

Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip.

The water dribbles from the kitchen sink in a half random half rhythmic manner.

Drip. Drip. Drip. Drop.

One drippy drop of water happens to be affected by the force of a butterfly wing flap that occurred in Monaco about three weeks earlier. The drop drips just to the side of the sink hole into a seemingly empty beaker in the sink. If you will for a moment see my genius, I have said "seemingly empty beaker", which probably led you to believe it was a normal empty beaker, but oh no!! Oh no you little fucking piece of bitch it ain't empty, OKAY!!! FUCK YOU IT AIN'T EMPTY! Inside of this *mostly* empty beaker lies a single drop of a fairly potent chemical known in the smart science community as Florcidium Novix. The drippy drop of water (we'll call him Fred even though his real name is Alessandro because when I asked him his name he told me it was Alessandro but he said I could call him other names if Alessandro was too hard to pronounce [really insulting my linguistic abilities in my opinion {my opinion is to be taken as absolute truth please!}]. He said I could call him Al, Sandro, Fred, or whatever I wanted to. So I called him Fred because I think it separates him most from his real identity and I wish to punish him for his insolence) introduced himself to the drop of the potent chemical. "Hi, my name is Alessandro", said Fred, assuming that the drop of stupid chemical was smarter than me... The drop of chemical substance introduced herself saying "Hi! My name is Florcidium Novix, but my friends call—" "call you Finn, because your initials are FN, just like how they did in that one Star Wars movie!!!!", Fred interrupted rudely. "Actually my friends call me Big Dickopotamus, thank you very much", responded Dickopotamus (I'm friends with her so I can call her that).

The two drops of different liquids had gotten off to a rocky start to be sure, but lo and behold our friendly furry blue and white hero pops out of the bushes. "It's ME!", I shouted, cringing at how much cooler I was than they. Shocked, Dickopotamus used her special pikachu pokemon Goku chemical powers to summon three whole large goons from her goony gang squad to fight me. "Oh no", said Dickopotamus "I really didn't mean to summon those", as she blushed and hid her chemically face.

The three goons were hot though. REALLY fucking hot. Like kill your grandmother with a spoon hot. Yeah, that kind of hot. So naturally we all whipped out our USB 3.0 dongles and started nibbling giblets. "Goon me dzaddy, goon me!!!!", I yelled as I woke up to my kindergarten classroom full of students waking from scheduled naptime. "What did you say Mr. Jensen?", Asked Harry, one of my more inquisitive pupils. "Sorry Harry, I need to go do something", I responded, opening a window and leaping down onto an intelligently pre-placed bear trap just in case this day ever arrived.

He died a hero, the newspapers would say, and the townspeople would celebrate the day of my death every year (I'm only guessing, but my guesses are usually pretty good).