

Behind the Scenes

by

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Flerble, derble, cherble, berble! Who am I? I'm the man behind the scenes who makes up new words and phrases! If it wasn't for people like me, you would still be saying things like 'itchy beard'. Want to know the new term for 'I don't believe you?' Well, in a few months, you will hear everyone saying 'spank my uncle'. For example 'OMG, I've just won the lottery!' 'Yeah, spank my uncle, you're such a drama queen'. What is the purpose of my job? Well, if you don't know already, the murglerino will tell you, in his own time. I've just eaten some orange peel. That's not relevant, but it is true. Very bitter. Anyway, how do I get my words and such out there? At first I'm very subtle. Maybe I'll put a neologism in one episode of a soap opera. E.g. 'We're getting married!' 'Spank my uncle!' The next step is to go crazy, and say it all the time.

Here's something that may surprise you: I'm the murglerino. The purpose of my job is simply to get people feelin' funky. In other words, I'm here just for fun. Good isn't it? Why am I behind the scenes? So people don't know about all my innovations, at the same time. What if people instantly had a choice of hundreds of words for the same thing? That would obviously be a nightmare, as humans simply can't learn so much new info that fast. No one would really know what anyone else is talking about, and when I say 'no one', I mean everyone from cleaners to surgeons. You wouldn't want someone operating on you, if they can't follow and give simple instructions. Therefore, I actually have a very important job, and you shouldn't think I'm weird, when I say 'Bleblebelbingtonbleblebleb.'

To prove my point, I think I should tell you about the time Prime Minister David Cameron stumbled upon ten of my new ideas simultaneously. Apparently, he was about to come up with a first rate plan that would make employment rates soar, in England. However, when he heard all of my new words for 'cash', his brain went into overload. He didn't even know what money was anymore. He consequently sold his house and car, and lived on the streets for a whole week as a tramp. When he finally came to his senses, he was a changed man, and he developed a nervous twitch. It was only when I invented a few new words for 'calm', he got back his sense of peace. How? A doctor explained the cure as 'calm excessiveness'. It was apparently a treatment for him, but for the normal population, it could cause eternal sleep.

But all of that's very dark. Why not hear about the good, my work has done? There was one time I said 5 words for 'get better' to a terminally ill puppy. Between you and me, I said to him, 'pinglington', 'pangorino', 'jimbing', 'bopwoddoo' and 'wibnop'. The dog went onto live another 20 years. So why don't I tell everyone about my words, if they do so many miracles? Well other than the fact people could easily put the world to bed, there are some people out there who shouldn't really have too much go their own way. For example, imagine if modern day Hitler became immortal.

He would go into battle all apeshit, and there would be nothing that could be done. What a disaster. But I trust that you won't go into a war batshit crazy, so it's cool. Right?? RIGHT???? Oh, I've said too much, haven't I? I should go. Byeeee.