

# Dipsey Wanglipse

By DeReKrOx

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*This is about a man who is abused because of his odd name, and gets revenge.*

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# 1 - Dipsey Wanglipsey

Once upon a time, there was a person by the name of Dipsey Wanglipsey.

Dipsey was made fun of a lot, just because he had a homosexual name.

Dipseys father, Kumjizee Wanglipsey, owned a secret underground agency of ninjas.

Dipseys mother, Flora Packrim, worked at a flower shop.

One day, Dipsey was walking down the street to go to good ol' Jack's Shack o' Goods to fetch his good ol' mom a carton of milk to feed to the kittens.

As he was walking, a boy rode by on his bycicle and yelled to Dipsey "Hey where are you going, DipLips! Hahhahahaha! I'm so funny! OH MY GOD! It's unbelievable how funny I am. I can hardly believe it myself. Ohhh boyy..."

Dipsey was truely and utterly offended.

He kneeled down and spoke to a nearby blade of grass.

"Hey, mr. Bladeo'Grass... What would you do if the scrambled eggs were out of chances to roll the dice into the pool of the yolk man who lives under the belly of a half-eaten banana slice from last nights birthday bash?"

"Why, that's simple, Dipsey! I personally would ask for directions to the worlds nearest pot of oil flavoured goat monkeys with the same middle name as the rat who swallowed the tooth from that one soup I forgot to finish."

"Gee-whiz mr. Bladeo'Grass, you are very helpful!"

"Anytime a hopping mud puddle who mutters the word of yellow rocks, you can count on me."

"You're a pal!"

And off went Dipsey, slightly encouraged.

As he was gayfully skipping he tripped over a large stone that was on the ground. He landed on his face, against the pavement; practically tearing his face straight off of his body. About 4.2845 litres of blood per second were dispelling out of his face like a waterfall. Bones were showing from his elbows. He felt like he was dying.

He was shrieking in terror.

He was squirming around looking for anyone in sight to help him.

It was too painful.

So he just remembered what his father told him.

"Son, always remember... When desperate times come, such as your face being torn off, and definate death approaching, remember to use.... The whistle..."

Those words were always remembered, yet never understood.

But he understood now.

He tore his ear straight off of his body and put it infront of the first thing that resembled a mouth.

He blew as hard as he could.

It was a beautiful sound to hear.

It sounded like happy unicorns mating under a rainbow of equality and happiness as it rained fluffy kittens with no claws.

Within 0.000342 seconds, roughly twelve ninjas were in sight.

They rushed Dipsey to the underground headquarters.

When Dipsey awoke, he saw...

Himself.

In a mirror.

And he had a face.

He was surprised.

"I thought I was dead for sure. I guess those Lucky Charms really ARE lucky, eh dad?"

"They sure are, son. Now let's pack these camels and get back to eating our sandals in the heat of a half eyed jaguar flavoured monkey petting fence painter."

And so they packed.

The next time Dipsey saw that boy, he took a large stone off of the ground and threw it at him.

He flew off of his bike and rolled a couple hundred times, pounding his body off of the ground and his body flailing everywhere, as his bike lay broken in the middle of the road.

The boy landed in the middle of a very grainy highway, with alot of broken glass and rough stones.

Just then, about 32 cars consecutively nailed the boy, and sent him flying yet again.

His head pounded against a pole, and he was left unconscious on the ground, with half the body he started with. And the half he had left wasn't a pretty site, either.

Dipsey was never made fun of again.

The End.