

Lost Love

Cherry red blood sprayed the sky like a dragon breathing fire. Sounds of clashing metal rang throughout the joust like church bells. The two gentlemen (of which this battle concerns) exchanged their blows gracefully, dancing across the poppy fields with regal elegance. Their armor, freshly shined, reflected the sun so brightly, a mere mortal would go blind watching them bout. With each swing of their sword, Destiny was at work. These were gentleman and this—*this* was a battle of honor.

The gentleman on the left was known as Galvatron from the far-fetched land of Timbuktu. He was a well regarded individual of aristocratic descent, whose reputation preceded him. His long, luscious blonde mane flowed from the bottom of his helm, tip-toeing on the shoulders of his silver breast plate. His broad, perfectly waxed thighs stood firm like looming tree trunks. His eyes glistened handsomely, as his muscular form rippled with each violent blow he delivered.

The gentleman on the right was named Fartel and he grew up in a particularly dumpy part of Chicago. His long, luscious mane rested solely on his arms, a thick forest of curly brown hair, while his head remained bare and bald, but not in a clean way. Squinty glasses were glued to his bloody nose, while his pale skin glimmered like a sun-bathing small pox patient. Fartel's stomach rolls, somehow extraordinarily evident through his steel armor, jiggled in rhythm with each swing of his sword. The mangily hairs on his upper lip rested in a puddle of sweat and anxiety. Fartel may have been mistaken for an IBM programmer once or twice, but he fought like a masterful assassin. He was on a mission and no one was stopping him.

The origins of this battle date back years ago when Galvatron murdered Fartel's beloved spouse, Ulga. She was innocently walking on the edge of a moat, when Galvatron mistakingly bumped into her and caused her to plummet. She survived the fall, but Galvatron carelessly dropped his sword directly on her head. Thankfully, she ducked out of the way. However the sound of the sword hitting the water awoke the crocodiles and she was brutally eaten. Fartel, totally heartbroken, sought retribution and dedicated his life to finding Galvatron and making him pay. After years of intense stalking, Fartel tracked him down to a local clearing, where he was found picking daisies.

Galvatron glanced up and met the lonely, murderous eyes of Fartel.

The time had come.

Galvatron picked up his ever-present trident and lunged desperately. Fartel, adrenaline rushing, easily side stepped the maneuver and pulled out a .32 caliber pistol. He swiftly aimed it at Galvatron's head and without the slightest bit of remorse, pulled the trigger. The bullet glanced harmlessly off Galvatron's helm and burrowed itself into a pile of dirt directly below. The inconsequential effect of the bullet left Fartel feeling rather bad about himself. In a fit of self pity, Fartel decided to take a regulation time out.

His trainer, Ricardo, got up from the sidelines and brought over a refreshing beverage. Fartel solemnly took a sip of the protein shake, which resembled the natural stench of Ulga's sweaty pits, reminding him of all the great times they had together. He bent his head towards the sky and wepted in existential sorrow as he yearned for the company of his beloved Ulga.

Meanwhile, Galvatron sat on the other side of the ring, arrogantly styling his mustache and carving soap.

A black and white referee instantaneously appeared and signaled for the battle to begin again. A loud bell rung throughout the meadow as both sides prepared for action. Galvatron, impatient, made the first move. Again, he raced towards Fartel with blinding speed. Galvatron nimbly spun into the air, allowing Fartel just enough time to pull out his phone and order a missile launcher via Amazon Prime. Within nanoseconds, Fartel assembled the weapon and aimed it at Galvatron. Of course, Galvatron saw Fartel's ill-intentions (and the delivery man) and aptly sliced the launcher in two. A small blast shook the battle field as the explosives inside the missiles were exposed. Both Galvatron and Fartel flew back in a desperate struggle to stay conscious.

Fartel recovered as best he could, getting back on his feet unsteadily. Galvatron had no such luck, however, and was blinded by his long, wavy hair. His helm was twisted and he had 6 inches of blonde mane down his throat. Fartel, recognizing this could be his last opportunity to overcome Galvatron, rushed over to Galvatron's armored, but vulnerable body and aimed his newly acquired harpoon (Amazon Prime really is a miracle maker) right at Galvatron's head. With purpose and determination, Fartel began to pull the trigger, when an abrupt blur of brunette hair appeared in his way.

“PERDON! YO ME LLAMO AUDRA, AND YOU SHOULDN'T HURT THIS MAN!!!!”

A woman had appeared. Apparently, her name was Audra. Fartel, bothered by the woman's insistence on speaking Spanish in good ole 'Merica , justifiably decided to shoot her with his harpoon gun. The spear head impaled her chest and she began to gasp for air. Feeling kinda bad about it, Fartel started stabbing her in the leg with thumbtacks, hoping to put her out of her misery. For some odd reason that didn't work though, so he got a bucket of boiling water and placed her feet in it. Also, surprisingly, not successful. Audra begged for mercy, but Fartel was down to his last bullet. He had only one option to ensure her a painless death: use the gun powder inside the bullet to light her on fire. With the nimbleness of an ancient samurai, Fartel lit Audra on fire. With only enough gun powder to cover her hair, he watched as her perm was consumed by a sulphur fueled inferno. In frustration and total agony, she fled for the mountains, mumbling about finding refuge in Thousand Oaks.

Galvatron, relieved by the distraction, fixed his hair and got back on his feet. Touched by Fartel's mercy and courage, Galvatron pledged his fealty, allegiance and service to Fartel in return for his forgiveness. Fartel's hatred for Audra now far out weighed his hatred for Galvatron. With reticence, Fartel agreed to his terms: the two would be a team.

And there you have it, the epic battle of Gavlatron and Fartel. Years later it is still rumored that the pair wander earnestly across the land, bound by pledge, determined to kill Audra dead, to put her mangled, bloodied carcass in the ground. And to have fun doing it! They always have fun... those two goofballs!