

Frank and the 140 Words

Tiffany felt abasement when she fell off the stage during the performance. It was a windy day and the stage curtains had been billowing behind her so much that they had pushed her off the stage. After she had gotten off her face, which she had fallen on, Tiffany began to cower as she walked back up the steps. To enhance the lecture, the professor added animated slides to his power point. Once the performance was over, the teacher began to harangue Tiffany about the importance of remaining on the stage throughout the entire play. A tourist from Phoenix was lost in the labyrinth of roads found in more mountainous regions. The large, non-native elephant managed single-handedly to nullify a wedding after it escaped from a nearby zoo. An ambulance-chasing plaintiff jumped in front of my car the other day. The alcohol bottle was replete and Frank was not getting a DUI. At first thought, some might say that air is not tangible—but it is: just look at what happened to Tiffany. Now limping and covered in blood, it was apparent that the two alley dogs abhorred each other. Frank tried to convince Sarah that the best color was blue, not green, but the dumb bigot wouldn't listen. Frank printed out a bunch of counterfeit money but he used a black and white printer and now he has to color all of it. Immigrants in the United States can't vote until they have been enfranchised. The day before yesterday Frank used a towel on a dog and afterwards he threw it in a hamper (the towel, that is). After learning that counterfeit was illegal, Frank began to kindle his fake money. The Magic Marker that Frank used to color the money contained noxious fumes and Frank experienced a brain aneurysm. After Frank's debilitating episode, he is now as placid as a vegetable and spends his life wrapped in a sheet while a monitor displays his heartbeat for him to look at. Anyone who participated in the annual cleanup potluck is liable for remuneration. The Native American tribe of Guadalupe has a talisman that can predict the weather. After realizing that humans take up too much space and resources, the computers of 2050 abrogated The Universal Declaration of Human Rights and shortly thereafter crammed the entire race into technologically advanced pickle jars. "God is a stupid, dumb, idiot who doesn't even exist and even if he did he would still be an idiot," said Frank, committing blasphemy. After pouring a mixture of onion juice and WD-40 into the exhaust defibrillator, Frank was very confused to find that his car was no longer functional: the wikiHow website seemed credible enough. The shadowy footage on the security camera is an enigma. To my dog, her leash is a harbinger of being walked: whenever it's picked up, it makes a distinct noise that she knows well. Having a humongous snout, the dog's nuzzle could topple buildings. After winning the national hot dog eating championship, Frank received plaudit in the form of a new car—a wiener mobile. I haven't heard anything about the popular kids from freshman year; they must not be as school renown as I had thought. The way that Frank eats his food is reprehensible. Frank, who was obsessed with making hotdogs, eating hotdogs, and winning hotdogs, would often go off on a tangent about hotdogs. Steel wool is very

abrasive. The greedy factory owner tried to bilk the workers out of their remuneration. The covert operations of the factory made the worker's lives hard. The blindfold wrapped around Frank's head engendered his eventual fall off the cliff. After a long day of killing people, the fighter jet was happy to be home in its hangar. After repeatedly tying knots into a rope, the rope became very knotty. The many nuances of human speech are a challenge for the creation of voice recognition software. Plagiarism can be avoided by not copy-pasting an entire webpage into Microsoft word. Planned obsolescence churns out tawdry products by the million: you buy it, you break it, you throw it away, and then you buy a new one. I only made it halfway through the movie before its tedium put me to sleep. Frank received absolution because the law he had broken was outdated. Copied directly off the back of the book itself, the book report was blatant plagiarism. Sarah ensconced her poodle into her handbag before stepping into the rain. Sarah hastened her pace as she made her way to the car. After crashing the car and flying through its windshield, Sarah suffered numerous facial lacerations; however, safely ensconced in a handbag, her poodle remained unharmed. The obdurate person would not change their opinion no matter what. Frank's statement about the rock he was holding seemed plausible: "the rock will move towards the ground after I let go of it." Frank was granted a reprieve because the law he had broken was outdated. Because we were floating around in outer space, I repudiated Frank's statement about the movement of the rock. The pecans tempered the otherwise sugary dish. Running low on money, Frank abstained from adding to his wax fruit collection. After being blighted, the tree died. Obsessed with wax fruit, Frank was credulous in believing the Future of Wax Fruit presentation and, as a result, quickly spent all his remaining money investing in wax fruit. Frank stored a seven-ton block of wax fruit in his attic; all it would take is a hot day for his living room to become completely enshrouded in flowing goo. Believing wax was the new currency, Frank spent the remainder of his life with a haughty attitude regarding his finances. After the lachrymose violin solo, promotional coupons for a local therapist were given out. To avoid theft, software code is obfuscated before it is released. It was a hot day (specifically, it was 143° Fahrenheit—the melting point of wax) and everyone had died of heatstroke, leaving a plethora of dead bodies and wrecked cars everywhere; the most disturbing of these deaths, however, was that of a man who was found entombed in a house filled to the ceiling with what looked like melted fruit. The lawyers were forced to rescind the many contracts Frank had made with Waxy Fruit Inc™ (this was after society had recovered from the global warming crisis). The wax that had enveloped Frank had a tenacious hold on his body, so it took three years for a team of fifty construction workers armed with power drills to separate the two. Despite his frequent appearances at hot dog eating competitions, Frank was otherwise very abstemious. The blithe behavior of the satellite's ground-control crew resulted in an "expedition" over Puerto Rico. The crepuscular tarantula only hunted in dim light. Because NASA wanted an explanation for the ground crew's very expensive and costly expedition, the crew

