

On the Subject of The Clown

*What the ****ing Jesus is happening.*



Oh dear! Cirbungulus has not died yet! He beckons for blood, for revenge, for his dignity that was stricken away from him on that fateful day. And yet, he is still the villain, while you are the hero of this story. The heinous stench that emanates from Cirbungulus, is that of oil. His greasy hair, is the perfect catalyst for pushing a good man to go to war. Even his face pisses off the calmest man, for there is no tomfoolery in the world of Cirbungulus.

And even with Cirbungulus' raw repulsiveness, one might expect that he would change himself. Nay, Cirbungulus was once a normal man like you or me, but allowed himself to fall to the corruption of the worst sin of them all: greed. Greed for attention. His cravings for attention allowed him to pick up his tendencies, tearing his loved ones apart sin by sin, change by change, day after day. It was after the sixty first day that they finally snapped. His so called loved ones, his friends, his family, devised a trap. They lured him into a labyrinth of sounds and smells to which the exit always seemed just turn away, yet was never obtainable.

Poor Cirbungulus was terrified of his current situation, he had spent days in this labyrinth, but alas: no one can survive dehydration. His expiration date was pre-determined once he set foot into that trap, but to think his murder was because of his friends and family infuriated him. In his final thoughts, all Cirbungulus could think about is his betrayal.

Once they confirmed that his heart stopped beating, his so called loved ones had to dispose of the martyr that they killed in cold blood. They decided that the cold rivers of Czechoslovakia would do, as they would eventually lead out into the sea, never to be seen again. And he wasn't, for a while. Cirbungulus had fallen into the deepest pits of hell, his soul had been tormented on the way down, scaring him as he stared into the void during his descent. His mind had been filled with visions that had never before been dreamt of in the history of human insanity.

And then he arrived. Fell right onto the doorstep of the devil's office. His mental scaring had caused him to just sit there, staring at the door for what could possibly be days. His mind was lost, not a single shroud of humanity was left within the skull of Cirbungulus. The only thing that remained was the eldritch horrors that was spilling out of his mind. The door opens rather suddenly, and he felt himself being rushed inside.

He arrived in the office of the devil himself, with no recollection of his trip on the way there, although he knows that he was not taken there willingly.

A voice boomed in front of him.

"You know it's rude to keep the devil waiting, Cirbungulus? I've been reading over your file and you've caused quite a calamity during your last couple of months on Earth."

Cirbungulus was unable to speak, his mind was frayed but he was still very much conscious, although he was having trouble formulating his thoughts.

"Alright, Cirbungulus; I know what you are thinking. You want revenge on those who have wronged you. You want a second chance just to go back and deal with some unfinished business. You want to make them suffer, don't you? I'll cut you a deal. Out of every thousand or so people who are sent to hell, I give only three of them a chance for some opportunities, so just know you shouldn't waste your chance. Most are just normal people who want to go back and say their goodbyes, but you and I know that you are not normal. You are despicable, insufferable even. You were a plague on Earth, and you had deserved to die. However, plagues are not easily killed. Your soul still lives, and with that I can send you back. To finish what you had started."

After being in the relatively normal room (as compared to the raw depths of hell), Cirbungulus had finally gained enough composure to ask one question before his departure.

"So what's the catch?"

Cirbungulus awakens on a sailboat, not more than 100 miles from the deltas that washed him into the ocean. Upon his awakening, an old, yet energetic voice had emitted from the cabin.

"Heh! I thought you was a goner friend! Can ye get on yer feet?"

"I think so." said Cirbungulus, and without much difficulty, Cirbungulus had managed to stand up relatively quickly. He soon fell down anyways due the unevenness of the ship and the waves crashing against it.

"So where ye belong, friend? This old dog may not look it, but he still gets around."

"North Carolina" he says. "I've got a debt to pay."

"North Carolina? That'd be a hundred day trip, at least! Yar sure you don't want me to drop ye off somewhere closer?"

"I need some time to think about what's next."

"Suit yarself."

"You don't have any troubles with that long of a trip?"

"I might need to stop here and there for some supplies, but don't ye worry. I'm a sailor, I don't have plans to be anywhere anytime soon."

"Say what's your name, sir?"

"Call me Ishmael. What's yers?"

"Cirbungulus. Cirbungulus James Lumpkin."

"Italian name, eh? Well Cirbungulus, get ready for a long trip. Just sit back and enjoy the ocean."

As the captain started whistling, relaxing while cruising among the hostile seas, Cirbungulus thought about his plans for revenge. What havoc could he plot for his revenge?

After ending up in North Carolina, Cirbungulus thanked Ishmael for his help and proceeded to return to his place of residence. After a day of walking by foot, Cirbungulus had arrived back to his abode, and without resting, began to start his plot for revenge. Cirbungulus was hell bent on revenge, not stopping even for basic needs, and after days of work he had everything he needed.

Cirbungulus had found kidnapping to be quite easy, and kidnapped one of the murderers to test his creations. This is where you come into the story, isn't it? You were the ring leader behind the whole operation, the mastermind behind the crime, but you weren't good enough. You got sloppy, you got careless, and now you're stuck here. But Cirbungulus is a clown, he likes to trap his victims in sick games and has done the following: he has trapped you in a room with a bomb and has informed you that you are given a choice. A choice of life or death. You can either let yourself blow up and save your conspirators (who are several rooms away), or you can try to defuse the bomb in front of you that is ticking away. But alas, like Cirbungulus, you yourself have succumbed to greed. You decide to save your life, believing that you still have something to live for, a reason to exist. You decide that you will defuse the bomb and that Cirbungulus will not get in the way of your future endeavors.

But something strikes you as peculiar on the bomb, you notice that Cirbungulus himself is on the bomb. Obviously not the Cirbungulus, but rather a photo. A recreation, a mural of the man who trapped you himself. The mere sight of it pisses you off, but then it happens. The timer on the slot has activated and began to tick down. You remember to yourself that all clowns share the same weakness: a swift punch to the d- I mean nose. As the timer ticks down, you know what to do.

So what are you waiting for? Punch that bitch in the nose to end it once and for all.