Schrdlpfrmtler

The Brain Sausage War

Diego Marquéz
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The Schrdlpfrmtler

A Schrdlpfrmtler leaves home and reaches the mountains of Brdlfrzt. There, he is attacked by a horde of Qaustenzipfler, the Wrdlpfrmftern, but help is near. A Christmas Bunny, who had just placed a gift under the Quardl tree, now has time to explore the Schrtligkeit.

He encounters the Schrdlpfrmtler, who was left lonely and abandoned by the Qaustenzipfler after they robbed him of his snacks and his Gatorade. Now he stands there, hungry, thirsty, and alone in the Brdlfrzt forest, but the trees alert the Christmas Bunny that a Schrdlpfrmtler is lost and astray here.

"Brain, brain, where is the brain?" screams the Schrdlpfrmtler; he cannot find his brain anymore. "Never mind," says the Christmas Bunny, "then you'll just eat some Brain Sausage." After the Schrdlpfrmtler has fortified himself with Brain Sausage and Zipfel-water that the Christmas Bunny had with him, they both go together to Dorlfrtl, the next small town nearby.

The inhabitants, the Dordlfrtler, were always a bit suspicious of strangers, and they didn't know the Christmas Bunny. "Who is that?" they wanted to know. "I am the Christmas Bunny." "So? What is a bunny?"

Then the insects arrived, looking like honey and eating bees. But they hadn't reckoned with the Zwardlwrft, who couldn't calculate at all, which is why he preferred alphabet soup. He couldn't read, either.

But the Schrdlpfrmtler knew what to do; he still had some Brain Sausage left and ceremoniously handed it to the Zwardlwrft, who grabbed it greedily, having no idea that he was instantly much more intelligent in his belly than in his head. And so it happened that from now on, he made all his decisions from the gut and went into politics. However, his water-head bothered him a bit, as it contained the same Zipfel-water the Christmas Bunny loved to drink. But in politics, that doesn't matter; water-heads are in demand there.

Then Mischpoke came by; she was the goddess of fantasy worlds. Over several years in a row, she was elected Miss Understanding, then Miss Trust, Miss Respect, Miss Success, and finally, Mis Chpoke. She lived in a Zwirbeldruft, surrounded by pink-blooming Warnixpratner. In the mornings, she preferred to wear her little white, soft-knitted Wrzdrftlchen. She had once received it as a gift from someone—uh, she cannot pronounce it, but we can: Wrdschdrlbrmfter.

The Evening Festival

In the evening, at the campfire, 18.4 Warxulaner—wait, 18.4, yes, because of the statistics—dance naked around a giant wooden penis. They worship it as a god because they don't know what it is and believe it is an extraterrestrial.

In the meantime, a Pfrdlmpftler tries to turn on the light because he is afraid of the dark. In doing so, he puts his fingers somewhere he would rather not know about; at any rate, it smells strange. Nearby the campfire are several unidentified Schramblfrten. At least they look delicious, so they are simply eaten, if necessary without mayo.

The Schrdlpfrmtler looks at all of this, confused; he has run out of Brain Sausage and thus can no longer understand it. Princess Mischpoke stirs everyone up and makes herself important. She croons a song like at the Ballermann about 20 naked African aborigines with huge long ears. Christmas Bunny ears?

The Ostermann comes around the corner and cannot believe it; he has never experienced such a commotion, with everyone lying on top of each other and sweating without moving. Must be the weather, or the campfire. Oh yes, the Ostermann stood dumbfounded before this hullabaloo.

The Ostermann, whose chocolate eggs usually ensured bright children's eyes, felt a crack forming in his seasonal facade. So much concentrated nonsensicality at once exceeded even his imagination of a perfectly orchestrated spring festival. He rubbed his eyes, but the 18.4 naked Warxulaner continued to dance unperturbed around the wooden penis, accompanied by the Ballermann-crooning of Goddess Mischpoke, who had meanwhile also wrapped a Wrzdrftlchen around her huge ears, which looked suspiciously like Easter Bunny ears.

"But... that... that is not normal!" muttered the Ostermann, and his voice sounded surprisingly high, almost as if he had nibbled on too many carrots.

The Schrdlpfrmtler, still without Brain Sausage and thus in a state of blissful confusion, just stared at the Ostermann with big eyes. "Normal? What is that? Is that also a type of Brain Sausage?" He rubbed his belly. "I'm hungry!"

The Christmas Bunny, who had meanwhile made a small campfire out of the pink-blooming Warnixpratner (which, as it turned out, burned surprisingly well and smelled of cinnamon and slightly burnt plush), looked up. "Brain Sausage? Oh, that's empty, my friend. But I have some of

the Zipfel-water left. It doesn't make the head clearer, but the mood better." He handed the Schrdlpfrmtler a bottle.

The Zwardlwrft, who had been ruling from the gut since his Brain Sausage enlightenment and was just considering whether he should appoint the wooden penis as the new national monument, stumbled toward the Ostermann. "Look at that! A newcomer! Are you also from the Brdlfrzt forest? Do you also have such a chic water-head that smells of Zipfel-water? We could recruit you into politics!"

