



JOE BIDEN CHRONICLES

WARNING

If you are thinking about reading this,
you should probably turn back right
about now, since it's extremely weird.
Extremely, extremely, extremely weird. I
don't even know why I waste my time
writing this to make it even weirder,
because I think it's reached its capacity of
weirdness, and it might explode if it
holds anymore. What am I even saying?
You've been warned.

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1: Little Joe Biden Builds a Spit House

Many, many, years ago, in a time better known by humans as the year 1984, a small child named Joe was born. Not Joseph Stalin, of course, for Joseph Stalin was dead long before the year 1984; the small child's name was Joe Biden IV.

There was no Joe Biden III, II, or I, so little Joe Biden was simply given the IV suffix so that he could be special. But he was not special, for he only ever did things that normal children do, like stumbling across the newly discovered ground, licking batteries, and becoming a serial arsonist.

He burnt down a large number of buildings, including the White House, multiple greenhouses, and Alcatraz. He did this with his own spit, using a method in which he extracted his saliva, bottled it, placed the delicious bottle inside of a building, and then set the bottle on fire. He did this for no reason whatsoever because he could simply ignite the building with no spit bottle like a regular arsonist, but little Joe Biden was a special toddler.

He enjoyed saliva to such an extent that he planned on hardening all of his spit and building a new house that he would use as an arson victim after inviting thousands of people to live there. This was an outlandish plan, for little Joe Biden was a stupid child, who did not know that most people would not jump at the idea of living in a house made of saliva.

But on June 4th, 1989, 5-year-old Joe Biden began spitting much more frequently because his desire to build a house made of his own mouth fluid had

grown significantly ever since he conceived the concept for the first time. For weeks and weeks, he spat into the same bottle, until it was full of spit. Now, at this point, any sane person would have taken the bottle and drank the contents as fast as possible, but tiny Joe Biden was not a sane child. He proceeded with his idea and filled 7 more bottles with spit over the next 9 months. Every day was a struggle, and by the time he was almost done with his 8th bottle, he had almost forgotten how to create saliva because he had done it so much and he was so tired of doing it at such a constant rate. (This logic does not make any sense whatsoever, but the brain of tiny toddler Joe Biden did not make much sense, so it is perfectly fitting.)

When he had finally finished filling his 8th spit bottle, he took all of his bottles to the Hardening Store in the city he lived in.

“Hello, I would like these 8 bottles hardened,” said little Joe Biden. He held up his 8 spit bottles for a moment and then placed them on the counter.

The man in charge of hardening the things that were brought into the store, Mickhard, examined each of the bottles, measuring them with a ruler and writing down things in a notebook, until finally, five minutes later, he broke his silence.

“That will be \$999.99, young child,” he said.

“I do not have \$999.99, are you insane?!” sputtered little Joe Biden.

“If you don’t have the money, your items cannot be hardened,” responded Mickhard.

“But I worked for months and months to get this spit. You can’t be telling me that I put in all that hard work for nothing,” murmured little Joe Biden.

“Yes, I am telling you that. Your work was for nothing, child. I hope this discourages you from doing anything with your life.”

“Mr. Mickhard, why are you saying these things? I would never say these horrible things to you.”

“I want money.”

Little Joe Biden did not have \$999.99. He did not have any money at all, since he was a small little child. But he desperately needed his bottles hardened. So he walked out of the store and slammed the door as loud as he could so that Mickhard could feel the weight of his actions. Little Joe Biden waddled down the street to the Softening Store instead, with low expectations. He swung the door open to see Rickhard, who was Mickhard’s twin brother.

“Hello, I would like 8 of my bottles hardened,” said little Joe Biden.

Rickhard was completely flabbergasted.

“Wh-bu-n-WHAT? Th-this is the SOFTENING Store. I thought you could read, little Joe Biden,” he stuttered.

“I was hoping that you could do what you do to soften things, but in reverse, so that my bottles would be hardened, and Mr. Mickhard won’t do it for me because he wants all of my money, and I don’t have money, and I know you soften things for free,” said little Joe Biden without taking a single breath. He was strange in this way. He did not need to breathe very much to survive, but he just ended up doing it anyway out of habit most times.

“Alright then,” Rickhard sighed, “let me see the 8 bottles.”

Little Joe Biden placed his 8 spit bottles on the counter, and Rickhard looked confused.

“Why would you want 8 ordinary water bottles soft-*hardened*, I mean?” asked Rickhard. “I hate hardening,” he muttered.

“They’re not just ordinary water bottles, Mr. Rickhard. They have my spit in them. I’ve been filling them for 9 months!” cheerfully announced little Joe Biden.

“WHAT?” exclaimed Rickhard, jumping out of his seat.

“Whatever do you mean, Mr. Rickhard?”

“I don’t want to go near those! Get them away!”

“But...but why?”

“THEY HAVE YOUR SPIT IN THEM!”

“What’s wrong with my spit, Mr. Rickhard?”

“I’M GOING TO GET NUMEROUS DISEASES FROM YOUR DISEASED SALIVA!!!”

Rickhard was completely hysterical now, tears rolling down his face as he screamed at little Joe Biden. He had the irrational fear that little Joe Biden was about to purposefully give him many diseases for no reason. This prompted something strange in his aging brain.

“ICH HASSE KINDER ICH HASSE KINDER ICH HASSE KINDER!!!” he had begun to shriek at the top of his lungs.

“Mr. Ri-” started little Joe Biden.

“GEH JETZT AUS MEINEN AUGEN, DU SCHLECHTES KIND!!!” Rickhard shouted at little Joe Biden.

Little Joe Biden was now very disturbed. Rickhard, one of his favorite people in the entire world, was now screaming things that sounded very offensive to him. He didn’t understand why he had been betrayed in this disgusting way.

He grimaced at Rickhard, who was still passionately screaming in German, and despondently trudged out of the Softening Store. As soon as little Joe Biden

was out of the store, Rickhard miraculously stopped screaming in German and sat at the desk, dazed and confused about the events that had just occurred.

But little Joe Biden did not notice Rickhard's transformation back into a civilized human being, because he was already halfway down the street away from the Softening Store. After 0.05 milliseconds of using his own eyes, he realized that he had come to a dead end in the street. He had found nobody who would harden his bottles for free and do so without speaking any German, and now his idea would never happen because nobody was willing to help him. Little Joe Biden was just about to turn around and go back home when he heard a voice calling to him.

“Little Joe Biden...”

The words drifted through the air and landed gracefully in little Joe Biden's eardrum. Little Joe Biden whipped around to face the direction that he heard the voice coming from. There was simply darkness, and little Joe Biden was staring into a deep forest.

“Little Joe Biden...come to the voices...” called the voice again.

Little Joe Biden was frightened. He thought he was hallucinating due to his immense disappointment of not being able to get his 8 spit bottles hardened. Then he heard it again.

“Little Joe Biden...your bottles will be hardened if you come to the voices...”

That did it for little Joe Biden. He forgot about being apprehensive about the voices, and he ran straight into the forest to find the voice calling him.

Deep in the forest was an extremely small creature that can be described as nothing other than a *gremlin* that went by the name “Gorbabobert”.

Gorbabobert had green, moist, scaly skin and three huge orange eyes and was unnaturally short, standing at about a foot and 4 inches tall.

Gorbabobert sat in the forest, carelessly observing the ochre sunset. It knew that someday, little Joe Biden would finally come to the forest, and Gorbabobert would finally be able to feast on him. It would be a dream come true.

Suddenly, Gorbabobert heard an extremely loud crashing sound and was knocked into the atmosphere with a scream.

Little Joe Biden was lost in the forest. It was now getting dark and he had no plausible method of getting out of the deep forest. He had just wanted to get his favorite 8 spit bottles hardened, but now he was going to die in the middle of the forest instead.

He dejectedly plopped down on the ground. He sat there for only a few minutes, but it felt like hours because of the pure stillness of the forest. Suddenly, he heard a wailing sound in the distance and then saw a tiny green dot flying across the air. Little Joe Biden got up and brushed the dirt off of himself. He began to run in the direction of the wailing green dot.

When little Joe Biden was about halfway to the spot at which he had heard the sound and saw the green dot flying in the air, he stopped abruptly. There was a strange shiver crawling down his spine for no apparent reason that he could see. He could hardly move because of the frigid feeling that was engulfing him. He mustered up the strength to look behind him, and he saw a giant lump of blackness that looked like either extra fluffy smoke or a depressing flavor of cotton candy. It was convulsing and shifting around in an unnatural way.

“LITTLE JOE BIDEN...” came a strange, almost alien-sounding voice. It

was coming from the mass of darkness, as it seemed to vibrate when the voice started.

Little Joe Biden was very uncomfortable now. This writhing mass of darkness was now speaking to him, and he wanted to run far away, but he felt as if he was glued to the spot. He was extremely nauseous and it felt like his soul was leaving his body.

“Come, Joseph...come and you will be freed...” begged the alien voice.

Little Joe Biden wanted to scream, he wanted to refuse to go with the darkness, but he had the irrational fear that the strange force inside of him would exterminate him if he did anything other than cooperate with the voice.

“I will be freed...” echoed little Joe Biden. It came out in a voice that little Joe Biden did not recognize, and it was like little Joe Biden had temporarily blacked out while saying it, because his head was completely jumbled afterward. But the strangest thing about this occurrence was that little Joe Biden was not trying to say this. He was trying to muster up the strength to scream “NO!”, but what came out instead was an echo of the shadow mass’ words.

“Indeed,” said the shadow mass, and then it began to engulf both little Joe Biden and the rest of the forest.

2: Little Joe Biden's Alien Encounter

"You know," said Rickhard, "there has only been one time before you in the entire history of me running this store that someone has asked me to harden something. That was only a few days ago, too..."

Rickhard eyed the green gremlin standing in front of him suspiciously. The gremlin did not say a word.

"There's something off about your color...do you need to throw up?" he asked, confused. Rickhard was an extremely old man who had too little functioning eyesight to be able to differentiate between a short green human and a gremlin.

"No." squeaked the gremlin.

"Why are you so green, then?" persisted Rickhard.

"I think you can tell, Rickhard. I am afflicted with a rare disease called Viridiosis. It makes me green, and eventually, I will become red, and then I will die," the gremlin lied casually.

Rickhard was silent for a moment while he examined the strange goop he had been handed by the gremlin and asked to harden.

"S-so..." the gremlin stammered, trying to segue to its real reason for coming to the Softening Store, "who was that other person who asked you to harden something?"

"I don't know," replied Rickhard absentmindedly.

YOU SENILE OLD IDIOT, the gremlin thought.

“But I do have the things that little child asked me to harden,” continued Rickhard, lifting the gremlin’s spirits immensely.

Rickhard turned backward, bent down, and began to rummage in a drawer that looked like it was ready to burst. He carelessly chucked unneeded items out in an almost cartoonish manner.

Eventually, he stopped and pulled out 8 identical bottles that contained a yellowish liquid. They did indeed seem multiple days old, but some of them seemed to be much older than others, as in some of the bottles, the yellowish liquid was much more yellow. Rickhard shuddered as he placed the bottles on the desk.

“I don’t care if this goes against numerous privacy laws, do whatever you want with these. These are disgusting,” said Rickhard.

The gremlin swiped the oldest bottle off of the table and searched it for anything that might indicate the owner. Once it looked at the bottom of the bottle, it discovered exactly what it was looking for. There, scrawled in red marker, all capital letters, and childish handwriting, was the name Joe W. Biden.

Trying not to act suspicious, the gremlin shook the bottle, and it disappeared into midair, leaving behind a drop of yellowish liquid. The gremlin glanced back at Rickhard, who had a puzzled expression on his face.

“Have fun hardening,” said the gremlin, and with that, it ran out of the Softening Store, shook itself in an action almost like a shudder but more extreme, and disappeared just like the bottle had.

Little Joe Biden could not breathe. He felt as if he had been stuck in this

mass of darkness for his entire life, but in actuality, it had only been 3 days. Time slowed down when he was trapped in here, it seemed, and now he had accepted that the rest of his life would be spent here because it looked like it would.

But soon, he grew restless and tried to flail his limbs around to try to escape. He hyperventilated, but no air entered his lungs, only a strange musty taste and a smell so horrendous little Joe Biden thought he would pass out. But there was no sleep in this mass of unknown material, only permanent consciousness and permanent despair.

