**Brady Tickle**

Once upon a freaking time, there lived an ugly little man named Rumplestiltskin. Most of you readers are aware of his story, what with the gold, and the weaving, and—well, you know. However, I’m not here to tell his story; no, I’m here to tell you the story of his great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-greatly-great grandson, Rumplestiltskin IV, Ph. D.. Don’t ask me who would mate with Rumplestiltskin the first, I’m merely here as a storyteller….so shut up and stop asking stupid, irrelevant questions.

Anyway, once upon another freaking time, there lived an ugly little man named Rumplestiltskin IV, Ph. D.. By trade, this Rumplestiltskin was a plastic surgeon, and a very successful one at that. Indeed, Rumplestiltskin had used his professional abilities to turn many individuals into celebrities, including Katy Perry, Taylor Lautner, Ryan Gosling, Kate Upton, and of course, his most successful case, Zach Galifianakis. Yet even with all of this success, Rumplestiltskin was sad; he didn’t feel as if his work was actually contributing to society. Rather, he felt as if his work was making a society that was infinitely more vain and artificial than it had ever been in the past.

Over time, Rumplestiltskin had become disgusted with what he was doing, so he quit his work entirely and chose to live as a recluse in his large mansion. His brothers pitied him, and they couldn’t understand why he had decided upon this path; but then, they were products of society’s narcissism themselves. Rumplestiltskin’s older brother, Robert Downey Stiltskin, was a successful thespian, while his younger brother, Rumple-yo-stiltskin, was a famous rapper.

As years passed, Rumplestiltskin became more and more depressed, and Hollywood eventually came to accept ugly people. One day, however, misfortune came to Rumplestiltskin’s doorstep in the form of a young Ms. Kim Kardashian. Ms. Kardashian was by no means unappealing, but she was far too moronic to break into Hollywood based on talent alone. Therefore, she found it imperative that she be worked on by a plastic surgeon. Kim had learned of Rumplestiltskin through famous friends; none of them knew his name, but they did know where he lived. Kim had heard that he was the best plastic surgeon in the land, so when he initially denied her request, she stuck her slender foot in the door and begged him to make her “pretty.”

Seeing that Kim wouldn’t take no for an answer, Rumplestiltskin invited her in for a beer. While she got comfortable with a twelve-pack on his red couch, Rumplestiltskin walked upstairs and grabbed a magical, legally binding contract. Once he brought it back down to Kim, he explained that if she wanted to be made more physically attractive, she would have to sign over her first-born child. Immediately, Kim consented and signed the document. This drastic decision came as a shock to Rumplestiltskin, who had thought the harshness of the contract would dissuade Kim from this course of action; however, Rumplestiltskin was a man of his word.

Using his professionally professional pretty plastic producing prowess, Rumplestiltskin gave Kim bigger……well, uh……assets (or at least that’s what we’ll call them to spare the children reading this work of fiction).

With these new “assets,” Kim reinvigorated the superficiality of Hollywood. She became so successful, in fact, that she had reality shows about her reality shows. In addition, the impossible happened—she grew even dumber than she had previously been. Eventually (as is normal for many unintelligent individuals), Kim got knocked up by Kanye West and had a child. It should be noted that by this time, Rumplestiltskin had decided against actually taking the child—that is, until he heard that the baby girl had been named North West. At this point, Rumplestiltskin came to the realization that Kim was literally too stupid to have a child, so he went to save North.

Arriving at Kim’s doorstep, Rumplestiltskin was met with a bit of hesitation. Kim informed him that he would only be allowed to hold North and nothing more. North, who had been crying intensely, suddenly ceased her sobbing when Rumplestiltskin held her. Once he reluctantly gave her back to Kim, her passionate tears returned violently. Rumplestiltskin was on the verge of giving up once more—that is, until he glanced into the window of Kim’s mansion and saw Kanye teaching the baby how to hold a gun. With firm resolve, Rumplestiltskin decided to take the issue to court.

Unfortunately, once the issue reached the courtroom, it had already been highly publicized; the media had portrayed Kim as a poor mother at her wit’s end, while Rumplestiltskin was antagonized as the evil little man who was trying to “steal” her baby. It was clear to Rumplestiltskin that, in order to save North, he would have to prove to the court just how dumb Kim really was. In a desperate maneuver, his lawyer asked Kim if she could tell the court what Rumplestiltskin’s name was, as it had been in the news all of that week. Kim guessed “Jamar,” and then “Kevin,” both of which were incorrect. Rumplestiltskin’s lawyer informed Kim that she had one more guess. At this statement, Kim reached into her pocket, pulled out her $5,000,000 iPhone, and performed a Google search on plastic surgeons in Hollywood. She was then able to tell the judge, jury, and lawyers that it was Rumplestiltskin who was suing her.

