

The Little Bicycle and the Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre

Once upon a time, there was a Little Bicycle. The Little Bicycle liked to ride with its friends and feel the cool breeze tickle its spokes.

One day, a Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre came and put up a sign. "No bicycles! Not even little ones!" All the bicycles were scared.

But not the Little Bicycle. The Little Bicycle went right up to the Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre and said, "Excuse me Mr. Ogre but WE WERE FUCKING RIDING HERE MOTHERFUCKER AND YOU CAN'T FUCKING STOP US."

All the bicycles nodded in agreement. But the Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre just took a stretch limo and ran over the Little Bicycle, smashing it into a million billion gajillion Little Pieces.

Things looked bad, but the Little Bicycle Pieces were cool under pressure. The Little Pieces said, in a very little

voice, "Oh yeah?"

And the Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre said, "swish krrrrunk," which is the sound of a wrecking ball knocking Little Bicycle Pieces through reinforced concrete.

That looked bad, too, but the Crushed Little Bicycle Pieces just said, "Oh, YEAH?"

And the Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre said, "dig dig dig KAABOOOOOM," which is the sound of Crushed Little Bicycle Pieces being buried and blown up with an underground nuclear bomb.

But the Nuked Crushed Little Bicycle Pieces just dug their fried selves out of the ground and said, "OH, YEAH?"

And the Big Bad Industrial Capitalist Ogre said, "Yeah," and went away. All the bicycles were happy, the Nuked Crushed Little Bicycle Pieces most of all.

The End.

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