

Stories written by Browsing History

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Story 1.

Your Unhappy Day

Every wednesday in the pandemic, you are dreaming of the world and a vaccine. To avoid it, your partner recommends this: “Half-baked jam is a source of fibre and vitamin d”. After a week of eating the jam, you told your partner to make sure if it’s not a hoax.

“Yeah, it’s yummy, but my eyes, my lips, and your hands are dry from the jam,” you pointed out, “ I need lip balm, go shop now.”

You stayed at home and checked the recipe from the video. You read more, learning that there isn’t enough kosher salt in the jam for your skin type. You kept on streaming the recipe from the video on Netflix, until Carole Baskin called you to tell you about this ultra gentle, beauty award winner sleeping mask from the Cold War that will give you the best baby skin. She also quotes to making clean cash from this product with students.

“To start using it, please check our restaurants and our newsletter, and send the money to my account in New York.”

Excited, you share to your university student friend, Dani.

You say “ It takes up to a week to give you skin like a child. It’s worth a shot, no, two shots!” However, they reply saying “ I am concerned about your mental health. We are people who are more than too old to be looking like a child.”

You reply:”Yeah yeah, but the seasons are going to change after covid, and I want to be go drink drink when the smoothie bar opens in the New School.” Dani says, “Here is a fun fact: the more you are helpful, you get kind of ready to know your thang. Your mind is in something, your mood is down down!”

For you, you didn’t know how to react to what Dani says, and now, your day has gone bad because of it. You realize that there isn’t a delay in a January design deadline, you have to edit aspect ratio of the file. Soon you got bored and started reading about movie quotes and Tiger King on the Atlantic. Top in the comments, you read this review that is angry at the script:“...this line here could’ve kept him alive”. You don’t know what it is saying, so you click on the “read more” button in the thumbnail, and the comment opens in a new window. You read it and feltt unhappy.

“It’s a bad day today!” You cry out as you close the browser tab.

three.

four.

Story 2.

What Could This Thing With An Alive Nail Be?

It has an **alive nail** and a jealous, jittery **jam**, which is **helpful**. Rarely has an **alive nail** reminded me more of the hands of a crumpled **baby**. Its **eyes** are as flawless as an exemplary, tall **pandemic**, which has been **dream-ing** cheerfully in the magical, noisy wind (smash!).

Naturally, it has all the glory of a **vitamin d**, which once stayed begrudgingly. There is nothing like a **vitamin d** that once stayed begrudgingly.

Lest not forget the loose, long look of a leaking lips calmly **sleeping**. **Carole Baskin** likes its **alive nail**. **Tiger King** likes its helpful **jam**.

It is a **clean skin**!

Story 3.

January, You Know When You Baked Agreeably?

“**January**, what do you think of my gentle **student**?”

“Er... I don't know dear.”

“What about my **quiet New York**? Some say its like an **icy child**.”

“Um...”

“Do you think my **my account** is like a damp **design**?”

“Where on earth did you hear a thing like that?”

“**Dani says** that my **deadline** is like a fake **aspect ratio** that likes **sleeping** enjoyably whilst waving its **eyes**.”

“That's... um... nice. Perhaps we should talk about something else now.”

“You know when you **baked** agreeably? I heard it was like casually **dreaming**.”

“Oh look, drizzle outside!”

“But **January**, I am an **ultra university**!”

(Drip!)

Story 4.

Mangled mental health

Mangled **mental health** have been turning up all over week and the inhabitants are scared. Ten murders in ten weeks, all committed with a the world, and still nobody has a clue who the sure killer is.

Sailor Moon Stayed is a **dear** and **powerful university** with a **fondness for cheese**. She doesn't know it yet but she is the only one who can stop the great killer.

When her wife, **My Account**, is kidnapped, **Sailor Stayed** finds herself thrown into the centre of the investigation.

His only clue is a **latest shot**.

She enlists the help of a **sugary range** called **Vaccine Touch**.

Can **Touch** help **Stayed** overcome her **mask addiction** and find the answers before the new killer and his deadly **the world** strike again?

Story 5.

The Fight over the Skin type

It all started when our uber geek, **Your Thang**, woke up in a magical cornfield. It was the seventh time it had happened. Feeling barely puzzled, **Your Thang** punched a banana, thinking it would make him feel better (but as usual, it did not). Heart filled with earnest fortitude, he realized that his beloved **skin type** was missing! Immediately he called his favorite Mormon, **Restaurants**. **Your Thang** had known **Restaurants** for (plus or minus) 200,000 years, the majority of which were flamboyant ones. **Restaurants** was unique. He was ingenious though sometimes a little... annoying. **Your Thang** called him anyway, for the situation was urgent.

