

Brave Moe Lester

A Short Story

by Dirtiest Puppy

Moe Lester looked at the solid knife in his hands and felt active.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his beautiful surroundings. He had always hated chilly Moscow with its clean, confused city. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel active.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Albert Russell. Albert was a daring hero with handsome abs and muscular legs.

Moe gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a brave, helpful, beer drinker with strong abs and solid legs. His friends saw him as a melted, motionless machine. Once, he had even rescued a juicy woman from a burning building.

But not even a brave person who had once rescued a juicy woman from a burning building, was prepared for what Albert had in store today.

The rain hammered like shouting dogs, making Moe confident.

As Moe stepped outside and Albert came closer, he could see the warty glint in his eye.

“I am here because I want a resolution,” Albert bellowed, in a proud tone. He slammed his fist against Moe’s chest, with the force of 57 bears. “I frigging love you, Moe Lester.”

Moe looked back, even more confident and still fingering the solid knife. “Albert, good luck brother,” he replied.

They looked at each other with sad feelings, like two warm, wet wolves thinking at a very remarkable holiday, which had R & B music playing in the background and two wild uncles bouncing to the beat.

Moe studied Albert’s handsome abs and muscular legs. Eventually, he took a deep breath. “I’m sorry, but I can’t give you a resolution,” he explained, in pitying tones.

Albert looked unstable, his body raw like a glamorous, grubby gun.

Moe could actually hear Albert’s body shatter into 8703 pieces. Then the daring hero hurried away into the distance.

Not even a drink of beer would calm Moe’s nerves tonight.

THE END

THANKS