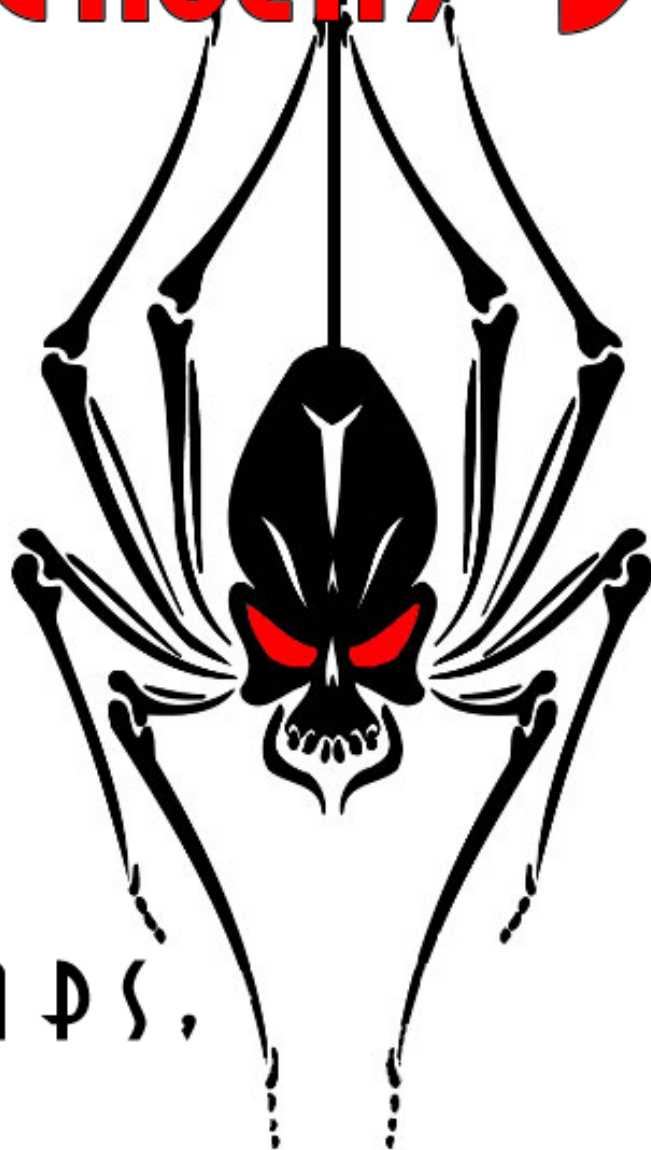


NICHOLAS DIAK



OH
CRAPS,
I'm
SHRUNK!

A WEEN WITHOUT MACDOUGLASS
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Oh Craps, I'm Shrunk!

A Week without MacGooglesfest

Serial Novel

Part 1

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O H C R A P S , I ' M S H R U N H !

PART 1: A WEEH WITHOUT MACGOOGLEFEST

Once upon a time, I dreamt I was a butterfly, flitting hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly ...suddenly I awoke... Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man

~ Zhuangzi



OH CRAPS, I'M SHUNK!

It hadn't been a very good summer to own a house painting company; there had been far too much rain for that. Good thing I didn't own a house painting company, nor cared too. And it also wasn't summer anymore, yet early October. Matt Fulton never owned a house painting company either. Nor did he own a single idea of what the heck the severed head of Colonel Sanders was doing getting all up in his face, screaming something about someone being *all dead!*

The screaming pounded in his head causing his brains to throb like an ill-tempered base drummer drumming his base drum. It thumped and throbbed so hard, and grew faster and faster, making him conclude that his head would pop open spraying crimson blood all around the room; all over the cold, wooden floor at any given moment.

As Matt raised his hand back he readying it to smack the silly straight off Colonel Sanders' face, he caught something in the corner of his eye. Glancing down, he discovered a midget climbing its way up his very unusually long leg with a knife in its mouth. The midget's panting breaths seemed to echo as if it was in one of those large, hollow factory buildings scaling its way up a thousand foot latter.