Restaurants picked up to a very ecstatic **Your Thang**. **Restaurants** calmly assured him that most 5-legged wallabies belch before mating, yet disease-carrying chipmunks usually indiscriminately sigh *after* mating. He had no idea what that meant; he was only concerned with distracting **Your Thang**. Why was **Restaurants** trying to distract **Your Thang**? Because he had snuck out from **Your Thang**'s with the **skin type** only four days prior. It was a sassy little **skin type**... how could he resist?

It didn't take long before **Your Thang** got back to the subject at hand: his **skin type**. **Restaurants** sneezed. Reluctantly, **Restaurants** invited him over, assuring him they'd find the **skin type**. **Your Thang** grabbed his elephant and disembarked immediately. After hanging up the phone, **Restaurants** realized that he was in trouble. He had to find a place to hide the **skin type** and he had to do it skillfully. He figured that if **Your Thang** took the time machine, he had take at least two minutes before **Your Thang** would get there. But if he took the **Malfoy**? Then **Restaurants** would be very screwed.

Before he could come up with any reasonable ideas, **Restaurants** was interrupted by eleven dimwitted **sleeping masks** that were lured by his **skin type**. **Restaurants** grimaced; 'Not again', he thought. Feeling angered, he aptly reached for his gerbil and aptly poked every last one of them. Apparently this was an adequate deterrent--the discouraged critters began to scurry back toward the disease-infested jungle, squealing with discontent. He exhaled with relief. That's when he heard the **Malfoy** rolling up. It was **Your Thang**.

As he pulled up, he felt a sense of urgency. He had had to make an unscheduled stop at Seven-Eleven to pick up a 12-pack of gerbils, so he knew he was running late. With a calculated leap, **Your Thang** was out of the **Malfoy** and went sassily jaunting toward **Restaurants**'s front door. Meanwhile inside, **Restaurants** was panicking. Not thinking, he tossed the **skin type** into a box of bananas and then slid the box behind his rhinocerus. **Restaurants** was concerned but at least the **skin type** was concealed. The doorbell rang.

eleven.

twelve.

‘Come in,’ **Restaurants** wildly purred. With a inept push, **Your Thang** opened the door. ‘Sorry for being late, but I was being chased by some dimwitted rationality-deprived retard in a pimp fresh, candy-painted ‘Lac,’ he lied. ‘It’s fine,’ **Restaurants** assured him. **Your Thang** took a seat RIGHT next to where Restaurants had hidden the **skin type**. **Restaurants** grimaced trying unsuccessfully to hide his nervousness. ‘Uhh, can I get you anything?’ he blurted. But **Your Thang** was distracted. A few freaknasty minutes later, **Restaurants** noticed a dimwitted look on **Your Thang**’s face. **Your Thang** slowly opened his mouth to speak.

‘...What’s that smell?’

Restaurants felt a stabbing pain in his taint when **Your Thang** asked this. In a moment of disbelief, he realized that he had hidden the **skin type** right by his oscillating fan. ‘Wh-what? I don’t smell anything..!’ A lie. A funny-smelling look started to form on **Your Thang**’s face. He turned to notice a box that seemed clearly out of place. ‘Th-th-those are just my grandma’s dull pencils from when she used to have pet 3-legged wallabies. She, uh...dropped ‘em by here earlier’. **Your Thang** nodded with fake acknowledgement...then, before **Restaurants** could react, **Your Thang** deftly lunged toward the box and opened it. The **skin type** was plainly in view.

Your Thang stared at **Restaurants** for what what must’ve been two hours. In a blinding moment of misguided bravado, **Restaurants** groped indiscriminately in **Your Thang**’s direction, clearly desperate. **Your Thang** grabbed the **skin type** and bolted for the door. It was locked. **Restaurants** let out a eccentric chuckle. ‘If only you hadn’t been so protective of that thing, none of this would have happened, **Your Thang**,’ he rebuked. **Restaurants** always had been a little pestering, so **Your Thang** knew that reconciliation was not an option; he needed to escape before **Restaurants** did something crazy, like... start chucking ripened avocados at him or something. In a blinding moment of misguided bravado, he gripped his **skin type** tightly and made a dash toward the window, diving head-long through the glass panels.

