The Pebble: Absolute Failure Dies

Tragedy struck last Monday, when, after joining a competitive monkey-bar tournament, The Pebble sadly passed away. The tournament of uncertain legality had a rather strange dress code, requiring all vietims participants to wear the USA Olympic women's gymnastics team uniform. Once the tournament started, "participants" were sent out into a dark, coliseum-like arena with a raised platform in the middle sporting a shiny, hundred-foot-tall set of monkey bars. Competitors were instructed to climb the hundred-foot ladder and make their way across the bars one at a time, with the promise of fame and riches if they made it. The



Pebble, sadly, was not able to complete the challenge, falling about halfway through and dying on impact. After he died, a memorial was created in his honor, to the great annoyance of another participant, who also died, and was not given a memorial. The memorial was in the shape of a large Pebble that was placed directly under the monkey bars and labeled "The Pebble: Absolute Failure." The ghost of the other dead and greatly annoyed person who participated in the deadly tournament relayed his account of the tragic tale to us.

Reporter: Before we begin, I would just like to say how sorry I am for you that your soul is forever stuck wearing that leotard, but do you mind explaining your experience with the tournament?

Ghost: Sure. It's crazy that they even managed to get so many people to agree to compete, what with the bars being a hundred yards high.

Reporter: Yards? I thought it was a hundred feet.

Ghost: Yeah, but they measured with Bigfoot's feet instead of a normal person's, and since his are about three normal feet long, it actually ended up being way taller. Also, now that I think about it, every other person in that line looked exactly the same except for The Pebble and me. Y'know, just like fifty or so blond, kinda tall, athletic white girls in a row. I'm starting to think they might have just been clones and we were the only real people. That would also explain their strange, robotic nature and why we were the only ones to die.

Article and interview by Mole, story provided by Mole's unconscious brain. Tasty photo by Mole. Edited by Ghost.