He's climbing pretty fast. Eh, should only take him a few more hours to reach my throat.

Bringing his attention back to Colonel Sanders, he realized it wasn't the Colonel at all. Nope, not at all. It was...well, it was....who was it? Shoot, its right on the tip of my tongue.... Hmmm. Maybe you can help me. Okay, he's got that mustache thing, and he's always yelling and pounding his fists about something stupid. I wish I could describe him better for you. Oh well, it doesn't really matter I suppose.

"Hey. Hey. Jerk face. Turn around." So Matt turned around to see a very annoying person, wearing a very annoying purple, plaid suit. "You know, it's not actually purple. It's, it's, well, it's more of a tile color, you know."

"Tile? What the heck is tile?" Matt reasoned.

"A color."

"No, I'm pretty sure it's not a color."

"Yes it is."

"Uh, nope."

"I'm pretty sure it is...well, I mean to say, I'm pretty sure it's not a color."

"No it's a color all right. Just not a purple color."

"I see. You know, you're pretty smart."

"Thank you! So you love my non-purple suit then?"

"Yes, I do. *Hey*, how did you get my purple suit on?"

"Dialogue confusion a la Bugs Bunny"

"Uh, gotcha."

A mass of water walked by and tipped his cap and drew his cane. "Hey, what's that water's name," Matt asked the nice gentle-

"There was a man," the mass of water begin-, "Humph! As I was saying, there was a man who built a house in the shape of a cube. All four walls pointed south. One day a bear walked by. What color was the bear?"

"Well, that's easy, it was white because he built the house at the North Pole and therefore it was a polar bear," the annoying purple person retorted.

"Wrong!" the mass of water quickly responded, "Matt, you care to give it a go?"

"Uh, well, I'd say it's a dumb question because if a bear, even a polar bear, ever tried to walk to the North Pole it would almost surely freeze before it could get there. So with that being said--"

"Wrong!" the water responded, "Wrong, wrong, wrong! Both of you are wrong, wrong, wrong! The bear was brown because it was a brown bear, because the man's ex-wife was still exasperated by his infidelity and decided to drop a bear on the man's new cube house using the helicopter she had recently inherited from her late great-uncle, Bahýl. The bear was a Marsican Brown Bear because she lived in near Abruzzo National Park in Italy. Come on, that's an easy--"

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever--"

"That's not what Einstein said. No sir, he said--"

"Wrong! Einstein was wrong! Einstein was WRONG!"

SCREAMING, SCREAMING IN MY BRAIN. GET OUT, GET

OUT!!! THEY ARE ALL DEAD!!!

No.No, I had no part. I played no part.

YES YOU DID, YES YOU DID!

I hate, no I hate, no I...why am I suddenly so itchy?

Why? Make it stop, oh please, make it stop!

I begin running. Running down the wooden path. Click, click, click my shoes click as they click across the wooden path. The wooden hallway. Where is it? I must find it. I must find the whatchamacallit. All along the wooden hallway, a plant begins to grow. It's a vine. It's a vine, and it's trying to grab me. "No!" I scream, "No, you won't win me! You won't win me, so don't even—" But it does win me. It grabs me around my foot and trips me. I stumble onto the wooden ground. "Why is this floor so wooden?" I ask the vine as it wraps itself around my legs, then my stomach making it hard to breathe. It then wraps itself around my chest and finally my throat making it really hard to breathe. "Oh no!" I try and scream as my wind pipe is cut off. "It's poison ivy! Leaves of three, let it be! Leaves of three, let it be!"

"Isn't that a Paul McCartney song?" someone asks.

I hear it beating into my ears. Into my brain. I see McCartney take his violin bass and smash it over the man in black's face.

"It's not black. He's not in black. He's in white. He wears white."

"The man in...what?"

Voices in a choir sing. They sing as I see a man with a white beard, and white-rimmed glasses slowly sliding down from a solid beam of silver-singing stratosphere. His eyes are warm behind the two plates of pane. Yet, cool all the same. "How doooooes he do it?"

"What is a googol?"

"You're back from your dig already—?"

