

It was three in the afternoon when I started cooking my stew, devoting all my attention to my magnum opus. This is when I realized there were rotting, wretched, fowl insects zooming around my pristine kitchen. Contamination across the nation from the nazi flies. One landed on my hand and so took my free hand and slapped my contaminated hand. The fly flew away just in time so I ran to acquire the blade known to many as "fly swatter". "Swoosh" the blade hit a fly crashing into the ground with a large explosion. "Swing a ding dong" the rapier slit the disease ridden monster and its carcass was swept away by bounty the quicker picker upper. The last standing fly took hold of my heart and drew me in with its luscious 6,000 eyes. (Just joking) I murdered the beast! All the fighting was over but my stew had burned over. I fell to my knees with tears rolling down my blood ridden face. I became the lord of the flies but at what cost.