had to devise an excuse; unfortunately, their excuse involved—for whatever reason—pronouncing “pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis” fifty-two times in their presentation, and the crew had to hire someone who specialized in enunciation. Despite much scientific evidence to the contrary, Frank is headstrong in his belief that the best way to prepare for a hot dog eating competition is to abstain from eating. The tarantula made a lackluster swipe towards a small, unappetizing mosquito. The judicial was the first—but certainly not the last—branch to be taken over: more objective than human judges, the court systems soon became predominated by robots. The metal wire was pliable. Knowing he was doing horribly, the president sent in his resignation before he could be impeached. Now completely off course, the satellite drifted tentatively through the thermosphere. Frank’s novelette, a philosophical examination of wax fruit, was rejected by publishers because they thought it too abstruse. After being rejected by the publishers, Frank decided to use a more blunderbuss distribution technique: he made five-hundred thousand copies of his book, stacked them all neatly in a semi-truck, and—doing as little damage as possible—put the truck inside of his local bookstore. The librarian cringed when she saw a semi-truck come through the wall and decimate the romance section, but then shortly after sighed in relief when she realized nothing of value was lost. Envenomed by the sudden appearances of a semi-truck in his store and a semi-truck-sized hole in his wall, the bookstore manager vowed to sue. The Hedonistic Imperative (a.k.a. the abolitionist project) is a hedonism group that “outlines how genetic engineering and nanotechnology will abolish suffering in all sentient life.” Despite the limited subject matter of wax fruit, Frank claimed that his book was only short because it was laconic; if decompressed, he said, it would take up several volumes. According to a very detailed schematic of the bookstore incident, the semi-truck entered the building at an oblique angle to the wall; this information meant nothing to anyone except for a few odd forensic physicists. The bird, after shaking off its plumage, died of hypothermia. The judge gave his hammer a resonant slam on the podium, and as the sound slowly died he said, “We find the defendant extremely guilty.” Protesting with a hunger strike, Frank’s movements in the jail cell became very tenuous. NASA’s ground control team earned an accolade after putting a spaceship where it was supposed to go. To keep The Leaning Tower of Pisa from falling, helicopters with ropes tug on the tower at all times, bolstering it from an otherwise destructive fate. It would be reasonable to describe an invisible shadow monkey as cryptic. Since oil is a limited resource and helicopters run on oil, The Leaning Tower of Pisa’s rein over Italy is ephemeral. When the oil crisis reaches its climax, there will be much lamentation not only over the fallen tower but also over the lack of oil. The Leaning Tower of Pisa will be obliterated by poor initial construction. A man was standing on top of The Leaning Tower of Pisa when it started to fall: fortunately, he was able to jump off in time towards a nearby helicopter, and unfortunately, the helicopter was out of oil and he still plummeted to his death. After tasting the food in jail, Frank made a resolution to never do anything illegal again. The sagacity of the

old man made the callow intern look dumb in comparison. There will be a subtle increase in global seismic activity when the tower of Pisa falls; its size makes it resonant. After finding traces of a highly infectious disease in his residence, Frank acquiesced the destruction of his home to the CDC. To Frank, the CDC agent's explanation of the disease was full of bombast and unnecessary details; all Frank wanted to know was how much wax fruit could be recovered from his house. To Frank's dismay, the CDC curtailed the movement of his personal belongings to and from the house. Frank was, in every sense of the word, a wax fruit epicure, and he would protect his fine wax fruit at any cost. Thereafter, Frank heeded and opposed every word that came out of the CDC. Frank also authored a lampoon of the Centers for Disease Control. Adorned with wax fruit, my house's décor is so opulent, thought Frank sadly as he pressed his face into the three-feet thick wall of plastic that quarantined it. A week later, Frank's house was hit by a missile; Frank's wax fruit was gone, but his querulous behavior towards the CDC was not. Frank resolved to reveal the CDC as the spurious and tyrannical organization that it really was. Frank blamed the CDC for murdering five hundred billion people in the year of 2011, but population statistics vindicated them. After biting into what he thought was an apple, Frank cringed at the unexpected acrid taste; it was wax. Frank did his best to explain the importance of wax being edible, but the Waxy Fruit Inc. representative was boorish and said, "That makes absolutely no sense; get out of my office, idiot." Because Waxy Fruit Inc. rejected his idea, Frank became very cynical of the company's direction: why would a company deny such a brilliant idea? and why would any sane human being not want to eat wax? Hoping to obliterate Waxy Fruit Inc., Frank outlined a company whose mission statement it was, "...to distribute edible wax fruit in such a manner that, eventually, Waxy Fruit Inc. will be put out of business and its employees will be forced to switch to a diet consisting entirely of crusty, old wax fruit," and he compiled the outline into an epistle and sent it to an investment firm. Unfortunately for Frank, the investment broker who inspected his outline was a member of a cult and considered the eating of wax to be a great heresy; even more unfortunately for Frank, the investment broker agreed to set up a meeting. Frank walked into a dingy basement while thinking to himself what an interesting place to hold a business meeting, and then suddenly he was knocked unconscious and lanced repeatedly with wooden sticks. It took police one month to find Frank after his obscure disappearance. Now whenever Frank eats wax—edible or inedible—he describes it as very poignant, and then his PTSD makes him stop eating and cry. Frank is now in respite in a mental health institution. Now whenever Frank describes his experiences, he is terse and says only, "so much wax and burning, all over." Because of his acrophobia, Bob the architect could not build skyscrapers. Architects were in great demand but so were skyscrapers, and, as a result, Bob barely had enough money to call himself a bourgeois. Bob's debility originated in his childhood, when he fell off a cliff. Needing a non-skyscraping building, Frank was in an epistolary relationship with Bob. Frank explained a one-month hiatus in their communication as being