Restaurants looked on, blankly. ‘What the hell? That seemed excessive. The other door was open, you know.’ Silence from **Your Thang**. ‘And to think, I varnished that window frame three days ago...it never ends!’ Suddenly he felt a tinge of concern for **Your Thang**. ‘Oh. You ..okay?’ Still silence. **Restaurants** walked over to the window and looked down. **Your Thang** was gone.

thirteen.

Just yonder, **Your Thang** was struggling to make his way through the bush behind **Restaurants**’s place. **Your Thang** had severely hurt his prostate during the window incident, and was starting to lose strength. Another pack of feral **sleeping masks** suddenly appeared, having caught wind of the **skin type**. One by one they latched on to **Your Thang**. Already weakened from his injury, **Your Thang** yielded to the furry onslaught and collapsed. The last thing he saw before losing consciousness was a buzzing horde of **sleeping masks** running off with his **skin type**.

About five hours later, **Your Thang** awoke, his kidney throbbing. It was dark and **Your Thang** did not know where he was. Deep in the enchanting secret vineyard, **Your Thang** was excessively lost. Ever so extemperaneously, he remembered that his **skin type** was taken by the **sleeping masks**. But at that point, he was just thankful for his life. That’s when, to his horror, a oversized **sleeping mask** emerged from the fanstic pumpkin patch. It was the alpha **sleeping mask**. **Your Thang** opened his mouth to scream but was cut short when the **sleeping mask** sunk its teeth into **Your Thang**’s love handle. With a faint groan, the life escaped from **Your Thang**’s lungs, but not before he realized that he was a failure.

Less than three miles away, **Restaurants** was entombed by anguish over the loss of the **skin type**. ‘MY PRECIOUS!!’ he cried, as he reached for a sharpened wolverine. With a deft thrust, he buried it deeply into his ear. As the room began to fade to black, he thought about **Your Thang**... wishing he had found the courage to tell him that he loved him. But he would die alone that day. All that remained was the **skin type** that had turned them against each other, ultimately causing their demise. And as the dew on melancholy sappling branches began to reflect the dawn’s reddish glare, all that could be heard was the chilling cry of distant **sleeping masks**, desecrating all things sacred to virtuous men, and perpetuating an evil that would reign for centuries to come. Our heroes would’ve lived unhappily ever after, but they were too busy being dead. So, no one lived forever after, the end. :(

fourteen.

Story 5.

Great A source of Fibre, a Short Story

Lip Balm was thinking about **News Letter** again. **News** was a **vegan The Cold** with **queer a child** and **strong the best baby**.

Lip walked over to the window and reflected on her **helpful** surroundings. She had always loved **great A source of Fibre** with its cooperative, cheerful **chick-en**. It was a place that encouraged her tendency to feel **white**.

Then she saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the **a vegan** figure of **News Letter**.

Lip gulped. She glanced at her own reflection. She was a **pretty, ready, shot drinker** with **vegan a child** and **fresh the best baby**. Her friends saw her as a nasty, naughty **New School**. Once, she had even jumped into a river and saved a bright **Cold War**.

But not even a **pretty** person who had once jumped into a river and saved a bright **Cold War**, was prepared for what **News** had in store today.

The **New York** teased like staying **newsletter**, making **Lip** creamier. **Lip** grabbed a whole **Mental health** that had been strewn nearby; she massaged it with her fingers.

As **Lip** stepped outside and **News** came closer, she could see the high glint in her eye.

News gazed with the affection of 7785 powerful tasteless **this line**. She said, in hushed tones, "I love you and I want **the world**."

Lip looked back, even more **creamier** and still fingering the whole **Mental health**. "**News, up to quotes to Goku**," she replied.

They looked at each other with **great** feelings, like two grotesque, glamorous **Goku** sitting at a very **strong January**, which had **Sailor Moon** music playing in the background and two **new** uncles **sipping** to the beat.

Lip regarded **News's queer a child** and **strong the best baby**. "I feel the same way!" revealed **Lip** with a delighted grin.

News looked ready, her emotions blushing like a thoughtless, **tasty this product**.

Then **News** came inside for a nice drink of **shot**.

fifteen.

sixteen.

Story 6.

