

He is
swing
God...

**BLACK
FRIDAY
HALLOWEEN
SPECIAL
THE SAGA OF
THE CHOSEN
HISTORIAN**

Nikola Misovic



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Life spoiler alert! BFF means Black Friday Forever, and it is just one of many illusions to be broken with stories of Seymour, The Chosen Historian.

Translated to English by [Eli Gilic](#). She is insane, meaning she is normal as the word insane should be written separately - in

sane...

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Chapter 1 – Introducing Seymour

When he decided to press charges against God, Seymour knew that he could not afford it. At least not the regular fees for decent lawyers in New York. He needed to pursue a big discount that would be affordable for his modest salary of a high-school history teacher. And is there a better day for that than Black Friday? Especially the one that was coming.

Some shopping malls had announced that they would offer merchandise free in the first shopping hour. That prompted people to fill the entrances and parking lots with tents, tables, turkeys, and chairs as early as September. The tents were for sleeping while the rest was for the Thanksgiving celebration.

Because, as one of the TV speakers commented, “You can express gratitude while waiting in a line.”

Many workers lost their jobs.

“But who needs a job and salary if you can get large thin television sets with 3D glasses for free?” the question echoed throughout the public.

Predictions of big riots were circulating on social media. As Black Friday was nearing, even rumors of the army deploying to the streets emerged. Seymour didn’t care about that. The ques for lawyers grew large a few days after the shopping buzz. That is when people start suing each other for fighting, product ripping, and similar offenses. He will press charges while the costs are still low. As for waiting in line, he would gladly be the first to arrive if only he could set a tent in front of a lawyer’s office. But first, he had to find the right lawyer.

By the end of October, Seymour started visiting legal offices. At

first, he was discouraged because all of them stated that it is very difficult – some even used the term impossible – to get God’s attention these days. Nobody was even willing to look inside the little red box he handed over, claiming that it holds indisputable evidence that would make this a straightforward case. Instead, they proposed pressing charges against churches or similar tangible representatives.

“Because, in the end, who knows if God even exists.”

But when he was at the brink of giving up, the cards turned out in his favor.

It was Halloween eve. Seymour was going home from school.

When Seymour entered his street, children in costumes surrounded him shouting, “Trick or treat.”

He barely refrained from cursing since everybody in the neighborhood knew him as a decent fellow. Forcing his straight lips into an arc, he would stop for a moment or two, say, “I have nothing. Sorry,” shrug, and continue on his way.

At one moment, a short boy in a green leprechaun costume with his skin painted black approached him from the side. With uncoordinated moves, he pulled a small piece of paper from the brown sack attached to his hips, pushed it into Seymour’s palm, and ran away.

It was a green visit card with gold letters that read, “If you want to sue God, I am your guy.”

Chapter 2 – Know Your Neighbors

It turned out that the lawyer was his neighbor from next door. Seymour was striding through the masked kids, feeling as if his heart is going to burst from his chest. Finally, he was going to do what he had covertly dreamed of since he was a little boy locked in the closet in the elementary school locker room.

His breath was short. He had to inhale and exhale several times between the word “Trick” and the word “Treat.” As for his legs, they were walking by themselves, dodging all those little feet that carried children hungry for candy.

“What if this is a prank?” That question doused his excitement.

It wouldn't be the first time the kids teamed up to make his life miserable. Only this year, the little devils covered his house with toilet paper over ten times. Not to mention puncturing his tires. Seymour's car was still standing in the dark of his garage. And, of course, the mail swaps. Instead of electricity bills, he would find torn pieces of paper advertising all kinds of massages. And sometimes, while walking in his yard, instead of the newspaper, he would stumble upon a Playboy magazine.

He didn't mind about that, but his mother did. She would take the magazine, brandish it above her head, and shout, “Go on! Just laugh and make fun of my boy! But one day, my Seymour will marry a girl prettier than all these!”

Seymour stopped and glanced at the children. There was no trace of the black leprechaun. But then, as he rewound his memories, Seymour realized that nobody knew about his plans, except the lawyers he had

visited. And it was not likely that they had decided to prank him. Besides, he remembered that his mother mentioned that their neighbor is a lawyer and that she could hire him to sue the husband of her late younger sister. In the swirl of thoughts, Seymour almost missed the neighbor's house and went home.

