

One day, Jon Samp came to a realization that, “Hey, I’m not wearing any underwear.” Jon then said to himself, “Ohh I like!” and then an asteroid hit his head and he realized that it wouldn’t be a good idea.

“God damn you Scotchy, where the hell are you?”

“God damn you Kurtis, you ruined the story.”

“God damn, just keep it going.”

“Gosh darn, someone tell the president!”

“Scotchys been shot!”

“Have you been to La Paz, Bolivia?”

“Nope, I have not.”

“Have you been to Peru?”

Jon then realized he lives with crazy people, and Steele killed himself because Diego hugged all the kindness out of the world.

“Spencer kicks like a bitch!”

“Oh God, what have I done to deserve this? I can see forever, noooooo!”

“Paul, your head fell into his foot!”

“This story sucks!”

“I like rocks.”

Then he saw a guy walking across the street, and the smurfs raped Scott Peters,

“Zep!”

and he wept. And then everyone ate some pork. And then the Jayhawks don’t suck at football. And then, when all resemblance of hope was nearly gone, when the darkness seemed impenetrable and every last bit of energy and every bullet spent fighting the enemy, the sun pierced the blackened sky; it was dawn, and then came the sweetest sound the soldier had ever heard, the rush of wind of Fairchild wings, followed by the cackle of cannon fire, clearing the enemy from the ridge; the men shouted and with new found energy drove the enemy back; the enemy filed like ants before the fire; the soldiers reached the cave and freed Scotchy from his bindings; Scotchy could finally go home after months of torture and anguish.