

We return to the scene of the end of Basics in behaviour. Near the exit of Paper School, there lies Claire's lifeless corpse, mutilated by Alice – of whose whereabouts are unknown.

>"Zip, Oliver! What are you doing!"

Yells Miss Circle her Japanese TTS voice. She, Miss Bloomie and Miss Thavel staring intensely at the two troublemakers who opened Alice's door.

Knowing what's coming to them, Oliver loudly proclaims:

<"Sorry Miss Circle, I didn't mean to kill Claire! I have a pack of Oreos in my locker so please don't kill me."

>"Hmmm... since you ARE my favorite students I will be lenient. Do not think you are off the hook yet! The other teachers and I will think of the adequate punishment for both of you!"

The teachers move the students back to the classroom and let the hard-working janitors take care of Claire's corpse. As the students stroll through the hallways, Oliver and Zip bicker with each other

^"Nice save, Oliver!"

Whispered Zip as she chuckles at the drawn exit sign she has in her hand.

<"Yep! I always have those Oreos in case of emergencies! At least she won't kill us or something"

Claimed Oliver, proud of his intuition.

Later that day Zip and Oliver get called to Principal Grace's office. With Miss Circle and the other two waiting there as well.

>"Ok listen here you both! We decided on a proper punishment for both of you! You will get sent to a foreign exchange program in India!"

Barked Miss Circle

<"Erhm..."

<^"WHAT!?"

Snarled both of them, Miss Circle's statement caught them off-guard like a paper airplane to the head.

>Yes, Miss Grace and I have talked though it thoroughly and we shall send you to Toilet Paper School! You have the rest of this day to pack your backs and get sent there for a month. Do I make myself clear!?

A

<O-Ok...

^Y-yeah...

Claimed both of them, frightened at Miss Circle's 3-meter-tall menacing pose

They shimmy over out of the office and wake up early tomorrow for their flight.

<Time skipping and flight space

Zip and Oliver get off the cold airplane – they are flying in economy class so they deal with the stench of curry and poor hygiene.

^Ugh! So glad we are now on the ground! I couldn't have stood another X minutes in that cramped wastebasket.

Exclaimed Zip, uncomfortable after the cramped flight full of creepy Indian men.

<I'm gonna have to use my soap instead of eating it this time...

Bickered Oliver as he reached for a bar of Dove in his backpack.

<At least we got some time to unwind before we step off to the school.

Said Oliver as both of them walked to the exit of the airport.

They meet Mr. Saar, the coordinator for student exchanges of Toilet Paper school

=>v "Jello butiful shildren, wery welcome to our butiful India, make yourselves home!"

Loudly says Mr Saar, shaking Oliver's hand rapidly and getting uncomfortably close to Zip.

<^Uh yes very nice in here

Hesitantly both of them say, as a cow defecates over the street and a woman picks up said animal waste into a basket for later use.

Mr. Saar drives them to Toilet Paper School in his Tuk-tuk, using two parking spots for one vehicle

v Ok shildren welcome to our bootiful school yes, please do redeem your exchange student cards at the reception before your first class in room 14. Here are the directions for your dorm room saars er I mean shildren

Zip and Oliver trek around the hallway, where they meet the school bully Jayesh. He asks them for their money, however his 150cm stature is no match for Oliver.

<"Beat it!"

Oliver screamed as he waived his pencil hand at him. Jayesh got intimidated and left

^"Time to get to the reception"

Remarked Zip

They redeem their cards, despite the backlash the staff said about not redeeming them.

The pair get to their classes and introduce themselves, all the indian boys get creepy around Zip, despite Oliver's frivolous attempts of preventing their physical gestures, their innapropriate remarks about her get to her head

^"SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU CREEPS!"

She screams, right before Mr Saar arrives for Math class.

v Now shildren, be quiet and get ready for the class!

Today we will be covering countour integrals so blease bay attention

Once the arduous class is over, Zip and Oliver throw their crumpled paper balls into the trash and hurry over to the cafeteria.