Goddess Mischpoke, who had just ended her Ballermann performance abruptly, snapped her fingers. "Stop! That is the Ostermann! He brings the chocolate eggs! Maybe he also brings chocolate Brain Sausage!" Her eyes sparkled greedily. "Then we could celebrate a chocolate brain festival! With naked Warxulaners and... and... and a chocolate penis!"

The Ostermann backed away in horror. A chocolate penis? That was definitely not provided for in his Easter repertoire. He looked around for a way out, but there was only absurdity everywhere. The unidentified Schramblfrten, which had by now been polished off to the last crumb, seemed to cause slight digestive problems in the Warxulaners' stomachs, which

manifested in strange, rhythmic flatulence, lending the dance of the 18.4 Warxulaners a whole new dimension.

"I think I have to... uh... sort my eggs," stammered the Ostermann, trying to sneak away unnoticed. "Important Easter business, you know? Very, very important!"

But Goddess Mischpoke already had her eye on him. "Wait a minute! You can't just leave! We still need someone to take over the logistics for the chocolate brain festival! And maybe you could explain to us what a bunny is? The Christmas Bunny doesn't know that exactly, either." She pulled him by the arm, while the Christmas Bunny nodded. "Yes, please! I always thought I was a reindeer with fur. Or a very fluffy penguin."

And so the Ostermann found himself in the middle of this mess again, his carefully planned Easter route forgotten, trapped in a world where Brain Sausage made politics, gods sang Ballermann, and bunnies didn't know what they were. He wondered if he would ever find his way back to sensible reality again, or if he, in the end, would only decide what an egg is from the gut.

The Schwadrlfrtn Spaceship

Suddenly, a spaceship full of "Schwadrlfrtn" lands; "Where do they come from? I haven't eaten those in a long time; it's time for Brain Sausage supplies before they are all eaten up."

The Ostermann, who was just trying to explain to the Zwardlwrft that his eggs were not made of Zipfel-water, flinched. A deafening hiss cut through the air, followed by a dull thud that made the pink-blooming Warnixpratner tremble for a moment. From the sky, a misshapen, glittering object descended that looked like a mixture of an oversized, dented muffin and a disco ball. It landed with a squeaking sound right next to the dancing wooden penis, which made the 18.4 Warxulaners pause for a moment, only to continue their dance with even more fervor, as they thought it was a new, even larger idol.

A ramp folded down with a sound reminiscent of a rusty garden gate being kicked by a gnome in rubber boots. Out poured... Schwadrlfrtn! Hundreds of them, in every conceivable shade from green-yellow to purple-speckled, with tiny little wings that vibrated so fast they were only a blurry veil. They swarmed about, squeaking in a language that sounded like the noise of chirping irons, and looked around with huge googly eyes.

The Schrdlpfrmtler, whose stomach had been

growling louder than the Zwardlwrft when he asked his belly for advice, opened his eyes wide. "Schwadrlfrtn! I haven't eaten those in a long time! That's like Christmas and Easter all at once, only without Brain Sausage!" He jumped up, the empty Zipfel-water bottle rattling in his hand, and stormed toward the spaceship. "Supplies! Finally supplies!"

Goddess Mischpoke, who was just trying to force the Ostermann into one of her Ballermann dances, turned abruptly. Her huge Easter Bunny ears twitched. "Schwadrlfrtn?! Out of a flying muffin? That's even better than chocolate Brain Sausage! But... wait a minute! Where has the Brain Sausage gone? We can't eat all the Schwadrlfrtn if the brain is empty!"

The Christmas Bunny, who was just trying to identify a Schramblfrt that had gotten caught in one of his beard tips, looked worried. "Oh dear, the Brain Sausage! It's gone! The Zwardlwrft ate it and became a politician because of it! If we eat all the Schwadrlfrtn now without a supply of Brain Sausage, then soon no one here will be able to think, not even from the gut!"

The Zwardlwrft, who already felt drawn to the Schwadrlfrtn because they were so colorful and wanted to found a "Schwadrlfrtn Party" from his gut, nodded absentmindedly. "Brain Sausage?

Oh yes. That was delicious. But these Schwadrlfrtn look much more strategic. If we have them, we can take over world domination! Or at least build the largest sandbox!"

The panicky realization spread: there was no more Brain Sausage! And the Schwadrlfrtn threatened to be devoured without a brain, which would only increase the chaos further. The Schrdlpfrmtler had already grabbed a handful of the squeaking Schwadrlfrtn and pushed them into his mouth with relish. "Mmmh, tastes like... like forgotten memories and a hint of old Gatorade!"

And in that moment, something occurred to the Christmas Bunny. He rummaged deep into his huge gift sack, which usually contained only toys and plushies. His paw hit something hard, cylindrical. He pulled it out. It was a single, unopened can with the label: "Emergency Brain Sausage: Only for extreme brain emergencies."

"I've got it!" cried the Christmas Bunny triumphantly. "A clearance item! But it's of a completely different sort. It has... uh... a taste of lemongrass and philosophical thoughts!"

Goddess Mischpoke's eyes lit up. "Lemongrass philosopher Brain Sausage? Perfect! With that, we can take over the Schwadrlfrtn fleet and build a new fantasy world where everything is even

more meaningless! And maybe it will also teach us what a bunny is!"

