to an enormous court with an obsolete though inexorable look and four ancient vaunted statues on either side of glorious porphyry marble steps. They all entered to find Ross Burn Mujewill waiting on a lapis lazuli dias and holding a Monsin Nagant Rifle pointed at Pig Masque. "Why are you acting so merciless with me? I'm quite sorry about my decisions; why can't we forgive and move on?" Pig Masque said. "I would like to believe that," Ross replied. "It's true! You have to believe me," said Pig Masque. "Mujewill manor has been brought to the ground. The Zombie Killers claimed it was your doing," said Ross Mujewill. "Well that's outlandish. I bet it was Erik Urnolt Jadons, the Pig Masque Imposter. However, he is now dead," Pig Masque said. "Ok I trust you, I do. Before I came looking for you, I made a liaison with Jack Throaton, Rick Acker, and Billy Pasail. Two of them showed up but Jack went absent without leave. Rick said that Jack had a symptom in the autumn where the weather agitates him. I try to be docil when folk are explaining situations but I had a hunch that Rick wasn't being honest," Ross said. "So you do trust me," said Pig Masque. "On the nose this time. I think that Erik Urnolt Jadons is still alive and he wishes to frame you for something," Ross said. Todd looked transported. "Are you actually Ross Burn Mujewill, the Professional Clown?" Todd said. "Yes," Ross replied.

## **Chapter Nine**

Erik Urnolt Jadons lay against a silk chartreuse sofa with a bottle of Magic Hat beer on a mosaic maroon and turquoise colored floor next to a half eaten rhubarb pie. An upmarket firestick was in his dominant hand. The expensive clicker was revamped to shuffle through channels. Erik Urnolt Jadons was a short muscular man with rubicund cheeks and greasy brown wavy hair. He was one of the leaders of a racketeering gang, and set a record for never being indicted for any of his atrocities. He also guisses as Pig Masque occasionally. Although this masque is molded by silicon porcelain and Pig Masque is fashioned by polyethylene. Erik Jadons had a crush on a trumpet natural ever since middle school named Courtney



Macavoy Redwayn. It was rather blatant he had feelings for her because his cheeks suffused whenever he saw her. Courtney Redwayn was the coy sort although had many gifts and fulfilled them very well. She was a bit promiscuous and when she moved on to college she became kind of a sex addict. She had just finished her freshman year at college when her current boyfriend, Clide Malek Reed, went awol.

There was preliminary gossip that Clide Reed just had rotten morality and felt like college is nothing but a superfluous obstacle but Clide did not go awol just for his freshman year of college but also didn't show up for his autistic support session or his driving lessons. Finally he was found with a phillips head screwdriver weltered with blood standing over his support worker who had been stabbed to death. He was conveyed to Geaywrak Asylum where he was pummeled to death. The atrocity was consternating indeed and afterwards there was a great deal of solicitous questions and untimely tears.

Though every now and again miracles do happen, for the moment duplicity was starting to spread, and propaganda was beginning to have the floor. Some of the Republicans remained suspicious of president Jared Cynt Seadlue because he had a talent for oratory and using a momentous style. President Seadlue also was strikingly insistent on his decisions being unanimous because of his PR.

## **ChapterTen**

Major Gary Bruce Homer, the Ghost Monkey, was smoking a cigarette upon the Quarterdeck of The Coughvileck wearing a fancy crepe hat, brown buskins, and a fish mouth lapel waistcoat. Gary Homer was a sulky, edgy, swatdog commissioner, assault strategist, and hawker hunter pilot who brought down dozens of enemy Messerschmidts and Dorniers. At the taffrail on the poop deck, in the illumination of a couple binnacle lanterns, sat Roy Houlawei, a former mercantile store owner. He was wearing flannel pants, a grey sports coat, and a pink and white carnation. To be politely concise, Roy was amiable, eccentric, and athletic; he was a short, muscular Ghost Monkey who once drove a Sherman tank. The food on The

Coughvileck was rather incongruous because it was quite unhealthy and greasy.

Hardy Samuel Price was a lean, bent-nosed Ghost Monkey with long, untidy hair and he was wearing a blue ulster, a homburg hat, and a green scarf. He was operating the mizzen booms and singing jovial verses about courtship and matrimony.

A few hours later the Ghost Monkeys arrived in the Jeweldeck Republic where a colossal stretch of galleys, barges, and junks were fastened to the piers. The Monkeys' antagonists were present and prepared for a catastrophe. The Jeweldeckiums corps were merciless, ferocious assassins who exterminated for currency and real estate. They lochutised an ominous war cry. Some of the more expendable Ghost Monkeys disembarked from the larger vessels and boarded the smaller Horns. The Ghost Monkeys almost reached land when a few of them went into a stupor though that caused no sort of retreat; they drifted on.

"Destroy all of them," said Vinne Neucolm Haggis, the Jeweldeckiums colonel, and the battle began. The Jeweldeckiums fought with Schwarzlose machine guns, Mat 49 submachine guns, M60 machine guns, and Hotchkiss mils. The Ghost Monkeys used Bergmann eighteen submachine guns, M79 Bloopers, M60 Machine guns, Degtyarev Light Machine guns, RPG7s, and H&K MP5Ks and M16 assault rifles. Some of the Ghost Monkeys lost their boats and had to hold on to gunwales. Despite those out of action who were in a stupor or hanging onto the gunwales, the Ghost Monkeys became the victors. But the war was far from done.

This is NOT the end. Stay tuned for Part 2