"Yes, now come, child. There's little time. What is a googol?"

"Googol. Why, that's one googol."

"Correct. What else?"

"Ten to the one-hundredth power."

"The googolphest? That's a silly question. But aren't we jumping the...the...I mean, what about the googolplexplex, or the googolduplex, or the googolnongenaplex, or even the N-plex, or--"

"Yes, yes of course. But you're getting derailed. We have no time for all that. Now, please with must haste: what is the googolphest?"

"The googolphest is...well, it's the secret name for a one followed the amount of zeroes any given person could write if they were forced to write forever, commonly known as an etceteratillion. It is also an eight that's had far too much to drink, or rather maybe an eight that is strictly following the Sabbath. It is the amount of space that exists between any two given points, and also the number of rooms found in the Grand Hotel. It's equal to the amount of time it would take a monkey to type *The Comedy of Errors* if the "e" key was removed. It's how many nines must follow a period before it equals one. It is the place where you find yourself at either end of the real-number line. It remains the same value no matter what you add to it or subtract from it.

The googolphest is ten to the absolute-infinitieth power yet also ten to the absolute-infinitieth power to the power of ten, or just simply...*you*."

"There you go. You got it. Great work. I'm proud--"

WHO IS THAT MAN? WHO IS HE? HIS EYES! THEY LIE!

HE'S NOT...HE'S NOT...

Stop yelling, just please stop yelling! You'll scare him away; he can tell me where it is! Where the whatchamacallit is!

There's a tree trunk just up ahead. I must get to it. I must get help. Help, I need somebody. Help, not just anybody. Help, you know I need it! Where is it!!

YOU NEED HELP LIKE YOU NEED ANOTHER HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!

*No, you don't know me. You don't know me like they know me!
You...you wish you did, but you don't.*

YOU LITTLE UNGRATEFUL LITTLE PUKE. I WORK ALL BLEEPING DAY OUT IN THE BLEEPING HEAT AND SUN, SWEATING MY BLEEPING BLEEP OFF, AND THIS IS THE THANKS I GET? THIS IS THE BLEEPING, BLEEPING BLEEP THANKS I GET!!!

I'm just pretending.

OH YEAH? WELL YOUR FATHER'S GOING TO PRETEND TOO. YOUR FATHER'S GOING TO PRETEND HE'S GOT A BLEEPING REAL BLEEP FOR A SON THAT DOESN'T SIT AROUND ON HIS FAT BLEEPING BLEEP ALL DAY PLAYING WITH HIS SISTER'S BLEEPING DOLLS. HE'S GOING TO PRETEND HE'S GOT A BLEEPING SON THAT CAN CATCH A BLEEPING BASEBALL!! OH BLEEPING, BLEEPING BLEEP-BLEEP!!!!

There is a tree up there. I must get to it. I try running, but my feet won't move. They won't move a bleeping muscle. I look down at my left leg. The midget is still climbing. It doesn't seem to be making much progress for how fast it's climbing.
"Hmmm, maybe he'll get here near breakfast time tomorrow?"

"Hopefully after breakfast, it's flapjacks day."

"No, he will. He always does."

Matt glanced up and found himself right in front of the tree trunk, but he immediately regretted coming to the tree as it disembarked on a series of long winded, whiney complaints about how it is so sick and tired about being stuck in the same spot all day and all night. Sick and tired of people just coming by and hacking its limbs off to use as firewood like it was some sort of lumber store.

"Well, I'm not a lumber store, and if they think I am, well, they can kiss my skinny little--"

Sick of hearing all the trees whining, Matt pulls his Colt .45 from his ear and tells the tree to *shut the bleep up!*"

"Fine," said the tree.

"Okay, now listen to me. It's been a very long day. I know you know where it is, you little bleep. Where is it?"

The tree gave Matt a very blank and barky kind of stare. "The wha--"

"Where is it? Where is the whatchamacallit? Where is the whatchamacallit!"

"I think you have the wron--"

"It's not a tree trunk you know. I mean, it's not a real tree trunk," a rat dressed in a white tuxedo made from notebook paper said walking up beside him.

