

Penemy of Pignorance

Vol-au-vent, Soda, and Books

The sixty year old Vitalis Originatorabi was sitting on an old rocking chair in the room he had rented in Londowntown, and reviewing his life.

As a youth he had wanted to enter the film industry and become an actor, or at least become an assistant to a production team, but not having enough dollargent to go to the metropolitan Londowntown and rent an apartment and live there, this dream did not get realized. Later he madored singers especially the teasinger Michael Jacksound and tried a lot to become a singer, and he progressed to some extent, but unfortunately he could not afford musical instruments and tutors and could not compete with the other populartist singers who were backed by rich sponsources who paid a lot for the madvertisement of their singers. Then he relegated himself to eliterature.

Even in this field he could not afford some books and attending seminars. He always tried to find and purchase the books he needed in secondhand bookstores. He always needed and intended to buy some textpensive folios, but was not able to afford them, even up to this moment when he was a retired eliterature professor.

Today he was in a good mood to write the story of his own life, and mail it to his studentist daughter in Canada. Previously he had written a short autorabiography for her, but had burnt it before finishing, because he did not want her to know what a painful childhood he had had. But today he thought it will be fruitful for his daughter if she knows her father was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and the condition in which he had grown up and how he had worked round the clock all his life. He kissmelled the daffodils that were on a desk in the room, and thought that his story must be short, otherwise his daughter will not read it. He began to type:

As a child, when Vitalis was out of home in the avenrue and with his friends, he was carefree and happy, but at home he was quiet, melancholic and pensive. His father, Mr. Gibson Originatorabi, a shoe factory worker, worked from early morning till 4 P.M. and whenever he came home he was so tired. His wife, Laura, used to mumble some greeting words and obediently bring him a cup of hot tea. Gibson would drink the tea, take a short nap, get up, and usually would nag about the difficulty of his job, and about the long hours of work in the shoe making factory. He had worked hard since his childhood but

still he did not have a proper home of his own. Sometimes he would tell Laura about how bad tempered the supervisor, Mr. Ramsay was, and how he had punished some workers because of some small mistakes they had done.

Vitalis would hear these stories uninterestedly, do his homework and then say "I'm going out". He did not need permission for this, because Gibson was usually so tired that he needed a quiet room for resting. He was very strict, and if he were very tired or angry because of some problems he might have had that day, this happened near ten times each month, he would become so bad tempered that he would beat Vitalis, or even Laura. In these cases Vitalis would creep into a corner of the room, turn his head downward, bury his face in the palms of his hands, and weep in a pitiable way and deep in his heart he would pray that may Heavens bless his father and bestow some sort of pecuniary blessing to him to improve the sorrowful atmosphere of their home. He never dared to say any word against his father because he considered his father, after Heavens, as the supreme head on earth.

When Vitalis was ten years old his father had faced an employment problem in the factory, and this had made him very moody and nervous for some time. Once Laura told Vitalis that on one of those days Gibson had slapped him so hard on the face that he fell down and his head hit the side of a cupboard. He wept so dejectedly that he could not breathe; his cheeks and lips got dark, and he fell unconscious for near fifteen minutes. When he became conscious, he could not remember the details of the accident and could not speak for two days. And after that he had some difficulty in talking and writing correctly and normally. He turned into a shy and introvert boy who dared not meet strangers and speak and express his thoughts to them openly.

The main reason for his getting shy was that after the sad accident, when he spoke or wrote, words unwillingly combined together and sometimes altogether, and this embarrassed him a lot at school and among his classmeets. Sometimes his classmeets and schoolmeets made fun of his calamity and this made him so angry that his teeth clenched.

On Mondays they had mathematics and once he could not solve one mathematics problem and his mathematics teacher made fun of him in presence of all his classmeets. The teacher said: "You are the best student that I have ever had!" All the other students burst into laughter, and Vitalis knew that the teacher is being sarcastic. He answered: "Excuse me teacher, I undersee, but I know I'm weak at problemathematics, and that I am not your bestudent." And this answer brought about another

outburst of loud laughter in the class. Vitalis smiled naively a little bit at first, but then suddenly he began weeping so loudly that the students got quiet and all watched him weep.

On the way back home he was thinking of what he might do to end this misery and pitiful condition, and an idea entered his mind, but he dared not pronounce it even to himself, because if he did it, his parents would feel more miserable. His solution was: to commit a suicide! To do this he could necktie himself! *Necktie oneself* was his euphemism for *hanging oneself*. Or he could jump off a sky scraper or cliff. But soon he gave up the suicide because it would double or even triple the miserable condition of his parents, brothers and sister. His two younger brothers might follow him and repeat the sinful act one day in future. Already the condition and gloomy atmosphere of the family was very pessimistic and he did not want to turn into another tormentor and catastrophe besides his father. Moreover, as an elder brother, he always wanted to give a optimistic perspective to his brothers and not any bad advice which might corrupt them. Therefore, he never smoked or drank, and tried to never do anything wrong, fearing that his brothers might follow him.

