

Working title:

Battle Arena Quixezjiden

-or-

Corruption of UltraSpace

-or-

Happy World of Pain

-or-

Licentious Old Man

-or-

Pine Goo Collide!

-or-

Amazing Searing Light

-or-

Captain

-or-

Legend of

(said with correct inflection so people think your going to say something else also, especially if you can look like you simply forgot what you were doing and became involved with something else.)

-or-

Hard Punch

-or-

The Forgivers (what!?)

-or-

Summoned Power of BBC?

Brian Schroeder

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An ox bellows...
A game in no acts.
Making little sense.
For the betterment of society?
Now...
BEGIN.

Summary :

Story:

There was a man named Don Quixote; he had immense, near-limitless power (we just have to assume this). On a warm, sunny day very likely, he was in the UltraSpace that he manifest (it's akin regular space, but distinctly more awesome) He was relaxing after a week of engaging in battle with all the other people with both a 'Q' and an 'X' in their last name for dominance of a universe. This was no ordinary battle because it was, from every conceivable aspect, an ordinary battle. In any case, he was just about to sit down for the newest episode of "Extreme Decrepit Industrial Complex Makeover +4 with Paul Harvey and Special Guests KISS!" when.....the power went out!

Mr. Quixote was FURIOUS, furious like the sun or a stampede of wildebeest (wildebeest would take the sun any day)! He attempted to contain his rage using ancient techniques, but ancient techniques were not powerful enough to contain his modern fury. His ire lashed out, like a lash and struck randomly with existence-erasing power. Minivans, slotted spoons (except in sterling), Crisco and/or simulated butter, velociraptor robots and Dick Cheney's presidential ambition (Carl Rove as a lash? Does this political humor work, or is it trite. What else could be good? I had the color maroon here earlier...but it just wasn't doing it for me any more, sort of like titles 1-5 (6-16 are up top))? all fell to his wrath!

People who had invested in minivans were quite angry, as could be expected. Given Mr. Quixote near-all-powerfulness, they expected to be reimbursed or to have their lack of a vehicle made up to them in some way. Don, on the other hand, was still quite tired from crafting UltraSpace and was not in the condition to create tens of millions of new vehicles. With things looking bleak, he packed up a flying sleeping bag (it can fly!) and a case of lemons and oranges (they are his favorite food) and headed deep into UltraSpace...

Suddenly, there was a new world...but mostly flat (to start at least).
Then there was an orange.
Then, shortly after that there was a lemon.
Someone or something decided that conflict should ensue.
So it did...