



Creative Writing by a Rough Writer ...

*In a world where pastries contain no flavour.
Where sweets are not sweet and cotton candy is made of, well, cotton.
One man stands up to ensure that everyone gets their sugar rush.
One man fights against the tyranny of fruits and vegetables.
One man, one goal and one helluva lot of sugar.
He is, **The MuffinMan.** ¹*

MuffinMan sat on his couch, watching the news. The news lady reported the events that had taken place that afternoon. Her voice through the speakers on the television sounded dead and uninterested. It didn't matter if she did have anything to say, MuffinMan was too tired to care. He picked up the remote and flipped through the channels. He saw wildebeests being dragged into murky water, some civilian working dirty jobs and a re-run of Friends. One of the characters declared he did not share food with anyone and MuffinMan agreed. More channels flashed him by. Cars being raced, cars being pimped, people being pimped, people cooking, people baking.

"Wow! I do not want to see that, lady." MuffinMan said.

He turned off the TV and looked around at his humble abode. A small apartment was not what he had imagined when he was a small ball of dough, but for now it was the best he could do. He was sure that when his crime fighting career hit the big time, he'd be able to move to some place bigger and in a better neighborhood.

MuffinMan got up off the couch. He picked up a beer bottle and chucked it in a corner. He undid his cape and let it fall as he trudged towards the bedroom. A shower would do him good, however, he had other priorities.

He sat down on his bed and started his last fight of the day. His strong muscles flexed as he struggled to take off his boots. They were snug, maybe too snug. MuffinMan felt his shoulders and back begin to turn black and blue. His fight with Doktor Viktor von Frosting had not been easy, far from it. And little reward was awarded to him

when he finally defeated his foe. It seemed his only reward would be his own cold empty bed.

The boots finally came off. MuffinMan stood up and stripped out of his suit. The FlexFabric® was strong whilst not compromising MuffinMan's movements, but it sure as gingerbread did not breathe!

Wearing nothing but his Superman boxers he crawled into bed and pulled his Spider-Man sheets up to his chin.

A sound. MuffinMan sighed and rolled over. A sound. MuffinMan awoke. He raised his head and looked around his room with sleepy eyes. He flipped his sheets off of him and sat upright in his bed. He listened closely. One foot on the floor, MuffinMan was ready to pounce on any intruder that might have the audacity to trespass on his modest property and disturb his much-needed sleep. He held his breath, but no assailant attacked.

He decided to go drink some water, got out of bed and walked into his bathroom, still a little sleep-dizzy. The tapwater quickly filled the Tupperware cup. As he took sips of the water he looked at himself in the mirror.

'I look like a pretzel,' MuffinMan thought.

He washed his mouth with the last bit of water in the cup and spat it out in the sink. He walked back to bed and got back in.

Before he had time to pull his cozy warm sheets up to his battle bruised chin again, the roof crashed. A huge hand picked up MuffinMan. He fought to break free from the giant's grip, but to no avail.

He was lifted towards the moonlit sky. It wasn't an easy ride, more like an elevator with hiccups. He looked up to see who or what attacked him. He was shocked to see the Fantastic Fruits as big as Godzilla looming over him. Banana, Apple, Pear and Tomato, all unbelievably, unimaginably huge, immense even. How in Oreo's name had they gotten so enormous?

"A dream, this must be a dream. I've got to wake up. But how?"

MuffinMan said to himself as the colossal crops fought over him. He was being tossed and turned as he struggled to wake up.

For some unknown reason, the brothers started fighting over MuffinMan, punching and shoving each other into buildings. The grip on our superhero loosened a little and he managed to escape their grasp. But he had little chance to flee from the behemoths, as another hand quickly scooped him up. The fight between Banana, Apple, Pear and Tomato was becoming more and more intense as they started throwing trucks and trees at each other.

MuffinMan was held tightly as fists slammed into faces, and vehicles were hurled through the sky. It was the ride of a lifetime nobody would want make and although MuffinMan knew it was all a hallucination, it was no less frightening. Then, just as he was about to be torn into four slices of warm, freshly-baked dough, everything froze. Or frosted, rather.