"Who are you?" Matt demanded point the gun in the rat's face. "Do you know where it is?"

"Whoa now, partner. Don't need to go around sticking guns up people's noses now do we? My name is Knee Hill, alright? Now like I was saying before, that's not a tree truck you were just talking to."

"Then what is it?" Matt asked.

"Look up, ya moron."

Matt looked up. Oh, how he looked up and *woe to him* as he looked up and saw not branches, but rather a hollow cliff a thousand miles up in the air, or rather a flat surface resting ever so calmly upon the very tip of the non-tree trunk. Following with his eyes, Matt slowly turned his head to the right and saw thousands of miles away the flat surface coming to rest on the tip of another non-tree trunk. Straining his eyes, he saw far off, straight ahead two more non-tree trunks holding up the flat surface with their tips.

"What is it?" Matt asked.

"It's a table, you moron. Haven't you ever seen a table before?"

"But how did it get up there?"

climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and finally I stop and look down and see my feet still planted firmly on the ground.

"That midget, he climbs faster than you," the paper tuxedoed rat said.

I see a face in the...in the...no, not a face. That's not a face. Oh my-, that's not a face! Red exoskeleton surrounds two empty, soulless eyes as they stare blankly at me. Its grimy pincers open and close as it salivates a gooey, foaming matter from the bush of thick hair protruding from a fang ridden hole in its not-face. The wet, globbing liquid dribbles out and splatters to the floor. "Hissssssss. Hisssssssssssssssssssssss," it says. I can't help but make at least a quick laugh at how silly the monster looks in that tan fedora. "What do you want?" I scream, but it makes no recognition of understanding. Ignorance and self-servingness looms in those black, glossy eyes. Oh, how I hate those eyes. It tilts its red face to one side, and begins to slowly walk sliding across the cold, wooden floor. "Get away from me, you...you...freak. You abomination!" It doesn't listen. There is no reasoning with those...eyes. "I'll kill you!" I say as I draw my gun and aim to fire. But it looms back as if ready to pounce. It hisses, "No, I'll kill you." As it lunges forward, the sound of a gun goes off.

"Was it my gun?"

GET OFF THE FLOOR. GET OFF THE FLOOR. YOU LAZY SACK OF BLEEP.

GET OUTSIDE AND START DIGGING YOUR HOLE-YOUR HOLES!

I don't dig holes anymore. He digs holes.

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE DOES. GET THE BLEEP OUTSIDE, BEFORE I

BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF AGAIN WITH MY SHOTGUN!!

Matt found himself in a room made completely out of dark. The only thing visible was a small fern sitting a few feet away from where he lay. He stood up bumping his head against an unseen ceiling.

"Bleep!" he cried.

"Crikey there, mate. Watch your head. We got ourselves a low ceiling is what he got here."

"Who said that?" Matt asked holding his cut, bleeding head spinning around searching the darkness.

"It's me, the fern."

"Ferns can't talk."

"Oh yesum, I can. Ah'm a special fern."

"No you're not. I see what you are now. You're poison. You're evil. Stay away from me. You won't win me again!" Matt turned to run, but the fern zipped out from its small flower pot like a vine, grabbing Matt from-

I fall flat on my face, breaking my nose. Blood spews from my nostrils and I choke up blood from my mouth as it tickles the back of my throat. "Stay off me!" I scream. The vine hisses, "You're mine now. You were always mine." "No, you're poison. Stay away!" But it doesn't listen. Ripping open my shirt, it rubs itself all over my body. "No. Please don't. No, no, no, no. Please." I'm being molested by a freakin' plant, I realize. I begin to grow increasingly...increasingly...OH NO, PLEASE NO. I'M SO...I'M SO...ITCHY!!! I go to begin a violent attack of scratches but my hands...my hands are missing! A sea of laughter explodes all around me from the three leaved branches.

White invaded the black space evaporating the fern to less than dust, and Matt was itchy no longer. He sees a young man, no older than 18 or 19, that says to him:

"Actually I'm 24. I look young for my age,' the young man says, 'I get that all the time.'

