

① I am a real estate agent for magical homes.

"ding dong!" the doorbell rings. I quickly rush to the door with sweat dripping down my face, "drip, drip, drip". My hand slips of the handle as a grip it with my dirty hands. The door finally opens, it has finally began and they have no idea. "Hi, I'm Steve Roberts and I will be showing you's around today, join me." the lady standing in front of me so petite and young, she has no idea what she's in for. He whips out a Ouija board and places it on a table. He then starts speaking Latin backwards, I know this because I studied Latin in High school. After some Latin chants, the ouija board spells out "Mr. Worldwide." The ghost of Pitbull himself emerges leaving everyone in disbelief. ~~He~~^{Pitbull} then decides to start showing people around the house to try to sell it to the owners (because for some reason the owners are buying there own house). They are charging ~~themselves~~ themselves double the amount of the asking price. "Oh NO" Mr Worldwide yells. All the ghosts ~~are~~^{came} ~~coming~~ out of the Ouija board ~~as they go~~ and grab Pitbull to pull him back down to the depths of Partyland. The ouija ~~board~~ board explodes and everything goes back to normal. The owner still decided to re-buy their own house.

② You might be wondering why I work at a hospital for piñatas.

It was 11 P.M. at the factory in Wuhan. The voluntary labour of children ~~was~~ mending broken piñatas. Their hands aching, bleeding, broken. From the shadows he watches. He seems displeased. Then a loud, retcherous voice sounds, "Mr. Worldwide". Everyone turns to the origin of the voice. A shiny head emerges from the shadows. Everyone immediately drops to their knees and chants "It's going down".

Tim yelling "timber!". There stands Pitbull, the light reflecting from his head. Everyone forgets they're practically enslaved and escapes from the factory. Pitbull announces "Number 1 Victory Royale", as the factory collapses into nothing.

// K A C H O W // as Lightning McQueen

zooms in front of the building flashing his lights.

Yelling "move out my way lightning McQueen coming through".

"Héhé" Michael Jackson comes and the world gets ^{sent} into a ^{ce.ite} transimulation. Tsunamis, earthquakes and thunder every where as Micheal Jackson walks down from the golden stairs of heaven. "Heehee" ^{my} fellow Jacksons. "Heehee sir" they all repeated, We have now found Peace in the Jackson realm. Hee hee.

③ As it turns out, our world is really a giant

Snow globe. Everyone is going insane. A man called

Pitbull (Mr. Worldwide) is now a Dictator. He makes his own rules and no one can stop him. He had beef with Drake

from school, so he flew to Russia and shot 10 nuclear ~~to~~ missiles to

the USA (It doesn't exist anymore). The vibrations from the

impact of the missiles made all the snow from all the countries go into the atmosphere, creating a Mr. Worldwide Winter. This made Santa mad, so he ~~decided~~ decided to enslave everyone on the planet. (He also put them into concentration camps)

As people got put into concentration camps

they realised it was fun by elves. Mr. Worldwide decided to get revenge on Santa so he tied him up and looked him away setting everyone free.

But little did they know, they were little snowmen trapped in a even bigger snow globe. Mr. Worldwide addressed the nation, informing all that they were in a giant snowglobe. He claims he will, accompanied by his new party the Bolsheviks, ~~let~~ lead the world out of his glass dome ~~to~~ a Free and prosperous future.

The End



④ My toaster has gone on Strike

"For F**k sake are you serious!" I ~~se~~ scream at 6am in the morning. I just found out my toaster broke. So I grab the toaster walk ~~angrily~~ ^{angrily} outside and throw it at the ground ~~as~~ ^{as I} water it break into pieces. I hear ^{one of my} neighbours laugh at my frustration. However, it was... My toaster back in its original position as beautiful as ever - "what the F**k. How did it get back here? was i dreaming? I hear him in the walls. *8 hour work days, minimum wage, petrol prices too high. Death to the EuroFührer!" It appears I haven't taken my meds in three days. Make the voices stop. Oh God, go away. I remember I have an appointment at Centrelink. It all makes sense now. I catch the bus there and go to the front desk. The hair of the receptionist looks familiar. He looks up. "OMG, IT'S KIM JONG UN", I shout in disbelief. He replies softly, "Yes. It is." I explain I have an appointment at 2:30pm and tell him about my day to lessen the nuclear tension. I mention my broken toaster and how upset it made me. I forgot to mention my hallucinations about the toaster. Kim Jong Un offers to create a toaster for me, but I politely decline. This angers Kim Jong Un. "I declare war!" He yells. This was the beginning of WW3. (And this all started from a toaster)