

Far into the recesses of the deepest, darkest part of the universe is a miniscule village, but it is not a normal village... past centuries and millenniums these people have lived forever shrouded in mysteries and lies. They die, not when they are old, but when they are young. Very few live to be old. The eldest of this civilization is Timothy Oswald Olivander, a predominant and outspoken poet.

Many years later the plague that had struck the far distant planet, called Erath, in their language, in English it is called Earth, had traveled somehow to this primitive planet and village. Since this mediocre village had not developed proper medications and medical techniques to heal the diseased and injured, the plague spread like wildfire, numerous lives were lost; only a few remained....

Thus, Timothy had been called the last old man, at least to the people that knew of the dying planet, so about five different planets in that galaxy, two space stations, and seventeen inhabited asteroids that are about the size of Pluto.

The planet's arch enemy noticed that their most hated planet was dying, so they thought to make a bet with them. The androids were very intelligent on all things literary, the primitive people, however, were not... the bet was: if the android's poet shall win, then they get all of the precious planet's natural resources and minerals, if they lost, then they would repair and help the dying planet and also help them advance in their medical techniques and other various areas of education, i.e. mathematics and sciences. Thus, the deal was struck. The android's representative was Marianne Elizabeth Smith and the primitive's was The Last Old Man a.k.a. Timothy Oswald Olivander. They decided to have the bet at the universes' best coffee shop, The Coffee Ground, *the place for all things coffee and the perfect place for people to recite poetry.*

They arrived at The Coffee Ground, all they have left is to construct a piece of art, but they only have fifteen minutes to do so. Gathering their pens, pencils, and papers they furiously began. Try after try after try to get the best poem ever written. The fifteen minutes, now elapsed, spark a new mood to the scene. War of the Words commences. An excellent poem about the surprises and beauty of the natural world was delivered by Marianne Smith. A moody and depressed, yet provocative and intense poem was stated by Timothy Olivander, so the last old man recited a poem in the dark corner to win the bet.

The primitives, as they were called are no longer as primitive as their name suggests, but now the most technologically advance planet in the universe next to the androids of course.

THE END