

# The Story of Little Igor

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*The tragic tale of little Igor and his pathetic love-life...*

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## 0 - The Tragic Tale

Little Elsa was sheepish and naive. She did not like to talk to boys, especially little Igor. Igor was a funny little buffoon with the personality of an exploding watermelon. Elsa thought Igor was a dolt, and Igor thought she was somewhat of a prude. One day when Igor was being pert towards his teachers, Elsa got up from her desk and slapped him bitterly.

“Why did you do that?” asked the teacher with a pleased smile for she was not angry at all—the teacher hated Igor and once had a dream when Igor died in a well. She simpered as she recalled the dream; Igor looked afraid. Elsa simply insinuated that she did not like Igor and the teacher seemed to understand completely.

“I’m sorry,” said Elsa. “I just can’t stand his annoying mannerisms.”

“I can’t either...,” the teacher whispered to herself as she recalled Igor’s many foibles. Igor returned to his seat and decided not to obtrude.

The ever-willful little Igor had not given up; he produced a rose and gave it to Elsa. She accepted the flower, dipped it in a vat of liquid nitrogen, and smashed it over his head. Later that day Igor, while strolling in the park, fell upon a pack ravenous wolves and did not make it out alive, much to the teacher’s and Elsa’s delight.