'Who are you?' Matt asks.

'I think the real question is: who is that standing next to you?'

Matt turns and discovers another young man; this one looks slightly older than the other and his face is painted with scraggly five o'clock shadow and a red-

This man Matt recognizes. This man he's seen...he's seen...well, he's seen him in that pit of bleep they call an office. But why was he there, Matt? Why? He doesn't belong there.

This man turns to Matt, his blue eyes glistening in the bright, white light, and its then that Matt knows it is true. He's knows now for sure. The rumors are all true. They are...all.....*dead*.

This man, still facing Matt, mouths the word, 'Run''

And run is what I do. I run. I run like all bleep is after me. I run over the cold, wooden tree-trunk they call a floor. Click, click, click. I run past the white light, then past the black light. I run into the green, and brown, and purple, and then finally the...red light. It flashes red over and over again. Everything seems to be pivoting to one side. It gives me motion sickness. I feel as if I might vomit. But I keep on running, and running, and running. I see the floating severed head of Colonel Sanders. I see the annoying man in the annoying non-purple, plaid suit, and the mass of water. I hear all the yelling, and all the bleeps, and then I see a man with a white beard, and white-rimmed glasses slowly sliding down from a solid beam of silver-singing stratosphere who's not dressed in black. I see all the zeroes, and the complaining tree that's not really a tree, and I see all his far-off brothers. I see the rat, named Knee Hill, dressed in the white tuxedo made from notebook paper. This time I realize words and numbers are scribbled all over the tux's paper. It looks like it says, "No sir, nihilism is not practical" with the "not" scribbled out in red ink. I see all the disembodied voices, all the Paul McCartney's and all their violin basses. I see the creature with the red exoskeleton with the soulless black eyes and its salivating non-mouth. And lastly, I see the young man and the other man in the red-

close for him to make a run for it. The sweet, sick smell of the arachnid's saliva running down its enormous shaped pincers swept through his nostrils making him gag. His eyes watched in horror as the monster leaned back ready to pounce. There was no escape; he was done for. Doing the last thing he could think of doing, he cried out in a panicky high pitched voice that resembled a certain cowardly lion for a certain movie, "Please, oh please don't eat me, Mr. Spider!"

With that, the spider stopped. It stopped as if the ugly thing couldn't believe that Matt had just spoke perfect English. Matt stood still not knowing what his next move should be.

The spider stood there for a moment then calmly replied in a very sharp British accent, "Eat you!? Why in bloody stars would I ever do such a despicable thing, old chap? You look lost, so I thought I might do the gentlemanly thing and ask you over for some mid-night tea."

Looking stupefied, Matt couldn't believe it. Was he going nuts or did the spider just ask him over for some tea? Looking deep into the jet-black eyes of the creature, he saw his own reflection. The spider had indeed asked him over for tea, which meant it was a spider with manners thus Matt did the only polite thing he could. "Oh, that would be lovely. What sort of tea do you have?" he asked.

The spider gave him a look of: what kind of question is that, and replied quickly blinking its multiple eyeballs all at various times, "Well, fly-blood tea, of course."

Giving the spider a friendly smile, he said, "That sounds lovely, let's go." And with that, they were off to the spider's web; two new best friends hand in hand - or I mean, hand in tarsal claw.

Even though the spider was being so nice to him, Matt knew better. It was obvious that it was only trying to lure Matt into a trap back at its home, and have him for its early breakfast.

But that's when he noticed something. The gigantic lights that sat burning high above like massive suns, caught a glimmer on the spider's back. Something that looked very much like a...a *zipper*! He couldn't believe it; the spider had a zipper on its back. Matt was getting pretty tired of all this insanity that was going around, and wanted to get to the bottom of things. So he grabbed the zipper and pulled, opening the spider's back, and out slid a very tall man in a very black suit.

Holy Moses, it was Abraham Lincoln, top hat and all. "Four score and seven years ago, my boy! What on Earth do you think you're doing!?"

This newest twist came as no surprise for Matt, he was getting used to all these strange occurrences. "No, I'm asking the questions around here! What's going on, Abe?"

