

Theory of Randomocity

a collection of random short stories

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Suicidal Appliances

I awoke one morning to find my husband staring into the refrigerator and looking quite confused. I then asked him why he was letting all the cold air out and wasting our electricity. He didn't even turn to look at me when he said, "The toaster told me to kill him."

"Umm," I started to wonder if the Pod People had gotten to him in the night. "The toaster wanted you to kill someone? That's a little weird."

"No, no." He finally turned toward me and shut the door. He didn't seem as much like a robot anymore. "The toaster wanted me to pull the plug... as they say."

"So..." Now I was really confused. "The toaster wanted to commit suicide? Did he burn the Poptarts?"

He held up the unopened box of Poptarts. "No. He just said it was his time."

I looked around for the toaster. Obviously my crazy husband had moved it, but where did the bastard put it?

"Yeah," he squinted and scratched his head, "I put it in the fridge. I figured... he'd just freeze to death. I mean I didn't want to hit him with the hammer or whatever. I know how you don't like your appliances to have dents in them. So I put him in the fridge."

"Oh."

"Yeah, there wasn't room in the freezer."

"Oh."

"Yeah. It sounds a little crazy..."

"A lot crazy."

"...a lot crazy... but I had to do what I had to do."

"Well," I put my hand on the refrigerator handle. "Is he dead yet? Because I'd like those Poptarts now."

Chasing Melody

Well, I was sitting there waiting for my goddamn turn when the most gorgeous bitch came around the corner. Of course, as soon as I went to go sniff her butt, my human tugged on my leash.

"Come on, Bosworth! Put on a good show for Mummy."

That's when I thought, "You know what?.... NO!" So I spang free. I shit you not. I was the only dog in the whole damn show to create a scene in the name of puppy love.

My human freaked out, of course. She's one of those uptight humans that run their dogs around in heels. She's missing a few pairs now. I buried them in the yard last Tuesday.

While my human was frantically trying to get me back, I was chasing the love of my life. A beautiful golden retriever that the humans called Melody. She was light as air, golden like the sun, and had the most beautiful bark.

So I humped her as long as I could, then the humans broke us up. Bastards.

I miss her.

Bye, Bye, Beltloops!

These scissors don't work well anymore. I suppose I broke them when I cut a hole in my pants. I guess there's a policy that employees are not allowed to have beltloops unless wearing a belt. Stupid, I know, but if I didn't get rid of my beltloops, my managers, who were also my friends, would be written up. I didn't want that so I hid where the cameras couldn't see, and I took these scissors and proceeded to take my beltloops off.

Now at this point, I have two of the four loops lying on the table, and I think "How does this look better?" Where my beltloops had been were now scraggly strings of black thread, and then I began to think, "Why would customers freak out about 'naked' beltloops? 'I'm never coming back because I can see her beltloops!'"

Snip

"Oops."

So now I'm wearing a magnetic clip on my ass to keep the hole from showing my pink underwear. I asked my manager if it looked better. She said she wouldn't write me up for the hole that I created while trying to conform to policy.

Seriously, which would you rather see when coming to a movie?:

-Beltloops.

-A clip on my ass.

-A hole exposing my underwear.

Option one is gone now!

Dastardly Dave and the Black Holes

Rallia and Simona were wandering around town one day looking for the ever elusive ice cream truck. The vacant Vietnamese dry-cleaning shop that they passed had a sign on the door. "Closed due to a wandering black hole."

The girls were quite perplexed. They took a look down the street and all of the stores had their windows boarded up. "Huh," Simona raised her eyebrow. "Doppelganger?"

The other girl shook her head. "Black holes."

The next store they passed, The Joyous Xylem, was still open but had a sign on the door: "Enter at your own damn risk."

"Should we go in?" Rallia asked. Simona nodded. There was nothing else to do anyway.

Once inside, it was obvious that something had happened there. There were plants all over the walls that were moving. It was like they were breathing. Simona was too busy looking at the plants and nearly tripped over the statue of a fat panda.

"Is that a baby in that panda's mouth?" she asked.

"Yes," came a voice from behind the counter. "It was merged when it hit."

The girls could not see who the voice was coming from. They slowly inched closer. "When what hit?" Rallia asked quietly.

"The black hole," said the shopkeeper who was fused to the wall. All the girls could see was her torso. Her legs must have been on the other side.

"Yeah, man," came another voice from the corner.

"SHUT UP, DAVE!" the fused woman yelled.

"Hey, man, free country!" Dave was apparently one of the plants, and smoke was coming out of his mouth.

"Why is the plant on fire?" Rallia asked the shopkeeper.