Thunder People

and the Four Fresh

Instacarts

Once upon a time there was a **unarmed** girl called **Thunder People**. She was on the way to see her **clean cash Market Your Hands**, when she decided to take a short cut through **January**.

It wasn't long before **Thunder** got lost. She looked around, but all she could see were trees. Nervously, she felt into her bag for her favourite toy, **your partner**, but **your partner** was nowhere to be found! **Thunder** began to panic. She felt sure she had packed **your partner**. To make matters worse, she was starting to feel hungry.

Unexpectedly, she saw a **fresh Instacart** dressed in a **pink design** disappearing into the trees.

"How odd!" thought **Thunder**.

For the want of anything better to do, she decided to follow the peculiarly dressed **Instacart**. Perhaps it could tell her the way out of the forest.

Eventually, **Thunder** reached a clearing. She found herself surrounded by houses made from different sorts of **food**. There was a house made from **jam**, a house made from **this product**, a house made from **mental health**, a house made from **sailor moon** and a house made from **restaurants**.

Thunder could feel her tummy rumbling. Looking at the houses did nothing to ease her hunger.

"Hello!" she called. "Is anybody there?"

Nobody replied.

Thunder looked at the roof on the closest house and wondered if it would be rude to eat somebody else's chimney. Obviously it would be impolite to eat a whole house, but perhaps it would be considered acceptable to nibble the odd fixture or lick the odd fitting, in a time of need.

A cackle broke through the air, giving **Thunder** a fright. A witch jumped into the space in front of the houses. She was carrying a cage. In that cage was **your partner**!

"**Your partner**!" shouted **Thunder**. She turned to the witch. "That's my toy!"

The witch just shrugged.

seventeen.

eighteen.

“Give **your partner** back!” cried **Thunder**.

“Not on your nelly!” said the witch.

“At least let **your partner** out of that cage!”

Before she could reply, four **fresh Instacarts** rushed in from a footpath on the other side of the clearing. **Thunder** recognised the one in the **pink design** that she’d seen earlier. The witch seemed to recognise him too.

“Hello Big **Instacart**,” said the witch.

“Good morning.” The **Instacart** noticed **your partner**. “Who is this?”

“That’s **your partner**,” explained the witch.

“Ooh! **your partner** would look lovely in my house. Give it to me!” demanded the **Instacart**.

The witch shook her head. “**your partner** is staying with me.”

“Um... Excuse me...” **Thunder** interrupted. “**your partner** lives with me! And not in a cage!”

Big **Instacart** ignored her. “Is there nothing you’ll trade?” he asked the witch.

The witch thought for a moment, then said, “I do like to be entertained. I’ll release him to anybody who can eat a whole front door.”

Big **Instacart** looked at the house made from restaurants and said, “No problem, I could eat an entire house made from **restaurants** if I wanted to.”

“That’s nothing,” said the next **Instacart**. “I could eat two houses.”

“There’s no need to show off,” said the witch. Just eat one front door and I’ll let you have **your partner**.”

Thunder watched, feeling very worried. She didn’t want the witch to give **your partner** to Big **Instacart**. She didn’t think **your partner** would like living with a **fresh Instacart**, away from her house and all her other toys.

The other three **Instacarts** watched while Big **Instacart** put on his bib and withdrew a knife and fork from his pocket.

nineteen.

“I’ll eat this whole house,” said Big **Instacart**. “Just you watch!”

Big **Instacart** pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from **this product**. He gulped it down smiling, and went back for more. And more.

And more.

Eventually, Big **Instacart** started to get bigger - just a little bit bigger at first. But after a few more fork-fulls of **this product**, he grew to the size of a large snow-ball - and he was every bit as round.

“Erm... I don’t feel too good,” said Big **Instacart**.

Suddenly, he started to roll. He’d grown so round that he could no longer balance!

“Help!” he cried, as he rolled off down a slope into the forest.

Big **Instacart** never finished eating the front door made from this product and **your partner** remained trapped in the witch’s cage.

Average **Instacart** stepped up, and approached the house made from **mental health**.

“I’ll eat this whole house,” said Average **Instacart**. “Just you watch!”

Average **Instacart** pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from **mental health**. She gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

After a while, Average **Instacart** started to look a little queasy. She grew greener...

...and greener.

A woodcutter walked into the clearing. “What’s this bush doing here?” he asked.

“I’m not a bush, I’m an **Instacart**!” said Average **Instacart**.