<"Buh, I ate all my soap in the flight and Miss circle took my oreos! What should I do?"

Asked Oliver to Zip,

^"I don't know I kind of lost my appetite after all the disgusting remarks these boys told me, ugh perverts!"

<"I guess I'll just ha-"

v Ohh hello shildren, since you are my bootiful exchange students I got you some Tikka Masala, wonderful delicious Indian dish!

Proudly yelled Mr. Saar, interrupting Zip and Oliver's conversation

^ "Oh no thanks Mr. Saar, I'm not hungry. Also please stop breathing over my neck!"

Said Zip, as she pushed Mr Saar away.

v "What about you Oliver? Do you want some Tikka SAAAAR?!"

Asked Mr. Saar, as he hovered the banana leaf plate in front of Oliver

> "Well, I guess I AM starving so might as well"

v Wery gud, here you go boy!

Oliver wolfs down the Tikka, seeing as he was hungry.

<"Hmm... tastes a little funky but I think that's normal – never had it before so I don't know"

Claimed Oliver as he enjoys his meal.

Zip and Oliver go back to their next class – phonics. They sit at the back so the boys don't all stare at Zip.

However, they wouldn't go undisturbed for long. Mid class, Oliver starts feeling queasy

<"Ugh, my belly hurts... why does it feel like I'm lightheaded. I can't breathe very well... what was IN that thing!?"

Complained Oliver as he reaches to take a breather

<Oh no, I don't feel so good

Oliver collapses as his belongings fall to the floor, Zip runs over to him.

^Oliver? Oliver! What happened, tell me

Bewilderedly yelled Zip as she tried to talk to Oliver

<Ughh... What. Was. In.... The lunch...?

The school nurses get called in quickly to assist Mr. Saar hurries over as well

==v "OH no Saar I'm so sorry, Oliver! Foreigners usually handle my food well..."

Claimed Mr Saar. As he was running down the hallway with Oliver on a stretcher

^"WHAT DID YOU PUT IN IT!?"

Demanded Zip, concerned for the wellbeing of his best friend

v "Oh nothing just the usual spices and a bit of cow poo poo for good luck"

Said Mr. Saar, unbeknownst to the current matter at hand

^ "You WHAT!?"

Snarled Zip

The nurses hurry over to the infirmary, taking Oliver's vitals, what will our pairs destiny!?

TO BE CONTINUED...

>I made part 2 6 months later

As Oliver laid there on the dank, disheveled stretcher on the tuk-tuk ambulance in Mumbai, the pulsating feeling of heat emanating from his gut resonated throughout his body. The pain was unbearable – the only thing he could imagine was getting pierced by Miss Circle’s menacing compass.

“Ughh where am I” grunted Oliver haphazardly

“There saar it will be ok” said the Indian doctor

Oliver was concerned, as he did not know what happened to him after he ate the cow dung infested tikka. Could it be a tapeworm? Was it a silverfish ready to gnaw on his paper insides? He just had to wait for it to subside while he was on the stretcher otherwise the stress would consume him like a weed.

“Ok saar gud news saar. You happen to just be blessed by the cow goddess saar you’ll be in da holy land in no time saar” explained the Indian doctor, with his eyes looking at two different directions

“Let me see that!” gnarled Zip, snatching the doctor’s papers from his hand in one swift motion with her pointy hands

“You have botulism Oliver, and it says here it’s severe so we need to get you some medicine fast before things get dire” clarified Zip. As the doctor kept looking aimlessly.

“Oh yes saar so sorry I could not read that line saar my englis bad saar” apologized the doctor, “also sorry too because our botulism treatment ran out it not in Mumbai saar. You need to go two sities north for that”

Zip took Oliver on her shoulder to the nearby tuk tuk station. She rushed down one that was unattended and quickly took off, leaving a random jeet without a way of transportation for at least 3 years. As they quickly fled north: they weaved through traffic at an alarmingly high speed, nearly crashing multiple times. They got to the main street, their vehicle slipped on a couple of piles of feces laid there by the local citizens. However, as they nearly flipped over due to their high velocity, Zip braked hard and encountered a traffic jam.

