

TEXT ADVENTURE

*' FUCK
NO,
SCHLUMPFE '*

stanley lieber

1

Albert Lunsford unpacked his belongings and settled into his new room.

Cambridge had changed.

Scripture flickered on the bedsheets as Lunsford dribbled crumbs in his bed. Viagra, Cialis, NiagraX. On, no off switch.

Lunsford could never remember the interactions.

Still, this was going to be easy.

He pulled out the magazines.

2

Julius Schlumpfe knocked quietly.

Then, louder.

No response.

Door opened, Schlumpfe tossed his bag on his bed, drug his cases into the room. Just as his head hit the pillow he noticed Lunsford.

Well.

Schlumpfe sighed, running his hand across his face and through his hair, smearing his bright blue bodypaint. Whatever, he was too tired to care.

Lunsford smacked his magazine against the wall, where it stuck. A prayer card worked its way loose and tumbled to the floor, cursing audibly.

"God dammit," echoed Lunsford.

"I'm trying to jerk it," he added.

Schlumpfe pulled the covers over his head. Bodypaint streaking the sheets.

"Leave me alone," he concluded, and fell asleep.

3

"Haven't we used this one already?"

"Fuck no, Schlumpfe."

"Well, it sounds familiar."

Lunsford was keen on his own idea. Induced Paris syndrome, applied to the network. Monetized, application of the usual balms could finance untold adventures. He only had to get Schlumpfe to agree. Shared byline. Lunsford was confident they'd sweep the grading curve. Typically, Schlumpfe was less certain.

There also dangled the question of applying the technique in the field. Here, on campus. Moving beyond the whitepaper into practical application, possible vindication of a low grade, humiliation of the questioning professors. Frankly, Lunsford's

enthusiasm was offputting.

"Let's keep it on the page," Schlumpfe suggested, none too hopefully.

"Like a modern day novelist," Lunsford assured him.

4

Lunsford had made a study of the blue body-paint. For his own reasons. Properties were elastic, nothing made sense. Whatever, Lunsford figured, I'm not a chemist.

When asked, Schlumpfe seemed reticent to discuss his new religion.

"It's like the Holocaust," said Schlumpfe, "People hound us wherever we go."

"It's the grooming," offered Lunsford.

Schlumpfe punched him in the arm, leaving a bright blue fist-print on his 6XL t-shirt.

NOTES

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