

Monkey Rot

1. The Insane

“I warn you, my brethren, that in the end the sky will come down to us and we will become as it! I tell you, if you do not heed my voice you will surely boil in the primordial goo of the greatest demon dung! I prey you, brethren, here my words, for I am the god you seek!”

The gathered crowd of rats seemed interested in the voice of this man promising to be a prophet. If only they had the faculties to understand him, for he was their god.

The walls of this place bore no sign of signature, but it had the scrambling of those who inhabited it. Words such as “Potato” and “Fish Taco” covered these walls. Contained within those simple writings, a secret so deep, that those who looked upon it knew but could not explain, for those words contained the knowledge of purpose.

The dimensions of this place were simple, the rooms all were plain square figures and every other room was mirrored, twisted and moved to fit in the small space. Its purpose was clear, to hold the brilliant from the insane world.

“Monkey Rot, why are you called that?”

A sweet child like voice came from behind. Monkey turned to look at this sweet thing to see a large Brutor towering over his meager frame. He stood nearly twice his size, but his mind stood less than half. He seemed to not be phased at all as he gave a strange, nearly moronic smile to this large boy.

“Well, I will tell you.”

Monkey assumed the position of the philosopher as he intelligently scratched his chin.

“Boy, it all began when I first came to this place. It was empty back then, and I’ll I had to talk to was the rats. The world was round, but my mind was

not. I tell you my friend; it was not round at all. The rats, they told me that I had the look of a rotten apple, but I told they were nothing but monkeys. We battled for over a year, discussing the purpose of how the fight began. I killed them. That is how I received my name.”

The boy looked perplexed upon Monkey as he received the doctrine of faith that he had always needed. He had received a new facet of truth, it was the true one. He looked up into the ceiling and rejoiced.

“Praise you, Monkey, I am alive!!!!!”

“Yes, you are alive.”

In that instant, all that could be done was dance. No music could suffice for them besides the music of faith. They bobbed their heads in rhythmic patterns unseen by the eye. Their bodies swayed back and forth, slowly becoming so fluidic in movement that Monkey mistook his disciple for a snake and became still as he watched his dance. He ended the rejoicing as he stuck one fist into the face of the snake. The snake no longer rejoiced as it lay on the cool concrete ground, bleeding out of the mouth... possibly dead, without life, and without cheer.

“Look, not even the giant snake can tempt me!!!”

The rats gathered once again and bowed before their master.

“Yes, I understand. I am mighty.”

What happened after those truthful words could not be presupposed by any force besides his introspective magnificence. The walls of this place fell down around him except for one clear path out, only for he who was mighty, could be seen. He walked towards the light of the outside world to happen upon a large, dark figure, jaded by the blue sun.

“Wow, there are people still alive here; Thought you would be dead by now.”

This was obviously a test for the great Monkey Rot. He made sure to think wisely, while choosing his words.

“Clearly, you don’t exist!!!”

His brilliance astonished the manifestation of non-existence.

“Uhh... if you insist”

The fake being ran to some place to disappear to the blackness of nothingness.

In the distance could be seen the dominion of Monkey. This was his true home. This was where he was born, but left to teach those deep within the caves of misery. He had returned to rejoice in his good deeds. His great majesty was home.