

For this article, I will be using words from a random word generator (shown in capitals) and making a story out of them. The twist is, I won't allow myself to skip any computer-made words! The following is PURELY random! :S Let's go! (The story might be rubbish).

Once upon a time, a man called Jim was forced to PARTICIPATE in an upcoming karate contest. He had to attack, just as well as he could DEFEND. This caused him to PANIC, as he wasn't particularly good at fighting. His PLEDGE to his ageing master was to try his best, but FLAVOR (sic) was the old man's main priority. He couldn't DENY he didn't really care if Jim got beaten up. Tbh honest, the chocolates he was given for his birthday were far most interesting to him, even if they went SOFT, because of the heat. BRILLIANCE! Turns out he was given Belgian chocolates! His favourite! Now he didn't have to BUY any. However, he will need a good REASON to do so in the future, as they are very unhealthy. Maybe that's something he could DISCUSS with Jim.

Soon enough, it was the day of the fight. Here goes!... Jim's FRONT faces his master, to show him respect. Mooning old men is never acceptable. Not for other people, not for US. A FLOOD of applause comes from the crowd, which is FAIR enough - the two fighters will likely have to deal with extreme pain. They will have to watch out for attacks on the TEMPLES, in particular. Nobody will get their VATS attacked, though. Why would they? Vats are cooking appliances. Very random. The first round starts. It's Jim and another man in a white suit. Jim gets a SOLID punch to the face, knocking him over. You couldn't DELIVER a better punch. Jim gets up. He has to ask his rival a FAVOR (sic). 'Will you look really MISERABLE and scared for me, please? I want to look like a badass to my master, but he's not paying me any kind of attention. I think he may need GLASSES.'

The master screams 'No! I have hardly any chocolates LEFT! I'm so hungry, I could eat PERFUME!' Jim looks sad and in-SECURE. He turns to his master and mumbles 'Can you stop talking about food, please?' The frustrated look on the old man's face seems to INTENSIFY. He asks Jim a question 'Will you BRING me more chocolate? You're quite the PERFORMER. A real badass. See, I do like you.' A DEER with a note attached to its side enters to room. Apparently it's from the GOVERNMENT, the note was signed by Boris Johnson in very large writing. Everyone gasps in confusion. The master scratches his head and comments 'Why is the animal singing an OPERA?' Jim's rival notices how out of it Jim looks. It's time to attack the neglected fighter with a kick to the leg. Jim screams 'Aaargh!' as he falls to the ground 'Now I'm going to need a CRUTCH!'

The master sighs 'Forget about your leg and see what the deer's about!' A HORN sounds from a stereo system, signalling the fight is over. Perhaps to lighten the mood, a flashy guitar SOLO is also heard. Van Halen! Great! The master raises his voice 'Hang on! How much does Jim's rival WEIGH? I think the fight was unfair! The rival comments to the old man 'I weigh the same as Jim...' The old man looks down and sighs 'Oh... Anyway, the deer! Maybe it came from the HUT nearby! Do deers live in huts? And will someone please read its message?' The rival approaches the deer and mumbles to himself 'This can't be real. It's some kind of ACT.' He reads aloud 'Hello, I'm a deer. I used to be a GOALKEEPER. Not only that, I've been sent here by the Prime Minister to sing and send a message that fighting in any form

should be ridiculed. Can't we all live in peace?'

The deer comments to the rival 'I'm sensing some ATTRACTION. Why are you so close to me?' The rival yelps 'You can talk!' The deer responds 'CONGLOMERATE...' The rival scratches his head 'What's that word mean?' The deer looks down 'I don't know.' The rival widens his eyes 'Why say it, then?' The deer replies 'I don't know. I wanted to sound sophisticated.' RAIN from outside is heard. VEILs could be useful, to stop people getting their heads wet, but I digress. The deer continues 'Anyway, do you have a STOOL so I can stand on it. I want people to look up to me, both metaphorically and literally.' The rival shakes his head in disbelief 'How the hell do you talk, anyway?' The deer looks smug 'EVOLUTION. It's the RESULT of days and days of TRANSFORMATIONS. In contrast to other words, I even know what HEMISPHERE means.'

Jim screams 'Can someone look at my broken leg, please?? This place is a DUMP!' The master sighs 'Don't be so CRUDE. If I can read you an EXTRACT from the bible about forgiveness, would you listen to it? Will you PLEASE forgive me for betting on your rival, rather than you? I think I have some kind of mental SYNDROME.' James screams 'You've shown me nothing but CONTEMPT!' The old man looks down 'Would you like me to CLARIFY how much you mean to me?' Jim sighs 'Fine. Go on then'. The old man gives a thumbs up 'I think you're HEALTHY.' Jim shouts 'Is that all?? Don't you care about me??' The man tries to be calm 'I think you should COMPOSE yourself. Let me draw a DIAGRAM about how much you mean to me.'

He gets a pen and paper from his pocket and gets writing. Everyone stares at the old man in ANTICIPATION. He draws a circle that is SPLIT in two. One half says 'heathy' the other says 'nice guy.' The deer leaves a muddy TRAIL as it approaches the man. The animal then speaks 'That's nice, isn't Jim? He thinks you're nice guy and healthy, too, in equal proportions' Jim responds 'That's really dumb.' He then looks up and shouts 'Take COVER!' The roof starts to crumble, possibly because of the rain. What a rubbish building. Jim continues 'CAPTURE the deer! I need to know what else it will say!' The animal responds 'LAYOUT...' The old man tuts 'It's just being random again...' He points up to the falling roof and the skies that are getting more and more visible 'Look! It's a RAINBOW!' Shortly after that amazed reaction, everyone dies, including the deer. There is no one left to say random words anymore. Apart from me - LOAN!

Ok! That was my random story! It actually went better than I expected. As you may have noticed, there were times that I struggled, but hey ho. Must do that again, some time. Byeeeee! (TILE).