

Wally world

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An epic journey, funny , awesome , just read it.

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It was an ordinary day. The sun was being an absurd amount of energy and sky a boring blue. I was on a quest to walmart, an adventure a brave warrior must endure to obtain consumables. By the gods I was hungry and no amount of potato chips or ramen noodles would settle the furious demon stirring my insides. My pants were presumably on, along with a hoodie stained of a stale coca-cola peanut butter like compound. My intricate Preparations of ten crumpled dollars was faultless. Eagerly swinging the door ajar I took off. Speeding down the street like a gazelle that momentarily learned how to fly inhaling buckets of artificial sweetener. Intersections looked like galaxies of light as my eyes sucked into the depths of my skull seeking shelter from the blinding arrays. Astronauts would cry at my display of skill. Getting confident I upped the pace resulting in the casualties of a few telephone poles of course, but I cannot pay heed to these obstacles cause I was finally in front of the chasm of darkness.....Wally world....It has begun. Swarms of strange beings galloped towards the mouth of the beast. Contorting my body to mimic their shapes I blended into the mass. Slowly moving forward in this fleshy clot we started dissolving in different directions, a beast howled for attention at the entrance only getting groans and moans in response. I was in, sweat poured from my palms as I gazed at the vast sea of fiends. One of them sat dominant on a mechanical contraption commanding it of transportation, as others stray out of its wraith. Gathering my strength I weaved through them towards the frozen meat section. A foul smell of old twinkies and fish occupied the air. Gaggering along the way I found my desire. Two Stanley's seasoned brot wursts packs of six. Snatching them off the shelf, my face twisted into a sinister smile of bliss. Drool leaked from my mouth reluctantly, as I strutted my way down the aisle ignoring the presence of the fiends. Distracted by my victory dismay settled in. Gandering over the crowd, fiends were gathering in columns by a bright number. Meshing my way in I noticed one was not in use. They must be attracted to the light I conceived. Hurrying behind the counter I flipped the switch drawing their attention. The result was the same of a fly zapper without the killing, but with flailing arms and bickering. I ran towards the now empty checkout line, throwing my goods on the magical staircase device while trying to gesture a grin containing my glorious success, which probably looked like satan. The fiend began beckoning me with ritual like noises so I threw my crumpled greens at it. Appeased now the fiend retrieved shiny relics and a bag for my goods, hastefully wrapping it up inserting a small paper. Gracefully grabbing my bag I walked out of the beasts mouth. Time seemed to stop as I fondled the bag grabbing my brot wurst. Suddenly the stillness was pierced by loud rattling vanishing into darkness then light.....I was awake. My first thought was f*** you wally world.

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