Two scarecrows were standing in the middle of the concrete path leading from the pavement to three little steps in front of the entrance. Red and yellow leaves covered the lawn, forming a few piles. A group of kids came out of the house. They were wearing huge giant costumes, over fifteen feet high. Seymour waited for them to leave before he made the first step toward the front door. He rang and knocked a few times. But, just when he concluded that this was another prank, after all, the door opened.

A blonde girl in a red hood opened the door. She was so short that she was only a few inches taller than a door handle. The girl said, "Greetings, reputable conscious living entity. My name is Harmony, and I wish you a good evening. Would you be so kind as to share the purpose of your presence on the doorstep of this reputable legal office?"

"Well, of course. Good evening to you too. My name is Seymour. I got a visit-card stating that this is the residence of a lawyer specialized in pressing charges against God."

"Why yes, of course. Come in, please. But before you enter, I must ask you to take off your shoes and watch your step. Madam Sheldon retired earlier this evening. She had a splitting headache, and now she is sleeping. It wouldn't be convenient to wake her."

"Madam Sheldon." The name echoed in Seymour's head while he was bending to take off his small black leather shoes. Was that the "small" red-haired old lady he occasionally encountered while walking to school?

"This way. The office is in the basement," the girl said.

They descended the narrow wooden stairs and entered a vast underground room. And there he was. The little leprechaun rascal that ran into Seymour was sitting at the large wooden artfully curved desk. But the memory of madam Sheldon made Seymour realize that the boy was actually a man. A fully grown man.

“Good evening. My name is Seymour. I am the history teacher from next door, and I came here to press charges against God.”

“Yes, yes,” the leprechaun replied. “Everybody does it these days. Only a few minutes ago, the giants wanted to do the same thing. They have just left. You may have seen them.”

“Oh, so those were actual giants,” Seymour said, slightly surprised. “I thought they were only kids wearing costumes.”

“In fact, they are not real. That is why they want to press charges.”

“I understand them completely!”

“And I am afraid that they will be my last clients. I cannot represent any more people who want to pursue charges against God. You should seek help elsewhere.”

“But you gave me your card only moments ago.”

“That must have been my evil twin brother.”

“But...”

“No buts. The office is closed. Harmony, show this gentleman out. You shouldn’t have brought him in the first place. I told you no more clients.”

“I have evidence. Please, take a look!” Seymour shouted, pulled the little red box out of his pocket, and put it on the table. “Only a brief look! You won’t be able to deny it!”

“All right,” the leprechaun relented, took the box and opened it. His painted face paled. “How can this be... Are you sure?”

“It’s authentic! A hundred percent authentic,” Seymour assured him.

“Please take a seat. Harmony, bring us coffee and lock all the doors. We are not to be disturbed under any circumstances.”

Chapter 3 – Red Riding Hood’s Crisis and the Reality Test

“This evidence could be crucial for our victory,” leprechaun Sheldon said. “Would you be kind enough to tell me how this came into your possession?”

“It is a private matter. I would rather not speak of it,” Seymour replied.

“I locked everything.” Harmony appeared at the top of the stairs.

“Good girl. Pour us two glasses of whiskey,” the lawyer said.

“I’d rather not. I will go home shortly.”

“And your mother can smell alcohol a mile away. I understand. Nevertheless, let your glass be full in case you change your mind. Now, let’s get down to business. We have firm evidence that will make every jury see that God is guilty. But to get compensation, you must know exactly what you are doing. What do you want to sue God for?”

“Well... You know... For the usual stuff,” Seymour answered hesitantly.

“What usual stuff?”

“Seymour stuff,” he mumbled.

The leprechaun coughed a few times to calm himself. “Everybody wants to sue God for their personal stuff. You need to be more specific so I can put you in the correct group.”

“No, thank you. I don’t want to be part of any group. I am an

individual. And that is how I want to press charges against God,” Seymour replied.

“Unfortunately, that option is not available. We live in a democracy, and you need to decide who you are and where you belong. Otherwise, what you do or say won’t matter.”

