



Life behind a sofa

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Fable

There was a time when in a Nowhere Land a little, ugly and sad monster lived. He lived in the back of a sofa and, sometimes he interacted with the beings in the house. Time has passed, but the little monster didn't change.

As a matter of fact, nothing in the Stolen Empire has changed in time. The party has modified some taxes and the flavorings turned to cost the monster's weight in gold. So, a bottle of happiness cost 2500000 sori, but a bottle of sadness just 2 sori. So the party has interdicted flavors so people felt into a sour state, but the little monster is different. He used to create happy-ends out of nothing.

So, living in that small house made him ask:

“How is like the Outside World?”

In his little mind, everything was bright and tasted like cherries, so he just gave it a try.

Going outside he saw a whole gray world and people dressed in no-colors, but him. The only red colored monster in the world.

I think if he would have looked for another red monster, he had found one. So, he traveled whole day looked out for another happy-ends' loving red monster, but he didn't find it. The world is shut in like it has ever been.

So, no people or red monster's are allowed to have other people or monsters, because Love wasn't an aim.

He stood disappointed looking at his empty frog pocket and at the ice cream stand outside. He thought of a cherry ice cream. Some little folk stopped and said:

“What a stupid monster not having anything! We have jobs, homes and all the flavorings we want! What a sad life!”

The little monster tried to say something, but the words didn't come out.

“I think this world is so strange, that the world I come from seems strange now, is my world true? And if it

isn't, what is it wrong with it? My world where everyone has a happy end make me....“

A voice shout:

“There is no world for happy endings! This is about earning things and flavors. You can't create flavors by yourself! The flavors are based on things you've earned, not on your fake flavors that disappear after longer than a moment. Art is flavor, but not all the flavors we taste. We think the good art is an explosion!“

So, disappointed the monster sat on a rock from a shore watching the waves until he turned himself into a stone of salt.

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