Zip tried standing on top of the vehicle in order to look further ahead of the street only to check out the traffic jam was being caused by a cow crossing the street.

“Fuck this, I’m stepping on it Oliver; hang on tight this thing has no seatbelts” shouted Zip, referring to the unorthodox vehicle they stole.

Frustrated, she decided to overtake the traffic through the gutter, speeding and almost running over some jeet women dressed in robes. They reached the other side of the jam, but nearly ran over the cow.

The beast mooed loudly, echoing even in the loud indian highway. The citizens got mad the holy being almost got ran over by this American bigot and decided to pursue the duo’s tuk-tuk with wrath in their eyes.

“They are after us!” shrieked Zip

Zip decided to throw a Hail Mary and go as fast as she could, all Oliver could do is quiver in pain- his body began to paralyze as he succumbed to the botulism.

As the full speed pursuit ensued, Zip spotted a nearby gas pump: seeing an opportunity, she decided to drift toward it and accelerate.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!” yelled Oliver

“JUST GRAB ON!” screamed Zip

They both did somersault away from the tuk tuk, as it crashed into the gas pump and incinerated the buildings around it. The enraged Indians followed the tuk tuk but failed to realize in due time that they were going straight into their fiery demise, for which they paid the ultimate prize.

As the duo laid there, watching the flashes of light that radiated from the red-hot sheet metal from the nearby destroyed buildings, they realized they were only a few miles from the other hospital.

“Hurry! Before they find us!” said Zip, fearful of any survivors that were ready to avenge the holy being they almost ran over.

Zip took a nearby unattended bike used her poncho to tie up Oliver limping body, as he was ready to collapse, she pedaled as fast as she could until she got to the hospital.

“Please! I need botulinum antitoxin now!” demanded Zip, as Oliver looked pale from his ailment.

“Ok tri hundred tausand rupee lady” said the emergency room pharmacist

“I don’t have that kind of money! I’m an exchange student I never planned for this! Please I just need it for my friend!” shrieked Zip, fearing for Oliver’s wellbeing

“Yu can always show me yor bob prity woman yu can mari me and I give medicine for friend for fri!” snarled the emergency room pharmacist

“Silence! Silly shitskin!” said a familiar voice.

The voice came through the rotating door, it was a voice everyone knows from memory and from TV. The voice of a tall, blond leader.

“DONALD TRUMP?!” – Shouted the duo, astounded at the arrival of the US president.

TRQMP took out 20 american dollars out of his suit and handed it to the pharmacist

“Oh yes saar thank yu this will feed my family for week saar” – said the pharmacist.

Zip got the antitoxin and administered it to Oliver, as they gazed toward the president, ready to salute.

“I’ll take you kids home, you must be very tired from this shithole.” – said TRQMP

“Let’s get to my private jet and get you back to America, the land of the free!” – said TRQMP

“Ok, Mr President. But first two favors” – pleaded Oliver.

“What is it, boy?” – asked TRQMP

“First, could I get a whole week’s supply of soap?” – asked Oliver

“I’ll place it next to your jet seat, now the other?” – asked TRQMP

“Now, can you bomb the shit out of this place?” – asked Oliver “Especially the school” – interjected Zip

“You know, I was thinking the same thing! Mr Saar, you’re fired!” – chuckled TRQMP

As they got to the jet, TRQMP called the secret service to deliver an air strike to Mumbai and cover it up as an accident. The duo left unscathed, happily peering over at the bombs being placed down on the brown city. As, Oliver gnawed on his favorite bar of soap while drinking a fine glass of bubble water, Zip drifted off into sleep and they returned to paper school.

THE END