

## YOU BROKE MY FUCKING VIBRANIUM NECKLACE

A: What did you just do? You broke it!

B: Let me see.

A: Here, look at it. The golden chain is broken.

B: I'm sorry. I'll get you a new one.

A: How? How could you ever replace it?

B: By getting the same one again?

A: No, you don't understand. The chain is just gold, but this green stone here is made from vibranium, the Earth's rarest stone. This necklace has made its way through history to me, into my hands. This is no simple necklace. You know it all started in ancient Greece and ended up in modern times. This necklace carries the story of the world on its little, non-existent shoulders. I got it from my grandmother, who got it from her great-grandmother, who got it from her great-great-grandmother, and she got it from her dog, who found it while burrowing on the grave of my grandmother's great-grandmother's great-great-great-grandmother's father.

But actually, the story started long before that. It was on a rainy day in ancient Greece, outside a tavern in Athens. Socrates and Plato were meeting up for a healthy tea, like all intellectual men do, and fought as usual about how Socrates used rhetoric to defeat others in an argument, which seemed very unfair to Plato.

Socrates won.

When Plato was about to cry and ask for his mommy, he noticed a shiny little thing on Socrates' neck. When he asked about it, he didn't get any useful answer.

Socrates merely said:

"The sole veritable wisdom doth lie in the knowledge that thou knowest naught."

Plato didn't like Socrates' tone and jumped on him in a very sophisticated way, trying to tear off the shiny piece. However, the violent fight made the necklace fall to the floor, and the rain washed it away into the nearest sewer manhole.

The necklace was lost for many years. It was carried by rats and water through the sewers of Europe until it was found by a young, poor man who was looking for resources in the Roman Empire's sewer system. The necklace indeed traveled a long distance. The boy was poor and ridiculously young but smart. He knew that this was a very precious vibranium stone. He knew he could sell this piece of jewelry at very high prices in an auction house, but he needed to spin a story around it to make it even more precious and elusive.

So, he went to the master of the auction house and told him that this necklace belonged to the one and only Alexander the Great, King of Macedon. He said that his grandfather himself had taken this necklace out of Alexander's hands in a battle because he said that Rome and the Roman Empire were pieces of trash that should be burned down. The master of the auction house got very furious and said that this necklace was proof of a triumph over the King of Macedon.

“Thy grandsire hath seized this precious piece from one who hath defamed our nation, and we shall keep this treasure forever as a sign of our power.”

The poor boy got rich, and the news spread all over the Roman Empire. The necklace was brought into a private museum, where it was soon stolen by Julius Caesar. He secretly had a fetish for necklaces, even though it was forbidden for men to wear them because it was considered very feminine. He wore it in secret all night in front of his mirror and admired his own beauty. Sometimes, he even imagined how beautiful he would look with long hair and called himself Julianna when talking to the mirror.

Suddenly, 40 Roman senators, led by his most trusted advisor Brutus, crashed into his room at night and saw him wearing the necklace. They slaughtered him immediately. No one knows whether they wanted the necklace or Julianna.

The necklace traveled the world in the following centuries, from owner to owner and country to country. It has seen many cruel, awful, and horrible things like people dying from the bubonic plague, people being robbed by imperialists, the founding of the United States of America, and Michelangelo.

When it got into the hands of my ancestors, it was already 1782, and the last witch had just died somewhere in Switzerland. A man named Flavio found the necklace in the home of his neighbor, who had recently died after falling off a camel he'd been riding. Flavio was a simple and honest man belonging to the proletariat of the Ottoman Empire and, therefore, didn't know that this necklace was made of precious vibranium. He didn't have any friends, but he had a football that wore a wig made of grass and had a friendly face drawn by hand on it. This football was his best friend, and he took it everywhere he went. Flavio didn't like snakes, but he liked his football friend, and sometimes, when he was bored, he smashed the ball against the wall. It was some sort of stress-relieving activity for the honorable man, but it surely wasn't stress-relieving for his poor football friend. Flavio lived a long life, and he was never in need of other people's presence. He was content. When he realized that his life was slowly dwindling, he inherited the necklace, which he had kept his entire life under his mattress, to his only friend: the football. He put the necklace around the non-existent neck of the ball and died happily, holding the ball in his arms.

The football rolled down the bed, out of the little cabin, down the hill, made a slalom through the woods, was kicked to the north by a grumpy grizzly bear, was kicked to the east by the grumpy grizzly bear's grumpy, grizzled wife, sped down a massive slope, got catapulted 150 feet up in the air, smashed down on the most unfortunate of vultures, badly breaking the beast's brittle beak, and landed on a cemetery, or better said, on the grave of my grandmother's great-grandmother's great-great-great-grandmother's father.

B: How would you know that this is true?

A: Why mustn't it be if I can imagine it?