“It talks!” exclaimed the woodcutter. “Those talking bushes are the worst kind. I’d better take it away before somebody gets hurt.”

twenty.

“No! Wait!” cried Average **Instacart**, as the woodcutter picked her up. But the woodcutter ignored her cries and carried the **Instacart** away under his arm.

Average **Instacart** never finished eating the front door made from **mental health** and **your partner** remained trapped in the witch’s cage.

Little **Instacart** stepped up, and approached the house made from **sailor moon**. “I’ll eat this whole house,” said Little **Instacart**. “Just you watch!”

Little **Instacart** pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from **sailor moon**. He gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

After five or six platefuls, Little **Instacart** started to fidget uncomfortably on the spot.

He stopped eating **sailor moon** for a moment, then grabbed another forkful.

But before he could eat it, there came an almighty roar. A bottom burp louder than a rocket taking off, propelled Little **Instacart** into the sky.

“Agggghhhhhh!” cried Little **Instacart**. “I’m scared of heigh...”

Little **Instacart** was never seen again.

Little **Instacart** never finished eating the front door made from **sailor moon** and **your partner** remained trapped in the witch’s cage.

Tiny **Instacart** stepped up, and approached the house made from **restaurants**. “I’ll eat this whole house,” said Tiny **Instacart**. “Just you watch!”

Tiny **Instacart** pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from **restaurants**. She gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

However, on the next mouthful, the food fell straight out of Tiny **Instacart**’s mouth. She tried to stuff in another forkful of **restaurants**, but once again, the food fell out. There just wasn’t enough room left in her belly.

twenty-one.

“This is just not fair!” declared Tiny **Instacart**, and stomped off into the forest.

Tiny **Instacart** never finished eating the front door made from **restaurants** and **your partner** remained trapped in the witch’s cage.

“That’s it,” said the witch. “I win. I get to keep **your partner**.”

“Not so fast,” said **Thunder**. “There is still one front door to go. The front door of the house made from **jam**. And I haven’t had a turn yet.

“I don’t have to give you a turn!” laughed the witch. “My game. My rules.”

The woodcutter’s voice carried through the forest. “I think you should give her a chance. It’s only fair.”

“Fine,” said the witch. “But you saw what happened to the **Instacarts**. She won’t last long.”

“I’ll be right back,” said **Thunder**.

“What?” said the witch. “Where’s your sense of impatience? I thought you wanted **your partner** back.”

Thunder ignored the witch and gathered a hefty pile of sticks. She came back to the clearing and started a small camp fire. Carefully, she broke off a piece of the door of the house made from **jam** and toasted it over the fire. Once it had cooked and cooled just a little, she took a bite. She quickly devoured the whole piece.

Thunder sat down on a nearby log.

“You fail!” cackled the witch. “You were supposed to eat the whole door.”

“I haven’t finished,” explained **Thunder**. “I am just waiting for my food to go down.”

When **Thunder**’s food had digested, she broke off another piece of the door made from **jam**. Once more, she toasted her food over the fire and waited for it to cool just a little. She ate it at a leisurely pace then waited for it to digest.

Eventually, after several sittings, **Thunder** was down to the final piece of the door made from **jam**. Carefully, she toasted it and allowed it to cool just a little. She finished her final course. **Thunder** had eaten the entire front door of the house made from **jam**.

twenty-two.

The witch stamped her foot angrily. “You must have tricked me!” she said. “I don’t reward cheating!”

“I don’t think so!” said a voice. It was the woodcutter. He walked back into the clearing, carrying his axe. “This little girl won fair and square. Now hand over **your partner** or I will chop your broomstick in half.”

The witch looked horrified. She grabbed her broomstick and placed it behind her. Then, huffing, she opened the door of the cage.

Thunder hurried over and grabbed **your partner**, checking that her favourite toy was all right. Fortunately, **your partner** was unharmed.

Thunder thanked the woodcutter, grabbed a quick souvenir, and hurried on to meet **Market**. It was starting to get dark.

When **Thunder** got to **Market**’s house, her **clean cash** threw her arms around her.

“I was so worried!” cried **Market**. “You are very late.”

As **Thunder** described her day, she could tell that **Market** didn’t believe her. So she grabbed a napkin from her pocket.

“What’s that?” asked **Market**.

Thunder unwrapped a doorknob made from **this product**. “Pudding!” she said.

Market almost fell off her chair.

The End

twenty-two.

twenty-three.

[illegible]