

# The Last Testament

ERNST UNTING

DEATH EVENTUALLY ADMITS TO HABIT

With only one life to his name, Dont Unen, was a tragically large man. He would often, early on misty mornings, rise with the crows and up and smack his clunkish brow to the beams of his abode. At times he took the scientists at their words: "the world must be shrinking." Without any formal spilling of his education into physical delicacies, Dont could only feel the fact that the universe seemed to be ending. He didn't much feel much, and therefore wasn't to be bothered by his frequent noggin knockings. The house, on the otherhand. Built before wood was an extravagance, chez Unen, or as it was often dubbed, the Eboros, sat a meek square lot nought but bought on order of one not-long-agos. Fabricated with wood to a fault, Eboros was not a fan of the overgrown denizen within, whose pseudo-circadean rhythms and rhymes left numerous bruises and blows. Eboros didn't mind the smaller inhabitant.

With only one life to her name, Aver Unen was a euphorically small woman. She had lost both legs in the war.<sup>1</sup>

With only one to their name, Teeghos was about as tall as was necessary as to reach any shelf and as wide as suffices for YOU. Of depth, Teeghose was way deep. Recently, they had settled the question of trans-nyetein left-beings' presistence outside of the mind of a codified class 1 observer. The direction of inquiry had all but been settled as impenetrable, to be noted, with a "had" old than Teeghos' settling "had." Indeed, it would be remiss not to mention the intra-paragraphic time dialation, as such would otherwise lead the reader down a wikithought of mendacious dwellings. We needn't spoil of moments in these drab possibilities, though such diatrbies are the bedrock of a great many of Teeghos' academic arguings.

There was also Holth, the cat. He has nine lives to his name.

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<sup>1</sup>(*pata*) The war is suspected to be the Gauss-Borian Conflict.