“But I just said that I…”

“Take our little Harmony, for example,” the leprechaun cut him short. “For centuries, in dozens and dozens of countries, they forced her to wear the red hood and carry cookies to her granny every single day.”

“And I am tired of it!” the little girl exclaimed, handing a glass of whiskey to Seymour.

“As you would expect!” the leprechaun shouted and slammed his palm on the desk. “Living with her mother for centuries. Carrying cookies!”

“Feeding my senile granny! Pushing her jaw back! The fairy tale doesn’t mention me wiping the saliva that spills out of that old cow’s mouth after the door closes when the hunter leaves!”

“Not to mention the will!” the leprechaun added.

“Oh, yes! The will! The magnificent will! Oh, my God! When she starts nagging about the will, threatening to exclude me and leave her house to the church, I almost lose it! I am telling you, I get this close to run into the kitchen, take a pestle, and puncture a hole in her skull!”

“Can’t blame her. You know how senior people can be… And she needs to separate from her mother. To have a space of her own.”

“And that old sheep is going to live forever too!”

“Because of her, and her mighty handsome hunter.”

“Whaaaat! No! No way! That stinky good for nothing idiot isn’t going to come and live at my place! To tell me what to do or say! To force me to cook! No way!”

“She is in love with the wolf,” the leprechaun explained.

“I am not in love with anybody! But at least if it was up to the wolf, I would have had that house for myself a long time ago. All I have ever asked from the hunter was to let the wolf nap after lunch and leave. But no! He always has to be the hero who saves the day!”

“Not to mention her spine injury,” the leprechaun added.

“Oh, yes! Do you think I am a little girl?! After all this time!? No, I’m not! But lugging all those baskets jam-packed with cookies injured my spine and stopped my growth!”

“And no one even remembers her name! They call her by the cloak she wears. So, Seymour, just like you, our little Harmony has her problems. And the giants have theirs.”

“What is their problem?!” Seymour asked.

“They are suing God for making such big things out of something that isn’t real. They are angry. To be given size, strength, and immortality - and then stripped of their importance by making them imaginary!”

“That is not what they are suing him for,” Harmony interfered.

“Oh, yes. My bad,” the lawyer admitted, leafing through the pile of papers in front of him. “Well, here it is. They are suing him for allowing Jack to steal their gold chicken... which apparently resulted in the crash of their gold market. So Harmony, the giants, Sleeping Beauty, and a few others are classified as the ‘The Gang from Fairy Tales, Imaginations, and Subconscious Creations’ party. Others, however, belong to the plaintiff party called The Real Remainder. We need to establish which one you

are.”

“Well... What is the real remainder?”

“Everything that the ‘Gang from Fairy Tales, Imaginations and Subconscious Creations’ party is not.”

“In short, real beings,” Harmony clarified.

“Not so fast, big boy,” the leprechaun said. “You need to answer some questions first. Then we will establish what you are and what you are not. Are you ready for the test?”

“Yes...”

“Sheldon!” A roar boomed from the upper part of the house. The leprechaun’s pale face went white as death itself.

“What is that?” Seymour stuttered, the lines on his face arranging themselves into a sketch of terror. Harmony was so frightened that she hid under the rug spread in the middle of the basement. It was a roar of a beast.

“Then I belong there. Among the real remainder.”

“It... It can’t be. Harmony, did you give my mother sleeping pills?” the lawyer asked, pushing his body from the large chair it was anchored to.

“I... I don’t know. Maybe I forgot.”

“How in non-God’s sake could you forget that!?”

“Sheldon!” the roar blared once again. It sounded like God combined a bear, a dragon, and a lion into a single being and let it loose.

The little leprechaun jumped from his chair and started up the stairs. In front of every stair, he jumped forward. Followed by a muffled

blunt thud, the upper part of his body would land on higher ground. Like a fish on dry land, he wiggled his legs until they followed suit. It took him an entire minute to climb twenty steps. He was barely managing to pull himself up.

Seymour noticed that this panting leprechaun was notably shorter than the one that approached him on his way home. It seemed weird that he hadn't spotted it as soon as Sheldon left the desk.