Suddenly, he heard a noise similar to the sound of air escaping from a punctured balloon. Slowly, it became easier for little Joe Biden to breathe, and the opacity of the mass of darkness that surrounded him decreased so that little Joe Biden could see the world for the first time in days.

Little Joe Biden was finally able to move his arms, so he reached up to his face and rubbed his eyes. His vision became more clear and he saw that he was in a room made of completely metal, with no windows at all. Spaced evenly along the walls were tall glass cylinders. Half of the cylinders contained a strange green goop with specks of orange and purple that moved around rapidly. The other half of the cylinders were filled with a clear liquid that contained numerous large eggs, some cracked, some not.

“What did you do to the Balloon?!” came an urgent high-pitched voice from across the room.

“It wasn’t me, it was Kollopet,” chimed in another one that sounded nearly the same as the first but slightly deeper.

“Kollopet’s still alive?” asked the first voice, clearly surprised. “I thought he never woke up from the Lifetube.”

Little Joe Biden squinted due to the length of the room and eventually could make out just who the speakers were. They were both identical tiny gremlins. Their skin was the same color of green as the dot that little Joe Biden had seen soaring through the sky and ran after. He had gotten captured by the strange cloud of fluffy smoke while looking for it.

“He’s looking at us,” murmured the second gremlin.

“No, he’s not,” retorted the first one.

“Use your eyes, Gorbabobert,”

“They were hurt after your little experiment, Bridsaugh.”

Little Joe Biden’s mind was racing. Could Gorbabobert be referring to a few days prior when he was propelled through the sky?

“Not that badly, I set it to the lowest level,” argued Bridsaugh.

“I don’t think you know how dangerous that thing is,” declared Gorbabobert.

Something next to little Joe Biden made a plopping sound. Little Joe Biden darted his eyes to where the sound came from, and there stood a tiny gremlin identical to the ones who were currently conversing.

“KOLLOPET!” screeched Gorbabobert.

“Look what you released,” said Bridsaugh in a disapproving tone, eyeing little Joe Biden.

How can they tell each other apart? pondered little Joe Biden.

“My Flaggoprag is Skriszling! That’s why I did it!” announced Kollopet, who had a voice even higher than Gorbabobert’s.

Little Joe Biden was incredibly confused. It sounded like Kollopet had just made up nonsense words and used them as an excuse for “releasing” little Joe

Biden from the “Balloon”, but the other gremlins seemed to know exactly what he meant.

“WHAT?!” hollered Bridesaugh.

“Calm down, of course it’s Skriszling when a Flaggopulator is standing right there in our presence,” explained Gorbabobert, “so that doesn’t excuse you from releasing him, Kollopet.”

“I didn’t know we’d Ballooned him!” cried Kollopet.

“Fine. Just come with us, I don’t want a Flaggopulator hearing all of this,” sighed Bridesaugh.

All three gremlins waddled into a hallway that little Joe Biden had not noticed and was out of his sight. He could hear the faint sound of them talking, but he couldn’t make out any words.

Suddenly, the strange whooshing sound from when he was let out of what he now knew to be called the Balloon started again, except it seemed to be in reverse. A dark material began clouding little Joe Biden’s vision, but little Joe Biden knew what to do. He jumped out of the way so that he wouldn’t be engulfed by the Balloon again. But horrifyingly, it only spread to wherever he went.

Little Joe Biden ran through the building and made his way down the hallway the gremlins had gone down, whilst screaming. Bridesaugh grabbed him and threw him against the wall, which dizzied him. He watched as the Balloon crept around the corner, and then mustered up the strength to keep going down the hallway.

“GET BACK HERE, FLAGGOPULATOR!” screamed Kollopet.

“I’M SKRISZLING!” exclaimed Gorbabobert and Bridesaugh in unison.

“See?” said Kollopet smugly.

“Shut up,” muttered Gorbabobert.

Little Joe Biden was nearly at the end of the hallway. He ran as fast as he could, but the Balloon was spreading throughout the hallway and part of it was now forming an appendage that looked just like a human arm. The arm tried to grab little Joe Biden, but he jumped out of the way.

Little Joe Biden found a door at the end of the hallway with purple light streaming out of it and jumped inside, slamming the door behind him and locking it. He could hear a haunting wailing sound from outside of the door, presumably from the Balloon.

Little Joe Biden caught his breath and examined the room. The second he looked at the creature, the glass of the test tube it was contained in shattered, releasing it.

3: Rickhard Gets A Lesson in Hardening

Rickhard stared at the goop, puzzled, even hours after he had been given it. He had no idea how to harden anything, much less this alien substance he had never heard of or seen before.

He cautiously scooped it into his hand and felt the substance spill through the cracks between his fingers and onto the floor. Strangely, the drops of goop fused back together into one glob of substance instead of staying in individual pieces on the floor. He dropped the rest of the goop and it became whole again. Amazingly, it bounced off of the floor and levitated all the way up back onto the table, where Rickhard gaped at it incredulously.

Rickhard looked over his shoulder at his world-renowned Softening Machine. It was a huge metal box painted red, white, and blue, for the flag of France, a country that Rickhard deeply admired. At the top was a protruding cylindrical object that looked similar to a chimney, which is why it was referred to as the Chimney by Rickhard. If an object was dropped inside of the Chimney, it would enter the Softening Machine's thick forest of wires and tubes that the object would travel through. Along the way, various strange smaller machines processed the object and softened it as best as they could. Finally, the object would take another trip through the Softening Machine's insides and be popped right out of the Chimney and onto Rickhard's table. All of this would happen in a span of 30 seconds.

Rickhard carefully picked up the goop and placed it into the Chimney. The Softening Machine groaned and grunted until the goop sprung back out of the Chimney. Astonishingly, however, the goop did not land back on Rickhard's table. Instead, it kept flying up until it splattered onto the ceiling, and once that happened, it fell back down onto the floor. Now Rickhard was angered: he groaned and tried to exterminate the goop by stepping on it and twisting his foot, but it was no use, as the goop simply stuck to his shoe and then slowly peeled off, dropping onto the floor again.

Rickhard slowly backed away from the goop on the floor, and then ran out of his Softening Store, the door slamming shut behind him as he exited. He ran down the street, past the Money Store, the Balloon Prevention Academy, and the Arson Material Store. He stopped abruptly at a building similar to the Softening Store, except the walls were not peeling, and the paint was not chipping. The building was clearly much younger.

Rickhard yanked open the door, stepped in, and let it fling shut behind him as he shifted his gaze to the owner of the store. His twin brother, Mickhard.

"Rick?" stuttered Mickhard.

"Don't call me Rick. It's Rickhard." snapped Rickhard.

"I called you Rick for our entire childhood, you can't expect me to start treating you like a stranger now, can you?" asked Mickhard, confused.

"You sure weren't worried about being 'strangers' when you-"

"Can't we just put that behind us already? It's been years, Rick."

"*Mick*, what you did is not something that we just put behind us. It may be the past, but it's the present, and the effects of what you did are still lingering. I believe I'm correct in saying that they will linger in the *future*, as well. Do you

understand?”

“Yes, I obviously understand, since every time you’ve seen me for half a decade you’ve lectured me about thi-”

“DON’T MAKE ME THE BAD GUY HERE, MICKHARD.”

“I HAD TO DO IT. I WAS SKRISZLING LIKE CRAZY AND-oops.”

“What did you just say?”

“Force of habit.”

“Are you serious right now, Mickhard?”

“Rick. I would not do what I did then today.”

“Oh, don’t even say that, because you just proved that you would.”

“I’d talked like that so much it just became engraved in my system. I slip up sometimes, but that doesn’t mean I don’t believe in all that crazy stuff.”

“Whatever, Mickhard.”

“Is that your form of accepting my apology?”

“If that’s what you’d like to think, then yes.”

Many, many years ago, Mickhard had done something so heinous and traitorous that most people in the village hated to speak about it. Rickhard had been rightfully horrified and had stopped speaking to his brother for months, and once they began speaking again, Rickhard exploded at him, and their relationship had been rocky ever since. Mickhard had always been the smarter and less senile of the two, but he had made the most horrible mistake a person could make at this time.

“Look, what did you even come here for?” asked Mickhard.

“I need you to assist me with something,” said Rickhard.

“Help, you mean? You’re asking *me*, the traitor, the scum, the-”

“I don’t care about what you did right now, we can talk about that later, it’s just beside the point. I need you to harden this.”

Rickhard pulled out a tiny piece of paper from his pocket, unfolded it, and laid it on the table.

Mickhard’s jaw dropped.

“I’ve seen that before,” he whispered.

“What?” said Rickhard.

“YOU NEED TO GET AWAY. THEY’RE GOING TO BALLOON YOU.”

“I told you, I don’t want you using their language.”

“THERE’S NO OTHER WORD TO DESCRIBE IT, GENIUS. THEY ARE GOING TO BALLOON YOU. RUN. RUN FAR AWAY. THAT STUFF IS BALLOON BLOOD. THERE MUST BE A DEAD ONE SOMEWHERE IN YOUR STORE.”

“No, no, this can’t be true...”

“I would know better than you.”

Rickhard glared at Mickhard.

“I’m sorry, but it’s true,” said Mickhard.

Suddenly, Mickhard and Rickhard heard a strange noise, a wail like that of a dying hamster, coming from the ceiling. They both looked up and saw a black fluffy substance slowly creeping out of a crack in the wooden ceiling. Both of them screamed at the same time, but only Mickhard knew what was really happening.

“GO!” he shrieked at Rickhard.

“NO, I-” protested Rickhard, but he was interrupted.

“I SAID GO!”

Rickhard flew out of the doors of the Hardening Store and ran across the street so he could watch what was happening. The black substance had spread onto the ceiling and completely blanketed it, and it was now growing two long appendages that resembled arms. At the end were abnormally large hands with long spindly fingers that Rickhard assumed were for grabbing and strangling innocent people. A huge ovoid structure was rapidly forming from the middle of the substance, and once it had fully grown, it began twisting back and forth, almost like it was looking around.

Rickhard tried to scream, but nothing came out. An entire creature made of some substance he had never seen before had just appeared out of thin air in the Hardening Store, and what happened next would prove to be one of the most traumatic events Rickhard would ever have to witness.

The monster detached itself from the roof of the Hardening Store, which somehow gave it equally gigantic legs, and then proceeded to open its horrifyingly large mouth and shove the entire Hardening Store into its mouth, breaking it down with its intimidatingly sharp teeth. At this point, Rickhard thought his brother had been devoured by the monster, but he noticed a humanoid shape falling from the monster's mouth.

It was Mickhard.

Rickhard ran to Mickhard to try to take him away from the monster and save him, but it seemed to be too late. Mickhard's eyes were closed, and it didn't sound like he was breathing. Nonetheless, Rickhard picked up Mickhard's apparently lifeless body and began to carry it down the street, running as fast as his old body allowed him to.

Mickhard's eyelids lifted.

"Brother..." he rasped.

"MICKHARD!" exclaimed Rickhard.

"I don't have much time left..." whispered Mickhard.

"No, no, no, you're going to stay alive...you're not going to die..."

"It's too late...my kidney...it's failing..."

"You can't possibly know that for sure."

"I do...the voices...they told me..."

Mickhard wheezed.

"Just remember what I always told you, Rick..." he said. But then he paused.

"What is it, what do you mean?" stammered Rickhard.

"S...s...s-strawberry milk is the best type of milk," gasped Mickhard.

Mickhard then slid his eyes shut for the final time and stopped breathing.

Rickhard looked behind him and saw the monster with its mouth wide open and getting bigger. He knew what he had to do to save himself.

He threw his brother's body on the ground and ran, but he heard the monster growling and looked back for a moment.

The monster did not eat Mickhard's body, but simply put one of its sharp teeth through his torso and stomped away, leaving the body in a horrible and disgusting state.

Rickhard couldn't bear to look for another second at Mickhard's body, so he simply ran in the other direction so he wouldn't suffer the same fate.

More strange material was spilling out of where the Hardening Store used to be, and people were coming out of their houses to see what was happening.

Children were wailing loudly and dogs were barking at the substance, which was now forming even more giant monsters.

People were being eaten by the monsters, and Rickhard watched in awe, wondering if he had somehow caused this. And technically, he had.

