

# THE ULTIMATE STORY: PART 2

**By Kotsuo**

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*The true story.*

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# 1 - One of One

## ***THE ULTIMATE STORY***

### ***PART 2***

***(fiction)***

My name is Jimmy, I'm 22 years old and a very unlucky fellow. One Monday morning I was walking to work when suddenly a skunk jumped out of the bushes. It looked like a normal skunk, except its front left leg was pure white. This skunk has it out for me, and it already sprayed me 42 times that week. It was an evil skunk that was half skunk and half Satan. It did what it always did. It turned around, lifted and used its tail as some sort of aimer, and fired. That's when I realized I had to leave. I needed to move away to some place the skunk could not follow. I decided to move to California.

I told Jacob (my friend) and Jiminy (my potato). Jacob was all for the idea, and Jiminy had an agreeing silence. So I got my donkey, Moe, and put a rifle, a fishing pole, a frying pan, a week of clothes, a box of ammunition, and two weeks worth of food on my spectacular steed. So we started our adventure late November.

Two days into the adventure, I asked Jiminy to keep a diary, but he complained he didn't have a pencil. So we scrapped getting famous. That night was a cold night, so we huddled together for warmth (except Jiminy, he said he wouldn't be caught dead that close to us). We survived the night and Jiminy caught a little cold. He said it was nothing so we continued walking.

Winter snuck up on us so we had to spend the night under a tree. Jiminy said he didn't need warmth again so we believed him. Jiminy is usually a very shy person, but during our adventure he's been talking too much. The next night we sought refuge in a cave. We heard growling noises but we just thought it was Jiminy's stomach. When we heard a roar we all but flew out of that cave. Unfortunately I lost my favorite pair of underwear to that monster.

Two weeks later Jiminy started looking rather pale. I told him we should get him warm but he just brushed me off. He's been rather pushy lately. Jacob thought it was the pressure. But the next day Jiminy stopped breathing. I checked his pulse but I didn't feel it. We ended up burying him next to a river. He would have wanted to die that way. We made him a grave that said: Here lies Jiminy, the best spud a friend could ever have. We hoped other people would see it so they could mourn for the little dickens.

Six months later we saw a road. There was a sign that pointed in the direction of San Francisco. Jacob stopped and said it was not too late to turn around. I asked why would we want to do that. He just

shrugged and said midgets lived in California. I said if we could handle what we just went through, we could handle a couple of munchkins. He shrugged again and we started walking up the road. We had finally arrived in San Francisco.

We asked someone where the nearest hotel was, and she pointed down the street. We went into the hotel and asked to have a room. He said we needed to pay one dollar. I reached in my britches to come up empty handed and realized Jiminy had our money. We walked outside and sat on the curb when something walked up to us. At first we thought it was Jiminy but we lifted our heads to find a skunk with one white leg aiming its rear at us.

THE END.....

I took forever to think up this story so I better get some good feedback. I made it for my US history class last year and its been in my memory stick waiting to be seen by the world.