

I Dare Anyone To Vote For My Story

By Mark Edgemon

I've got a surprise for the computer hacking, little troll, who has made mischief, inflating the vote totals in the flash challenge I submit stories to every month. The challenge master has been concerned that the integrity of his contest will be discredited by the vote tampering of one individual, who enjoys the havoc he creates much like a dog rolling in his own doodie. Next up, one troll with a slice of bacon, hold the mayo!

I have a friend who is an electronics genius, who has invented a powerful electrical surge feedback device that sends out a strong voltage current to the server of the site that the connected computer is on and relays it to the IP address of the person currently on the site, literally frying him at his computer.

I don't begin to understand how the science of this device works (Did you get that Bill, I DON'T KNOW HOW THE SCIENCE WORKS ON THIS DEVICE). Bill is a good writer and friend of mine, who insists that every fact of science be accurate in any and all stories. I concur, except when the stories are mine!

"So, I fasten this plug into this port, right?" I said to Eugene, as he was finishing up connecting his invention to my computer.

"Right! And when you are sure he's on the site, throw the switch!" he said smiling.

"And then what, he'll be toast?" I inquired.

"Yes! But make absolutely sure you get the right person." Eugene stressed as he headed out the door.

After the door closed it was time to bait the hook.

I surmise, that the dumbass in question must be motivated by emotional responses, seeing that he gets his gratification by causing trouble and then sitting back and enjoying the chaos which ensues. If you tell him not to do something, it's a sure bet he'll do the opposite of what he thinks others want him to do. Rebellion, you know!

So, the title of my story this month will be, "I Dare Anyone To Vote for My Story!" by etc. etc. I expect the vomitus troll to jump all over my story, perceiving it as a dare and immediately begin escalating the votes. I can count on the troll's pride as an ally.

And so, it begins! It's 10 p.m. and the contest has begun and all that I need to do is watch the votes, refreshing the page every minute or so with my hand firmly on the voltage release switch. It's just a matter of time.

What were the lyrics to that song, “Time keeps on slippin’, slippin’, slippin’ into the future.” It seems I’ve read that somewhere recently.

Well I’ve been up all night and no movement as of yet. I don’t know how cops do surveillance. Hard to stay awake! I need some coffee. I’ll refresh the page again and run and make a pot.....

I’m back with a large mug of Mocha Joe; ready for the hunt...the troll hunt...hey I’m giddy from lack of sleep.

I’ll get him! It’s just a matter of time. I’m now singing to myself, “Time keeps on slippin’, slippin’, slippin’ into...” not that again. Who wrote that song, Wolfman Jack?

It’s been 18 hours and no sleep. He’s got to make his move sometime. What should I have baited the trap with, moldy cheese? No, the story and title were enough. It was a master baiting job, the way I set him up. ??????? Wait a minute; I’m glad no one could hear me say that, cause that would be embarrassing.

It’s been two freakin’ days and I’ve nodded off twice, but still, no influx of votes. Let’s see, this was about the time he moved last month, or was that the month before last. And while I’m at it, what day is it? Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is? You know, that would make a good title for a song!

It’s been six days and he hasn’t moved, a total of 8 votes with mine receiving none so far. Well, I guess I scared him off. I suppose, I can take some solace in that! Hurray for me, I scared the little troll off! What do I win?

What was this that I spilled on my shirt? Oh, that’s drool. Well, just one more...hey, the votes are moving. There’s a vote and wait a minute, another one and...I’m refreshing the page and so there are a total of two votes coming in. What do I do? Oh yeah, throw the switch! Where in the hell is it? Oh, I’m sitting on it! Okay you little twerp...take this!

After waiting for about three minutes, an R.I.P notice was posted stating that my friend Ritchie Torintino died at his computer, probably posted by his wife.

“Look what you made me do you little troll! I’ll get you if it’s the last thing I do! Take that!” I said as I threw the switch once again.

I’m waiting for a response and it looks like I finally got him. No, I accidentally electrocuted the challenge master.

One more time and I’ll get him for sure!

As the light fades, we see our self-appointed hero, turn into an even worse troll than the one he was pursuing, neither of them getting any rest...from then on!

{No trolls were physically harmed during the writing of this story. But 20 writers at Decathelion webzine were electrocuted by mistake.}

The End