

A Very Gimmy Christmas

Grimey Gim was a funny little lad, for he never had had a Christmas that was bad. "Christmas is easy!" He thought with a grin, a smattering of Dorito dust, covering his chin. But he did not understand the effort and fear that his parents put into Christmas each year. "Christmas!" his father bellowed "I'll have no such thing in this household, you should have grown out of it past 3 years old!" Gim smiled with cheer, "My dad's such a hoot, I know he's just excited for the garlahoot troop." And he was right. They came without care, they came like a fair, they setup their tables, decorations, and chairs! A whole village of men and women alike, dressed up like inhumans, every single type. One looked like a nightman, one looked like a square, one looked like they had never washed their hair! The sight always made Gim feel quietly uncomfy, but it always cheered him up seeing one with a large dumpy. Gim was ushered to his room by his mom and his sister, for he wasn't to see the performance there would be until he turned the age of 23. So Gim sat in his room for hours and hours, just imagining the show the troop put on with their powers. He was giddy, jittery, and downright fidgety, as 12 days past, then 12 into 50. On the cusp of his death having sustained himself on small hits of meth and some very large breaths, he finally built up the courage to see what the delay was. As he exited his room, he realized something horrific, his parents hadn't even bothered to grab him for Christmas!

Boxes and bags, ball bearings and tags, they were scattered all over, and Gim had nothing to show for. A tear rolled down his face as he noticed the traditional glue fire place, sizzled down to nothing, not a fume of paint left for his huffing. The caterpillar pit was completely squashed down, nary an unflattened fuzzy worm could be found. And the final straw, the thing worst of all, the giant Christmas burrito, had gone completely fucking raw! Gim seethed and he stewed, not knowing what he might do. He tried and tried to calm his shot nerves, did a couple deep inhales before his mind started to swerve. "Christmas!? Hah Bumbutt! I never did like the season anyways, always smelled too much like glue!" The glue huffing was in fact Gim's favorite part to do, but he couldn't let himself believe it to be true, if he let it all sink in, it could be his doom.

He ranted and raved like a man manic and depraved, stomping around the house yelling expletives so loud. After a few minutes of letting his feelings unleash, finally a realization in his brain started to breach. "If I am going crazy like a madman, all boisterous and chatty, my father should have walked in to slap me! Even if it's not Christmas that is just basic human business!" Curious as to what could have happened, to his mother, his sister, and dutiful slap captain, Gim went on a whim and thought maybe Christmas would have to be found for him. He donned his best boots, put on some leather, and bravely stepped out to face the tough weather. It was in fact not a bad day, at least when compared to the Spring in some ways. One thirty five and cloudy, cool enough to walk at a more brisk pace than usual. Everything seemed fairly normal to Gim, neighbor Bob still standing on his porch, scratching his chin, neighbor Lucy still walking her dog, and classic neighbor Morgan committing some fraud. What a character. Never got why he walked into fraud but for every person, they have their own god. "Enough of this internal chit-chat and banter, for this adventure I can't wait to decanter!"

Gim got to the bus stop just before his legs gave out, the intense heat making his lungs shout. A 300 meter walk was a bit of a long commute to the nearest bus station, but Gim's family wasn't in the rich part of the nation. He hopped on the 3:43:30 bus (he had missed the the 3:43:00 bus unfortunately), but when he stepped on a woman's eyes met him quite sultrily. "What's your name big boy?" She asked with a grin. Gim retched into the evacuation bin. He rinsed his mouth from the sink, then slurped on the bus fountain for a drink. "I apologise, let me allow to reset from the brutal outside." The lady followed up. "My name is Claire, if you may allow me to share, and I must say I love the look of your hair!" The two months unkempt and unwashed hair look right now was very in, but this hadn't yet been told to Gim. "Fuck you, I've had a long year" acting all tough, but really holding back his tears.

65 and $\frac{1}{3}$ stops later Gim came to the place he had been looking for. The ol' Fire Facker race track, a favorite of his family for the past five falls. Gim got up to the gate and gave a great grin, he asked to the bouncer "can you let me in?" The bouncer he stared, practically glared, gave Gim a big slap, then kicked him to his back. "This is a place of splendor and grandeur, not your great grandma's dirty old laundry hamper. Now get out of my sight before I make you go towards the light." Gim was insulted and furious. He raged, he seethed, why he was practically peeved, he stood up to his legs and he started to pee. "Hey what are you doing!" The bouncer he yelled, "the track ain't no place for no peeing nor pooing!" The bouncer stepped to Gim, winding up for the punch, as Gim swiftly pulled out his Garpachiogunch. Gim shot and he shot til his Garpacher was hot, the bouncer was good as dead when Gim was tackled straight onto his head.

Gim woke up after what seemed like a few hours, rubbing his head, his face with a glower, his smell revealing how much he needed a shower. Bars and concrete surrounded him and his feet, lots of mean eyes glistened as he realized he was in prison. Gim felt defeated, downtrodden, unseated! His eyes cried tears so big they'd win any show they competed! Gim cried and he cried, certain by this time tomorrow he'd have died, when all of the sudden, a familiar feeling hit him, with a painful slap yet a comfortable rhythm. Thwack! Gim's head bobbed like a baseball souvenir. He knew the feeling like the back of his head. The calloused hands coupled with the swift and unremorseful swinging motion were sure to be none other than him! His great old pappy, Mr. Father the Gim! His father and family yelled and they shouted, for the fact that he pouted, because the Gim way leaves no room for emotion (Grandfather Gim calls them gay). Father Gim blamed the family law trouble all on little Gim, even though he had no idea why it would be him. Despite this all, Gim felt happy. His family may not understand, but to have them all here so almost near to Christmas day, was Gim's reason for the season, even if they committed a few acts of treason.

Amidst the bruise on his head and the dizziness in his ear, for Gim now, one thing was clear. No matter the pain, the madness, and strife that we all are given in this crazy life, there is always one thing that matters the most, your family will be there, haunting you like a ghost.