4: Little Joe Biden Meets Someone Unexpected

Rickhard spent the next few days in a shack in the middle of the woods, calling his relatives to report Mickhard's death. He used a peculiar wooden landline telephone attached to the shack's wall. Most of these were short and easy conversations, such as the one with his sister, Vickhard, and his son, Pickhard, but the one he was dreading the most was the one with his cousin, Nickhard, who was the mayor of the town that housed the Softening and Hardening stores. Nickhard would likely make a horrible rash decision that would affect everyone living in the town, such as burning the entire thing down, like the true arsonist that he was. But eventually, he mustered up the courage to inform him of the news. Worriedly, he called Nickhard.

"Hello?" came Nickhard's nasally voice.

"It's Rickhard," said Rickhard, "I have unfortunate news to tell you."

"Yes?" asked Nickhard in a confused voice.

"Mickhard has died."

"What do you mean? He's the same age as you, like sevent--oh."

A moment of silence followed.

"It had nothing to do with his age," said Rickhard.

"Okay then," said Nickhard quickly.

Rickhard was silent for another moment and then put the wooden telephone back on the wall of the shack.

Phew, he thought.

He trudged across the shack and looked out the small window that was present. He saw nothing but a field of trees, and he stood and watched the swaying of the tall grass for a few minutes, until he heard a creaking sound behind him.

He turned back and saw a brown cardboard box, like a package. It was huge, almost as big as Rickhard himself, and he hadn't noticed it before now. Confused, he ripped open the cardboard and was traumatized by what was inside.

Little Joe Biden screamed as an animal that looked like an oversized snake with tentacles latched onto his leg and sank in its teeth. Immediately, blood began seeping out of little Joe Biden's leg and spilling onto the metal floor. Interestingly, the blood seeped into the floor and disappeared unnaturally quickly, but little Joe Biden wasn't focused on that: he was trying to shake the snake octopus off of his leg. This wasn't working, however, because the animal was latched on too tight to come off that easily.

Little Joe Biden limped over to the wall, trying to ignore the excruciating pain that came with being bitten by the snake octopus and grabbed a hammer that was hanging on it. With all of his might, he slammed the hammer onto the snake octopus, a resounding *crack* audible as the hammer hit its skull. However, all this did was dent the head of the snake octopus, not making it bleed or knocking it off of little Joe Biden's leg. Little Joe Biden repeatedly smacked the creature with the hammer until it began to make an extremely loud and mournful sound that was low-pitched and seemed like some sort of siren. Its mouth slowly lifted off of little Joe Biden's leg, revealing the deep red moistness inside that was sure to be blood.

Little Joe Biden was now concerned, disgusted, and angry, all at once. He channeled all of these into striking the snake as hard as he could repeatedly with the hammer, squeezing his eyes shut as he could feel a substance spraying on him that was certainly some sort of lizard juice.

However, he noticed that when he tried to open his eyes, it wouldn't work, and when he closed them again, he saw nothing but a bright light. He tried opening his eyes once more, and found himself in a bright white padded cell, like something that would be inside of an asylum. He was wearing a straitjacket, and when he tried to walk, he tripped and fell on his face on the floor.

While he was trying to pull himself up with his tiny little toddler legs, a large sphere made of pure light formed directly in front of him. The light began forming into the shape of a human, sparks of fire shooting out of the being, and once it had taken its humanoid shape, the light disappeared, leaving only the human.

It was George Orwell.

Little Joe Biden gasped as he successfully pulled himself up, staring at the blank expression on George Orwell's motionless face. Suddenly, George Orwell jolted to life and began to speak in his quite goofy British accent.

"Joseph Waldo Bartleby Biden IV..."

Little Joe Biden gasped once more. The only people he could ever remember using his full name were his mother, who had disappeared under mysterious circumstances when little Joe Biden was a toddler, and his sister, Valerie Biden, who disliked him very much for no reason whatsoever.

"How...how do you know my name?" stammered little Joe Biden.

"Do you not recognize me, Joseph?" boomed George Orwell.

“No, I don’t. Well, I mean, yes, I do, you’re Geor-” started little Joe Biden.

“Do not address me as ‘George’, Joseph.”

“And why not? That’s your name.”

“My name is Eric Blair.”

“Well, George Orwell is your pen name, and everybody-”

“I was not finished. You will not address me as Eric either.”

“Well, then, what’s left?”

Little Joe Biden was beginning to get annoyed with George Orwell and his strange sense of superiority over little Joe Biden.

“You will address me as Father,” said George Orwell in a condescending tone.

“WHAT?!” shouted little Joe Biden.

“You see...I do not believe anybody has ever told you your real full name,” drawled George Orwell.

“Oh no...” exclaimed little Joe Biden.

“Joseph Waldo Bartleby Biden *Blair* IV is your name, my son,”

“NO! I REFUSE! MY FATHER WAS WALDO BIDEN!”

“Waldo Biden *Blair* was my brother. Your uncle, not your father. I’m sorry you had to find out this way, Joseph.”

“WHY?!?! WHY?!?!”

“Calm down, Joseph. We will meet again when you most need me. But right now, my time is almost up, so I have a gift for you.”

George Orwell’s left hand began to grow to twice the size of the average hand, and then it split into two separate hands. The one hand that was not attached to his arm then proceeded to morph into a hardcover copy of the book

1984. George Orwell then used telekinesis to fling the book into little Joe Biden's mouth.

"By owning this, you have unlocked the secrets of maturity. You are no longer little Joe Biden, for your period of childlike innocence has come to an end. Now you are simply Joe Biden. Goodbye, my child, until we meet again," said George Orwell sorrowfully.

Then George Orwell faded back into the shape of a human but colored by only bright white light, and then he shrank back into a sphere of light that melted into pure nothingness and was completely gone.

Joe Biden was too shocked to speak, and he was also just physically unable to since 1984 was in his mouth and he did not have access to his arms due to the straitjacket. He could somehow feel the adulthood brewing and steaming inside of him, and he knew he would never be *little* Joe Biden again.

He closed his eyes to get away from it all, but when he tried to open them again, he found he was unable to, just like what had happened when he was placed in the padded cell in the first place. His closed eyes saw nothing but whiteness, and he opened his eyes once more to find himself back in the room where he had fought the vicious snake octopus.

Joe Biden was no longer wearing a straitjacket, so he moved his arms around to get used to harboring the ability to do that again. Strangely enough, 1984 was no longer in his mouth, but he didn't care too much about that, as it was written by a man who had been so cowardly to never appear in his life even when being his father. Joe Biden prepared himself to get bitten by the creature again, but he looked around and saw no snake octopus. He looked down at where the snake octopus was when he was battering it with the hammer, and he only saw a puddle

of greenish water.

He knelt down and scooped up the greenish water in his hands. Strangely, the liquid started to form into a solid rectangular object and change colors, and once it was done, Joe Biden was completely bamboozled at what it had turned into and how it had done it.

A copy of *1984* was in Joe Biden's hands.

5: Joe Biden Makes A Grand Escape

2 months before the events of Chapter 1

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Or rather 1 P.M., because this is America, and we don't use the fancy gross 24-hour clock. Actually, nevermind, because the line in *1984* wasn't referring to the 24-hour clock, it was supposed to signify tha-I'm getting sidetracked. Francis William "Frank" Biden, Joe Biden's younger brother, was walking along the mossy sidewalk, avoiding the large puddles of mud that were splattered on it.

He was on his way to the weekly Council of Saliva meeting that was taking place. As the youngest member, being only three years old, he felt a certain obligation to be at every single meeting of the Council, even if only two or three other people went. To put this into perspective, the Council of Saliva had over 500 members.

After walking for around 20 minutes, he finally arrived at a big gray brick building with letters sloppily painted on the front that read *Council of Saliva Headquarters*. It was barely legible due to the horrendous handwriting of whoever had written it on the building, so Frank Biden relied not on the writing that signified that was where the meetings took place, but instead simply on the memory of the exact building from going there every week for almost his entire short little life.

Shivering from the cold air around him, he stepped up to the door that was

more than twice his height and pulled it open with his tiny toddler hand, standing as tall as he could. The room smelled musty and not dissimilar to urine, and the carpet that covered the floor was a shade of brown that was almost nauseating to look at. There were puddles all over the floor which were likely made up of saliva, judging by the name of the Council. The walls and ceiling were painted in a slightly darker shade of brown that was reminiscent of feces. The air felt thick and polluted with some sort of gas, making Frank Biden uncomfortable.

The shades of paint in the building were normal, but the other things that were inside the headquarters were very unusual and unnerving. There were not usually any puddles of spit on the ground because the members of the Council of Saliva tended to be neat and tidy, the room did not usually smell as revolting as it did on this day, and the air had never felt this bizarre way before. It was all very concerning when coupled with the fact that Frank Biden could not see anybody else in the building when there was always at least one other person at the meetings: the Leader of the Council, Pickhard Ickhard II.

Pickhard II was the son of Rickhard Ickhard, another member of the Council, the nephew of another member, Mickhard Ickhard, and a distant relative of another member, Nickhard Ickhard. These people were collectively known as the Ickhards of the Council of Saliva, and their family was almost like a monarchy; they had great power over the people in the Council, and people in the Ickhard family were always chosen to be the Leaders. Before Pickhard II it was Rickhard, before him it was Mickhard, and before him it was Nickhard. Before Nickhard, it was Pickhard I, but he had died over a decade ago.

The thing that Frank Biden wanted the most was to overthrow the Ickhards, recruit his siblings to the Council of Saliva, and become the first Leader

of the Bidens of the Council of Saliva.

In the present time, or rather, not the present time, since this was 2 months before the “present time” of this story, Frank Biden was searching every room of the building in hopes of finding Pickhard, but he was nowhere to be found, and nobody else was there either. The air was gradually beginning to smell like smoke, so Frank Biden moved quicker to the Meeting Room in the back of the building.

Once he had gotten there, he saw a small envelope in the middle of the table that the Council usually sat at. Confused, he walked up to it, opened it, and unfolded the letter that was inside so that he could read it.

Dear anybody unfortunate enough to have come across this note,

You must evacuate the headquarters immediately. Yesterday, a bunch of people came to our headquarters and placed some sort of gas in it and extracted all of the saliva from our saliva buckets so that we cannot use it. They have also put some strange smelly blue items everywhere that do not taste very good at all, unfortunately.

All meetings have been suspended until at least June 4th, 1989: two months from now. Evacuate immediately and enjoy your two-month break.

-Pickhard Tickhard Ickhard II, Leader of the Council of Saliva

Frank Biden put down the note slowly and sniffed the air, which now smelled very strongly like smoke. He decided to pick the note back up and place it in his pocket so that he could show it to Rickhard, who he knew very well, and then he ran out of the room and down the hallway.

In the room that he first arrived in when he opened the door of the

headquarters was a huge blazing fire that was shooting out sparks and turning the ground beneath it into ashes. Frank Biden brought himself to a stop in an almost cartoonish way and examined the possible exits. He knew there was one in another room, but he didn't want to risk there being a fire in there too and him having to be cornered by two fires. However, the exit in the room he was facing right now had been completely engulfed in flames, so he turned around and ran through the hallway again to the room where he knew another exit was.

Once he arrived, his fears were confirmed: there was another fire in this room. But since the exit was a window, he knew there was a small chance of him being able to catapult himself over the fire and through the window to make it out.

He decided to try his idea. He stepped up on the table that was in the room but far away enough from the fire that he was not at risk of being burnt, and then stepped on the very edge of the table. He took a few deep breaths, prepared himself, and then jumped off the edge, concentrating as hard as he could.

He did not make it to the window.

The note from Pickhard was swallowed up by the fire, so Frank Biden had nothing to prove to Rickhard what happened today was real.

But something tells me he wouldn't have done much proving anyway because Frank Biden was also swallowed up by the fire on that bright cold day in April.

(Back to the present time. Or rather the time that the book was taking place in before this chapter, so not present time, but still.)

Joe Biden sat in the room pondering what he had just seen and done. He

had been mercilessly beating the snake octopus to death, and he had fainted in some strange way, and he was brought to a padded cell, and George Orwell had told him some of the most outrageous things possible.

Placing his new copy of *1984* into his pocket that was somehow big enough to hold it, he shifted his gaze to the door and pondered if he should exit the room or not. He remembered that he had been in this room in the first place to escape the Balloon, but it could be gone by now. Nonetheless, he decided not to take the chance that could result in an untimely death, and instead, he looked to the other side of the room, which consisted of a poster that read *Need more spit? Call the Council of Saliva's official Spit Hotline today!* It was written in red bold letters that pained the eyes to look at for more than a fraction of a second.