Emergency Brain Sausage without a Can Opener

The Christmas Bunny held the can "Emergency Brain Sausage: Lemongrass & Philosophical Thoughts" aloft. It shone silver in the light of the campfire, which by now consisted almost only of the melted remains of the Warnixpratner. The Schrdlpfrmtler, who had just devoured the last "forgotten memory" Schwadrlfrt, stared at the can as if it were the Holy Grail.

"Philosophical thoughts?" muttered the Schrdlpfrmtler and licked his colorful fingers. "Sounds... complicated. But I'm hungry. Is that better than normal Brain Sausage?"

Goddess Mischpoke, who had by now swapped her Easter Bunny ears for a butterfly headband, grabbed the can. She looked closely at the label. "Lemongrass?! That's full gourmet! That fits perfectly with my new life as the goddess of... uh... culinary absurdities!" She tried to open the can with her teeth, as the can opener had remained in her Zwirbeldruft.

Suddenly, the ramp of the muffin-shaped spaceship opened again. A new wave of Schwadrlfrtn poured out, but this time not the colorful, squeaking ones, but a small, stiff elite unit in tiny, silver suits. Apparently, they had

observed the scene and realized that their friends (who had just landed in the Schrdlpfrmtler's stomach) had been eaten. They looked at the group with icy determination.

The leader, a particularly stately Schwadrlfrt with a miniature monocle, stepped forward and squeaked in a deep, sonorous tone that strangely sounded like a bassoon: "Your misdeeds against the civilian population of the Schwadrlfrtn fleet are a violation of the intergalactic enjoyment statutes! We demand the immediate surrender of the food, and compensation in the form of... uh... Gatorade!"

The Zwardlwrft, who had just asked his belly what to think of the silver Schwadrlfrtn, answered promptly from the gut: "No way! They're for eating! And there's no more Brain Sausage either! We're making our own party now! The 'Party for Culinary World Peace through Schwadrlfrtn Consumption'!"

The diplomatic crisis escalated in seconds. The elite Schwadrlfrtn drew tiny laser pistols that looked like small toothpicks and pointed them at the Zwardlwrft. The Schrdlpfrmtler, still in blissful confusion, didn't understand why no one opened the emergency Brain Sausage and tried to grab one of the elite Schwadrlfrtn to taste as a snack.

The Ostermann, who had hidden behind a

particularly large, unidentified Schramblfrt remnant, clapped his hands over his eyes. "This can't be true! First Easter egg logistics, then Ballermann, and now an intergalactic Schwadrlfrtn war? I want to go home!"

The Christmas Bunny, who was about to lose track of things, threw the "Emergency Brain Sausage" can into the air. "Enough talking! First come, first served! And whoever has the Brain Sausage has the say! Or at least the lemongrass diploma!"

A wild fight for the can broke out. Goddess Mischpoke tried to catch it with her butterfly headband, the Zwardlwrft wanted to influence it with his gut decisions, the elite Schwadrlfrtn aimed at it with their toothpick lasers, and the Schrdlpfrmtler tried to bite his way through the hustle and bustle to finally understand what "philosophical thoughts" tasted like.

In the middle of this chaos, as the laser beam of a toothpick just grazed the Christmas Bunny's beard tip (leaving a small wisp of smoke that smelled of cinnamon), the impossible happened: The can opened.

A fine, green mist rose from the can. It spread over the battlefield and enveloped all participants. Suddenly, movements froze. The laser pistols sank down. Mischpoke's Ballermann

melody fell silent.

A deep, calming voice, sounding like a mixture of the rustling of lemongrass in the wind and the sound of a gong, filled the air. It came from the green mist.

The Origin of the Egg-Less Easter Bunny

The green mist of the "Emergency Brain Sausage" had settled over the Brdlfrzt forest like a sticky blanket of old cheese. The world was no longer the same. Where, just moments ago, naked Warxulaner had been dancing around a wooden phallus to *Ballermann* tunes, a depressing, intellectual silence now reigned.

The Zwardlwrft stood bolt upright, belly puffed out with pride, delivering a fiery speech about the unfair distribution of *Zipfel-water* in a neoliberal society. "We must democratize the production of the Schramblfrten!" he shouted, attempting to organize his alphabet soup according to grammatical principles. But since he could not read, the letters he arranged only spelled: "Sausage-Bunny-Belly-Politics-Ouch." The Warxulaners nodded reverently, despite still not knowing why they were naked.

The Ostermann, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, tried desperately to sort his eggs. "This is all wrong!" he whimpered. "Easter eggs are for joy, not for sociological debate!" He tried to give an egg to the Schrdlpfrmtler, but the Schrdlpfrmtler pushed it away. "What is an egg?" he asked with glassy eyes. "Is it the symbol of the unborn nothingness? Or is it just a shell

around a void that cannot be eaten?" He sighed heavily. "I need more lemongrass. Reality is too round."

Meanwhile, the elite unit of the Schwadrlfrtn had decided to end the war. Their leader with the monocle had acquired the lemongrass diploma and now wore a robe made of old Gatorade can tabs. "We hereby demand the immediate dissolution of the Brdlfrzt forest regime!" he squeaked through a megaphone fashioned from an old Brain Sausage casing. "We are retreating to the mountains to found a Schwadrlfrtn commune that lives exclusively on air and the idea of a cookie!"