caused by wax and burning, which was apparently everywhere. Bob is very twitchy and uncomfortable unless he is crawling on all fours, where his closeness to the ground makes him languid. Bob is an orator, but no one takes him seriously because he crawls everywhere. Despite this, Bob is able to remain poised, provided he is touching the ground with his own two feet—and both his hands. Bob's designs, which are compressed into a single floor instead of spanning multiple stories, are resplendent. Bob finds ground to be very therapeutic. Frank had enough acuity to avoid being hit by cars, but apparently not enough to get out of the road. Frank was a braggart; he would always talk about how he walked everywhere on foot, and about how he always did it in the middle of a highway. Frank's boastings were debunked when he stepped into his relatives' car, and one of them said, "See? You're not going everywhere on foot," but his relative's jubilation was short-lived, because they drove into a pedestrian and had to stop. The relative blamed the pedestrian for being careless, and Frank blamed the relative for being careless; their disagreement epitomized the importance of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration Guidelines. Frank was hidebound in his freedom to walk wherever he needed to go, and the Traffic Safety Guidelines clearly stated, "All citizens have the right to access every destination by human power." Frank and his relative argued while holding a thick volume of the Traffic Safety Guidelines, and the pedestrian languished on the ground between them; in the tumult, the Traffic Safety Guidelines was dropped on the pedestrian twice. Suddenly realizing his loss, Frank's relative became obsequious: he stopped arguing, he got on his knees in front of the injured pedestrian, he told the pedestrian everything would be okay, and he gave the pedestrian a hundred dollars. The pedestrian's voice wasn't polemical, instead, it was bizarrely calm and made a statement that was uncontroversial: "I appreciate the money, but it would be most helpful if you called an ambulance." Then, with a rancorous tone in his voice, the pedestrian added, "You're going to be paying me a lot more than a hundred dollars." Frank and his relative thwarted the pedestrian's plan to receive compensation by getting in their car and driving away. Frank was adamant in his freedom to utilize ulterior transportation, so he walked everywhere on foot. Rather than pay shipping fees for a five hundred pound wax fruit altar, Frank walked across the United States, picked it up, walked back home, and in the process became very brawny. Nearing the end of his journey, Frank slept in a ranch, and when the rancher thought a bull had gotten in with his cows, he armed himself with an electrostatic shock weapon and went towards Frank, but the rancher was shocked when he realized the bull was a man, and he invited Frank to a decathlon. Frank equivocated, "I am delivering a product to myself, and I don't feel comfortable getting sidetracked by things . . . I need to get home to complete my delivery, because it's important," because he was excited to get home so he could set up his wax fruit altar. Misinterpreting Frank's excuse, the rancher said something hackneyed: "You've barked up the wrong tree with your 'all work and no play'" he said, "you're competing in the decathlon whether you like it or not." The rancher stepped between Frank and

Frank's altar, and, one hand on his shock weapon and the other on the altar, kept Frank away long enough to push the altar into his padlocked barn, thereby committing larceny. Then the rancher became ostentatious: "If you want your thing back," he said, his voice quavering slightly on the word 'thing' and his finger pointing uselessly in the direction of his barn, "you're going to have to win that decathlon for me. Now get up!" Frank rose like a ponderous hippo emerging from underwater, and when he reached his full height, his muscular body towered over the rancher, who was clutching his tiny shocker tightly. Frank was angry at the rancher's retention of the altar, so he punched the rancher. Languishing, timorous, and almost dead, the rancher told Frank how to get into the barn.