

## A PLACE CALLED ORMALCY

*Mez Breeze*

### *Chapter Wonne*

Meet Mr Ormal.

Mr Ormal is on his way to swork. Mr Ormal sworks at a Tovine Phactory, making flops. Mr Ormal likes making flops, lubs the goozey sound they make when he squeezes them into their kases, lubs the way they smell like plarks.

Mr Ormal lives in a place called Ormalcy. [And If you don't know where Ormalcy is, think of the biggest, loveliest, most blossomy place in your world: how clean the air is there, how happy and galoomfy and loved are all its creatures, how friendly and fizzy are all the people].

### *Chapter Toon*

Mr Ormal like to sping, and drance, and stit. Mr Ormal is very fond of stitting, especially in plarks, on plark blenches.

Mr Ormal absolutely lubs plarks. At his local plark, sometimes he stits for hours while watching the Slittertoads drance, and the Popawomps clumsily fling themselves about.

Mr Ormal laughs heartily at the Popawomps and their lovely squishy faces.

### *Chapter Tree*

One morning on the way to swork, Mr Ormal is stopped by a Plodice-man. Mr Ormal likes Plodicemen. Ormalcy Plodicemen are friendly and helpful, thinks Mr Ormal, helping rescue klatts that climb up Threes (and sometimes Floors). So when Mr Ormal was stopped by this scowly and blangery Plodiceman, he was all at suxes and severns.

“Can I help you?” sais Mr Ormal.

“Ormalcy Citizen 91101, you can't go this way.” sais the Plodiceman.

“Really? That's funny. I always go this way. Why not?” sais Mr Ormal.

“This plathway isn't open to plarkstitters anymore. Only plarkowners can use this plathway now.”

Mr Ormal scratches his head and sais: “Oh, I see. I'll cross the rwoad then”. And so Mr Ormal does, crossing back over only when he can reach the Tovine Phactory doorschlep.

### *Chapter Fall*

It's another swoony morning in Ormalcy. Mr Ormal is on his way to swork again.

Being a good Ormalcy citizen, he doesn't use the plathway.

Instead, Mr Ormal crosses over the rwoad and back again to the doorschlep of the Phactory. The same Plodiceman he talked to before is waiting there.

The Plodiceman looks scowly, all blangery in his starched and slaughtery shirp and daggerfull pants. [Mr Ormal suddenly pictures the faces of the Popawomps, and thinks how much he wants to be stitting in his plark, watching their squishy floxity faces].

"Hullo there!" sais Mr Ormal. "We talked yesterday!"

"Ormalcy Citizen 91101, I'm informing you that your swork permit for making flops at the Tovine Phactory has been revoked."

Mr Ormal blinx.

"What?" sais Mr Ormal.

"You must leave immediately." sais the Plodiceman.

"Why?" sais Mr Ormal.

"Because you have been told by me that you have to." sais the Plodiceman.

"Oh. Right." Sais Mr Ormal.

Mr Ormal, careful to cross the rwoad and not walk on the plathway, makes his way back home.

### *Chapter Phive*

Mr Ormal is sad.

Mr Ormal can't go to swork at the Tovine Phactory. He wants to walk along the plathway. He misses making flops. He aches to hear the goozey noise and the fat plooming sound as they slidder into their kases.

Mr Ormal knows what will choof him up though! A good stit in his beloved plarkway. Those Popawomps and Slittertoads will make him all better!

But when Mr Ormal tries to get into the plark, he can't. The Geight is schtuck.

There's a Plodiceman outside. The Plodiceman is holding his slob-nailed-booted phoot against the geight.

It's the same Plodiceman he's seen before. With the same thundereek face.

"Hullo." sais Mr Ormal.

"Stop resisting." sais the Plodiceman.

"What?" sais Mr Ormal.

“Ormalcy Citizen 91101, I said stop resisting! Go back inside for your own safatee.” says the Plodiceman.

“Right.” says Mr Ormal, and makes his way back towards his phlat.

### *Chapter Sux*

Mr Ormal is on his way out.

It’s a long time since Mr Ormal has been outside his phlat, now that the Popawomps have been rounded up into krates and the Slittertoads all stab-byjabbed into klages, and a blangery machine has ripped right through his favourite plarkblench.

So Mr Ormalcy is going to find the Plodiceman. He wants to ask him something.

The Plodiceman is standing right in front of the Tovine Factory.

“Mr Plodiceman.” says Mr Ormal. “I need to ask you a questeron.”

“Ormalcy Citizen 91101, what is your inquiree?”

Mr Ormal doesn’t blinck.

“What made you become a Plodiceman?” says Mr Ormal.

“I wanted to Swerve and Project the Ormalcy way of life.” says the Plodiceman.

“Why?” says Mr Ormal.

“Because it’s the right thing to do.” says the Plodiceman.

“Oh. Right.” Sais Mr Ormal.

Mr Ormal, not pheeling much at all, walks not on the plathway straight to the Plodice Stateshon.

### *Chapter Severn*

Meet Plodiceman Ormal.

Plodiceman Ormal is on his way to swork. He pheels nothing as he strides along in his slobnailed boots and slaughtery shirp and daggerfull pants. He sees the walled off plark and listens to the far-away screams of the Popawomps and Slittertoads crying out from their phactory-pharms, and pheels nothing.

Plodiceman Ormal sworks at the Plodice Stateshon. Plodiceman Ormal makes Plodicemen.