

A Welfare to Arms

Hip Pop and Arrgh relaxed as they stared at the world map on the wall whilst they enjoyed some Name Yer Poison dessert cake. One hand clasped down each on their shoulders. A four note blare played in the background. They cringed in anticipation suspecting what was to follow.

Secretary Clittoff puffed up with pride. “There” the gravelly voice uttered. “Libya.” An arrow shaped puff of smoke blew towards the map striking the African country. “Did I ever tell of the time I stopped the horrorists from getting a shipment of arms?”

“Really Secretary” Hip Pop offered “We were just on our way...”

“It was during the time of the Holy Day of the Fall Muslim. I was with a group meeting with the Libyarators in the Saharan town of Bengazzarati. We were there to seal a deal of weapons shipments. The discussions for the arms deal were being held over a meal of palm dates and camel’s milk. The negotiations were tough; they were going on fast and furiously when the talks hit a snag. The Libyarators wanted my pipe and trusty Rmanflint lighter thrown in on the deal. I did not want to relinquish control either item for my pipe held a secret homing beacon to track our whereabouts in case of trouble and the lighter contained 82 different functions...83 if you count the lighter...which made the lighter a more powerful weapon than any of the machine guns or Surface-To-Air missiles we were selling.”

“It sounds like you had a real burning issue” lit up Hip Pop Crissy.

“There was something else burning” the Secretary continued “and it was in my nether regions. The camel’s milk we had drunk with the Freedom Fighters was not sitting well in my stomach. Knowing the state of the poor people we were meeting with I knew I needed to have some paper before retreating to the lavatory so I took some of the wrapping material from the ammunition we were selling to have with me. Unfortunately the packing material happened to contain full page advertisements for a new video released on the internet: *Debbie Does Muhammad.*”

“A real profit maker” Arrgh U. Ment advanced.

Secretary Clittoff ignored the witticism. “The Arabs were outraged upon seeing the image of Muhammad with the Star of Dallas. They started screaming in anger. Their raised voices alerted my trained ears that something was amiss. I suddenly realized that we were not dealing with those interested in the cause of liberty but rather the horde belonging to the devilish mastermind Ibn The Terrible. With him were his many followers: The Allah-quite-a-gang.”

“Good Heaven’s Secretary!” Arrgh and Hip Pop exclaimed. “Whatever did you do?”

The Secretary explained “Realizing the danger we were in I quickly grabbed my compatriots and the newspaper and rushed into the bathroom. I locked the door intending to send a signal out for assistance. But before I could send a transmission we found ourselves overcome by smoke. Those infernal fiends had set the lavatory on fire and we found ourselves choking in the fumes. We found ourselves crawling on the floor trying to find air to breathe. The situation was perilous.”

The Secretary continued. “Immediate action was called for. I stuck my pipe in my mouth and dunked the bowl in the loo. Using my Olympic trained lungs I sucked up all the drainage water from the city through my trusty pipe into my lungs and then sprayed the water back out through the pipe so that it doused the fire thereby saving us from a crispy result.”

“My word, Secretary” Hip Pop said. “But what about your attackers?”

“Indeed” Secretary Clittoff continued “The infuriated Ibn and his Arab assaulters were still outside with all the weapons. They grabbed Machine Guns and started firing through the walls. Plus, the water had damaged the homing beacon in my pipe. The homing beacon was now useless to call for help. It appears we had gone from the frying pan and into the line of fire, so to speak. The situation was hopeless.”

“My ears are burning” Arrgh answered. “How did you ever escape?”

The Secretary explained “I remembered that I still had the lighter and the newspaper. The bullets had knocked out the glass in the window in the bathroom. Opening the lighter I transformed it into a giant light and, grabbing the newspaper ad, I shone the light through the image of Muhammad creating a projection like a Bat Signal into the night sky. Upon seeing the image of Muhammad in the sky the Muslims had to avert their eyes and they started firing their weapons blindly. Holding the lighter to keep projecting the image we climbed out of the window dodging the bullets as we performed our run away. Meanwhile the Allah-quite-a-gang, by firing without looking, managed to massacre themselves.”

“How visionary of you!” Hop Pop answered. “But how did you escape Bengazzarati? And what about Ibn the Terrible and the weapons?”

“Indeed” the Secretary replied “We still needed to somehow traverse the sands to safety. Using my quick and ingenious thinking ability I constructed a fast track plan to safety. Quite simply I used the text messaging feature of the Rmanflint lighter to call for two drone missiles to be shot at the unsafe house.”

“Two missiles?” Arrgh asked.

“Yes” Secretary Clittoff explained “Two missiles. Using the lighter I triangulated the location of the meeting place to the first drone missile to destroy the weapons as well as Ibn the Terrible and the rest of his Allah-quite-a-gang. I then simply used the lighter to reprogram the second drone missile to fly by and to pick us up giving us a ride to safety where I was greeted warmly as a hero and was subsequently presented the Nobel Peace Prize for my actions.”

“I say Secretary” Hip Pop said “You really got your just desert!”

“Quite” the Secretary said puffing some more “Quite!”