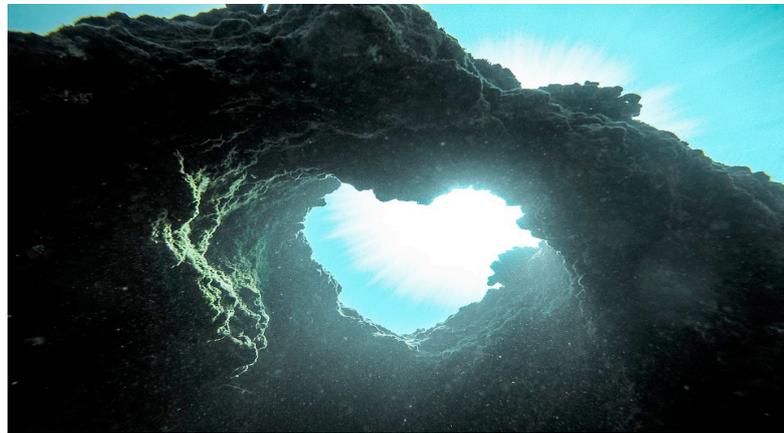


Bog + Zilch vs. Mr. Evilguy

By: Lexxington T.
(Omniscient)

Once upon a time, just off the coast of Revibuut, on the mythical island of Tharhaber, there was a Dilly Dong named Bog. He lived with his best friend Zilch, (who was a Fatfarf), in the Norway Cave. (The cave got this name because the legend was that deep in the dark tunnels of the cavern there was a portal to the foreign country Norway, one of the many strange land forms on the strange and distant world of Earth.)



Bog and Zilch never wondered what lived on the mysterious planet, for they didn't want to go there. They were always spending the day milling around; fishing on the pool, tanning on the grass, or planting sunflowers in the garden. They were always relaxing. (Must be nice.) But little did they know that their lives would hang in the balance in a few days.

A few days later, Mr. EvilGuy the Burger King (I know I've seen that name from somewhere...) arrived by boat at the island. The king had a bad reputation. This was because everybody at his royal school called him fat. (Which was the truth, because he looked like the Pillsbury Dough boy.) The young king was so mad that he kicked every single kid in the butt during the royal graduation. All the parents threw trash at the young king. He ever since was looking for something that would divert his mind from that dark, weird day. And when he had heard of the island of Tharhaber, he was dying to go. Literately. He was having a heart attack when he had

heard the news. Thankfully, he survived. He also heard of the Norway Cave. So he went to the cave, not knowing what he was getting into.

Bog and Zilch were napping when the Burger King walked up to them and said:

“Hiya there!”

“Zoinkers!” was Bog and Zilch’s reply.

The king said, “Can I kill you?”

“NO WAY, FAT BOY!” , shouted Bog. Zilch was too scared to say anything.

“How dare you! How about we settle this with a race? Whoever wins will kill the loser.”

“Deal!” , replied Bog, for being very courageous, he always said yes to danger. Zilch, however, is a nervous wreck even when he breaks a nail.

The race took place in the woods. Bog was at the starting line along with the king. Zilch fired the hubigo (or whistle) and off they went.



It’s safe to say that the king really

needs to work out. In about six minutes Bog won. In those six minutes the king had moved one-tenth of a centimeter. The king then demanded a rematch. Bog found a big box and threw it at the king. Then the king fell backward and Bog began kicking him in the butt. Bog then threw more trash at the king. The king said, “Where does all this trash come from?” Bog picked up the king, walked over to a cliff nearby, and threw him into the ground below. Bog said, “I would think that he is cashed out.” (“Cashed out” means dead.) They never saw that fat king again. Bog and Zilch lived happily ever after. (Yay!)

THE END!

Bog + Zilch vs. Mr. Evilguy

By: Lexxington
(First Person)

I was living just off the coast of Revibuut, on the mythical island of Tharhaber with my best friend, a Dilly Dong named Bog in the Norway Cave. My name is Zilch, and I am a Fatfarf. (The cave got this name because the legend was that deep in the dark tunnels of the cavern there was a portal to the foreign world called Norway, way out in the universe.) Bog and I never wondered what lived on the mysterious planet, for we didn't want to go there. We were always spending our days milling around; fishing on the pool, tanning on the grass, or planting sunflowers in the garden. We were always relaxing. But little did we know that our lives would hang in the balance in a few days.



4 days later, Bog and I were napping when some fat man with a fancy crown walked up to us and said:

“Hiya there!”

“Zoinkers!” , was what Bog and I said.

The stranger said, “Can I kill you?”

“NO WAY, FAT BOY!” , shouted Bog. I was too scared to say anything.

“How dare you! How about we settle this with a race? Whoever wins will kill the loser.”

“Deal!” replied Bog, for being very courageous, he always said yes to danger. I, however, am a nervous wreck even when I break a nail.

The race took place in the woods. Bog was at the starting line along with the foreigner. I fired the hubigo (or whistle) and off they went.



It's safe to say that the man really needs to work out. In about six minutes Bog won. In those six minutes the stranger had moved one-tenth of a centimeter. He then demanded a rematch. His face was red and he was shouting at Bog. He looked like an upset kinder-garden student. Bog found a big box and threw it at the man. The man fell backward and Bog began kicking him in the butt. (Out of all the places that Bog could kick the man!) I stood as still as a statue. Bog then threw more trash at the stranger. The man said, “Where does all this trash come from?” Bog picked up the fat man, walked over to a cliff nearby, and threw him into the ground below. Bog said, “I would think that he is cashed out.” (“Cashed out” means dead.) We never saw the man again. Bog and I lived happily ever after. (Yay!)

THE END!