Following this was a phone number that Joe Biden could recite from memory due to his many orders of extra spit during the time in which he had been collecting bottles full of the delectable substance. Below the text and the number was an almost grotesquely detailed image of white, frothing, bubbly saliva pooled on unnaturally bright green grass. Joe Biden felt an irresistible urge to consume saliva now. He walked towards the poster abnormally quickly and forcefully tore the poster off of the wall, ripping it slightly, which was unfortunate.

Joe Biden was about to start devouring the poster like some sort of uncivilized maniac when he lifted his head up to the wall behind the poster and was shocked by the giant hole in the wall that was covered by the poster before. It was not a perfect shape that looked manmade; it had jagged edges with dirt and mud clumping around nearly everywhere, so it obviously was not intentionally carved into the wall. Joe Biden had no idea how it got there, but he didn't question it, since it seemed to be the easiest and safest way to get out of the room

at the moment. He lifted his tiny toddler body up into the large cavity with his arms, grunting, all while still holding onto the poster he had ripped off the wall, and then examined the setting he was now inside of.

The area was definitely some sort of tunnel, and it continued for as far as Joe Biden could see with no light visible at the end of his vision. In the area of the tunnel Joe Biden was standing in, it was possible to see his surroundings due to the light of the room it was adjacent to, but further down the tunnel, it was pitch black. The walls of the tunnel were muddy and moist, which he found out firsthand after trying to lean on it and getting a handful of filthy mud. Strangely, though, the ceiling was made of what looked like metal.

Joe Biden looked behind him to see if he was missing anything, and seeing nothing of importance left in the room, he began to walk through the tunnel. The landscape around him stayed the same as he traveled through it except for a few dents and depressions in the walls and ground. Interestingly, there were some sticks that looked similar to candles sticking out of the ceiling, but there was still no light because the candles had burned out.

After around an hour, Joe Biden, his only illumination being a highly old flashlight he found deep in his pocket, reached a strange area in the tunnel. A few feet in front of him was a metal wall, similar to the material that the ceiling seemed to be made out of. You may think that he had reached a dead end and walked down this tunnel for nothing, but directly in front of and below this wall was a hole in the ground just big enough for a human to slip into. It was irregularly shaped, much like the one that led to this tunnel in the first place, and was surrounded by a small circular wall of gray bricks that seemed to serve no purpose other than to alert people coming down the tunnel of the existence of this hole.

Looking around him and seeing no alternative, Joe Biden lifted himself onto the brick wall and then slipped into the hole, knowing that this could be his last second of life.

6: Joe Biden And Rickhard Meet Again

Darkness surrounded Joe Biden as he plummeted down the hole. He had dropped his flashlight when he stepped into it, so now he was in the middle of a world of only pitch black. He was falling fast, and he could feel the wind around him as he fell down a distance he was beginning to worry about the height of. He tried to extend his arm out all the way, but only after a very short distance he felt a brick wall, and the same applied to the other side of the cylindrical chasm, making for a very claustrophobic situation.

Suddenly, while Joe Biden was looking at the space above him, he felt an immense wave of pain wash over him as he was slammed into a rocky surface. He tumbled over his stomach and lay face down on the surface, which was rough and painful to lie on, almost paralyzed by his sudden impact.

Grunting, Joe Biden managed to lift himself off the ground, in very much pain and almost certainly bleeding somewhere. The rocky substance he had been laying on did indeed seem to be rocks, and they were a light shade of blue. He was now in some sort of cavern that had irregularly shaped walls and stalactites hanging from the ceiling, every surface covered with these peculiar blue rocks. The air surrounding him was frigid and icy winds blew into his face, forcing him to squint because of the air flying into his eyes. In front of him was an exquisitely and magnificently built entrance to a hallway made out of ice that somehow had candles hanging on it despite the frost. Joe Biden, who was beginning to get

worried, walked through the entrance and was relieved to find that it was a much shorter walk down this hallway. In fear of seeing what he was about to come across, he had looked at only his feet as he walked, in a despondent and hopeless way.

But now he was at the end, and he looked up to see a huge throne of almost medieval proportions made out of the same ice as the entrance, completely unoccupied. Heaps of what would look like gold but was instead a dark shade of blue sat on both armrests, shiny and enticing. In the middle of the throne sat a huge light blue crown speckled with jewels, with letters engraved in it that weren't English, or even part of the Latin alphabet, or *even* the Cyrillic alphabet.

Minutes passed with nothing interesting occurring, which made Joe Biden quite tired, so he decided to pull a stunt that he would end up regretting for the rest of his life. He lifted himself onto the throne, grabbed the crown, and placed it on his head. A feeling of luxury was immediately implanted into him, happiness rising simply by sitting in that spot, feeling important. He realized that wasn't something that had happened to him ever since the death of-

“□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□!” came a rumbling voice from down the hallway.

Joe Biden saw a huge, likely 12-foot-tall man running towards him, with royal-like clothing on and a scepter in one of his hands. Panic. This was probably the person who usually sat on the throne, the king.

“□□□□□□□□□□!!!” came the voice again.

The sounds that the king was making were like none that Joe Biden had ever heard before; they seemed ancient and hard to produce. He assumed this was probably the language that the letters engraved in the crown were in. THE

CROWN! That was probably why the king was so angry, thought Joe Biden.

He grabbed the crown off of his head and threw it at the king in an attempt to divert him, but this only made him angrier as the crown shattered on the ground, shiny material and gemstones flying everywhere.

"□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□W!" bellowed the king.

Joe Biden thought he had heard his surname somewhere in that thick forest of incomprehensible language, but there was no time. He catapulted himself over the throne and hid behind it, hoping the king was dense enough not to see him. But the king wasn't dense, and he turned his head around the throne and stared at Joe Biden in an uncanny, terrifying way, with his eyes bugging out and mouth in a full homicidal smile. Joe Biden closed his eyes and waited for it to all be over, and then he felt his head get smacked by something hard, and then there was darkness, and then there was nothing.

With all of his force, Rickhard threw the cardboard box across the shack so that he wouldn't have to look at the contents for one more second. The sound of bones crunching as the box landed made Rickhard shiver, but it was okay now, for Rickhard no longer had to look at the bones of Nickhard Ickhard, his cousin, the mayor of Saliville, and a former leader of the Council of Saliva.

Rickhard didn't know who had done it, why it had been done, or how the box got shipped to his exact location, but he could infer he was being watched, so he left the box in the corner of the shack and flew out of the door and through the tall, dark trees.

Instantly the sky seemed to darken as the thick forest hid the sun from Rickhard and made him feel much more fearful, a feeling of dread rising from his

stomach as he was submerged in darkness and the memory of Nickhard's bones flooded his mind. He thought that he was going to be next. Looking down at the grass, there was a strange black goopy spot on the ground that almost looked like it was made out of the material that had attacked the Hardening Store. Cautiously walking and staring down at the ground, Rickhard noticed even more splotches of this goo, getting less and less spaced apart and increasing in size. After just around 10 minutes of walking, he came across a giant puddle of this fluid that looked like an entire pond, something that could accommodate life, but it just seemed so unnatural. It was so deep and so thick that he couldn't even see his reflection in it. He curiously lifted one leg and placed it inside, expecting the fluid to splash.

He was wrong.

Almost like he had just stepped in quicksand, Rickhard's leg began to sink into the goo and slowly disappear beneath the surface, flinging him onto his back and dragging his entire body into the material. He dug his fingers into the grass behind him, hanging on as tight as he could, but the force that was pulling him into the fluid was unstoppable, and he just kept being dragged into this fluid. Panicking, he felt both of his legs slip under the surface, and his torso was halfway under. He tried again and hung onto the edge of the grass next to the goo for dear life, and that worked for a few seconds, but he felt an abrupt jerk and his torso dipped underneath the surface, which felt like a warm sticky slime. He could no longer control it: his arms and head fell underneath the surface of the fluid, and everything went black and excruciatingly hot.

Rickhard only had a few minutes of peace and quiet before he was freed from the hot, dark sensation. He was able to open his eyes, but he could hardly see because of all the goo that was still in his eyes, so he touched the surrounding area

with his hands, feeling the familiar texture of metal. He banged his fist against the floor and it made a loud clanging sound. He seemed to be in a very compact metal chamber. He reached up and rubbed the goop out of his eyes, and could see that the room was actually well-illuminated. It was exactly what he thought it was: a small metal room with absolutely nothing in it. He felt like he was moving downwards, similar to being in an elevator. A high-pitched humming sound was audible.

He began to notice that the metal on the wall behind him had a small crack in it and that if he kicked it as hard as he could, the crack would spread a little bit. Painfully, Rickhard aggressively kicked the crack in the wall and watched it get larger, spanning from the cold floor to the low ceiling. Finally, after an especially forceful blow from his leg, the metal of the wall completely shattered, almost like glass, leaving shards of the material on the ground and giving Rickhard a full view of what was outside the chamber.

He was right about the room being an elevator, as he could see the scenery outside the wall getting higher and higher as if he was sinking down. This scenery consisted of numerous hills and mountains caked in smooth, shiny snow, all surrounding a huge brick castle that looked like it could have come straight out of the Middle Ages. Unnaturally large animals that looked like birds but were massive hovered around the area ominously. As the elevator Rickhard was in lowered even more, the above-ground scenery was no longer visible, and he was instead faced with a wall of black soil. Further down, there was a sign attached to the dirt so that he could read it in the elevator, made out of a flimsy wood that seemed like it was rotting. The sign read □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□, a script that Rickhard had never seen before in his entire life, written in an overly

grandiloquent manner. After the sign was no longer in view of the missing wall of the elevator, Rickhard felt a strong jolt and the elevator was suddenly moving at an incredibly high speed down, the wind whooshing loudly as it descended.

Crash.

Joe Biden woke up to a peculiar bubbling sound and the sight of the whole world around him tinted green. Judging by the oddly warm feeling he had and the fact that the only movement he could perform was unnaturally sluggish, he seemed to be submerged in some sort of liquid, and he also seemed to be in a giant test tube that was likely big enough to fit five more Joe Bidens.

Outside the test tube was a metal room filled with even more giant test tubes that contained even more people. The only difference was that Joe Biden was awake, whereas the other people in the test tubes seemed to be dead or in a coma. These tubes lined the walls of the room, but in the center was a table with two things on it: a hammer and a syringe with a black, thick liquid in it that seemed to be the same material that the Balloon that had chased Joe Biden was made out of. Not being able to take being trapped in this fluid anymore, he, with all of his might, threw his arm through the glass, which shattered it, making an egregiously loud noise. He winced with pain as sharp shards of glass sliced deep into his arm, but he was finally able to step out of the test tube.

Green fluid burst everywhere and spilled all over the floor, prompting Joe Biden to be very careful not to slip and become even more injured than he already was from the glass shards. From there, he walked around the room, inspecting every person in every tube to see if there was a hint of consciousness or life in their bodies, but there didn't seem to be until he got to the second to the last tube.

Inside was an elderly man that Joe Biden almost didn't recognize until he looked closer.

The man in the test tube was Rickhard Ickhard, submerged in a deep slumber in a state of serenity that Joe Biden had never seen him in. Completely flabbergasted, he forcefully rapped on the glass with his hands until Rickhard slowly began to open his eyes.

Rickhard reached up to rub his eyes with his hands and noticed that it took a longer amount of time than usual to move, and this gradually led to his realization that he was submerged in some sort of fluid. Blinking multiple times, he looked at the world around him, which was tinted a green color like it was for Joe Biden, and then he looked down in front of him. His fragile elderly heart almost exploded as he saw Joe Biden, the child he had ruthlessly insulted not so long ago, standing in front of the test tube with an innocent toddler face.

Joe Biden had already forgiven Rickhard for the incident, because children are naïve and tend to forgive others easily, regardless of their actions. Rickhard, however, did not know this, so he sheepishly floated in the green fluid, still trying not to have a heart attack because of the surprise of seeing the tiny child standing there.

Joe Biden, with no hesitation, proceeded to take his leg and thrust it into the glass of the test tube, lodging numerous glass shards into it, but also breaking the glass, setting Rickhard free, who promptly fell on his face and into the massive puddle of green fluid that had escaped the test tube. Rickhard got up to his feet and absentmindedly stared into the distance.

