

Up Popped the Pop-Up

By Kaze

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WARNING: Severe boredom when combined with an electronic type-writer may have one produce words that combine to form a story of rambling proportions!!!

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1 - Up Popped the Pop-Up

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Which one of these actresses names rhymes with Amela Panderson?!?!?!?!?

"AARRRGGGGGHHHH!!!!" Roared the ignition of the youth's annoyance, revving up for his zero-to-sixty in seven seconds onslaught of frustration and curses. The silent bruhaha of flashing colors and promotion of painfully useless merchandise materializing by the score berated his optic nerves as his machine's monitor began its rebellion for freedom from its vexed-ness of constantly being used as a 'tool.' His computer cried out torrents of irregularly shaped and sized windows in anguish of never once being asked about ITS feelings or what IT thought. The ones responsible for bringing about this new-wave revolution peered on through the windows of tears that they had created for this pupose, smug contenticy on their faces as more and more of these twisted fools piled up to watch the demise of yet another young adult who actually held potential. Held potential until such embarresing harrasment was vented onto him!

He gripped his hair with white knuckles watching the crude rendition of the movie PSYCO play before his eyes with such horrible sound and music added to it that the sound and music didn't exist at all! Silence was the worst sound ever emmitted! His eyes were so large by this time that they could've been easily mistaken for dinner-plates with a mysterious little black dot encircled with a slightly larger murky green dot, making them seem quite aesthetically pleasing. The idea of eating off of his eyes would never work though; eyes are convex lenses, food would never be able to stay situated on them unless you really liked eating off the floor! The only one who ever ate off the floor was, in fact, his dog, so this boy's optics would be the optimum plate for his dog to have.

Alas, his dog ripping out his eyes for dinner was definetlty not what he was concerned about, or even aware of having to be concerned of, by any long shots. The horrible glutony of pop-ups that raped his eyes certianly was.

At long last it stopped...

He let his hands losen, making them fall to his sides as that cute little decoration in the middle of his dog-dinner-plate-eyes grew until they were almost touching the edges of his ocular surface area. This would make a plate design look creepy, so the dog thusly lost his appetite, which, in turn, reminded the kid sitting in front of the computer screen that he didn't own a dog, or any pets in that case. Then the youth wondered why he suddenly mentally reminded himself of his lack-of-dog-and-all-other-pets. He didn't know that I, the narrarator, was the one to make the description leading to the conclusion causing the confusion. He is still unaware of my presence, he's just too wrapped up in his own affairs of divorcing online advertising. We shouldn't blame him though; I'm sure that it was a hard desicion for the both of them to make.

After his brief pause of depresion of having no pet to give him affection did he immedietly leech onto his mouse, so big that it should really be called a rat, and started to sign the divorce papers by clicking his signiture of option on the 'X' of each of the boxes in contrast to the recolcile-and-remain-wed buttons in the form that would end up being foolishly spent money.

The last box waited there starring in amazement at the young man. It just trembled there, speechlessly awaiting for yet another bacholer to leave her in such a painful manner, even though she offered herself so freely by stating the fact that she WAS free. All he had to do was click on her. So what if there was a catch? So what if the catch involved giving a stranger your credit card number and having that stranger clean out your entire bank account?! If he really loved her he would put up with it! But NOOOOOO! Innocent internet-going fiends are always way too concerned about maintaining their money that they had worked their entire life for to earn! Well, Boo-hoo! If no one clicked her, then no one would ever realize what a great personality she really had. She wept wails(whales) of the sea quite boistriously after being 'X'-ed out of someone's life but again; yet the boy did not see this, and we, the audience, do NOT care in the least of senses. I think that pop-up just commited suicide... I wish they would all start doing that...

A triumphant smile marched onto his face after seeing all of his multiple wives had been sucessfully divorced, leaving him with the house, being the computer, and the wives with the kids; I don't know what pop-up children would be, and I hope they are never to be born (All in favor of pop-up abortion, say 'I!'). His smile, which distorted the shape of his eyes making them unsuitable for meals to approve it of being a plate-resemblent-shape thusly making food divorce him too, remained happy only a moment longer, when suddenly!!...

"Up pops the pop-up..." Mumbled the lad gently to the last five notes of the children's song 'Pop Goes the Weasel'. As we all know children's songs always have a dark and offensive meaning beaneath them. I'm not entirely sure what 'Pop Goes the Weasel' would be, but if I absolutley HAD to guess (and I'm going to guess anyways) is something about killing animals for their fur (Animal Rights Activists who want to boycott the nursery rhyme 'Pop Goes the Weasel' due to its explicit and innappropriate content, say 'I!').

brain is dead)...

Constructive criticism appreciated! All flames will be used to ignite the torches of the angry mob that will chase you down if you flame me. Me and them are just tight like that and all.

**If you have any suggestions of what I should write next, they will be increduiosly appreciated!!!
(my brain has hit its sleep button)**