He expressed his curiosity. As soon as Sheldon caught his breath, he explained, "It's because of how God made stairs. When you are at the top and ready to go down, they shrink. But when you are at the bottom and need to go up, they rise. That is why I now look smaller than my evil twin brother to you."

"That could be true. I always thought stairs play tricks on us," Seymour agreed.

Another roar made Sheldon fly through space. This time the walls shook.

"I must go now," the leprechaun's words sounded like a goodbye. "Harmony, would you be so kind as to help our history teacher do the test in my absence?"

She pulled her head under the rug, "Are you crazy!?! You know well what my psychiatrist told me to do when old people nag!"

"Harmony, please... I will make it worth your while."

"No."

"I will give you a green hood for a day!"

"Deal! But keep her quiet. Otherwise, I may lose it again!"

"Don't worry."

The leprechaun left, and Harmony took his place at the desk. The girl fumbled through the piles and piles of papers that seemed to multiply until she found a red folder. She opened it and started reading, "Question number one: Do you consider yourself an actual person?"

"Yes," Seymour replied.

She took a pen and circled the answer. "Question number two: Are you sure?"

"Yes," Seymour answered.

"Question number three: Are you absolutely sure?"

After reflexively examining his mind for a few moments, Seymour looked at her with disbelief and said, "Yes. I am sure."

"Good. Question number four: Do you consider yourself a man?"

"Yes. I am a man."

"Question number five: Do you consider yourself to be a real man?"

"Yes," he repeated.

"Question number six: Do you live with your mother?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"Question number seven: Are you sure of your answer to question number five?"

"Now wait a minute! It isn't my fault that the economy is falling apart. I have a college degree and ... I am a man who doesn't want to go to the bank and spend the rest of his life paying debts!"

"I understand that you are a man, but the question is: Are you a real

man?”

“Yes!” he shouted.

“How many times did I tell you to sit when you pee?” They heard grumbling from upstairs.

Seymour wanted to say something, but Harmony interrupted him, “Never mind them. Those are family matters. We all have our little personal skeletons in the closet. Question number eight: Do you consider yourself to be real?”

“Yes.”

“Question number nine: Do people take you seriously?”

Seymour dropped his gaze. Although he lifted his head again in the blink of an eye, his eyes were noticeably soggy. After a few moments of silence, Harmony repeated, “Question number nine: Do people take you seriously?”

“It is just out of your reach! We discussed this over a million times,” the grumbling was growing louder.

“Question number nine,” Harmony repeated, ignoring everything else.

“I don’t know,” Seymour admitted. “I guess they don’t take me seriously enough...”

“Yes or no?”

“No,” Seymour replied.

“You aren’t tall enough. You are barely taller than the seat. You must climb and sit on it. Otherwise, you will always make a mess,” the clamor was getting even louder.

“Question number ten: Do you sit when you pee?”

“That is a private matter.”

“You must answer all the questions. Do you sit when you pee?”

“Yes.”

“Question number eleven: Do you take yourself seriously?”

Seymour sighed loudly and then whispered, “No.”

“Question number twelve: How many Instagram followers do you have?”

“None. They banned my account for spamming,” he said in a confessional tone.

“There is only one more question. You are an entity with the following features: considers himself real; considers himself a man; considers himself a real man; lives with his mother; is sure that he is a real man; is sure that he is real; people don’t take him seriously; sits while peeing; doesn’t take himself seriously; has zero Instagram followers because he was banned for spamming.”

Harmony paused, looked at the sheet of paper, and then switched her eyes back to Seymour, “Question number thirteen: Seriously, are you real?”

“I am real,” Seymour said.

“Well, it’s settled then. You belong to the Real Remainder party.”

Chapter 4 – Eve Joins the Party

Long dark hair covered her breasts as she walked through the Halloween swirl in what seemed like a naked costume. Her deep black eyes were wandering over the houses. She crossed from one side of the street to the other, dodging giants, leprechauns, mages, witches, supermen, ironmen, wonder-women, and other marvel and non-marvel entities. Angrily mumbling obscene words about her irresponsible husband who should have waited for her at the beginning of the street, the woman blindly walked forward. At one moment, she heard a loud noise behind her. She turned around and saw a naked man running towards her. Although he was still far away, hope momentarily washed over her.

