

David the Yigreblat Champion

by Brandon M. Dennis

David was a fantastic wrestler. He could defeat his opponent with one arm tied behind his back! He had just recently won a trophy for his excellence in the ring, and he was very proud.

One day as he was walking through the woods looking for wombats to wrestle, he heard a peculiar noise. It sounded like a growl, only it was rather metallic, and it seemed to be far away. It was nearing dusk and the pink glow of the sun was fading into the sea, but all David could see in the forest was the sky grow dimmer and dimmer. He looked above him, trying to figure out what was making the noise, but he saw nothing.

“Maybe it is a wombat,” said David, and he redoubled his efforts to find one. He looked under rocks, under logs, inside logs, up trees and in creeks, but could not find a wombat. He was about to give up when he heard that peculiar noise again. It was above him this time and he searched the trees for any sign of the noise-maker.

“Where are you, you silly wombats? I want to wrestle you!” said David, and he quickly got into his combat stance.

The noise grew louder and suddenly David saw a series of flashing lights. They were blue lights and they fluttered very fast and were bright, so bright that David had to shield his eyes. He squinted and then the lights turned red, and then he heard a *snap!* and a *whirr!* and the light was obscured by something dark coming his way.

All at once he felt himself being restrained and he toppled over onto the ground. His entire body was encased and he was lifted up. The wind roared past his face and he saw trees flash by. Soon he saw the woods that he had been walking through shrink below him. With the last few rays of the

setting sun, he saw his house grow smaller and smaller, and then he saw the sea.

He twisted his body around and looked up. He was staring into a rectangular metal face, covered with flashing lights. The strange grumbling sound he had heard earlier emanated from a few pipes that hung down from the rectangle. A long cable extended from it and led right to David, and he realized then that he was being restrained by what appeared to be a metal net of some sort. As the blueness of the sky turned into black, a square opening opened up in the rectangular face. White light emanated out of it, and then the cable began to move towards it, bringing David along with it. The white light became larger and brighter until it was all he could see. He felt a rush of hot air hit his face and he heard a clanging behind him, and then all at once he was freed from his bindings and dropped to a cold, hard surface.

David blinked in the light as his eyes adjusted. Soon he could make out his surroundings. He was in a metal room that was detailed with little squares covering every inch. Big metal boxes and crates dotted the room and narrow, rectangular slits were in the walls.

Suddenly a door slid open and a being entered the light. David took one look at the creature and growled.

“Wombats! I knew it” he said, and he readied himself to charge the creature.

“Wait!” said the wombat, and the fuzzy thing held up a paw. “I am not a wombat,” he said. David looked at its pointed ears, its furry coat, its blunted snout and beady black eyes.

“Well you sure look like one,” said David, “and I am going to wrestle you!”

David charged the wombat and the wombat shrieked. It dashed around the room trying to avoid David, but David was

too quick and he nabbed him. He placed one arm around the wombat's neck and sat on its body, and the wombat squealed.

"Get off!" he said, but David wouldn't get off. Instead David swung a leg over the wombat, picked him up with both hands and threw him across the room.

The wombat landed amongst the metal crates with a crash. All at once, David saw a blue glow coming from where the wombat landed. It pulsed slowly and then a head emerged from behind a metal crate.

It wasn't a wombat head. It wasn't like any creature David had ever seen. It had three eyes, a long tube-like snout, fins where ears should have been and a long blue crest on the top of its head. It clambered out from behind the crates and David could see that it still had the body of a wombat. But not for long. The creature took a deep breath, plugged up its tube-like snout, closed its eyes and then, as it appeared to David, snorted.

His hands inflated like balloons and then quickly deflated, unraveling into arms. Its body likewise bulged and then with a weird squirting sound, popped into its true form. It shook itself vigorously making a *brrra! brrra!* sound as it did. It was all yellow with blue splotches in certain places. It had long arms that reached the floor with bony elbows covered in fins. It had three fingers on each hand and a big fat belly that had three bellybuttons, all lined up in a row. Its feet were floppy and each had only two toes.

The creature shivered again.

"Wow!" he said. "They weren't kidding about you!"

David still stood with his mouth agape.

"Why, you're no wombat at all!" he exclaimed, and the creature made a blubbering sound, which David assumed was a laugh.

“I tried to tell you! No, I am not a wombat. I just disguised myself as one. When you shouted at my ship you used that word, and so I thought our first meeting might have gone better if I looked like a wombat. I guess it didn’t help.”