Goddess Mischpoke, who was still trying to sing her *Ballermann* songs backwards, now sounded like a broken gramophone drowning in a bathtub full of jelly. "...nnah-ts-te-z-re-h-c-i-N...", echoed through the forest. The pink glow of the *Warnixpratner* faded, and in their place, small blue umbrellas suddenly began to grow out of the ground, whispering "What a pity, what a pity" with every breeze.

"This is too much!" shouted the Christmas Bunny. He packed his gift sack, stuffed the empty Brain Sausage can into it, and looked around. "We must get out of here! The intellectual level is so high I'm about to lose my fur!" He grabbed the

Ostermann's arm. "Come, we're walking to Dordlfrtl. The inhabitants there are suspicious, yes, but at least they can't read and have definitely never heard of politics."

But just as they were about to flee, it happened. The Zwardlwrft, inspired by his gut feeling—which had meanwhile developed its own opinion on quantum physics—kicked over the wooden phallus. A dull thud echoed through the forest. The ground shook. Out of the hole created by the fallen idol, there poured not dirt, but, to everyone's horror, liquid Gatorade, which immediately flooded the entire forest.

The Warxulaners began to swim, the Schrdlpfrmtler tried to scoop up the Gatorade flood with a fork, and the Christmas Bunny realized in shock: "Oh no! The Gatorade flood will reach Dordlfrtl! Once the Dordlfrtler start drinking Gatorade, they'll become just as philosophical as we are, and then the peace in the mountains will be gone forever!"

The Ostermann raised his eyebrows. "What is a Dordlfrtler?" he asked, while opening one of the blue umbrellas to protect himself from the rising Gatorade level. The Christmas Bunny did not answer. He only stared at the horizon, where the outlines of Dordlfrtl were already visible, a place where time supposedly ran backwards because

people were always too late to get up. Everything was now officially out of control.

The Schrödinger Easter Egg Singularity

The Gatorade tsunami rose unstoppably. The blue umbrellas, which had just served as salvation, suddenly began to revolt. They shook in a rhythmic twitch until the clinging, sticky nonsense splattered like liquid chocolate into the faces of those present.

"Help, we urgently need brains! Where is the Brain Sausage?!" screamed the Zwardlwrft while trying to stop the Gatorade river with his politically correct gut feeling. But it was in vain: the Brain Sausage was completely used up. The void in the stomach of the world was now absolute.

Amidst this Gatorade bath, the Ostermann sat, staring dumbfounded at his basket. There it was. An egg that moved suspiciously. It wasn't just any Easter egg; it was the Schrödinger Egg. "Is it inside?" whispered the Ostermann, "or is it not? And if it is inside, is it a cat or a philosophical thought?"

The Schrdlpfrmtler, still caught in a deep existential crisis, waddled toward the egg. He looked down at himself, wiggled his hips, and tried to determine if he was male, female, or perhaps just diverse. "Am I the sum of my

parts?" he asked the Ostermann, while a drop of Gatorade-nonsense ran down his nose. "Or am I just a placeholder for a gender identity that makes no sense in this forest anyway?"

Suddenly, the egg burst open. But instead of a cat, a small, glittering note emerged that read: "Schrödinger's Cat is on break, eating Brain Sausage substitute." The Schrdlpfrmtler stared at the note. "A substitute? That's like politics without a gut!"

The nonsense that had dripped off the umbrellas had now reached the brains of everyone present. The Warxulaners stopped swimming and began to dissolve into thin air, only to reassemble seconds later as small, neon-colored ducks. Goddess Mischpoke, still singing backwards, briefly merged with the leader of the Schwadrlfrtn, which meant she now possessed the ability to shoot lasers from her Easter Bunny ears while crooning *Ballermann* hits in an unknown, extraterrestrial language.

"Where is the sausage?!" roared the Zwardlwrft, who was now deciding so much from his gut that he began calling the Gatorade river "liquid democracy."

The Christmas Bunny, the only one who still possessed a spark of clear mind (or at least a penchant for panic), grabbed the Ostermann by

the sleeve. "We must sacrifice the egg! We must force Schrödinger's Cat to make a decision! If she chooses 'existence,' perhaps a new pack of Brain Sausage will materialize!"

"But what if she chooses 'non-existence'?" asked the Ostermann, whose Easter egg logistics had completely gone down the drain. "Then," said the Christmas Bunny grimly, "then we will just eat the philosophical thoughts of the vacuum."

The world vibrated. The Gatorade tsunami formed a whirlpool around the Schrödinger Egg. The Schrdlpfrmtler stood in the middle, still undecided about his identity, and held a fork to the sky. The tension was so great that even time began to run backwards—a perfect moment for the total collapse of causality.

The Chrono-Sausage Paradox

The small silver alien, who introduced himself as "Schwadrlfrt of the 4th Class," hovered at Mischpoke's ear level with his vibrating wings. The goddess, whose headband was now sparking because she was trying to stop the Gatorade tsunami with a dance move, paused.

"Forward to go back?" repeated the Zwardlwrft, whose belly suddenly began to hum—a sign he was performing a particularly complex economic analysis of the timeline. "That's brilliant! If we simply cut time into slices like a salami, we only need to find the right slice of Brain Sausage!"