"Hello, Mr. Rickhard," said Joe Biden brightly.

"Little Joe Bide-" started Rickhard, becoming focused.

“You don’t have to call me that anymore, Mr. Rickhard. My... father said that I’m not little anymore,” interrupted Joe Biden, who shuddered at calling the coward that was George Orwell his father.

“Your father or your... father?” said Rickhard.

“Wait...you know about...”

“I knew Waldo Biden,” Rickhard shifted uncomfortably, “or Waldo Blair,” he added in a low voice.

“MR. RICKHARD! WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME?” shouted Joe Biden.

“I made a promise.”

“AND YOU DIDN’T CONSULT ME?”

“How could I have consulted someone who wasn’t born yet?”

“I WASN-*WHAT?*?”

“Waldo and Mr. Blair, or as you may know him, George Orwell, knew each other, and when Mr. Blair had you, he didn’t have enough money to raise you, so he gave you to Waldo. But Mr. Blair was worried that you would think less of him, so he told Waldo to raise you with another surname so that you wouldn’t find out who your true father was. And so you were called Joe Biden instead of Joe Blair, and here you are. Waldo made everyone swear never to tell you, but I guess Mr. Blair did.”

“And why do you call him Mr. Blair? Just call him Eric. That’s his name. His filthy, disgusting name.”

“He was my Softening instructor when I first became a Softener. I’ve just grown accustomed to addressing him as Mr. Blair.”

“MY FATHER WAS A SOFTENER?”

“That’s what everybody did in those times.”

“In ‘those times?’ Isn’t he the same age as the man that I don’t retch at calling my father? Waldo?”

“Mr. Blair is six years older.”

“They still lived in the same ‘times’.”

“Mandatory Softening was abolished a year before Waldo was born, and Mr. Blair started when he was three years old.”

“Ugh. This is confusing.”

“I know.” A pause. “Listen, Joe Biden, I’m sorry for yelling at you like I did. You’re such a tiny child, that was rude of me.”

“You know, it’s also rude to call me a tiny child.”

“You’re five years old.”

“Five and one quarter.”

“Wh-you’re still five.”

Suddenly, out of absolutely nowhere, a television on the wall behind Rickhard and Joe Biden sprang to life without being turned on. The face of Mickhard, who was, keep in mind, dead, appeared on it, as lively as ever.

“Greetings!” he exclaimed in an almost robotic voice.

“MICKHARD!” shouted Rickhard incredulously

Rickhard stumbled back and almost fell on his face yet again at the sight of his deceased twin brother on the television.

“No need to be frightened, Richard!” said the robotic Mickhard voice again.

“*Richard?*” said Rickhard and Joe Biden in unison.

“Yep! That’s what my scrip— I mean, *brain* tells me your name is!” said

Mickhard.

“Script?” said Rickhard slowly.

“What’s that?” said Mickhard in his new oddly cheery voice.

“You’re not Mickhard...” mumbled Rickhard.

“Yes, I am, Richard!”

“MY NAME IS RICKHARD.”

“Could not compute. Restart commencing.”

Mickhard’s face froze and stayed that way for a solid 5 minutes while Rickhard and Joe Biden were engulfed in awkward silence until he suddenly burst back into life.

“Hi, Rickhard!” exclaimed Mickhard.

“Who really are you?!” demanded Rickhard.

“Your cousin, Mickhard Ickhard!” responded Mickhard inaccurately.

“MICKHARD WAS MY BROTHER.”

“Was? I’m alive!”

“MICKHARD IS DEAD AND YOU’RE NOT HIM.”

“Fine.”

The Mickhard imposter slowly peeled off his skin until he revealed his true identity, the king that Joe Biden had been knocked out by for stealing his throne. The king spoke with a strange accent that neither Rickhard nor Joe Biden could pin down to any region in the world that they knew of.

“My name is Socrates Biden III, the fourteenth king of Canada, the nation you are currently in. Yes, I know it’s a stupid name, and everybody who lives here is going to tell you that, because it really is a horrible name and I’m concerned for whoever chose it. Anyway, I am watching you through a telescreen right now,

something that may sound familiar from your acquaintance George Orwell's book *1984*. I tried to pose as your brother to get you to trust me, but I guess you're going to hear the cold, hard truth from a cold person. You are going to be trapped in our nation and experimented on until the day you die, and you will be part of our army for most of this experimentation. We intend to declare war on the pathetic place you lived before you came here, Saliville. Why, you ask? To overthrow the Council of Saliva. They have discriminated against immigrants from our beautiful land for too long, not giving them free saliva as they do to Salivillian natives. This will end with one of our nations dead, and it will not be the one you're standing in. Now enjoy your solitude here. Farewell."

The telescreen went dark, like it was before Mickhard had appeared. Rickhard and Joe Biden were dumbfounded.

"We can't just let them do this..." whispered Joe Biden.

"We're not going to," said Rickhard.

Rickhard pulled an unusually small yet highly sharp hammer out of his pocket and threw it with all of his might at the telescreen, leaving a huge crack in the middle where the hammer was now stuck.

Little did he know what that small action would do to the nation they were trapped in.

7: Genghis Khan Is Injured and Joe Biden Saves a Child's Life

On the morning of July 19th, 1989, masses of people lined the streets of a bustling city, most intensely shivering even with massive jackets on, just to see a glimpse of the gigantic telescreen sitting atop the tallest tower in the nation. Snowflakes fell from the sky, spinning blissfully and slowly, blanketing the ground in a pure white coating that could almost make a citizen of this civilization think that there was a glimmer of hope when there was not.

Old-fashioned automobiles that looked as if they had been created a century before rumbled through the piles of snow, and the people walking tried their best to avoid being struck by the cars.

This was a very special day, and it would be unfortunate to miss the event that was about to occur. It could even be a criminal offense, and nobody wanted to risk that. Even Frank Biden, who had been bedridden with severe burns for the past 2 and a half months, managed to garner the strength to be able to attend this ceremony. The government had made it very clear that the July 19th Telescreening was going to be one of the most glorious and cheerful events in the history of Canada.

By noon, the crowds in the city were becoming restless, as the largest telescreen in the country had decided not to turn on yet, even though the Telescreening was scheduled to begin at 11:30 AM. People threw soft objects like fruit at it to try to get it to switch on, but there was no use. It stayed blank and

Khan. (For the rest of this scene, all appearances of the Canadian language will be replaced with an English translation.)

The crowd roared in approval and desire to hear more from the khagan.

“This is the Canadian Forest. Yes, I know it has a stupid, uncreative, name, just like the nation itself. Oh, I’m getting sidetracked. I’m sure none of you have been here before, but this is where your king can revive people, simply by finding their bones. He found mine, and here I am now.” explained Genghis Khan.

The crowd began whispering to each other, likely about what Genghis Khan had just said and what King Socrates could be doing in that forest to revive people.

“SILENCE!” roared Genghis Khan.

Not a word from the crowd.

“I was revived to lead you all in the Canadian army against those filthy Salivillians that think they’re better than us and discriminate against our people, just because they speak another language and have different ideas. “Half of you will be selected randomly to join the military, and the other half will be selected to flee the nation. Socrates has it all under control. We will make them suffer for what they do to us.” said Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan suddenly began to jerk his entire body back and forth, almost like he was seizing, and then his eyes began to roll all around in their sockets vigorously. The entire crowd in front of the tower that the telescreen sat on watched as the khagan’s eyes literally began to liquidize and drip out of their sockets, causing Genghis Khan to scream wildly and run around like a beheaded chicken. After around two minutes of this, Genghis Khan dropped to the floor and the telescreen immediately went completely black.

Near the back of the crowd, three-year-old Frank Biden sat in full business attire watching the spectacle of people running around in front of the tower and being absolutely horrified. Somehow he was completely unaffected by what he had just witnessed, and he found it hilarious to see the reactions of other people who seemed to be traumatized by this experience.

Frank Biden reached his hand into a pocket of his pants and pulled out a small but hard tomato. With all of his toddler might, he lifted up the tomato and catapulted it at the telescreen, watching it careen through the air, rotating like a missile. He hadn't expected the tomato to hit the telescreen when he threw it, but miraculously, it did, and it emitted a loud splat as its red goop splattered in the center of the telescreen, grabbing the attention of most of the crowd.

Slowly, more members of the throng began to find objects of their own to loudly and boisterously hurl at the telescreen. Fruits like tomatoes and even some harder objects slammed against the surface of the telescreen, which began to crack it and even slightly push it towards the edge of the tower.

Scarily, people standing behind the tower began to fling objects at the back of the telescreen, and these objects happened to be even bigger than the ones that the people in front of it were throwing, which pushed it closer to the front edge of the tower. Even though more people were in the front of the tower than behind it, the telescreen was no match for the bricks and other heavy objects that the people behind it somehow had, and with one final blow from an entire wooden chair, the telescreen tipped over the front edge of the building it was sitting on.

The members of the horde that were standing directly under the tower let out ear-piercing shrieks as the gigantic telescreen tumbled through the air and directly onto the unlucky people who didn't run away from the site of impact in

time. The telescreen then shattered completely, huge chunks of metal and glass flying everywhere and landing on the ground even many feet away like sparks from an explosion. In the area where Frank Biden was sitting on the snowy ground, an enormous and sharp shard of glass landed, almost squishing him, but the toddler had just enough time to grab it and set it on the ground beside him.

Chaos unfolded in front of him. People ran around trying to save the people that were stuck under pieces of telescreen rubble, and some of the more confused members of the crowd were still throwing assorted objects in the air like they were when the telescreen was still intact and sitting atop the tower. Most people with more than half of a brain fled the site at this point, but the second they got more than a mile away from the area of the destruction, government officials stopped them and rounded them up, warning them not to tell anybody and taking them to an interrogation office.

Over the next few days, anybody who spoke about the incident was tracked down by the Canadian government due to microphones secretly installed in all clothes in every store in the nation and silenced by being placed in jail and hidden from society. Then their words would be covered up by a government statement saying it was all lies made up by renegades who wanted to turn loyal citizens against the government. But everyone was there at the Telescreening, and everybody knew the truth, no matter how hard attempts were made to cover it up. The government was starting to slowly collapse.

Rickhard slipped the tiny radio he had hidden in his shirt back where it was. He had heard enough.

It was July 21st. The radio had reported about the incident at the

Telescreening and the insanity of Genghis Khan and the arrest of Frank Biden, the first person to throw an object at the telescreen, which greatly upset Joe Biden, due to the two being brothers. And then the radio had gone silent for a few moments, and then there was the most horrendous screaming that prompted both of them to cover their ears until Rickhard put away the radio.

“This is literally 1984,” said Rickhard.

“What’s that?” asked Joe Biden.

“You know how your father wrote books?” responded Rickhard after a small pause.

“No...” said Joe Biden slowly. He apparently had forgotten about the fact that George Orwell had personally given him a copy of *1984*.

“Well, he did. He wrote one called *1984*, and it was about some crazy people doing crazy things. I think. I’ve never read it. I just blindly label everything that I have a mild dislike for redolent of it. Since that’s what most people do.”

“That’s cool.”

“It is.”

“So what do we do about this? I can’t take another torture session.”

“Our next one is in five minutes. If we’re going to do anything, we’re going to have to do it fast.”

“You know, there’s a window right behind you.”

“Are you suggesting that we climb out of it? That’s a little dangerous.”

“Nothing outside that window can be worse than what we have to undergo here.”

“You’re right.”

Rickhard walked over to the broken telescreen, reached as far up as he

could, and yanked the hammer out of the center of the screen. He blew on it to remove the tiny glass shards and walked over to the window. The window was a little bit higher than twice the height of Rickhard, so he had to throw the hammer to break the glass, but it was successful, and the window was now a good opening to climb out of.

“So how are we going to get out of it? It’s so high up...” asked Joe Biden.

“Why don’t you balance on my head? You could climb out of it, and it wouldn’t hurt my head, since you’re a short, light little child,” suggested Rickhard.

“Alright...” said Joe Biden suspiciously.

Rickhard then bent down and picked up Joe Biden, then walked over to the wall where the window was, making sure not to allow Joe Biden to tumble off of his head. Joe Biden then carefully raised himself onto the windowsill, where he intended to stay for a few seconds to see how high up the window was, but he accidentally tumbled out of the window as he climbed onto it.

