



THE STORY OF
XMAS COAL
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ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time there was an extremely stupid man who had three very pretty but extremely stupid daughters, and they all lived together in a very stupid town. Like most villages in the middle part of the country, this one was mainly populated by individuals of a much lower than

average intelligence. You didn't even need a formal education to practice medicine in this town. If you had some tools and the stomach to tolerate seeing the villagers with their clothes off... then you got the job. However, compared to this family, the other townspeople had the intelligence of rocket scientists. The extremely stupid man wanted to get all of his daughters married off toot sweet because no one in the family was smart enough to take care of anyone, including themselves. They were always broke and it didn't look like

the situation would improve. If he got his hands on a piece of gold he would bury it, hoping to grow a gold tree. He would then get drunk to celebrate his financial plan and forget where he buried the gold. This happened several times. One time the stupid man invested all his money in some foolish invention he came up with one night while eating a TV dinner. His idea was for a feedbag for humans. It consisted of a plate attached to a strap that you fastened over your head, so you could eat directly from the plate without the need

for utensils. He called it The FeedPlate™, and the selling point was that your eyes never had to divert themselves from the television while you ate. The idea sounded like pure genius on paper, but in reality The FeedPlate™ created huge risks of overeating and mental exhaustion from commercials. He was a horribly stupid man. His three daughters were so tired of being broke all the time that they even went to the crazy lengths of trying to find jobs. But like I've already said, they were extremely stupid and they couldn't find a

single thing they could do. They couldn't even find work making photocopies at the local copy shop... it was really sad how stupid this whole family was. So trying to get married was the only option they had. But it was an impossible task since the man had no dowry to give his daughters and they were so stupid that no villager could ignore it for their beauty. Pretty people usually have it easy, but this family was so stupid it was just embarrassing. You might be temporarily stunned by the beauty of these women, but after a couple

of minutes of conversation with them, you actually started to feel your intelligence lowering in some type of genetic attempt to adapt to your situation. As soon as you noticed, you just had to get out of the perimeter of infection as fast as possible. They were so dumb that it would affect you afterwards. Sometimes following a meeting with them you'd find yourself daydreaming for days about how a feedback for humans would be supercool. Their beauty just wasn't worth dealing with their stupid. One person who tried to deal

with this drooling lot of villagers as little as possible was an old alcoholic named Nicholas. Although he had no skills in hygiene, he was the smartest man in the village. He had earned the nickname of Saint because of the similarity between his scent and that of a Saint Bernard. He didn't bathe because it usually kept the townspeople away from him. He made an effort to avoid everyone as much as it was possible, but he eventually overheard of the stupid man's money issues. He quickly decided to give each of the daughters the