

Once upon a time out there in a nursing home some, a man named Joe killed himself. But then he didn't! It was all a dream! He whistled to himself as he got ready for a wank. He got in his Porsche and drove out of the garage of his penthouse. He'd done well for himself. He'd grown up in a lower-class family with only his mom. He had his dad too, until one day his mother came home crying. "What's wrong?" he asked, the curious 11 year old that he was. "Nothing," sniffled his mom. "Just remember, I love you." Those words echoed in his head. He grunted and put more pressure on the accelerator. The car roared and lurched forward. Later he learned that his dad had won the lottery and left his mom. He's probmewhere. Joe died of Mesothelioma and so his loved one got big compensation big time. But then Joe didn't die, but they got the compensation anyways! THE END!!!! But it wasn't the end, for it was spooktober, and dead things are revitalized. Until spooktober ended and he died. RĪP Joe 1886-2018.

BUT HE DIDN'T DIE! He actually became the Bill Gates but then he said yeet and the whole world collapsed.