“JOE BIDEN!” exclaimed Rickhard.

Rickhard heard Joe Biden scream behind the wall of the room he was now trapped in alone.

Outside, Joe Biden made an impact with the ground hard and fast. However, it was not that great of a height, and by now he was used to hitting the ground from high elevations, so he simply got up, dusted himself up, and examined the setting surrounding him. There were trees caked with snow in every direction, and the ground was also completely blanketed with the thick white material. The sky was pitch black, but there was somehow still enough light to see the world around him. He was about to try to climb back up the wall when he

heard a voice from far away.

“HELP!” came a mysterious voice, childlike enough to make Joe Biden assume this person was probably around Frank Biden’s age. It seemed to be coming from inside the forest. Joe Biden figured that he could probably go into the forest to investigate and then help Rickhard out of the building, so he walked towards the direction of the cry.

“SOMEBODY HELP!” came the child’s voice again, and it seemed closer, so Joe Biden kept walking in that direction.

After a few more minutes of walking, getting increasingly faster as the urgency of the situation dawned on Joe Biden, he came to a clearing in the forest that consisted of a small pond, a log sticking out of the pond, and the child who was screaming, whose leg was strangely twisted around the log.

“Who are you?” asked Joe Biden.

“DOES THAT REALLY MATTER? CAN’T YOU JUST HELP ME?” shouted the stuck child.

“I’m not going to help you if you don’t tell me who you are,” said Joe Biden stubbornly.

“MY NAME IS BARACK OBAMA! I LIVE HERE! AND I’M STUCK! AND IT HURTS! HELP!” screamed the child.

“Okay, I’ll help you,” said Joe Biden in a tone that seemed a little too calm considering how much pain Obama seemed to be in.

Joe Biden walked over to the log, reached into his pocket, and pulled out a tiny little pocket knife. He then began chopping away at the log, being careful not to accidentally slice Obama’s leg off.

It took nearly two hours, and the sky had changed to a lighter color by the

“What?”

“It’s really not that hard.”

“Why don’t you teach me, then?”

“Sure, where’s your house?”

“Not here, I just escaped from some sort of dungeon place.”

“You mean the Confiner?”

“A weird place with a bunch of test tubes and one of those weird telly-screen things.”

“Yeah, that’s the Confiner. What’d you to do get in there?”

“Well, I was in this cold and windy place, and there was this really fancy chair, like a throne. And there was this little crown on it, so I wore it, just for fun, and some big man came running at me, speaking your crazy language, and he whacked me with something. And then I woke up in that Confiner place with a Softener I kno-”

“What’s a Softener?”

“Someone who softens objects. You don’t have those in this place?”

“No. But continue.”

“I woke up in the Confiner place with a Softener that lived in Saliville. Also, the guy who smacked me and knocked me out was your king, I think. King Socrazie or something. And his last name was Biden, and so is mine. So, that’s weird.”

“Wait, are you Joseph Biden?”

“Yes...”

“You’re his nephew.”

“WHAT?”

“Yeah. That’s probably why he put you in the Confiner instead of sending you straight to execution for disrespecting his throne and his crown like that.”

“Ugh. This is literally 1984. So Orwellian.”

“What does that mean?”

“You don’t know what 1984 is?”

“No.”

“Well, I can’t blame you. I didn’t either until today. Ask Rickhard Ickhard.”

“YOU KNOW THE ICKHARDS TOO? THE WAR CRIMINALS?”

“The WHAT?”

“If you know where any Ickhards are, don’t tell Socrates. He’d execute every single one of them if he had the chance.”

“That doesn’t make sense...there was an Ickhard in the Confiner with me...”

“Hm.”

“I’m too tired for this. Can’t we just go to sleep?”

“It’s about to be morning, there’s no point.”

“There’s always a point. Don’t be pessimistic.”

And with that, Joe Biden dropped onto the ground and fell asleep immediately, almost as if he had fainted. Obama eventually fell asleep, too, after moving himself away from the pond so that he wouldn’t drown.

Far away from the forest, Rickhard was left waiting in the Confiner, wondering what had happened to Joe Biden.

8: Rickhard is Incarcerated

Joe Biden, who was curled up in a fetal position on the ground where he had fallen asleep, awoke to the painful and surprising feeling of his back being jabbed by something slightly sharp. The interruption of his slumber disquieted him, but he forced himself to peel open his eyes, still cloudy with hebetude, his head spinning, and find out who was doing this to him. He found that behind him stood Rickhard, with a snow-speckled stick, endlessly prodding Joe Biden with it in an effort to wake him up, which had worked.

“Hello,” said Rickhard casually, halting his poking and throwing the stick behind his shoulder.

“Woah...how’d you get out of that basement place?” asked Joe Biden, so unbelievably exhausted that he was noticeably slurring his words.

“Some tiny little kid came here a few minutes ago and brought a ladder with him,” explained Rickhard.

“The Obama child?” questioned Joe Biden.

“HEY!” came the voice of Obama in the distance, “I’M NOT THAT MUCH OF A CHILD!”

“Yes, you are,” said Joe Biden and Rickhard in unison.

“But yes, it was him,” confirmed Rickhard.

“How’d he get a ladder?” asked Joe Biden, who had woken up enough to engage in actual conversation and was now standing up.

“Do you even know where we are right now?” chimed in Obama, who had moved closer to Rickhard and Joe Biden.

“What?” said Joe Biden.

“Are you blind?!” exclaimed Obama incredulously, “there’s a huge log right there. I just cut it up with your knife and stuck it together with some bird droppings.”

“WHAT?” yelled Rickhard.

“You better be quiet, Ickhard man, or they’re going to find you and your brother, and then you know what’ll happen,” reprimanded Obama.

“My name is Rickhard, and my brother is dead,” muttered Rickhard.

“THEY GOT HIM? HOW? I THOUGHT HE WAS STILL IN SALIVILLE!”

“It wasn’t the Canadians. This gross black goop started spreading everywhere, and...ugh...it kind of punctured him and slimed everywhere and...ew... Mickhard’s gone. I think the city is probably completely demolished, too, judging by what was going on while I was gone.”

“A Balloon...it probably *was* the Canadians. Have you never seen a Balloon?”

“No...is that what it’s called? I know Mickhard was saying something about a Balloon when it was first spreading, but I thought it was just your weird Canada language. Such a stupid name.”

“Balloons are how we create life here, but it can also create death, as you’ve obviously seen. It’s the whole reason those traitorous Gremlin things exist, and it’s how we slaughter the ones we find. Sometimes they use it to their own advantage, though, in their little laboratories.”

“I might’ve seen some of those once. Are they little green things that all look the same?” announced Joe Biden.

“Yeah...where did you see them?” said Obama slowly.

“This metal room with a bunch of tubes that had some green stuff and some water with eggs. They kept calling me a fat gator or something and saying that I was making them start sizzling or something. And they kept trapping me in those Balloon things.” explained Joe Biden.

“Ah, their little Flaggoprags. Those are supposed to detect when someone dangerous is nearby, and for some weird reason, they call dangerous people Flaggopulators and when they’re detected they call it Skriszling,” responded Obama, “I don’t understand those Gremlins.”

“So where do they come from?” asked Joe Biden.

“A couple of hundred years ago here in Canada we discovered that if we blended the Balloon substance with some chemicals that you can find in this forest, it’ll turn green over time and start growing some specks of different colors within it. The specks eventually absorb the green substance and grow into eggs, which create life. This life at first was just little insect-like creatures, but after we tried different chemicals with the Balloon, we found out that we could make the Gremlins you saw in the laboratory. We used them for labor for decades until they revolted against us, destroyed a bunch of our buildings using arson, and fled to secluded areas outside of Saliville. They do experiments there and are trying to become strong enough to form their own country. But it’s probably never going to happen, since they’re not the most intelligent of species.”

“That’s kind of terrifying.”

“Not really. You could probably kill one by stepping on it. And like I said,

they're not smart enough to make anything that could really harm us."

"So...why were you in this forest in the first place when you got stuck yesterday?"

"Dodging the draft. I don't want to be part of the unlucky half of our population that has to fight against Saliville."

"They're actually doing it? Starting a war against us?"

"Yep. I was in the capital yesterday morning and I saw draft letters being handed out by government people, and they were coming my way, so I just ran as fast as I could into the forest, and stayed there all day."

"Ugh, it's so cold in this forest. I'm going to get out of here and try to find actual civilization."

"Not a good idea, you could get mistaken for a Canadian and be drafted."

"I don't really care at this point, can't I just say no?"

Obama's eyes widened.

"You *do not* want to say no," he said slowly.

Joe Biden shrugged his shoulders and began walking opposite the direction that he recalled walking in to get to this clearing in the first place. Rickhard followed suit behind him, but Obama hesitated, scratching his head.

"It's really not a good idea for the Ickhard man to go out there either...he'll definitely get seen by someone..." he drawled.

Joe Biden and Rickhard ignored him and continued walking out of the forest. Obama rolled his eyes and began to walk with them.

"This really is a horrible idea," he said.

"And I really don't care," retorted Joe Biden.

Frank Biden sat on the edge of a bridge in the capital of Canada feeling more alone than he ever had before. Ever since he had been injured by a fire in Saliville two months ago, nobody ever seemed to care about him or pay attention to him. Everyone around him had been too frightened of having to pay extensive medical bills, so he had been deserted. He never even sought treatment, he simply poured water and placed bandages on his face for two months until he didn't feel burnt anymore.

He had been told that his sister, Valerie Biden, was going to move to Canada today, but they never encountered each other, so he figured that she had gone missing just like his brother, Joe Biden. He had lost everybody that was vital to his life. He considered leaving Canada and living in the woods, but he would probably end up dead, and that would most likely be even worse than being alone.

It was afternoon. Shops scattered across the capital were beginning to open up, so foot traffic would soon be heavy, and Frank Biden would have to go back to his home to not get trampled. The snowy and frigid weather had been alleviating today, unlike the past few blistering weeks, so he was glad to be outside, but he didn't really have much to do.

Getting up from his seat on the edge of the bridge and taking a moment to admire the sparkling river underneath him, he walked off of the bridge, and into the main city. There were still not that many people, but some were beginning to emerge from their dwellings, as was required due to the recent start of the draft for the war against Saliville. The government mandated that you must spend at least three hours per day walking around in the city so that you could have a fair chance at being drafted. Because of this, Frank Biden, not wishing to fight against his own hometown, tried to make himself seem as small as possible and to blend in with

the crowd.

Looking towards the deep forest, he saw three figures emerging out of it, one looking suspiciously similar to his own brother, Joe Biden. Another one looked like Rickhard Ickhard, the prime Softener in Saliville, and the other one was someone Frank Biden had never seen before. This seemed odd, so Frank Biden began moving towards them to get a better look, and this time he was sure of it.

Joe Biden had come to Canada.

“Don’t stare or anything,” Joe Biden told Rickhard, “but I think that little child right there is my brother, Frank. You’ve met him.”

Rickhard promptly stared at Frank Biden.

“YOU IDIOT, I TOLD YOU NOT TO!” reprimanded Joe Biden, striking Rickhard on the head.

Frank Biden noticed and came walking over to Joe Biden, Rickhard, and Obama.

“Joe...it’s been so long...” murmured Frank Biden.

“Two months. And this whole time you’ve been here,” said Joe Biden.

“I thought you knew...” said Frank Biden, still speaking in an annoyingly incredulous tone.

“You didn’t tell me, how could I have known?” replied Joe Biden in a standoffish manner.

“Valerie, or the hospital people.”

“You know how much Valerie and I dislike each other. And the ‘hospital people’ didn’t care to tell me a word about your injury until a month after it happened, so I just thought you died.”

“You thought I died, and you didn’t do anything about it?”

“Correct.”

“Well, how’d you get here?”

“I was kind of abducted by aliens and t-”

“THEY’RE NOT ALIENS,” chimed in Obama quite loudly.

“Yeah, okay, I was abducted by little goo creatures, and then I locked myself in this weird room with a weird snake octopus thing and then I kind of passed out but I woke back up and tore a poster off the wall and climbed through a hole and fell down another hole and dropped into a room with a throne and I took a crown and wore it and sat there but a big man who is the king of this place got mad at me and he hit me and I ended up in a room with Rickhard and test tubes where Socrates talked to me through a telescreen and Rickhard broke the telescreen and then he helped me get out and I heard this Obama child screaming in the forest so I went in there and helped him get unstuck from a log and then I fell asleep and then I woke up and then me, Rickhard, and him left,” explained Joe Biden.

