

dE dRuNk TuRtLe

His hiding place was discovered. What on earth was he going to do now??? The shell, which he nicknamed Sabrina, was now shattered. The giants came with their huge squishers and destroyed his shell. They probably had heard of his famous adventures and had come to attack him!!! BUT NO. HE was the one who had survived the great Lettuce Famine, the one who had seen a place of demons called The Primary School. Gripping a bottle of bEeR in his leg grabbers, he slurped the Corona. tAsTy!!! Feeling brave from the alcohol, he let out a huge cry.

hEe hAw!

The turtle then saw everything clearly. The grass which he ate was taunting him. The stems of daisies above were shouting. And the world was bowing to him. He was the GOD of it all. The turtle.

He stumbled around, and promptly crashed into a large tree stump. "Oi, you!!!" He shouted at the tree. "Young whippersnapper, I am your ELDER. I lived for a hundred more years than you and am hear to tell the tale!!!" The tree did nothing but wave. "Are you taunting me?! Well!!! I cannot believe your rudeness, and good day to you." A single tear rolled down the tree's barky face, and the tree said a single, life changing phrase. "Stock market."

Suddenly, the turtle felt the meaning of life. THE STOCK MARKET. The turtle understood, and was enlightened. Facts and figures and financing and all those stuff came to him. It appeared to be a cow. It spoke.

"Meow, meow im a cow, I said meow meow im a cow."

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The turtle was surprised. Didn't cows go moo? Not meow? Everything the turtle knew was changed. All his long life he had believed that cows go moo-

"tHe CaT iN tHe HaT kNoWs A lOt AbOuT tHaT!!!"

The turtle turned around. And there was a bacon. A holy glorious bacon sitting on the floor. Baacon....

The bacon flopped. And flipped. And dingle dangled. Like a scarecrow with a floppy floppy hat. But where was the cow? No wait, bacon. Bacon more important.

The bacon shined and shimmered.

*Hello.*

*I can speak in your mind, for I am everything. But yet nothing.*

"Little bacon, I am not in the mood for philosophy."

*But we are philosophy... our essence and our soul is all in the Universe. The answer is... 42.*

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The turtle decided that enough was enough. The turtle used to be a vegetarian. But... in a few gulps, the bacon exists no longer, on any of the possible realms or universes.

The turtle decides that meat is overrated, and waddles back to his burrow. He loves the taste of his lettuce. Mmmmmm, tasty!!!!!!!