The Ostermann, who was still clutching his basket with the Schrödinger Egg, viewed the little silver being suspiciously. "And you want us to believe that up ahead—well, behind—there exists a warehouse full of Brain Sausage? Without a shelf-life inspection having taken place?"

"Time has no expiration date here!" squeaked the Schwadrlfrt, his voice sounding like a mixture of a recorder and a calculator. "The Brain Sausage in the future is so fresh it hasn't even been born yet! We only need to fly fast enough before it realizes it's actually a sausage!"

The Schrdlpfrmtler, who still didn't know if he was

male, female, or a philosophical concept, stared at the Gatorade tsunami, which was now starting to smell like a mixture of old gum and lost dreams. "If we travel into the future, will I finally know if I am diverse?" he asked hopefully.

"You will be whatever your stomach commands you to be!" shouted the Zwardlwrft, pushing the Ostermann toward an improvised vehicle that the Christmas Bunny had bolted together from the overturned wooden phallus idol and a few blue umbrellas. "Everyone board! We're flying forward-backward! Last one to arrive is a rotten Easter egg!"

The entire group—the goddess, the Christmas Bunny, the Ostermann, the Zwardlwrft, the Schrdlpfrmtler, and the silver Schwadrlfrt—squeezed into the wooden construct. The Christmas Bunny operated a lever that looked suspiciously like a coffee machine.

"Stop!" shouted the Ostermann. "What about Schrödinger's Cat?"

"She's already there!" shouted the silver Schwadrlfrt. "Or maybe not! We'll just take the egg with us!"

With a jolt that felt like sneezing and learning a foreign language at the same time, the vehicle shot up out of the Gatorade river. The forest of Brdlfrzt distorted into colorful stripes that tasted

like cinnamon and confetti. They raced through space-time, past flying bees that fed on honey (which they had painstakingly plucked from their own beards beforehand), and steered straight for the goal: the era of the Eternal Brain Sausage.

"I think I see it!" shouted the Zwardlwrft. "A gigantic, floating meat sausage around which an entire planet made of mustard orbits!"

The Schrdlpfrmtler leaned over the edge of the wooden vessel. His gender didn't matter to him now, for his hunger was so great that he would have preferred to transform himself into a piece of Brain Sausage.

The Arrival in the Aether-Sector of Khrr-Pft-Zlqq

The wooden vehicle, which now smelled suspiciously of old socks and future vinaigrette, broke the sound barrier of good taste. Suddenly, everything stopped. No light, no sound, only the distant hum of *Gz-Rll-Fffr-Tzz*. They had landed in the Aether-Sector of Khrr-Pft-Zlqq. The ground beneath them consisted of solidified "saying no," which creaked with every step as if one were walking on dried question marks.

"We're here!" announced the small silver alien, whose name "Xy-Qrr-Pffft-Kling" (which was actually supposed to sound like the breaking of a wine glass) sounded. "This is the home of the infinite Sausage Singularity."

In front of them hovered a gigantic, pulsating mass: the *Mh-Grr-Pftz-Kk-Sausage*. It was not just food; it was an "edible paradox." Dancing around it were the locals, the *W-Zzq-Rr-Pffl-Tz-Tler*. They had no mouths but spoke by emitting small, honey-soaked pieces of alphabet soup, which they coughed directly into the atmosphere.

"What are they saying?" asked the Zwardlwrft, holding his belly with one hand, which was almost bursting with economic tension.

"They say... 'G-Zzq-Pff-Krr-Tz-Lmm'," translated

the silver alien, shaking so hard that his wings rattled like a broken sewing machine. "It translates roughly to: 'If you eat backwards, you become intelligent faster, but only if you stick the sausage end into your belly button first.'"

The Schrdlpfrmtler stepped forward. His gaze was fixed, his gender still an unsolved variable in the equilibrium of the universe. He contemplated one of the *W-Zzq-Rr-Pffl-Tz-Tler*, who was currently trying to offer him a piece of "Krr-Zzz-Lpp" (a very spicy, floating mustard cube).

"I understand it now!" shouted the Schrdlpfrmtler, and his voice suddenly sounded like three interlocking cuckoo clocks. "I am no male, I am no female, I am a 'Pff-Zzl-Qr-Ttt'! I am the connecting link between a non-existent Brain Sausage and the empty space between two thoughts!"

Goddess Mischpoke, who had meanwhile swapped her headband for a crown of glowing *Warnixpratner*, began to sing in a completely new language. Every note she produced was a geometric figure that flared up briefly in the air and then flew away as a small, black bird.

The Ostermann gave up. He threw his basket into the aether. The Schrödinger Egg burst open, and out came neither a cat nor a philosophical thought, but a small, very tired Christmas Bunny

holding a tiny pack of Brain Sausage.

"Finally!" shouted the Christmas Bunny from the wooden vehicle. "The Brain Sausage of the future! It's so old that it's the future again!"

But before they could grab it, the *Mh-Grr-Pftz-Kk-Sausage* began to rotate. A whirlwind of incomprehensible syllables and mustard atoms sucked them all in. The "Krr-Pft-Zlqq-Paradox" had struck: they now had to eat the Brain Sausage while simultaneously forgetting they were hungry.