“Where am I? Is this a spaceship?”

“Why yes it is! You are so smart!” said the creature, and he wobbled over to a wall where a big green button sat. He pressed the button and a section of the wall slid away. David was looking at earth, slowly rotating in the darkness of space. They were hovering over North America at the moment, and the Pacific Ocean slowly crawled into view.

“I’m in space!” shouted David, and he leapt into the air. “I’ve always wanted to go to space.” He ran up to the window and pressed his face against it, taking in every detail. But then his mood darkened and he turned towards the creature.

“Why did you take me?” he asked, and the creature began to twitch.

“Oh, well...” said the creature, and then he made a gurgling sound. “You see, we have this sort of problem up here and, well, we need your help.”

“You sure have a funny way of asking for help,” said David, and he marched right up the creature. “Take me home now.”

“Oh, please stay, just a little longer! We must have your help!”

“Then you should have asked me for help instead of snatching me up like that.”

“I am so sorry! It will never happen again! I didn’t really know how else to confront you. Do forgive me! Here, come this way David, I have something I want to show you.”

“How do you know my name?” asked David.

“Oh, we heard all about you when you won your trophy. But come! All of that will be explained in time. My

name is Griserflabbynimbocrudgel, and my species is called Yigreblat. But you can call me Gris.”

Gris walked towards the door and as he did, his feet went *plop! plop! plop!* David took one last look at the earth and then followed the strange creature. In the next room was a long metal bridge that shot over an enormous room filled with all sorts of odd metal doodads. Dozens of Yigreblats that looked like Gris were running back and forth, pulling a lever here and pushing a button there, shouting orders and making a racket. It was hot in this room and steam was everywhere, but soon Gris led David out another door and into a darker room.

In this room were a number of screens. One screen displayed Earth, but on all the rest were planets that David could not recognize. Yigreblats manned stations here and there, covered with bright glowing buttons. There was one large glass screen that was erected in the middle of the room, and it had lines and dots all over it. A Yigreblat in a strange uniform stood by the screen and saluted with one of his long, floppy toes to Gris when he came in.

“This is Blabberwonkytoodle our general, and he will explain the situation to you,” said Gris. Blabberwonkytoodle made a grunting noise and eyed David up and down.

“So this is the guy, eh? Yes, yes, he looks like a mighty scrapper. Call me Blab if you will, and listen to our situation.” Blab pointed at the glass screen with his fleshy finger and a blue dot appeared.

“This is earth,” he said, “and this is Roobletron.” Blab drew a white line with his finger and where it ended, a green dot appeared. “The Roobletronians are a nasty bunch, and they think that they are all really tough. One day they came to our planet Yigrebron, which is over here,” he said, and he made another line which ended at a yellow dot, “and they

kidnapped the daughter of our king, Princess Flannywubblebiblesplat.”

“Why did they do that?” asked David, and Blab wobbled his finger.

“Yes, I’m getting to that. So they took our princess all the way to Roobletron and then sent us an ultimatum. Here, read it for yourself.”

Blab made a series of taps on the glass and a bunch of funny symbols appeared. They circled round and around, making a wide spiral, and each character in the spiral looked stranger than the next. David stared at the text confused and Blab glanced at him expectantly.

“Well?” said Blab, and David shrugged.

“I can’t read this,” he said, and then Gris and Blab broke out in a flurry of unintelligible chatter.

“Ah! Of course you can’t. My apologies. Here, let me access the universal translator.” Blab tapped on the glass again, and soon the symbols began cycling through hundreds of different characters until finally they became English characters and arranged themselves properly. Here is what the notice said:

“Hail to the Yigreblats! We Roobletronians have taken your princess, Flannywubblebiblesplat, and if you want her back you will have to bet us in a wrestling competition. Our Roobletronian wrestlers are the best in the universe, and you will be hard pressed to defeat us! We are making you this challenge because you have never wrestled us before, and we think you are all silly yellow cowards. Answer us by Glimdrax, the third Fovian of Trintybleep, or else we will keep your princess forever! Bwahahahahaha!”

The message ended there and Gris and Blab started to cry, making big blubbering noises. They hugged each other and sniveled, and wept green tears.

“You see? Those bad old Roobletronians intend to keep our princess forever!” said Gris.

“And we haven’t any way to win her back, because our species is a strictly scientific one. We don’t know how to wrestle or fight. That is why we need your help. We hear that you just recently won a wrestling competition.”

Gris and Blab kneeled down, resting their weight on their big, round bellies.

