

SELF BIOGRAPHY  
OF LIFE AND DEATH

By

Someone Else

CHAPTER ONE

It was an ordinary day in the house of houses. Gluf was minding his own business, doing his ordinary unordinary things. Gulf, together with his brother Gluf, have been living together for almost two years following the tragic incident of their mother being killed until she died.

"Have you ever wondered what happens after you die?"

Gulf asked his brother Gluf.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never...wait, I forgot what you asked".

"I said, have you ever wondered what happens when you die?", Gulf asked again, sounding more impatient.

"The one asking about the living, becomes one".

Gulf, knowing that his brother is a bit...you know, koo koo kachoo, just accepted that he wouldn't get a real answer from Gluf any time soon. So Gulf continued his day, trying to get the main story going in this novel.

The house the brothers lived in was inherited from their father, who lived until he died. It was a nice square-formed circular house, with many doors and almost no windows (linux was the most popular thing to use these days). They had been living in this particular house for their entire life since they moved in last year, and they had no plans of leaving.

However, Gulf, being the eldest brother, started to feel old. He wanted to do something with his life. He wanted to see the bright side of life. He wanted to find a purpose, the true way of the ninja, the true way of li-.. Gluf aborted his self-inspirational inner speech.

"What are you doing?", whispered Gluf loudly, noticing Gulf with a katana in his hand.

"I've decided to avenge the killer of our mother", Gulf yelled silently.

"Why? What goes around becomes around... no wait, what goes around becomes round", Gluf replied, making no sense whatsoever (seriously, what is he talking about?).

"What are you.. whatever", muttered Gulf annoyingly and went outside.

While outside, he suddenly came to the realization where the killer might be.

"I realize now where the killer might be!", he said to himself and continued.

"He must be in Ghana!", he continued to think to himself. How did he figure that out, you might think. Well, that's just one of nature's mysteries... Or the fact that both the killer and Gulf both live in Ghana already.

So Gulf started his long walk to the killer's house next door, ringing the bell like an idiot.

The killer opened the door. As soon as he saw Gulf standing there with a katana, he muttered to himself "when you were young..." and closed the door.

"Oookay, so what was that?", Gulf muttered to himself.

"Well, it was worth a try. Screw this", Gulf yet again muttered, before going back to his house. He was immediately greeted by his brother again, with yet another phrase making no sense at all.

"What does the box say?", Gluf yodeled.

"Seriously, can you make sense for once?", Gulf said, and continued:

"All you ever do is googling weird stuff on the

winternet and expect it to be the answer. What are you trying to achieve? Do you want a medal? Tough luck, that ain't happening, because I'm a locksmith".

As the brothers continued to argue, one trying to out-nonsense the other to become the one true king in the forth, this novel has reached its end.

Potato.