"Welcome to absolute insignificance!" shouted the silver alien as he transformed into a fork and began to dance happily.

The Battle for Digestive Democracy

The Zwardlwrft, whose belly was now rumbling as loudly as distant thunder in a thunderstorm of alphabet soup, straightened up. The last remnants of the "Emergency Brain Sausage" had fused inside him into a highly explosive political mass.

"When my belly speaks, the planet trembles!" he bellowed, attempting to declare his own digestion a state-supporting doctrine. "The excretion of the sausage is a holy act! Whoever receives it, receives power!"

A murmur went through the crowd of W-Zzq-Rr-Pffl-Tz-Tlers. They collectively coughed out a "G-Zzq-Pff-Krr-Tz-Lmm-N-No," which meant roughly: "We're not taking any crap Brain Sausage; we aren't crazy!"

The Ostermann, who had meanwhile fashioned himself a suit of armor out of the shells of Schrödinger's eggs, shrugged. "Folks, don't be so picky! In times of the *Khrr-Pft-Zlqq Paradox*, a digested sausage is still better than one that doesn't exist at all. We're arming up! We need mustard cannons, we need Pff-Zzl-Qr-Ttt banners, and above all, we need someone to stop the Schrdlpfrmtler from eating himself because he still doesn't know if he’s male or female!"

"I am not a male!" shouted the Schrdlpfrmtler, who was currently trying to stab a hole in reality with a fork. "I am a diplomatic complication with an appetite!"

The small silver alien, whose name *Xy-Qrr-Pffft-Kling* we have now officially replaced with "The-One-Who-Dances-With-a-Forgetful-Brain," hovered around excitedly. "The war is on! We are attacking the Future Sausage! But beware: the other side has the law of inverse appetite. The more you want to eat, the less hungry you are!"

"That is completely insane!" screamed the Goddess Mischpoke, who was currently burning a pattern into the aether with her laser ears that looked suspiciously like a *Ballermann* dance step. "Exactly my thing! Let's storm the Sausage Singularity!"

The Army of Nonsense formed up. The Zwardlwrft marched in front, using his belly as a drum, while the Warxulaner (who had since turned into small, naked ducks) provided moral support with their quacking.

The Ostermann raised his mustard cannon. "Onward to the Brain Sausage War! May the digestion be with us!"

All that was missing was the starting signal. The Christmas Bunny, observing the whole thing with a mixture of horror and deep understanding of

the madness, pulled a small flute from his sack and blew a note that sounded like an exploding can of Gatorade. The battle had begun.

The Crusade of the Empty Skulls

The Christmas Bunny was right: "If we had brains, we'd be much too smart to go along with this nonsense." That was the painful realization that slapped across the Aether-Sector of *Khrr-Pft-Zlqq* like a wet rag.

"Earlobe roll call!" ordered the Zwardlwrft. He grabbed the Schrdlpfrmtler by the earlobe so hard that a sound rang out like throwing an empty tin can against a wall: KLANG. "Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Just an echo from three days ago when I thought I was a tax return!"

The army paired up. Everyone pulled on each other's earlobes. It was a wild tugging, a deafening popping, squeaking, and *klang* sound that shook the entire planet. Everywhere there were hollow skulls echoing like drums. "There is nothing here!" shouted Goddess Mischpoke, while pulling her own ear and hearing only the sound of *Ballermann* hits played backwards from her skull. "Only music, but no reason!"

"We must continue!" shouted the Zwardlwrft, wiping a drop of Gatorade-nonsense from his forehead. "You know where the building with the over 600 delegates is! Where people pretend to have brains but are really just transporting emptiness wrapped in newspapers! We must get there and hijack the brain export!"

"But they don't have brains either," objected the Ostermann, while desperately trying to stuff the Schrödinger egg—which was now a tiny, hollow cat shape made of wire—into his backpack.

"Doesn't matter!" screamed the Christmas Bunny. "We need the label 'Brain'! If we stick the label on our foreheads, the sausage will automatically taste like competence! That’s politics! That’s dada-economics!"

They stormed off. The army of the hollow-headed ran toward the transdimensional parliament building, which stood somewhere in the middle of nowhere, where time passed so slowly that a minute there lasted three years if you were waiting for an answer.

"The-One-Who-Dances-With-a-Forgetful-Brain" (the little silver alien) flew ahead. "I see it! It stands on a foundation of lost filing cabinets and tastes like stale coffee!"

When they stood before the massive gate, they saw hundreds of figures, all frantically pulling on their own earlobes to check if they were still "there." The noise was one single, gigantic hollow sound. *Klang-Klang-Klang.*

"Halt!" shouted a figure in a poorly fitting suit who was trying to vote for his own shadow. "Who has permission to enter the void here?"

"We are the delegation for the Brain Sausage War!" roared the Zwardlwrft. "We are here to steal the brain that you don't have anyway, so we can finally be as stupid as we've always dreamed of being!"

The delegates looked at each other in confusion, pulled on each other's ears, heard the *klang*, and then nodded unanimously. "A logical application! We support this! We may have no brains, but we have a subcommittee for the examination of sausage-substitute ideologies!"

