

Doctor Edward Peen never had any time for travel. He had spent all his life shaping up his skills to be the best doctor in the world. However, difficulties in life had forced him to flee his home country to Molvania.

As he was walking with his Molvanian tour guide, Eileen Devlin (who was new to the tour guide business herself), questions kept popping into his head as they visited the Von Traum Monument in Bonzalita Street.

"So this was created... by whom? What is its history? My mind craves knowledge, and that knowledge can only be satisfied by your words." Edward quietly said as he lifted his arm to point at Eileen.

Eileen, who was becoming used to the good doctor's obnoxious attitude since the past few days, finally spoke:

"This is the Von Traum Monument, it was created in 2096 as a way to remember Molvania's first governor, Ostenbaum Von Traum. His major contributions to this country were lower taxes and free health insurance for everyone. He's also known for being the son of Fixiaum Von Traum, Molvania's founder, whose--"

At the mention of the word Fixiaum, Edward Peen quickly interrupted Eileen's speech.

"Fixiaum, where is he?"

"I was getting to that." Eileen replied in a tired manner. The Doctor had been especially irritating that day, she didn't find it hard to hate him. "As I was saying, Fixiaum Von Traum, Molvania's founder, his grave is located in the Von Traum Mausoleum. Which, for the tenth time, is not available for regular citizens."

"But--"

"As I said, sir, it is not open for regular citizens. If you are still interested in continuing the tour, we could go to the Hick Cowabunga Museum."

Knowing his words were futile, Peen agreed and decided to follow along, thinking that he may as well enjoy the journey.

The car trip to the museum was less than pleasant, as Edward could not stop thinking about Fixiaum. He had to somehow find a way to enter the mausoleum, but couldn't figure out *how*.

Wanting to remove the uneasy silence, he spoke. "I'm going to visiting the Saint Lopez church..."

He paused for a while, uncertain of what he should say next.

"Sounds legit." Eileen replied as she drove, thinking the doctor had finished his sentence.

"No, I'm not done yet. I am sure I shall be requiring your excellent tour guide services there as well."

"Right... sir." Eileen said bitterly. *Sir* had always been a word her family had frowned upon for generations. However, she had always used it when she wanted to irritate her parents. During the years it grew to turn into a word used as a form of disrespect to one used to show irritation.

"... it was after the defeat of the Russian invaders at the hands of Mattson that Molvania's current governor during that year, Richard Fox, decided to build the museum on top of the battlefield as a way of honoring him." Eileen spoke at the museum while standing in front of a huge statue of a bare-chested man wearing military pants and an ammo belt around his upper torso. "Michael Mattson, popularly known as Hick Cowabunga, was considered an honor citizen in Molvania until his death in 2120." She paused for a bit then continued "Now, if you would follow me please, the art section is this way."

After walking up the stairs, they were in a room filled with paintings. The ones who caught Edward's attention were a set of paintings consisting of a brown material with glass shards sticking out of it. Invaded by curiosity, he couldn't help himself but ask Eileen what they were.

"The paintings you are observing were made by Carl Johnson. He was born in the 1950's and began his rap career in the mid 70's under the stage name *Fire Shiznit Chicken*, whose career peaked in 2011. While extremely famous for his music, he had an ubiquitous following around the world because of his surrealistic art. It is said these paintings were made during his paranoid-schizophrenic attacks. Despite his mental condition, he's still considered to be one of the best

musicians to come out of the era along with Lady Gaga.”

The good doctor was reminded of his adolescence, a carefree period where he would spend all his time listening to classics such as *Wyle Out* by Bone Crusher, *Bad Romance* by Lady Gaga and *Broseph's 4 Lyf3* by Fire Shiznit Chicken. “I feel sorry for you kids nowadays.” Edward spoke “You'll never know what it felt like to rock out back then.”

Eileen, unsure of what to say, replied to the doctor's feeble attempt at humor. “I wouldn't know, I never cared much about these artists. I only like listening to Bobby Prince and Mr. Oizo.”

“Never heard of them.”

“Well, that's a shame. Let's cont--”

“Let's go to the Saint Lopez church.”

“Right, sir. Let's go, *sir*.”

The doctor looked through the lowered car window as they drove by the seaside. “Tourism... the tourism here. How is it?” He shouted in an attempt to talk over the sound the wind was making. “The tourism? It used to be good until a decade ago, now not many visit this country. Expensive prices for hotels and tourist commodities seem to be a common complaint. Not that anyone listens as they still have a few people left that are willing to pay incredibly high prices. I predict that at this rate in twenty years no one will come here.”

“Why not advertise your country's attractions more? Molvania is a great country, yet it's as if no one knows of it. Wouldn't advertising more and lowering the prices bring a sudden influx of people that could increase revenue?”

“Yes, but that's the keyword: **could**, why risk money when the country's economy has been a hundred times better than it was a decade ago? It's not worth it... Oh look, we are here. I'll need to find a place to park the car.”

“Do you think I may wait outside while you find a place, my dear?”

“All right, door's open. You can open it now.”

“It's not opening, I think it's stuck.” Edward said as he tried to open the door.

“All right Mr. Peen, wait a second. I'll get out and open it from the other side.”

Eileen got out of the car to open Edward's door, but as she did the doctor got onto the drivers seat and drove away in the car, leaving Eileen behind.

“Oh, Christ.” she said out loud.

“Fixiaum, I must get to Fixiaum.” Edward thought as he drove the car as fast as he could. “He knows, he knows everything.”

As he reached the Molvania Cemetery, he crashed his car through the rusty green gates then proceeded to get out and make a mad dash towards the Von Traum family mausoleum. The moment he entered, he ran up to Fixiaum Von Traum's tomb and opened it. After doing so, he started reciting a ritualistic chant. “Oh, Fixiaum Von Traum, a flan lyre restate hi. Lord of darkness, grace me with your presence.”

A bright white light came out of Fixiaum Von Traum's tomb and Edward Peen heard a cold, emotionless voice.

“Edward Ignacius Peen, fifty seven years old.”

“What are you?!” he replied with a trembling voice.

“It matters not what I am, but what you will be. I come not to end your life, but to save your dark soul. You have been having recurring nightmares. Recurring nightmares that told you to come here to Molvania. To desecrate this grave. Your soul can be redeemed. Walk into the light, Edward, you shall learn not to fear.”

Edward couldn't think of anything to say, he just found himself walking towards the light. “I...”

Suddenly, he was pushed out of the way.

“I should have known you'd be heading here, Peen.” Eileen said. She was now armed with a gun, which she pointed at the light. “Die monster, you don't belong in this world!”

“Eileen Devlin, thirty years old, Cowabunga bloodline. Prepare to die, filthy human.”

Eileen shot the light as it charged at her, the resulting explosion covered the room in sparks.

Peen crawled around the floor horrified “What... what was that?”

“That thing calls people to this country every five decades. It always promises people salvation, but all it does is use them for its own needs whatever they may be.”

“That was so... anti-climatic.”

“Yeah well.”

Eileen put on a pair of sunglasses.

“Deal with it.”