“Maybe he came after all,” she whispered to herself.

Only a few seconds later, after seeing three policemen chasing him, she realized that it was only another masked kid playing on Halloween evening. It took her centuries to persuade Adam only to take one bite of an apple. He didn't like what happened after discovering the new taste and vowed never to break a rule again. Hence, there was no way that he would allow himself to throw chewing gum in the street, let alone break the law or do something that would make the police chase him.

“Trick or treat! Trick or treat! Trick or treat!” Children's voices were ringing all around her.

Absentmindedly, she ran into a man. A man's back, to be precise.

He was shorter than average and wearing an oversized long gray coat, which was almost sweeping the ground. When the bald head turned around to reveal a face, she noticed his large nose between tiny eyes

separated from reality by the thick glasses of misaligned eyeglasses.

“Pinocchio? Is that you?”

“Hilarious!”

“What’s so funny?”

“Don’t test me, child! I will call your parents and tell them all about your behavior!”

“I’m sorry! It looks like I have confused you with someone else,” she said in a chirpy voice.

“No candies. Get going,” the man retorted.

“I don’t want candies. I am not here because of that.”

“And why are you here?”

“Allegedly, a lawyer specialized in suing my father lives in this street.”

“A lawyer lives in this house. I have just left his office. But he has nothing to do with family matters!”

“Ah... But I have heard that he is the only lawyer willing to press charges against my dad.”

“Why do you want to sue your father?”

“Long story. First, I want to sue him for not letting me and my brother wear any clothes.”

“Whaaaat!”

“Trick or treat! Trick or treat! Trick or treat!”

“Yes. He didn’t let us wear any clothes. He threw my husband and

me out when I made us coverings from leaves.”

“Oh, my God!” The man looked terrified.

“That’s right. He kicked his own son and daughter out of the house.”

“Trick or treat! Trick or treat. Trick or treat!”

“Wait a second now…” The man was falling into a pit of confusion.

“The relations in our family are complicated. People get confused very easily. You know, brother-husband stuff and all that…” she said, raising her palm. “I am Eve, by the way. What is your name?”

“Seymour,” the man replied, gripping her palm gently.

“Is that your first or last name?” Eve asked.

“Trick or treat! Trick or treat! Trick or treat!”

“I… Wait a sec. The same man is your husband and brother, naked children, and the mighty father. Oh, my God!” Seymour quickly averted his gaze. “You are not wearing a costume. You are Eve.”

“Yes. People tend to misplace me with others… It was easy to make a distinction earlier, but today… I mean, how many ladies aren’t wearing anything. What’s wrong?” Eve asked, noticing Seymour struggling to look aside. “Why aren’t you looking at me while we are speaking?”

“You are… You aren’t wearing any clothes.”

“So typical! A woman can never please a man. It doesn’t matter if he is her father, brother, or husband. There is always something. I mean, I put panties on, and father threw me out. And then, when I took them off

and wanted to return, husbands and brothers called me a ‘s-l-u-t.’ And I have had enough of it. I want to sue my father for molesting. Is there a lawyer here or not?”

“Yes, there is. I have just talked to him, and he will help me sue God. I am sure that he will help you too. But he just closed his office for the night. You should come again tomorrow.”

“Oh.” Eve seemed disappointed. “It’s a long time to wait until sunrise... And I have nowhere to sleep.”

“You can stay at my place,” Seymour replied instantly. Just saying that last word excited him overly, and he felt ashamed. And not only that. He accidentally glanced at Eve. But that second was more than enough to notice her sweet indecency and make his face blush like a volcano.

“Thanks! That would mean a lot to me,” Eve answered. “Are you all right?”

“Well...”

“What’s wrong! Oh, please don’t tell me you are ashamed. And if you are, please stop feeling like that. Nothing good has ever come from shyness.”

“It’s getting late. We should get going,” Seymour concluded and started walking. Eve took his hand. All the children froze when they saw him leading a woman to his house. When the door closed behind them, Halloween continued.

“Trick or treat! Trick or treat! Trick or treat!”

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