The Subcommittee for "Mustard Preservation and Air-Empty Decision Making"

"Bah!" screamed the Zwardlwrft, and his entire body shook with indignation, which led to a small, silver paperclip falling out of his earlobe—a clear sign of a creeping bureaucratization of his nervous system. "That is worse than a sausage that tastes like Form 12-B! Bureaucrat brains! They aren't hollow; they are... they are stuffed with 'jurisdictional-confusion' and 'we've-always-done-it-this-way' aroma!"

Mischpoke, who had just fashioned herself a suit out of Gatorade can tabs, widened her eyes. "Wait a minute! Politics! Gatorade! For free!" She began to dance through the session hall in a mixture of waltz steps and wild hopping. "I’m running! I will be the Goddess of unlimited Gatorade supply! As my campaign platform, I promise: every day is Tuesday, Brain Sausage for everyone, and anyone with an earlobe must declare it the national currency!"

The Ostermann, still holding the Schrödinger egg (now an empty wire loop), stared at the 600 delegates, who sat like frozen statues on their chairs, waiting for someone to press the "applause" button.

"Guys, this is pointless," he sighed. "If we stay here, we'll become bureaucrats ourselves. I can already feel a briefcase growing out of my back!"

The little alien, who had since turned into a very formal stamp, slammed continuously onto a stack of paper. STAMP. STAMP. STAMP. "Rejected! Approved! Adjourned! Not responsible!" he shouted with a voice that sounded like putting a filing folder through a shredder.

The Zwardlwrft, holding his stomach because the digested bureaucrat-brains were starting to cause a paralyzing bureaucracy in his belly, stared at the floating *Mh-Grr-Pftz-Kk-Sausage* rotating outside the window in the aether-clouds. "We don't need the brain at all!" he suddenly cried, and his eyes lit up. "We need an ideology-sausage! We don't fill the sausage with brain, but with the *desire* for brain! That is much more valuable! That is what you call 'marketing'!"

"Marketing?" asked the Christmas Bunny, who was currently trying to fill his gift sack with the empty hollow heads of the delegates. "Is that when you sell something that doesn't exist to make people happy who don't need it?"

"Exactly!" shouted Mischpoke while drawing a cup of Gatorade from the tap of a bureaucrat’s desk. "And whoever pays the highest price in

'earlobe-pulling-units' gets the most of it!"

The room began to vibrate. The 600 delegates started pulling their earlobes in synchronization. A deafening KLANG-KLANG-KLANG filled the building, which now began to transform into a gigantic, flying meat grinder.

"We are becoming the sausage!" screamed the Schrdlpfrmtler, who still didn't know what he was, but now at least knew he wanted to be part of the marketing. "We are becoming the biggest, hollowest, most successful Brain Sausage in the galaxy!"

The room froze. The 600 delegates stopped in the middle of pulling their earlobes. The KLANG faded into a vacuum so deep that you could even hear the silence of the Gatorade cans.

Then, with a sound like a bursting mustard factory, the ceiling of the session hall split open.

The Brain Sausage God floated down. He was not a being of flesh and blood, but a gigantic, neon-colored 3D projection made of sausage casing that pulsed from within and puffed out the word "REVISION" with every breath. He wore glasses made of curry sausage slices and a cape made of slippery gut tissue.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING?" his voice boomed, sounding like a mixture of old

vinegar and burnt fat. "DO YOU HAVE A LICENSE TO SAUSAGE?"

The Zwardlwrft, who was currently trying to persuade his belly to provide a proper tax return for "digested ideologies," let his jaw drop. He stammered: "Uh... we... we are a subcommittee? We are currently checking the... uh... sausage-technical feasibility of hollowness?"

The Brain Sausage God stared at him with his curry-sausage eyes. "A SUBCOMMITTEE? DID YOU FILL OUT FORM 99-DADA-SAUSAGE-QUARK AND GET IT STAMPED BY THE QUEEN OF THE NAKED DUCKS?"

Mischpoke, the Goddess of Gatorade Supply, stepped forward, her crown of glowing *Warnixpratner* flickering nervously.

"God of the Sausage! We don't have a form, but we have a vision! We want to revolutionize the marketing for the desire for brain! We are basically the start-up department of the absolute nothing!"

The God floated closer. A smell of cold curry wafted from him. He contemplated the Schrdlpfrmtler, who was still poking around in the air with his fork. "AND YOU?" the God asked. "ARE YOU A MALE, A FEMALE, OR A TYPO IN THE SAUSAGE STATUTES?"

"I... I am a Pff-Zzl-Qr-Ttt!" squeaked the Schrdlpfrmtler. "And I have a right to sausage-less existence!"

The Brain Sausage God laughed. His laughter sounded like the noise of throwing a stack of filing folders into a blender. "A TYPO! THAT IS THE BEST APPLICATION I HAVE HEARD SINCE THE INVENTION OF MUSTARD!"

He raised his arm, which consisted of an infinite chain of sausage ends. "IF YOU HAVE NO LICENSE, YOU MUST EARN IT. YOU MUST PERFORM THE 'DANCE OF INDIGESTIBLE LOGIC' WHILE PULLING EACH OTHER'S EARLOBES SO HARD THAT THE WORLD ANTHEMS OF EMPTINESS ARISE!"

