



SMALL BUM BY WILL FULLER

UM didn't have to look too far to find BUM: BUM had already come to the same conclusion as UM; Renounced Its BUM-ness and risen from the Bumiverse (the anti-universe underneath UM's universe).

The problem was going to be getting any sense out of BUM – at the moment It was playing on the swings in the park. BUM was five years old, with pigtails and a dirty nose, and was already developing a *definitely* obnoxious manner.

UM bought BUM an ice-cream, and settled down to wait.

Fifteen years later UM found Itself standing BUM lunch in a *very* expensive restaurant – even though by now BUM owned most of the more questionable industries on the planet.

'It's alright for You,' BUM slurped Its soup 'You've *found* Your Purpose; but it's been pretty busy down in the Bumiverse since they invented religion – most of them seem to think they belong down there.'

'That's My fault, I'm afraid.' UM sipped It's soup warily – it was made from hundred-year-old bird's nests, specially rotted to BUM's secret recipe 'They've been like that ever since I invented death.'

'Well, We're going to have to sort it out.' BUM finished Its soup and threw the plate at the waiter 'At this rate they're all going to end up down there permanently.'

‘But what can We do?’ UM gave up trying to pretend to drink Its soup.
BUM stood up. ‘We’re going to have to find Death.’

