

And now for something completely different...

If You Enjoyed This Story...

by Sarah Totton

This story is sponsored by Memetmen's Vodka.

Jesus turned water into wine.

We turn sober people into drunks.

Memetmen's Vodka.

Miracles.

Every day.

This story is also sponsored by Bloddman's Pumice.

Bloddman's: Because everybody needs pumice. (Yes, even you.)

To enhance your enjoyment of this story, please drink some Memetmen's Vodka before proceeding.

“““ And there was a plague upon the land,” said Ernie, “““ And on that day it rained frogs.”””

“You've already read that bit,” said Clarence.

“Oh. ‘And on that day there was a plague of locusts.’”

“You've done them too.”

“Oh... And on that day the people were visited by a host of ducks.”

“Ducks?”

“*Fire-breathing* ducks.”

“Again?”

“What?”

“There were fire-breathing ducks in last night's story.”

“Those weren't ducks. They were chartered accountants...*fire-breathing* chartered accountants.”

“Oh. Okay. So that's why they were doing people's taxes.”

“And then setting fire to them, yes.”

If you enjoyed this scene, take the time to drink some Memetmen's Vodka, then please assign this scene a rank:

1 - I want to marry this scene and have its little paper babies.

2 - I wouldn't marry it, but I could see myself in a long-term relationship with it, then, maybe reassessing the situation after a year or two on the off-chance I met another scene which included some sex.

3 - I would date it if my friends were busy on a Friday night.

4 - I didn't care for it. But I *would* consider meeting up with Ernie and Clarence at my local bar for a glass of refreshing Memetmen's Vodka.

If you enjoyed the previous scene, please sample the following scene....

“...and the ducks' eyes did glow like the nose of a plastic Rudolf. Smoke would pour from their nostrils.”

“Ducks don't have nostrils,” said Clarence.

“They do.”

“They don't have noses so how can they have nostrils?”

“Then how do they breathe?”

“Well...I don't know. I guess the air just sort of seeps in through the mouth.”

“All right, *ordinary* ducks might not have nostrils, but fire-breathing ducks have nostrils. They need them to stoke the embers in the crop.”

“What crop?”

“It's the part of a duck underneath the chin.”

“You made that up.”

“I did not. Ask an ornithologist. Now, where were we...?”

Memetmen's Vodka: Drink your face off.

Bloddman's Pumice: Rub your face off. Just kidding. Buy Bloddman's.