The Christmas Bunny, watching all of this from his gift sack, sighed. "This is our chance. If we nail the dance, maybe he'll give us the master key to the Brain Sausage factory!"

"AND GOD HELP ANYONE WHO HAS A BRAIN!" the God threatened. "ANYONE WHO EVEN CONCEIVES A THOUGHT THAT MAKES SENSE WILL BE PROCESSED INTO A THREE-DAY-OLD BREAD ROLL!"

The Golden Bloat-Sausage Production

Production of the first batch began. The sausages were pressed under high pressure into the shape of leathery filing folders, which perfectly adapted their structure to the anatomy of a human earlobe. It was the ultimate symbol of bureaucratic incarnation.

But in the middle of the process, *SPLAT!*, a dull thud shook the factory.

The Sausage God spun around in alarm. "What happened?!"

A politician in the middle of the line had literally exploded. His skull, which had previously consisted only of hot air and empty promises, had given way under the internal pressure of his own flatulence. His brain—or what he considered to be one—had been distributed over the fresh sausage casings in a damp cloud of political substance.

"Ugh, that stinks!" shouted the Ostermann, holding his nose while trying to wipe the sticky nonsense off his egg armor.

The politician, whose head now looked significantly smaller but astonishingly satisfied, only laughed. "Doesn't matter! We'll just process the shit directly! It doesn't matter where the shit

comes from, as long as we pawn it off on people and they think it's gold."

The Christmas Bunny, watching the whole thing with wide, horrified eyes, nearly lost his mind. "What is this 'gold' thing now?!" he screamed, staring dumbfounded at the shiny brown mass now being filled into the earlobe-folders. "We wanted brain substitute, not an investment asset made of digestive remains!"

"Gold is what you call 'value' when you've forgotten how to count!" lectured the Sausage God, while scooping a ladle of the politically charged mass into a sausage casing. "If we tell people that this stinking sausage has the value of a hundred gold bars, they will fight over it. In this world, gold is just an illusion that you have to make stink particularly hard so that it shines."

The Zwardlwrft took one of the still-steaming earlobe-folder-sausages in his hand. It weighed nothing, smelled of rotten compromises, and glowed in a strange, greasy yellow.

"Looks like gold," he muttered, and his gut feeling gave an approving but slightly sour signal. "If we market this now as 'The Gold of Hollowness,' the masses will storm our doors. No one wants brains; everyone wants shine!"

"But it's just..." the Ostermann began, but the Christmas Bunny interrupted him hysterically:

"...it's shit! It's pure, liquid shit in a sausage casing that looks like an earlobe!"

"Psst!" hissed the Sausage God. "Not 'shit.' Let's say 'Distilled Political Essence with a Precious Metal Finish.' That sounds like a return on investment!"

The Schrdlpfrmtler looked at his fork, which had started to bloom from all the nonsense. "I'll stick the label on it," he decided. "'Get rich through emptiness, exclusively at Castillo Publishing.'"

The Golden Emptiness and the End of the World (or: Who is playing with whom?)

The "Gold Sausage" was unleashed on the market. The Subcommittee for Mustard Preservation practically tore the earlobe-skin filing folders apart. As the first bite was enjoyed, it happened: Time stood still. The entire planet of *Khrr-Pft-Zlqq* froze in a movement that looked like a collective sneeze. Then, with a sound like a gentle "plop," the factory, the politicians, and the entire Brain Sausage bureaucracy transformed into an infinite, peaceful library of Gatorade cans. The Gatorade Library was the final sanctuary of the universe.

The Zwardlwrft, the Ostermann, the Goddess Mischpoke, and the Schrdlpfrmtler (who now definitely knew he was a happy "nothing") floated through the aisles of tin and lemonade. They suddenly realized: We were never the actors. We were the licensed sausage. Every line of this book, every absurd twist, and every burst politician's head was just the filler in a sausage casing that a reader was holding in their hands right now. The meta-twist hit like a bolt of mustard lightning: We were the product being sold while we thought we were writing the story.

"Are we... sold?" asked the Ostermann, looking down at himself as he slowly turned into ink and paper.

"We are bestsellers of insignificance!" laughed Mischpoke, whose laser ears now functioned as bookmarks.

And then, in the absolute silence of the Gatorade Library, right between the shelves from 2026, the last thing that could happen happened. A porcupine was sitting there. No one knew where it came from; it was just there, as if it were a footnote that someone had forgotten to delete from the manuscript. It sat opposite the Ostermann. In front of them, on a table made of Gatorade tin, stood a board for Asparagus-Halma.

"I don't understand the rules," squeaked the porcupine, clumsily pushing an asparagus stalk across the field.

"Neither do I," said the Ostermann, taking off his egg armor. "I think that's the point."

The Ostermann also pushed an asparagus stalk. The porcupine bristled briefly, the Ostermann shrugged. Time had stopped, the Gatorade library glowed gently in the light of eternity, and somewhere out there, beyond the sausage casing, the world kept turning, never suspecting that it had just ended as an asparagus stalk in a

Halma game of absolute insignificance.

The story was over. The sausage was sold. And the Ostermann lost the game because the porcupine simply ate the asparagus.

THE END.