"Dude, we are not on fire," Dave said. "We are just reaping our own leaves, you get our drift?"

"SHUT UP, DAVE!" the shopkeeper threw a phone book at the flower.

"Dude, did you see that panda statue?" the flower asked the girls. "We think it's slightly erotic. You know, like an old bagpipe."

The shopkeeper apologized to the girls. "We're sorry. We think Dave has some sort of dysfunction."

"Ok..." Simona looked around. "So what about this black hole?"

"Well," the shopkeeper started.

"Dude," Dave interrupted. "The dastardly thing, just came out of nowhere, you know?"

"DAVE! I SWEAR TO GOD!" she scolded and then continued peacefully, "It just came out of nowhere. You see, we're vegans."

"SAY NO TO MEAT!" Dave yelled.

"DAVE! SHUT THE HELL UP! I SWEAR IF WE WEREN'T FUSED TO THIS WALL WE WOULD POUR A QUART OF GASOLINE DOWN YOUR THROAT! I'VE TOLD YOU 679 TIMES!"

The girls looked at each other with a look of terror on their faces then looked to the door. The woman still continued her story.

"As we were saying, we're vegans so we were picking up some red paint to throw at people wearing fur at the fashion show down the road when this black hole comes wandering in to our shop! Next thing we know we're fused to the wall, our husband spontaneously explodes, and our plant is smoking itself."

"Interesting." Rallia continues to look around because staring at the woman in the wall was getting a little sickening.

"Oh, God!" Simona yelled. "Look!" She pointed to the front window. There was a dead pony on the sidewalk. It had fallen from the sky.

"We..." Rallia grabbed her friend's hand, "should probably get out of here."

A looming black hole had wandered back into the shop. The girls were frozen in fear. It was getting closer and closer until.

"Rallia!" Simona yelled as she awoke on a couch.

"Was that a dream?" Rallia asked her friend.

"Was what a dream?"

A wheelchair came tumbling down the stairs next to the girls, and a flower fell out of the seat. "Ow!"

"SHUT UP, DAVE!" came a voice from upstairs.

Better Than Abstinence

Recently, I found out that my roommate, Melissa, was pregnant. I told one of my old high school friends about her situation while we had lunch at Applebees.

“Oh really?” Corrine raised her eyebrows as she took a bite of leafy greens. “I just heard,” she still had a mouthful of food, “that Melody Harper just had a boy.”

I nearly spit the Dr. Pepper out of my mouth. “Oh my God! Who would sleep with her?”

Corrine scraped up the last bit of her veggies. “I don’t know, but she’s at least the seventeenth girl to have a baby from our graduating class.”

Now, yes, we have graduated, and it is acceptable for people our age to get married and have babies. It’s just a weird idea to me. And yes, I’m engaged, but I’m not getting married for another two years.

“Some of us aren’t even twenty yet, and we’re getting married and having babies,” I shook my head and put my fork down.

The waitress brought our check. Corrine was fishing her wallet out of her purse and noticed her rattling little orange bottle. “I bet they just didn’t have any condoms so they just thought nothing would happen. Some people are just dumb.”

“And condoms are only 97% effective.” I nodded. “We learned that from that episode of *Friends*.”

She laughed. She already knew what I was talking about before I mentioned it. “They just need better contraceptives!”

I giggled. “We have the best contraceptive. It’s actually more effective than abstinence.”

She looked confused so I decided to enlighten her.

“World of Warcraft.”

Stories on Post-It Notes

Wednesday morning, well...afternoon, we were dead. There was not one person that wanted to see our movies. Chris and I rolled our eyes. So bored. Our manager, Alicia, was wasting Post-It Notes and making a mess on the floor. I picked one up and wrote "Alicia smells like a Cubs fan!" then stuck it to her back. The sweet irony is that she's a Cardinals fan and hates the Cubs as much as I do. That was fun...for a second. Back to boredom.

One of the computers wasn't being used so I got onto the notepad and the onscreen keyboard. Chris pushed a random letter and decided that we should write a story but every word had to start with a random letter. What we came up with barely qualifies as English.

"The ill-tempered umpire got obliterated by his Texan xylophone when llamas dug long fjords. God very violently massacred your fjord. The dog fled then followed down killing llamas. Having gestured left, boring usurpers roughed up dung beetles."

Yeah, we know it's messed up, but it was entertaining. Then Alicia closed it out. I called her a Cubs fan again.

Now, Chris went to concession so I am left here bored. Luckily, there are still Post-It Notes left and a pen. Yes, this story was written on three yellow Post-It Notes while I was working in box office on a Wednesday afternoon.