

Bailey Blvd.

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This is a random short fiction I wrote randomly for no reason whatsoever.

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1 - Bailey Blvd.

Once there was a farmer named Jack Hareypitter-patter.

Jack owned a wheat farm... It was located in the most dangerous of dangerous, creepy of creepy locations.

It was..... South of Bailey Blvd.

Bailey Blvd. was known to have statues of frog monsters munching on potato-hoppers while swinging in the breeze of the spiders' legs. The people who witness this, never witness anything ever again.

So... There was this patch of very fine soil, located just south of Bailey.

There was also this man named Jack who happened to have natural traits of farmerness from a past relative, and the experience somehow still sparks in his blood.

Jack was a poor bum who decided to play the role of "The Lizard" in the show "The Lizard". "The Lizard" is the sequel to "Dino Munchers From Outer Town" and the prequal to "The Bunny Slurping Monkey Bash". Since this is quite a popular film, he got enough money to, say, buy a patch of fine soil...

He heard the news of the fantastic soil, just south of Bailey.

Poor old Jack never heard of the tales of Bailey, but soon enough, the statues will make him jump in a pit of hot water and boil him until he asks for cookie-sauce, which the frog munching statue breeze-catchers seem to enjoy, but don't got a pet gizzmo in their Back Fence V.2.

Jack went into the house of monkey-splots and signed an application to buy the land.

Right away, all of the monkey splotters in the house of monkey splots agreed to sign the deed, and give him the land.

As Jack walked away, they all laughed.

He didn't know why... "Oh-hohoho! What a sucker! I've eaten luckier french fries in a pack of pudding salad!". Jack didn't know what was so wrong about the soil of Bailey.

He drove down the street of Upper-Downer Ville and found "Bailey Blvd."

Bailey looked like a creepy place to him... The rest of the town was happy, and the inhabitants had flowers growing out of their asses, and the houses were pink. But this street, however...

Their were NO inhabitants... The street was as dark as space....

As he walked down Bailey, he noticed the flower coming out of his @\$ was dying.

He started feeling weaker, and that he was about to collapse...

He was trapped...

He saw the soil. It was beautiful, it almost had flowers growing out of it, if it weren't for the lack of atmosphere.

He could make it...

He ran to the soil as fast as he could.

When he got there...

He saw these frogs come out of the ground. They were made of clay, and were about 7" 2'. They had feet that looked like crackers, and jaws that were drawn with wax-crayon by some 4 year old kid. They had fish pouring out of their back, continuously, making a sick gushing sound... They had fins on their foreheads, and smiles accross their chests... They had 2 eyes, placed vertically accross their face...

He was almost hypnotized by the hidious-ness of these creatures....

And then one of them randomly said...

"Cohore-limpy, koko-cocoa. Limpy-legs swimintheswam. Swampssmelllikecolours, Yodel-hairchops ofanIRish Gee-kolimpoh. E."

And shortly after that....

Another one spoke out...

"Jack... Jack? Jack... Jackjackjack... JACKYY.... Jackeh... Jackypoo... Jack be my dog...

JAAACCCKKKK!!!!!! Jackmyboy? Isit youuu? 'Tis you, rightness? My dear boy, dear son... MY SON...

My son... I AM YOUR... FATHER fish thing, please forgive me... Please.... I like to eat, spicy pike... Your lunch is on the counter... JAAACKCKK"

Then... There was a pause...

"F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-F-Father?"

"Yeah, what do you want?"

"It's you? But I thought you died in a terrible fishing accident..."

"Oh, I didn't die. I became a fish, son. It is in your blood. You were meant to be.... One of the fish-clay-things that roam the soil of Bailey..."

"It's not true! That's impossible!"

"Jack... I really am your... Father..."

"Fine dad, you win... I will be a clayrockfishypoo. But I thought that I was destined to be a farmer?"

"No, son. That is another Jack."

"Oh, daddy!" exclaimed Jack, about to hug whatever that thing was. "Err.. I would hug you, but you are a clay fishy-koo covoured in fish guts!"

"They don't stop spewing out of my back, son... It's what happens when you become... One Of Us.... One Of Us... One Of Us.... One Of Us..."

The fishyclaygolemspewinggutsies started chanting, and moving closer and closer to Jack in an intimidating way...

Jack was engulfed within a pile of clay, fish, and wax-crayon markings.

Jack lived the rest of his days writing novels about Bailey, and it's "tall tales", and selling them to town... And they never needed to waste 0.50\$ on a "No Trespassing" sign. Ever.

The end.