

# The Big Road Trip

1. Place Of Worship
2. Holy Book
3. Object
4. Celebrity
5. Amount Of Money
6. Boy Or Girl Or Man Or Woman Or Old Man Etc
7. Adjective
8. Pick-Up Line
9. Country Or State
10. Holiday
11. Transportation
12. Noun
13. Noun
14. Sky Or Road Or Sea Etc
15. Random Accusation
16. Random Explanation
17. Transportation
18. Machine
19. Noun
20. Part Of Body
21. Name Of A Prophet
22. Dead Celebrity
23. Dead Celebrity

24. Dead Celebrity
25. Dead Celebrity
26. Dead Celebrity
27. Random Explanation
28. Dead Celebrity
29. Dead Celebrity
30. Dead Celebrity
31. Dead Celebrity
32. Number
33. Number
34. Insult
35. Object Plural
36. Male Or Female
37. Smell
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# The Big Road Trip

Mike was sitting in \_\_\_\_\_, twiddling his thumbs as the preacher waved his \_\_\_\_\_, preaching fire and brimstone. He rolled his eyes so much that they almost popped out of his head. By the time the preacher was shaking a \_\_\_\_\_ and calling for the head of \_\_\_\_\_, he decided to get out of there, but he didn't know what to do. He couldn't just walk out. That would be rude. He would need an excuse....

\_\_\_\_\_ he would have to be kicked out. He wiped his nose in a \_\_\_\_\_, but nobody noticed. He put a quarter in the offering plate and took out a \_\_\_\_\_. Again, no attention.

Finally he noticed a \_\_\_\_\_ twirling her \_\_\_\_\_ hair in the next row.

The preacher raised an eyebrow as his head slipped out of sight and under the bench. Slowly he came up next to her, and simply said "\_\_\_\_\_". Things got frisky in the pews.

Mike was brought up on a farm in \_\_\_\_\_, and most farmers are very practical. His father taught him, "If something doesn't work, chuck it." So he chucked his pants.

After this incident Mike was forced into hiding. He slipped away from public view on \_\_\_\_\_ Day, 2019, in a \_\_\_\_\_, with \_\_\_\_\_ and a \_\_\_\_\_. He picked up two hitchhikers on the way, Adam and Noah, and the three of them hit the \_\_\_\_\_.

Then came the night of reckoning.

"Aha!" Mike leapt onto the bed "Gotcha!". Noah screamed. Then he started bawling. Adam came running into Noah's room. He picked Noah up. Noah clinged to him. "What wrong, Nowie.....tell Mummy...where does it hurt?"

"You want to know what's wrong?" Mike said. "I'll tell you".

"No Mike!" Noah screamed through his tears. "No!"

Adam looked puzzled. "What's all this about?"

"I'll tell you what its about", Mike said, whipping the cover off Bruce Banner's cage. " Random Accusation

. I caught him in the act."

"What?"

" .....He almost got away with it"

"How long has this been going on?" Adam asked. Mike half-expected Bruce to answer, It's been going on for weeks now. It's about time you noticed.

"Mike...." Adam began.

"Don't ask me," Mike said, "Ask Brucey boy"

"Noah...." Adam said.

Noah buried his face in Adam's neck, slobbering all over him. "How long has it been ?" Adam asked.

"Since...since....since", Noah sobbed. His face was a mess of snot and saliva.

"Unacceptable"

"No!" Noah cried "Random Explanation ." That unleashed another round of sobbing.

Mike tiptoed around the corner and collapsed against the wall, clenching his eyes shut. There was a horrible sound, that could only be compared to a sledgehammer hitting a wet punching bag. CHUNCH CHUNCH CHUNCH CHUNCH. All the while, Mike listened, flinching at every strike, each accompanied by a low whimper.

Suddenly

he realized nobody was at the wheel.

The whole world was thrown to one side. Everything spun out of control. All the plates and pots shattered in a whirlwind of glass. There was a giant splash, and soon enough, their bodies were floating in the water that was rushing in through the windows. The Transportation sank to the bottom of the lagoon, that the second the nose struck the seabed, there was a cloud of dust that sent the fish zipping away.

All was silent.

Mike's eyes peeled open and he was lying spread eagle on the water, watching as he got closer and closer to the \_\_\_\_\_ wall of the Repeat Last Transportation . He glanced down into the murky deep. Noah's body was tangled in \_\_\_\_\_ machine and he saw Adam. Adam had spent his final moments trying to pull shards of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun of out his \_\_\_\_\_ Part of Body , but now his hands gently floated in front of him, like a fetus in the womb. Bruce was still in his cage, weightless. Below him were the front windows and he could see the current into the Repeat Last Transportation . He held his hands up, like Atlas holding up the sky but it was no use, the waters kept rising and rising. Nothing could stop him from being crushed against the back door.

Out of nowhere came rays of light.

" Name of a Prophet !"

"Uhh...wrong guy buddy"

"Oh yeah....forgot.....MICHAEL!"

"Yep...."

"PROMISE THAT YOU WILL NEVER SKIMP OUT ON Repeat Last Place of Worship EVER AGAIN"

"I guess...."

There was an almighty chuckle.

"TOO BAD"

Everyone died and went to hell. There was a long line up to the gates, and the three of them stood there impatiently. Noah was checking his watch. Mike was tapping his foot. The line was barely moving at all. "Hey," Adam tapped a random shoulder. \_\_\_\_\_ turned around and looked at him with sheer evil in his eye.

"Whadda you want?"

"How much longer do we have to wait?"

\_\_\_\_\_

Repeat Last Dead Celebrity shrugged, and whispered something into the ear of the man next to him. The man turned around, and Adam gasped.

" \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity ? Huhh?..... \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity , I understand why you're here...but....why \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity ?"

\_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity shook his head. " \_\_\_\_\_ Random Explanation ".

"Ok....."

Adam shoved his way through the crowd, each person more troublesome than the next.

" \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity ? \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity ? \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity ? \_\_\_\_\_ Dead Celebrity ? What the hell is going on here?"

Eventually he made it the big iron gates and there was a confused demon looking at a clipboard. "Yo...."



The demon glanced up.

"I don't get it..."

"Get what?" The beast glared right at Adam's left eye.

"Nothing....."

\_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ hours passed.

"Ok, guys..." The demon spoke into the bullhorn. "Were a little clogged up"

The crowd let out a moan of frustration. There were cries of outrage. "I've been standing here for the past

\_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ years!!!", " \_\_\_\_\_ Insult \_\_\_\_\_!", "The viet cong had more decency that this!"

The demon threw the bullhorn down and tried to settle the crowd down. "Hey...Hey....HEY....EVERYONE  
SHUT UP".

The masses fell silent.

"Want to hear a joke?"

There was an awkward period of silence before a single voice muttered "I guess". The demon blew a whistle and immediately a horde of them ran out of nowhere with Object plural and beat them into submission. At once they were all engulfed in flames, a giant pile of bodies with everyone trying to claw their way to the top. As soon as their skins burned away, God made their skins grow back, only to be burned off again and again.

Mike awoke screaming at the top of his lungs, clutching the sheets like a lifeline. "Geeze", a Male or Female voice whispered next to him, "Go back to sleep." Mike closed his eyes in meditation and breathed slowly, sinking back under the covers. Reassuring himself over and over that everything was ok. It was all just a bad dream. He rolled over, smelled something Smell and again shrieked in absolute horror.

He was sleeping with a Animal.