Mac RRR looked at the minuscule blade in his hands and felt irritable.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his cold surroundings. He had always hated picturesque RANDRUM with its thirsty, thoughtful TREE. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel irritable.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather some*one*. It was the figure of AAA aAAA. AAA was a witty angel with ginger spots and beautiful hands.

Mac gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a greedy, understanding, whiskey drinker with blonde spots and hairy hands. His friends saw him as an annoying, arrogant animal. Once, he had even made a cup of tea for an unkempt injured bird.

But not even a greedy person who had once made a cup of tea for an unkempt injured bird, was prepared for what AAA had in store today.

The rain hammered like running badgers, making Mac anxious.

As Mac stepped outside and AAA came closer, he could see the teeny glint in her eye.

"I am here because I want REVENGE," AAA bellowed, in an admirable tone. She slammed her fist against Mac's chest, with the force of 490 blue bottles. "I frigging love you, Mac RRR."

Mac looked back, even more anxious and still fingering the minuscule blade. "AAA, kILL," he replied.

They looked at each other with fuzzy feelings, like two pong, poor pigeons sleeping at a very optimistic bar mitzvah, which had drum and bass music playing in the background and two mean uncles bouncing to the beat.

Mac regarded AAA's ginger spots and beautiful hands. He held out his hand. "Let's not fight," he whispered, gently.

"Hmph," pondered AAA.

"Please?" begged Mac with puppy dog eyes.

AAA looked afraid, her body blushing like a scattered, steep sandwich.

Then AAA came inside for a nice glass of whiskey.

THE END