Not only did Rumplestiltskin lose the case, but he was also counter-sued. He lost both his mansion and his dignity. For the rest of his life, Rumplestiltskin resided under a rock in the middle of Nowhere, Nebraska, and Kim became the second monkey in history to pilot a space-craft.

So what’s the moral of this story? Well, glad you asked, kiddies! It’s that pretty people always win without trying, and ugly people are bound to consistently lose. Always judge a book by its cover, and never look at silly things like “personality” or “goodness of heart.” Who needs that crap when you look good? #THEEND.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*Disclaimer: This is only a section of a larger story.

Noah woke up drowsily. He tried to move, but something was constraining his arms and legs firmly. Gradually, Noah realized that he was tied to an old bed in the mansion.

*What’s goin’ on*, he thought, beginning to panic. The more he struggled, the tighter the ropes around his wrists and ankles felt. He was sweating heavily now, and he started crying out for help. In response to his cries, all he heard was an overwhelming silence.

Suddenly, he heard something; it started out as a faint thumping from the hallway, but it steadily grew louder and louder, the successes between each thump getting shorter and shorter. Then, just as quickly as it had begun, the thumping stopped. Moments later, the door to the bedroom Noah was in creaked slowly open. Once it was completely open, Noah saw something he couldn’t fully comprehend.

In the doorway, there was what appeared to be the upper half of a human being, starting with the torso and supported off of the floor by the arms. The thing was dressed in the jacket and hat of a Confederate soldier.

“Howdy,” it said.

Noah passed out again.

“Mr. Moseby?” someone said, faintly. “Mr. Noah Moseby? Hello? Get up, man!”

At this demand, Noah opened his eyes. He realized that, unfortunately, he was still tied to the rustic bed, the coarse ropes now burning his ankles and wrists.

“Damn,” that same voice elicited, “you were out for a good 45 minutes—we don’t have much time. See, I was supposed to talk to you when I came in at 10:00, but I reckon that ain’t happenin’ now.”

Noah slowly turned his head to see who was talking with him. Sitting on a wooden chair at his bedside was the upper-half of a Confederate soldier. This half-soldier had a clean-shaven face, light blue eyes, and an incredibly pale complexion.

“Name’s Johnny, by the way,” it said calmly. “Johnny Darrow.”

“So you weren’t a side effect of the alcohol?” Noah asked, more to himself than to Johnny.

“Afraid not,” Johnny responded.

Noah began to scream, calling out for help and violently shaking the bed.

“There ain’t no need for that crap,” Johnny ensured. “Besides, no one can hear ya anyway, ya dumbass.”

Noah’s screams of terror began to subside. “What are you?” he asked in a state of frightened awe.

“I told ya—I’m Johnny Darrow. Now if you’re good and calmed down, I’ll cut ya loose from that there bed and tell ya just what in the hell’s goin’ on.”

Picking up a Bowie knife that had been lying on the bed, Johnny cut the ropes constricting Noah, allowing Noah to fully lie on the bed. Once he was free, Noah sat up and started untying the ropes from his wrists.

“Are you gonna eat me?” Noah asked.

“Why in the hell would I wanna do that?” Johnny snapped.

“You don’t want to make a deal with me for my soul?”

“What? No!”

“Well, you should know I’m a lawyer, and I can read the fine print.”

“Would ya shut yer mouth so I can tell ya what ya need to know?”

Upon saying this, Johnny’s under stomach stitching began to bleed profusely on both the wooden chair he was sitting in and the brown carpet below.

“What are you doing?” Noah asked in horror.

“Oh, don’t mind that, it happens when I get angry—and I get angry a lot when I’m dealin’ with idiots like you, so get used to it. Now listen, yer gonna be visited by two more ghosts tonight--”

“You’re a ghost?”

“Yes, and--”

“What are you gonna do, teach me about the meaning of Christmas or something?”

In a fit of rage, Johnny pushed forward with his arms and landed on the bed, making it squeak loudly.

“Listen,” he growled, “I’m only gonna say this once. You have a job to do. Now, in order to do that job, you need to know a little bit about this plantation’s history, okay?”

“Teach away, Stumpy,” Noah replied comically.

Johnny bit his clenched fist angrily. “I could have left ya tied to the bed,” he said, “but I didn’t. Don’t’ ask me why, because you really don’t seem like the kinda person we need right now.”

“What kind of person do you need?” Noah asked, somewhat hesitantly.

…