Joe Biden exhaled with tremendous force, his face a deep red from talking in such an accelerated manner without any pauses. He almost fell on the ground from lack of breath.

Suddenly, a loud and disturbing clomping sound became audible from deep inside the forest. Obama turned around first, with a velocity that made it very clear that he knew that something bad was about to happen. His eyes widened as he saw a stampede of giant boars emerging from the forest with people dressed in gray uniforms atop them.

“GO!!! RUN!!! RIGHT NOW!!!” he ordered Rickhard.

“What?! Why?!” stammered Rickhard.

“JUST GO!!!” hollered Obama and Frank Biden in unison, causing them to look at each other with an expression of mutual understanding.

“Come on, Rickhard,” said Joe Biden fearfully, tugging at Rickhard’s arm.

“No, I-” started Rickhard.

“THIS IS THE CANADIAN THOUGHT POLICE. YES, WE ARE AWARE THAT THIS COUNTRY HAS A STUPID NAME, AND WE’RE CONCERNED FOR WHOEVER CHOSE IT. ANYWAY, ALL FOUR OF YOU FELONS WILL RAISE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR RIGHT NOW, OR YOU WILL SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES,” commanded one of the people on boars through a painfully loud megaphone.

“NO! THIS IS JUST LIKE 1984!” countered Rickhard.

“NO!” shouted all three other ‘felons’ simultaneously.

“YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND!” wailed Obama.

“YOU’RE GOING TO DIE!” warned Frank Biden.

“LISTEN TO THEM!” pleaded Joe Biden.

“I TOLD YOU ALL THIS WOULD HAPPEN!” said Obama.

“YOU CAN’T SAY NO TO THEM!” said Frank Biden.

“RICKHARD, WE JUST NEED TO GO!” cried Joe Biden.

“NO! I REFUSE! THIS IS ORWELLIAN SILENCING! CAN’T YOU SEE?! THEY’RE LITERALLY CALLED THE THOUGHT POLICE! 1984! I WILL NOT STAND FOR THIS SILENCING, AND I WOULD RATHER SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL, THAN HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE ORWELLIAN *THOUGHT POLICE!*”

monologued Rickhard, while the three children were screaming over him pleas to get out as fast as possible, and the Thought Police and their boars were inching

closer.

It was absolute chaos, with four people shrieking over each other and one of them going on dramatic rants that were likely going to get him killed. During all of this, the boars were getting restless, and they were beginning to snort loudly and throw their riders off and onto the cold, ice-coated ground. The snowflakes falling through the sky and the beautiful glistening snow that was already on the ground produced horrifying irony when coupled with the agony of the four people who were about to be arrested. People walking around the city to fulfill their three hours were turning their heads to look at what was happening.

Frank Biden was close to bursting into tears due to both his minuscule age and his fear of the Thought Police that he developed when he first moved to Canada. When he had first come here from Saliville, he had been questioned for hours and hours about himself and his family and whether he had intentions that could be considered detrimental to the public image of the nation. The Thought Police had made sure that he never doubted the glory of the nation, or he would be exterminated, or forced to serve in the Canadian army. Whichever was worse, and it was hard to tell sometimes with the bloodiness of the conflicts that Canada was much too often involved in.

Rickhard, as he often did, had gotten the vain and egotistical idea that he was better than the whole army and everyone in Canada, so he now had decided to stand up to the authority, which he knew was going to get him killed, but he wanted to enjoy his moment of self-importance before his end. This may sound stupid, but from the very start when the Thought Police had introduced themselves, he had known that his time was up from what Mickhard had told him in the past, so he had decided to become some sort of what he thought was a hero

before it happened. He had a habit of overusing words like *Orwellian* and *silencing* in order to prove his point, which was a thing that most people did in Saliville, but it seemed unwelcome in Canada, the nation with the stupidest name and the scariest police.

“WE ARE GOING TO IGNORE CERTAIN SNIDE REMARKS FROM THAT OLD MAN FOR THE TIME BEING, BECAUSE WE NEED TO FIND RICKHARD ICKHARD. IF ONE OF YOU PESKY FELONS CAN TELL US WHERE RICKHARD ICKHARD IS, THEN THE REST OF YOU CAN GO FREE. BUT IF NONE OF YOU ASSIST US IN LOCATING HIM, YOU WILL ALL BE PLACED IN PRISON. THE PRISON THAT WE ARE CURRENTLY REPAIRING SINCE RICKHARD ICKHARD HAD THE AUDACITY TO BREAK THE TELESCEEN,” said the same Thought Police member who had just spoken, still with the megaphone.

Nobody spoke.

Rickhard knew what he had to do. Before he even opened his mouth, Joe Biden was trying to grab him to get him to stop, but it was no use.

“I’m Rickhard Ickhard, you’re looking for me,” he announced in a loud and strangely proud voice.

“RICKHARD! WHY?!” cried Joe Biden.

“Take care of yourself while I’m away, Joseph,” said Rickhard calmly.

“Rickhard, are you an idiot? DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE GRAVITY OF WHAT YOU JUST DID?” scolded Obama.

“THAT IS ALL WE NEEDED TO HEAR. I WOULD THANK YOU, BUT YOU ARE TOO MUCH OF A SCUMBAG TO DESERVE GRATITUDE FROM ANYBODY. COME ON, RICKHARD, WE’RE

GOING TO THE PRISON. IF YOU REFUSE TO FOLLOW US, YOU WILL BE COMPLETELY OBLITERATED RIGHT HERE AND NOW.” said the Thought Police member.

It was only then that Frank Biden noticed the badge on the Thought Police member’s uniform.

Thought Police Leader Valerie Biden.

9: The Bidens and Obama

Explore the Canadian Capital

Early in the dark and still morning of July 23rd, 1989, many members of the Thought Police and the Canadian Army were randomly selected to make the first entry into Saliville. They were all given the special Canadian breed of giant boars and a map that showed the distance between Saliville and Canada, and that was all. If they didn't bring their own weapons, then they simply didn't get any.

Leaving the military training center, the groups of people immediately realized that it was absolutely sweltering outside, a wild contrast from the past couple weeks, causing them to take off the heavy coats that were a part of their uniforms and leave them on the ground right outside of the door.

It was a silent journey but a fast one due to the Canadian boars' exceptional speed, unlike any species other than it. Traveling from Canada to Saliville likely would've taken eight hours on horseback, but it took 30 minutes with the boars. Around 4:30 AM on that fateful day, the first member of the Canadian military made an entrance into Saliville, followed by about three hundred more, boars roaring violently.

They stood atop a mountain that served as the border between Saliville and a mostly uninhabited area of fields between Saliville and Canada, meaning that they technically hadn't entered the city yet, but the calls of the boars were loud enough to wake up thousands of the citizens of Saliville, which was unlucky for the Canadians, since now there was a higher chance that they would defend

themselves. People began to exit their houses, drowsy and confused, to look at the masses of invaders on the mountain, which definitely woke them up, because they seemed to start moving a hundred times faster once they saw the Canadians.

Within 10 minutes, most of the town had seen the Canadians on the mountain, which caused most of the entire population to run away from the town and into the forest.

Seeing this, before any of the Canadians were prepared, the boars began galloping down the mountains, jerking forward the Canadians painfully, and soaring down into the main town. The screams of the children were haunting as the boars began head-butting into people and houses, then smacking them with their horns, destroying the houses and knocking the people out of consciousness.

Nobody was spared; if they couldn't get out of the city in time, they were attacked by a boar then placed in one of the huge bags that the Canadians were given for returning unconscious Salivillians to Canada for testing, execution, or recruitment in the military. Homes of thousands were completely annihilated, the materials they were made out of flying everywhere and smacking innocent children with not a clue what was going on. People that tried to fight back against the boars or even the Canadians themselves were beaten with clubs by the Thought Police then nudged into the forest by the boars.

The Canadians knew that they had secured their first victory over Saliville: the removal of all citizens and homes. And they also knew it wouldn't be their last victory, either.

The war had just started and there was already no hope.

Because nearly nobody had anticipated the first attack from Canada, there were no shelters or anything actually relevant in the actual city, so the best bet for the safety of the citizens was to hide in the most secret place they knew: the hidden World War 2 bunker under a river in the forest. Nobody who wasn't a native of Saliville knew about this place, so everyone, after intense discussion, figured that it would be the safest idea to hide there.

After they arrived at the river, one by one, the group allowed citizens, starting from the youngest and ending with the oldest, to jump into the river, in which they would sink down far enough to fall into a deep and slim hole that eventually led to a metal bunker with food and water, along with the world's most uncomfortable beds.

After the first few people submerged under the surface, though, they started to notice something was wrong. They were hearing unnerving sounds from deep below the ground that sounded scarily like screaming, painful screaming. The fears of the people above the water were confirmed when the fifth child, probably around nine years old, came back up to the top of the water, panting, soaking wet, and burnt everywhere on their body.

"The bunker...it's gone..." they wheezed, "down the hole is just fire...so much fire...so many bodies..."

With that, the child let out one last wheezy breath and sank below the surface of the water, stiff as can be. The citizens stopped sending people down into the water right at that moment, terrified by what had happened to the child. Over the next few minutes, a red substance that was almost certainly blood floated up from deep in the water and clouded the surface, nauseating numerous people, and then came the smoke.

Huge clouds of smoke billowed up from within the water and darkened the sky from the fire, prompting the citizens to cough wildly and scatter, running in all different directions away from the water. The smoke was starting to inflame the lungs of some people to such an extent that they collapsed next to the edge of the water, tumbling into the river and drifting down into the hole to a fiery end. People screamed seeing their relatives and friends just drop into their demise like this, totally forgetting about the nearby Canadians that could hear them and wipe them out by forcing them into the burning “bunker”.

The people that had more than half of a brain escaped right there, climbing over a log that had been placed as a bridge over the river and running in the same direction that they had gone to get to the water to hopefully find somewhere safe. Those determined to help the people who had fallen in stayed behind thinking of methods to assist them, but they hadn’t done much brainstorming when there was rustling in the thick green bushes behind them.

A heart-stopping roar echoed through the now silent forest as a boar burst through the trees and slammed into half of the people who had stayed back, either knocking them into the river or onto their backs on the ground, helpless and in pain. The unharmed half had a mutual understanding of what was to be done, and they ran over to the rabid animal and began pushing with all of their strength to try to get the great hog to tumble into the water.

Groaning and petrified, the crowd pushed so hard against the weight of the boar, and after exerting themselves to an almost Herculean extent, the boar emitted an ear-piercing shriek and was flung into the river, sinking into the depths and roaring for one final time as it fell into the hole that was supposed to lead to safety.

But these efforts were for nothing, because there was even louder rustling in the bushes behind the Salivillians, and three entire more boars came careening through, flashing their sharp teeth as they simultaneously screeched. They all slammed into the people who remained at once, who were facing the water, and...needless to say, there was nobody left at the river within five minutes.

The people who had escaped were the lucky ones, or maybe they just had common sense. After they had been running for a few hours, they came to a clearing in the forest, and found a little area of houses and cars that had been previously unknown to them. The sky was now a dull gray, heightening the sense of despondence in the people, but also making the little town they had found much more unappealing, seeming like danger was imminent.

They slowly trudged to each house and found nobody inside until they reached the very last one, a wooden shack with moss growing on the walls and the roof. A leader of the group swung open the thick door and was met with an angry-looking armed soldier.

“Canadian Thought Police Leader Valerie Biden, all of you need to come with me right now or die right here. You’re under arrest for evading the military and the Thought Police.”

July 22nd, 1989, a day before the invasion

Losing Rickhard to the Thought Police was hard enough, but knowing that it was his own sister that took him away was what was really killing Joe Biden. They’d grown up in the same house, the same town, just a few doors down from the Softening Store, yet Valerie Biden had shown no sympathy at all for a fellow native Salivillian.

