Max Pledstone had always hated industrial Heartburry with it's frightened, fair factorys. It was a place where he felt delighted.

He was a funny, energetic, vodka drinker with skinny heads and short feet. His friends saw him as a silly, spotless saint. Once, he had even brought a glamorous baby back from the brink of death. That's the sort of man he was.

Max walked over to the window and reflected on his noisy surroundings. The lightning teased like running cats.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather some*one*. It was the figure of Dorry Pledrock. Dorry was a ruthless coward with blonde heads and scrawny feet.

Max gulped. He was not prepared for Dorry.

As Max stepped outside and Dorry came closer, he could see the itchy glint in her eye.

Dorry gazed with the affection of 4596 down to earth hissing hampsters. She said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want love."

Max looked back, even more sleepy and still fingering the metal table. "Dorry, I love you so much," he replied.

They looked at each other with ecstatic feelings, like two defiant, delicious dogs laughing at a very kind wedding, which had rock music playing in the background and two admirable uncles bouncing to the beat.

Max regarded Dorry's blonde heads and scrawny feet. "I feel the same way!" revealed Max with a delighted grin.

Dorry looked concerned, her emotions blushing like a black, bored bed.

Then Dorry came inside for a nice shot of vodka.

If you're wondering, and I wouldn't be surprised if you were, this was a test when I put some stuff into a short story maker. That was the result. I hope you enjoyed FUNNY MAX PLEDSTONE