Abe looked down like a little boy who just got caught with Playboys...maybe Playgirls, under his mattress. "Oh, alright, ya got me. I'm working on a top-secret project for the government."

"Top secret project for the government? I thought you were dead? Shot by Lee Harv- errr, I mean, John Wilkes Booth."

"No, I ducked."

"You ducked?"

"Yep, I ducked. History can be very misleading. But after that little episode, the government thought it would be better for them to freeze me for a better day."

"I'm so confused. How can this all be really happening? How can this all be happening...happening to me right here, right now!?" Matt asked no one in particular sitting down on the cold, wooden floor with his hand pressed against his sweaty forehead.

Sliding his eye lids down over his eyes with the hope that when they went back up again, he would be out of this nightmare. But when they did slide back up

he found nothing had changed. The horrific world was still the same. He could only sit there and wish for a better time that he hoped wasn't too far in the distant future.

"Matt, you're going to find that the moments in time that we share as humans are only a fraction of the bigger tale, as well as the people who live them," Abe retorted trying to sound philosophical but not pulling it off.

This was going nowhere, and none of it was making any sense, so Matt just shrugged it off.

Suddenly, the loudest explosion of noise jarred both Abe and Matt. Looking up to their horror they saw a thousand foot man stumbling around like he had just got kicked out of the Monkey Bar over on 54th street.

This giant wobbling man, acting like he was full of some forgotten 60's drug, soon crashed into a shelf that sat high above him. A large glass container fell and smashed over his head, as a white cottage cheese like substance smeared all over his face. Using one of his hands, he whipped the substance off and stumbled back towards their direction. They had no time to react. Matt shrilled a screechy little girly scream as he was covered by the shadow of a giant shoe print.

Luckily for Matt, right before the shoe print squashed his tiny body, the midget finally reached his throat and cut Matt's head clean off as red blood spewed all over the cold, wooden floor.



Hi, my name is Nicholas Diak, AKA Lumberjack Nick DieAxe. I

am a writer. I write things. Things that will cleave your mind of your intelligence, and cleave it with true intelligence. For more than 71 years I've been writing stories which might be odd to some because I'm only 28 years of age, but I guarantee that it's not odd in the least. My great, great, great, great grandfather was the real Count Dracula, but I wish he would have been Count Chocula because I like him way better. I worked as a freelance journalist and photographer for the Dayton Daily News for a while. Oh, and I've got one of those B.A. things from Wright State U. in English...not to brag or anything, but we all know what B.A. stands for.

A WEEK WITHOUT MACGOOGLESFEST

A Week without MacGooglefest begins here with "Oh Craps, I'm Shrunk!" The first story of the nine is very well the strangest. A man by the name of Matt Fulton finds himself caught in a bazaar world that could have been born in the nightmares of Lewis Carroll or Dr. Seuss; a world that is just as strange as it is familiar. "Oh Craps, I'm Shrunk!" promises to leave you both confused and begging for more...well, begging for an explanation actually.

There's been a break-in. The world renowned archeologist's, Dr. MacGooglefest, office has been vandalized and is now the possible sight of a John Doe homicide. But why, and by whom? There are many, possibly more important questions to be answered. Like, who is the Ant-Man, and is he responsible of the mystery corpus' death? Or why does the Crusty Cream Doughnuts seem to be as enslaving as crack cocaine? And just what the heck does that nasty old monkey's hand have to do with anything? Nine mind-blowing short stories come together to form a bigger more exasperating, complex tale that will keep you drooling for more. So sit back with some pineapple pizza in hand, and dim the lights low as you embark on one of the strangest journeys ever taken to discover the mystery behind what really happened that week Dr. MacGooglefest wasn't there to keep
e v e r y t h i n g u n d e r c o n t r o l .

The Mystery Unfolds In:

- #1 - *Oh Craps, I'm Shrunk!*
- #2 - *When a Man Gloves a Woman or What's Glove Got to Do with It?*
- #3 - *Zer0 ('Cause Doughnuts Sort'a Look Like Zeros)*

