Understanding Darth Snozcumber

A Short Story

James Doop was thinking about Darth Snozcumber again. Darth was an understanding brute with wide eyes and scrawny fingernails.

James walked over to the window and reflected on his rural surroundings. He had always loved picturesque Moscow with its unrealistic, united umbrellas. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel stressed.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the an understanding figure of Darth Snozcumber.

James gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a down to earth, daring, squash drinker with ample eyes and sloppy fingernails. His friends saw him as a careful, charming carer. Once, he had even made a cup of tea for a frantic blind person.

But not even a down to earth person who had once made a cup of tea for a frantic blind person, was prepared for what Darth had in store today.

The clouds danced like loving goldfish, making James sparkly. James grabbed a minuscule torch that had been strewn nearby; he massaged it with his fingers.

As James stepped outside and Darth came closer, he could see the dead glint in his eye.

"I am here because I want affection," Darth bellowed, in a brave tone. He slammed his fist against James's chest, with the force of 3408 blue bottles. "I frigging love you, James Doop."

James looked back, even more sparkly and still fingering the minuscule torch. "Darth, beam me up Scotty," he replied.

They looked at each other with puzzled feelings, like two expensive, empty elephants jogging at a very stupid birthday party, which had flute music playing in the background and two proud uncles loving to the beat.

Suddenly, Darth lunged forward and tried to punch James in the face. Quickly, James grabbed the minuscule torch and brought it down on Darth's skull.

Darth's wide eyes trembled and his scrawny fingernails wobbled. He looked sad, his body raw like a kooky, kindhearted kettle.

Then he let out an agonising groan and collapsed onto the ground. Moments later Darth Snozcumber was dead.

James Doop went back inside and made himself a nice beaker of squash.

THE END