

Fantomp de Lessiotere

By A. C. Zito

"I would like my money back please, Monsieur." The stupid American looked at me stupidly.

"Just because your soda drink is larger than what you expected it to be doesn't mean you're getting a refund. Just remember to get a Small next time, sir, and not go straight for the Extra-Large." I was aghast at what this American boy had to say to me.

"Come back to Greaseland again? Do I look like I want diabetes? No, I am leaving this filthy country tomorrow before another one of your sleazy women tries to stick a hand in my vicinity. No American women will have her way with Fantomp de Lessiotere! Not today, not ever!" I thought of the conversations these stupid American women have tried to start with me. What have they been saying; that when they were growing up their nickname used to be Honey Boo Boo? I will have none of it! Next time one of these filthy, dogfood-eating, stupid Americans tries to lay a hand on me or breaks wind again towards my direction I will challenge them to a duel!

"Look, Mommy, it's one of the three musketeers!" A little girl said this to her mother while, drink in hand, I was heading towards the door. Immediately, I stopped in my tracks and gaffed at the absurd and remarkably stupid accusation!

"I do not come from France, young Mademoiselle. I come from a country much more prestigious and elegantly exquisite than what used to be Charlemagne's old stomping grounds. It's older than Ancient Gaul. My name is Fantomp de Lessiotere, and I come from the Olden Isles of the Peruvian Estates. Our lands sit on the chestnut of great Palestinian societies! We anchor at the great fortunes of misadventures and set sail for Bermudian lost treasures. Our castles sit at the peaks of Sicilian mountaintops and our rest stops reside at the crossroads of old, long-forgotten underground tunnels that were once lairs dubious witches would boil enchanted potions in their cauldrons to keep the hexes brought on by the Westward Werewolves of Anastasia off their backs." Before I could say any more, I kicked opened the door and stuck an ear out towards the sky.

Adventure I thought to myself. No, no; no adventure today. Fantomp de Lessiotere was in strange and foreign lands; lands where the risks were too great to behold, too great to take.

I must call upon my pet unicorn, Camelia of the Woodlocke Fountain Estates. I wanted to whisper this out but was afraid that the residents of these lands would hear me and steal my precious unicorn.

"SHE'S MINE!" I screamed out. *Ha* I thought. Camelia was trained to gallop up to five hundred miles per hour. They would never catch her.

Where is that blasted thing? I thought to myself. One of the bizarre American people looked at me with their unicorn-calling device in hand.

“YOU HAVE A UNICORN TOO?” I screamed out. I snatched the unicorn-calling device from her hand where she then immediately snapped back:

“HEY, COSTUME-BOY, GIVE THAT BACK!” I, immediately, realized my mistake. It was not a unicorn-calling device; it was a pocket-computer.

“What is this *Instagram*? Is this who you worship?” I’ve been told about these American gods; they’re like the Greek gods from olden times but much more loved by the American people. There’s Google, Instagram, Facebook, Twitter, Amazon, Snapchat, YouTube, Netflix, HBO.

Instagram must be her favorite American god I thought to myself.

“I need this, American woman. Call up your American god, the one you call: the great Amazon. My unicorn isn’t here yet, and I think Camelia might be in danger! Then tell your American god, Amazon, that I’m in the need to shop around for one of your finest spaceships. And maybe a nice spacesuit, my attire must blend in so I won’t stand out while flying alongside your other spaceships.” The woman looked at me and smiled, pinching my cheek.

“Well aren’t you the cutest little six year old ever!”

“She’s mine, ma’am.” A man behind the cash register said. Turning to me, “Jerome, I already called your mom. She said she’d be here in five minutes, just hold on a couple more seconds, okay, little dude?” I couldn’t understand the American; I was too busy, deep in thought. For I knew who had Camelia of the Woodlocke Fountain Estates: it was the evil wizard of the Seaside Castle. And now I needed this Amazon to send me my spaceship more than ever!