In their vicinity which was one of the slum areas of Londowntown, usually children did not enjoy any pocket money, so, unfortunately some of them went shoplifting, and some of Vitalis' friends did this devilish act too. Vitalis believed in the saying: "honesty is the best policy", so he confessed to his daughter that he too once had tried to snatch two books from a bookstore, but he had been caught red handed, and after that he never even thought of repeating it.

Vitalis had a boon companion by the name of Daniel whose parents were almost well-off and therefore he usually had some dollargent and fortunately he shared his sum with Vitalis and they would have sandwiches, doughnuts and ice-creams. In return, Vitalis would help him do his homework and prepare for the exams.

Once at school yard and during the break time, some of the children were playing football, some were happily playing hide and seek, some were talking to one another and some were having snacks. Some parents had come to school to meet the teachers and talk about their children's progress or lack of it. Vitalis' parents rarely did so.

Vitalis was alone and sitting on a hard concrete bench and under the shade of a tree in the yard. A couple of boys who were having their snacks passed nearby him, and Vitalis heard that they were talking about how delicious their snacks were. He felt hungry but did not have any snacks or any dollargent. When the boys went away Vitalis saw that a piece of vol-au-vent was fallen on the ground

and quite near him. For some seconds he looked at the piece of vol-au-vent which seemed very fresh and delicious. Fortunately it seemed clean too. There was no body near him. Nobody would notice him if he picked it up. He went towards the piece, picked it up, returned to his seat and ate it. Tasty!

Years passed and Vitalis progressed in his studies, became Foxfortunate and entered Foxford University. He was busy studying, but still he did not have much pocket money. Now, he bought his clothes as well as his books mainly from second hand stores. He did some student job but the payment he earned in this way was not enough for him. His costs included food, books, clothes, bus and taxi fare. Thanks Heavens he did not smoke or drink!

Once he had finished his lunch without buying any drinks in the university canteen and was about to leave when suddenly the remaining soda somebody had left in a glass caught his eyes. The glass and the drink seemed clean and nobody would notice him if he drank it. He did it, and went out.

Years later he graduated from Foxford University, became a righter, and a Foxford professor, and little by little one of his novels called *Amerrycountry* reached a universale and got universold and his stories were sellebrated in different seminars, and book fairs in different countries and his fans eagerly purchased his books with his autographs on them. He was frequently interviewed by radio programs, newspapers and even TV programs. By the time he was sixty he had turned into a populartist throughout Queengland and even the univearth and people and his fans thought he is so Foxfortunate and happy.

But nobody knew how deeply the bitter memory of the vol-au-vent, the soda, and the sinsident book lifting were tormentalizing him even at such an old age. And nobody knew how lonely he was, because his wife had left him many years ago, and his daughter, his only child, was studying abroad and preferred to spend her days with her mother and not with him.

At this moment, Vitalis, feeling so unimpoortant and disappoorinted, burst into tears, his vision got blurred, loudly moaned the name of his daughter for several times, and stopped writing. The End.

List of portmanteau words (portmantorabis):

alltogether: all + altogether+ gather

atmoodsphere: atmosphere + mood

avenrue: avenue + rue (street in French)

badvice: bad advice

bestudent : best student

classmeet: classmate + meet

catatorabic: catastrophic + Torabi

Disappoorinted: disappointed + poor

dollargent: dollar + argent (money in French)

eliterature: elite + literature

Foxfortunate: Fox + Oxford + Fortunate

Londowntown: London + Downtown

hopetimistic: hope + optimistic

kissmell: kiss + smell

madore: mad + adore

madvertisement: mad + advertisement

Michael Jacksound: Michael Jackson + sound

metropolitean: metropolitan + polite

populartist : popular + artist

problemathematics: problematic + mathematics

righter: writer + right : a writer who writes the right things

sarcastic: sarcastic + caustic

studentist: student + dentist

sinsident: sin + incident

sellebration: sell + celebration

sindividual: sinful individual

shadeow: shade + shadow

sponsource: sponsor + source

suicidea: suicide + idea

teasinger: teasing + singer

textpensive: text + expensive

twogether: two + together

tormentorabi: torment + Torabi

tormentalize: to mentally torment s.b.

unimpoortant: unimportant + poor

univearth : universe + earth

universale :universe + sale

undersee: understand + see

unfortunaturally: unfortunately + naturally + unnaturally

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