MuffinMan looked around and saw the entire landscape had turned into a shiny vastness. At first it looked as if it had snowed but he knew this wasn't snow at all.

Slowly, MuffinMan endeavored to take a few steps on the strange veil that had been showered on the land. He got down on one knee and placed one hand on the ground. His fingers went through what felt like incredibly fine sand.

The unfamiliar substance stuck to his hand as he brought it back up to his face to inspect it a little more. A sweet smell rose up to meet MuffinMan's nose. Carefully, he extended his tongue to taste the material. It was sweet, very sweet, and ever so slightly crunchy. When he realized what it was, an evil laugh sounded through the space. MuffinMan recognized it instantly. Doktor Viktor von Frosting! He looked round to see where the psycho scientist might hide his frosted figure, but the mad man

of knowledge was nowhere to be seen.

The sky suddenly darkened. MuffinMan suspected he'd be hit by a tsunami of chocolate frosting as the delusional doctor had tried before, but what he saw when he looked up was scarier than any flood wave of sugar, butter, water, egg whites and milk could ever be. Von Frosting's face came soaring down through the cotton candy clouds. MuffinMan began to run but had nowhere to go. The landscape was decorated with the odd crushed truck and randomly tossed tree but no hills, no valleys and definitely no caves.

As his feet carried him as fast as they could, MuffinMan saw the Doktor's frosted face come nearer. His mouth wide open as he laughed, eager to devour his adversary. Realizing there was no chance of outrunning this nightmare, MuffinMan came to a halt. He was determined to fight this enemy from within. His battle plan of using the uvula as a punching ball was soon abandoned when Frosting's mouth surrounded MuffinMan, light fading as the lips came closer to each other. "Nooooo!" MuffinMan yelled.

"No!" he yelled clutching his pillow. MuffinMan looked around. He had kicked away his sheets and was hugging his pillow as if he would be sucked into outer space if he'd let go only a inch. When he became aware of the stupidity of the scene MuffinMan slowly let go of his pillow. He rolled onto his back and breathed in deep. He lay there for a few minutes and then got up out of bed. Scratching his ass, he made his way towards the curtains and pulled them open with one firm sweep. But immediately he leaped back, jumped and ducked behind his bed.

The sky seemed vanilla-frosted and scared the whipped cream out of him. Breathing heavily, MuffinMan realized he had to see someone about this.

Maybe the Avenging Éclair could help him?

By Jimmy Humuhumunukunukuapua

Mr. Humuhumunukunukuapua is quite interested to receive your impressions of what MuffinMan looks like. Please send in your handcrafted or digital visualizations of our superhero to creative-writing@albionassociation.com

1/ editor's note:

MuffinMan is not in any way linked to the Muffin Man created by Frank Zappa, or any other Muffin Man. On a question of our editor where the inspiration came from, the author says: "It all started when Don LaFontaine died, he's the guy of the movietrailers "In a world where..." My inspiration for the character came from a scene in Shrek - the cookie is hilarious! It's that one line, and I just went from there ..."
(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CFKFeoT7GwQ>)

Six-word stories by the Rough Writers

To briefly explain, Hemingway once wrote a story in just six words ("For sale: baby shoes, never worn.") and is said to have considered it his best work. Here are some six-word stories submitted by members of Rough Writers. We have considered abbreviations as single words because we could.

Came and went. Oops! DIY abortion?
Married superhero! Sautéed Kryptonite for dinner.
Played Satanic chess; bet soul. Draw?

by Anne van de Wijdeven

Bottles of wine with no company.
I'm broke, broken and breaking up.
Always test drive your stolen bikes.

by Robert Toonssen

Regained eyesight. Saw world. Stabbed eyes.
CO2 emissions, backyard pool finally arrived
Dear Mum, Dad's dead. Mission accomplished.

by Myrthe Brouwer

One more chance, I- Message deleted.
Head-on collision. Died, technically. Never happier.
Nobody is ever hopeless. Except Gary.

by Paul Oliver

He yelled. She cried. He left.
She turned around. He was gone.
She screamed the whole way down.

by Laura Boekel

Sources:

<http://images4.wikia.nocookie.net/necyklopedie/images/2/2e/Brko.jpg>

