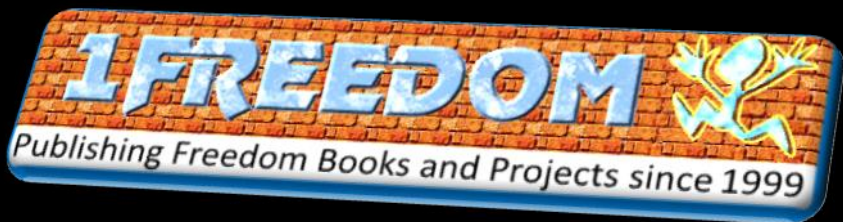


GORGEOUS WRINKLES

It's all in one's
viewpoint...

By **Ozzie Freedom**



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One alien boy met an alien girl and fell in love with her on the spot. The wrinkles on her forehead were the most wrinkly, most gorgeous wrinkles he has ever seen!

He just went out of the office for a moment to get frozen yogurt (and matches). She stood next to him in the frozen yogurt line and watched him with a pair of big, soft eyes. Each eye as big as a pizza! Her eyes reminded him of the wonderful pizzas of Grandma Marina. What a charm — he felt as if his heart was melting — but he just could NOT utter that one word of love...

The following morning he saw her again — she was stepping lightly into the office next door. She is real close!! Maybe there's a chance... if only he could say the---

Moe interrupted his thoughts: “What’s you staring at, dude?”

“Did you see that cool babe?” the boy asked Moe who was definitely the King of Cool in the office.

“No way, dude!” said Moe, “And you know what — she’s freakin’ UGLY — can’t you see that her wrinkles are going to the right, it is SO nerdy. Today’s fashion is going to the left, when will you get THAT, dummy!” — so said Moe and started all over again —

“What a repulsive bit--” Moe started to say just as he was hit by an angry blow to his chin.

Moe responded with a stylish (and extremely cool) slap of his tail, squashing our boy's trunk right in the middle. The Boss came running out, she fired them both so they went to HR (sorry, I mean AR, Alien Resources) and returned five minutes later with new job applications.

The fight will cost them two weeks of salary but that was NOT the problem. The insult was burning in our boy's heart, to hear such things said about his true love. What does this Moe think of himself? Cool, shmool — so what if her wrinkles go to the right?! Besides, if you look from HER side they are going to the left! What a dumb ass!

The trunk didn't hurt but it will take an awful long time for it to regain its former shape, and until then I must hide from her, thought our poor alien boy, imagining her walking away with some Cool Moe.



Noontime same day, back in line for frozen yogurt (and matches), here she comes again... Where can he hide, the heart was already down to his undies. He tried to hide his trunk with two hands and also with the third hand and ran off to a side corridor.

Unfortunately the smashing beauty has already seen him. Something FLEW over him and then stopped. That thing also passed from his right side...and from his left.

“She went right through me!” thought the squashed one, totally astonished, “WOW — she’s one of THOSE! I’ve been dreaming that... nay — with this squashed trunk and anxiety at heart... I don’t stand a freakin’ chance.”

The heavenly babe was standing right in front of him, watching him with eyes even bigger, shinier. Then she spoke and her voice was so squeaky, sweet, just like Grandpa Ariel’s snowmobile.



“Say hunk why are you runnin’ away. If you want me just say that word.”

The heart fell down to his socks — what did she say, that... she called me hunk... oh Mamma... what's going on??!

“I’ve seen you yesterday and you were kinda cute but this trunk, ooooooh... I can’t... hey, get your hands down, show me what you got there. Squashed so beautifully, Prince Charming, just like Cousin Evans.”

“I... I... eh... you think I’m looking good??” said the boy and lowered his hands a little bit.

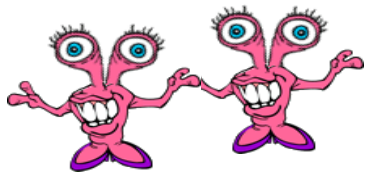
“What good, what you mean good, you’re the King of Cools, heart smasher, I’m melting,” said Alek (her name is Aleksandra Hertzigoba and she also has some sophisticated aristocratic title) “...and you’re so fragile and sensitive just like I love’em. Come sweetie, let’s go to the roof and drink Martini with olives — or would you rather chew on some Frozen Falafel?”

They left the crowded line for frozen yogurt (and matches) and went up to the roof café, their arms entwined. More arms than the police permits but who cares, a Princess can do whatever she likes.

Until morning time our boy gathered enough courage to kiss the Princess and until the seventeenth next morning he gathered some more courage to utter that one word...

...and so they got married.

The little twin sisters
are soooooooo sweet that
it's absolutely adorable, wrinkles to the right just
like Mommy's. Alek taught their son to squash
the trunk nicey-nice and tie it with red ribbon
just like Daddy's.



In the High Society cocktail parties you may catch the whispers... the glances of admiration...

And there walks Moe in his white-as-snow suit, serving the drinks, says not a word, like he swallowed his tongue.

THE END

--Hey! And what's in your viewpoint?

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