Joe Biden, Frank Biden, and Obama had been left standing there, completely flabbergasted, after the incarceration of Rickhard, and they had no idea what they were to do now. Obama suggested going to the prison and helping Rickhard get out early, but both of the Bidens agreed that that was a bad idea. They finally decided on trying to spark a small protest in the capital in opposition to the Orwellianly strict government and Thought Police, so they split up and each went to a different area of the residential side of the Canadian capital.

Joe Biden went to the most dangerous area of the city, with the least government control and the most crime, so he knew to be careful as to not be kidnapped or killed while he was there. It was about a five minute walk to get from the center of the capital to this area, which required traversing over a long and unreliable wooden bridge over a huge, dark blue to an extent that it seemed black, muddy, extremely deep body of water.

Stopping to examine his reflection in the murky lake, he looked like an extremely disheveled child, as he hadn't gotten enough rest since the day he had gone to Mickhard and Rickhard about his spit bottles. In fact, the last time Joe Biden had had more than four hours of sleep was today before he had been woken up by Rickhard. Repulsed by his own appearance, he stopped looking down at the water and continued along the bridge, hearing it creak with every step he took.

Once he was almost at the end of the bridge, he stopped to look across the edge of the bridge once more, and this was the first time he really took in how amazing the nation he was in looked. Far away were gigantic snowy mountains that glistened in the sunlight and far behind even those were vast swaths of greenery, towering trees and the brightest and most lively grass that Joe Biden could ever have expected to be in such a wintry country. He could even see farm

animals like cows and even the giant police boars walking around peacefully in the fields, happier than any human citizen of this dictatorship would ever be.

Straining his vision, he could make out a few signs in a different language at the end of the area of greenery that he assumed to signify the Canadian border.

No matter how awful the government and the police were, this really was a beautiful place. If only there were better leaders, better law enforcement, better military, this could be a utopia.

Joe Biden sighed and turned around, only to immediately jump with surprise at seeing *an entire goat* behind him on the bridge. Just a few minutes earlier he had been the only one on the bridge, the only one in the general vicinity, and now there was a huge goat here, making strange sounds and stomping its feet on the bridge. This foot stomping and Joe Biden's jump did not make a good combination for the fragile old bridge.

Crack.

The wood that Joe Biden and the goat were standing on crumbled beneath their feet, causing them to scream and bleat in unison, which made quite the spectacle for those who were standing in the main city. As the bridge crashed down loudly, Joe Biden managed to catapult himself onto the icy ground that he was close to walking onto when he stopped to examine the scenery, but the same could not be said for the goat that had scared him into destroying the bridge. The goat mournfully bleated once more as it tumbled down into the water and made a huge *splash*, swimming around helplessly in circles before making its way across the lake to the main city, somehow surviving the impact from falling so far up in the sky.

Joe Biden now simply just kept walking down the slow decline in the height of the snowy ground carelessly until he arrived at his destination, the “A Third” of Canada, as it was officially named, but most citizens just called it the Dump because of its dilapidated state. There was no snow or grass here, only painful and sharp rock to walk on, sprinkled with ashes from the fires that often happened out of nowhere. The only wildlife that wasn’t humans were the vast quantities of crows that inhabited the Dump, making it seem like an even more sad and eerie place because of what crows typically represent. He had to walk in an unnatural way to not puncture his feet with the knife-sharp rocks below him, but he eventually found an area with a few muddy houses that looked like they could have people in them.

Maybe the Dump showed the true colors of Canada, instead of the beautiful landscape Joe Biden had seen so recently.

He knocked on the rotting door of the closest one to him.

“s that you, Mr. Mailman?! Got the Daily Thoughts?! Just throw ‘em in!” yelled a voice from inside the house.

Joe Biden was surprised to hear someone speaking English at all, albeit this person had a noticeable Canadian accent. Except this one was different from the one Socrates had; it seemed to be like a mixture between American Southern and British.

“No, I’m not a mailman, I’m here to ask if you’d want to join my protest?” responded Joe Biden.

“Protest ‘gainst what?! Those li’l □□□□□s who think they’an do wha’ever they please wi’this country?! If yeg, that’s a good protest, I reckon!” shouted the voice.

“Can I come in? I could explain better,” asked Joe Biden.

“Yeg!”

Yeg... thought Joe Biden. He wondered if that was some kind of Dump slang term for *yes*, since he had never heard it before.

He swung open the door and entered a house that smelled putrid, like cat urine, like *boar* urine. This place was cramped, with rotting wooden walls to match the door that surrounded Joe Biden claustrophobically despite his small size. Directly in front of him were sloppily carpeted stairs that seemed to lead down to some sort of basement.

“Just c’mon down them stairs!” yelled the voice.

Joe Biden cautiously crept down the stairs until he was in another wooden room, almost completely empty except for a Telescreen, a regular television, and a pile of newspapers. In the middle of these things sat a person in a rocking chair, facing the opposite direction, with a very disheveled appearance, even worse than Joe Biden. It looked like they hadn’t gone outside in years. Suddenly, the mysterious disheveled person hopped out of the chair to greet Joe Biden.

“Howdy! Nice t’meet you, li’l kid! I’m □□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□□□!” said the disheveled person.

“You’re *what?*” exclaimed Joe Biden, still unfamiliar with the Canadian language. He also did not understand that the pronunciation of his name was exactly the same in English as it was in Canadian, yet he still pressured □□□□□□□□ to attempt to translate his name.

“Ooh...lemme find one of them fancy translators in my stack...” responded □□□□□□□□, who seemed to understand that Joe Biden was an English speaker only.

□□□□□□□□ dug through the stack of newspapers intensely before pulling out a tiny gray box.

“□□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□□□□□,” said □□□□□□□□ clearly into the little box.

“Lažgorat Yankenhargeth,” came a robot voice out of the box.

“*Lažgorat?*” said Joe Biden incredulously, since he was also unfamiliar with Canadian names.

“You’an call me Larry if you aren’ fixin’ to say it!” said Lažgorat cheerfully.

“Right...so, *Larry*, my friend Rickhard was taken away by the Thought Police yesterday even though he hasn’t committed any crimes here, and I think that’s unfair, so I want to start a protest against the government in this place,” explained Joe Biden.

“Mmm...*this place*...where y’from, kid?” asked Lažgorat.

“Saliville, I lived there my whole life, and so has Rickhard, so he couldn’t have done anything against the law here.”

“Ah. Sally-ville. Them B and C Canadians just like hatin’ on ‘em for no real reason, I see why yer buddy got taken.”

“Suh-lie-ville. And it’s really weird, the police on their pigs just came running at us asking for the location of Rickhard Ickhard, and he gave himself up because he’s a good person. But they just came for him, for no reason.”

“Rickhard ICKHARD? RICK? Oh no, li’l kid, he’s not in’cent. In any way, shape, ‘r form. ‘S’good they got him locked up.”

“What? What did he do? He’s never been here,”

“Oh, yeg, he’s been ‘ere, all righ’. Was born right ‘ere in the A Third. The Dump. Whatever them kids ‘r callin’ it t’day. Was born ‘ere, ‘is twin was born ‘ere, ‘is sister was born ‘ere, and he had ‘is son ‘ere. Then one day after committin’ some war crimes he ‘cided he was too good for us, so he packed ‘is bags and ran yonder to Sally-ville.”

“He committed *war crimes*? What? What kind?”

“Can’t say. They’ll come for me too, for exposin’ national secrets, and lock me up right next to that an’mal. Guy had the audac’ty to blame ‘is brother, call ‘im a traitor, when ‘e wasn’t. Was all Rick’s doin’, yeg t’was.”

“I see...but I’m sure those Thought Police have arrested a bunch of innocent people, too, right?”

“Righ’ as a rat, y’are. They hate ev’ryone, ‘specially us A Canadians, or Dump’rs, as they like t’ call us. They ‘rrest us for doin’ nothin’, like sittin’ in front of our very own houses, ‘cause they think we’re gonna go crazy and run ‘round killin’ peoples. We’re not like that, I’m tellin’ ya. None’f us.”

“Then why is it so messed up here? Like, there’s no trees, or snow, or water, or anything, just rocks everywhere. How could you do this to your own town?”

“Ah, ‘s been like this for s’long, nobody’s bothered fixin’ it. It’s good how it is, no need repairin’ it. No need askin’ for other people t’repair it, either. We’re fine n’ dandy here without’ those rude Bs and Cs comin’ ‘round to yell at us.”

“So how old are you? And how many other people are here in this town?”

“I’m...ooh, lemme see...’bout 64, I’m thinkin’, since I rem’ber Rick was graduatin’ schoolin’ when I was ‘round six, and I’m thinkin’ he’s 76 now. There’s a few other people in the town, but they’re all kinda senile, and the people that

really lived ‘ere got out when them Thought Policers started messin’ with us for no reason.”

“Alright, so you’re with me on the protest?”

“Yeg.”

“Okay. Could you do me a favor and tell the other people in the town about it? I know you said they’re old, but it’s worth a shot, and I want to go see my brother now, since I think he’s in another residential third place thing.”

“Yeg, sure, li’l kid.”

“Thanks, Larry.”

Joe Biden turned around and went back up the stairs, through the door, and started making his way out of the Dump. Everything he had just learned about Rickhard and how he had supposedly wronged this country in such abhorrent ways that it was legal to speak about was shocking, but he couldn’t tell if it was just a result of the brainwashing from the Canadian government or not. He was also simply surprised with how well his interaction with a resident had gone.

Until he noticed an old man with a gleaming knife standing right behind him.

The B Third, as the government called it, was the definition of *basic*, Frank Biden had found. He didn’t love talking to people, and the people didn’t love talking, so it suited him perfectly. But when they did get to talking, the people were friendly to a regular level, and they lived in regular houses, and the temperature was regular, and everything was *regular* here. The catch was that nobody wanted to support Frank Biden’s cause. Everybody seemed to just be too

apathetic to care about being freed from the dictatorship they had been meaninglessly hegemonized by for so many years.

Frank Biden had been taking a hopeless stroll down another dreary street, sighing as he fiddled with his petition paper that nobody had signed, as he heard the rumble of what sounded like a large vehicle, perchance a truck, behind him. He turned around confusedly and saw the largest automobile he had ever seen in his entire life, painted a shade that looked to be a nauseating fuse of yellow and green. It didn't seem to have a windshield or even visible wheels, it all seemed like a huge metal brick that was strolling down the street at an alarming rate that made Frank Biden jump and drop his petition in horror.

He ran to the side of the road as to not be ran over by the vehicle and dove into a particularly cushy pile of glistening snow that perfectly shrouded Frank Biden inside of it for a good few seconds before he popped back up.

Only a few feet in front of him was the muddy, bulky, and intimidating vehicle, now at a much slower pace, inching down the street. As Frank Biden watched it slow to a stop in front of a piece of paper on the ground he began to quiver with fear. It was his petition on the ground that he had neglected to take into his hiding spot with him. He sank into the snow, defeated. Clearing away enough frost directly in front of him that he could see what was going on but was not immediately visible he watched.

He took sight of a tall person wearing a dull gray uniform with the words *THOUGHT POLICE* unequally strewn across the front of the thick jacket, words that used to have color but were now blanched with despair. A good representation of the state of the Thought Police, Frank Biden thought. And then there was no time for thinking as the morose officer slowly, very slowly, inched to

the paper on the ground. He carefully plucked the petition from the road and read it, eyebrows furrowed, English clearly not his first language. Finally comprehending what was on the paper, the officer delicately folded the petition and slipped it inside of his uniform's coat. Looking detached from the world and listless, the officer meandered back to his vehicle and slipped inside.

One small click.

One big explosion.

So much heat.

No more snow.

"Thank you so much!" beamed Obama at his thirteenth petition signer of the day.

"Someday you're going to fix Canada. I know it," said the signee.

He had been lucky to go to the C Third, the Third that was well known for being the richest and most tolerable to live in. *Tolerable*, because there was nowhere in Canada where you were safe from the government. Not even the most well-off millionaires in the C Third gave half a second to thinking of betraying their rulers directly. But indirectly, by signing Obama's petition? Of course.

"I hope s-" started Obama.

A huge flash of light interrupted his interruption.

Instantly fire was everywhere that the eye could see. In every house, tearing up the wood, and spreading through the grass, making the small Canadian rabbits that called the C Third their home scurry away in fright.

"WHAT JUST HAPPENED?" screamed Obama to nobody, as the thirteenth signee was nowhere to be found.

He ducked as to not be singed by a handful of sparks that had just flown directly over his head. He