“Please wrestle the Roobletronians for us!” they both said in unison.

David scratched his chin. He looked at the map on the glass screen. Roobletron seemed awfully far away. But he had always wanted to go on a voyage through space, and these guys seemed to really need his help.

“Ok,” he said, and the two Yigreblats jumped up and cheered, “but on one condition; that you will never take people from my planet again without first asking for permission. Is that a deal?”

Gris and Blab wiggled their wobbly arms and made gurgling noises.

“Deal!” they said in unison, and Blab ran off to talk with some of the Yigreblats at the controls.

“So how long will this trip take?” asked David, and Gris made that weird noise again that David was convinced was a chuckle.

“Long? Why, it won’t take long at all! As Blabberwonkytoodle said, we are a species that loves science and technology, and so we have developed the most efficient methods of space travel. Come! You can have a front row seat.”

Gris led David over towards a blank wall. He pressed a button and a round metal cylinder emerged from the floor, which David used as a seat. The metal panel in front of him slid open and David could see out into the vastness of space.

“Wait right here! I’m off to help with the launch. I’ve seen this a million times, but I’m sure you will find it fascinating.” With that, Gris was off.

David stared off into space. He saw the constellation Orion, but couldn’t find any others. Suddenly a strange metal ship of some sort shot out from where David sat, growing smaller and smaller as it sailed away. Then it came to a stop and began to blink a series of white lights. At its tip was a red blinking light, and it started to blink faster and faster until it became a solid red light.

All at once it exploded into a ball of fire. David didn’t hear the explosion, but he felt the ship rock a little as the shockwave reached them. The fireball then disappeared, sucked into a purple vortex. The vortex remained, swirling around and around, and in the middle David could see shining stars and a green planet.

He felt the ship shudder and he heard a hissing noise, and then the vortex grew bigger. Soon the vortex was all he could see, and then with a sudden lurch the ship was sucked into it. David saw the twisted shapes of what he assumed were stars sailing past on his right and his left, and clouds of many colors dashed by. The stars at the end grew farther away and soon disappeared, but then they abruptly came back and then, with a flash of light, the vortex vanished.

Before him sat a green planet. David couldn’t see any land or sea, just swirling green clouds spinning here and there. Gris came up to him and poked him.

“Are you ready?” he asked, and David nodded, still enthralled by the sight before him. “We are going to take a shuttle to the surface and you will fight in their arena. Don’t worry, the Roobletronians may be scoundrels, but they insist on having fair wrestling matches.”

Gris led David to a circular outline in a nearby wall and it slid open to reveal a small chamber beyond. Blab approached and entered the chamber.

“This way! Let’s get going, we don’t want to keep our poor princess waiting.” David and Gris entered and the door slid shut behind them.

A window at the far end of the chamber revealed the green planet, and then the chamber lurched violently. The planet swiftly became larger and soon they entered the clouds. David couldn’t see anything but masses of green flying past until finally they emerged from the clouds and soared straight for land.

There was no sea, as far as David could tell. Land stretched out in all directions, and it was covered with tall yellow structures that appeared to be trees. The shuttle ferried them over towards a mountain that was bare of trees, and David could now see that the soil was blue, sprinkled with red rocks here and there. A cave loomed in the distance, and the shuttle shot towards it. When it entered the cave, lights went on so that David could see the inside. A stone wall at the end of the cave slid up and the shuttle entered through it. The shuttle lowered its landing struts as the wall closed behind them. With a burst of steam, the shuttle sighed, coming to rest.

The chair David was sitting in suddenly began to move. It thrust him towards the window and just before he smacked against it, the window popped open and dropped downward, turning into a slide. The chair dumped David onto the slide and he slid onto the floor with a thump.

David quickly came to his feet and readied himself. A wrestling opponent could come at any time, and he would not be caught off guard! Gris and Blab came down the slide and stood beside him.

A small door at the opposite end of the chamber opened. Out of it came a band of three odd creatures. They had spherical green bellies and three arms each, one coming out of the right side, the left side and the back. They did not have feet but instead balanced themselves on stone balls that they rolled along the ground with dozens of tiny fingers that grew from the bottom of their bellies. They had long, pencil-thin necks, and on top of those necks were hairless heads in the shape of a wedge of cheese. They had two red eyes and a little flap dangled down from the front of their faces, presumably their mouths. All three of them held their rear arm in a strange way. It bent up over their heads and they let their long, flabby fingers dangle over their foreheads, like a rooster's comb. David was so startled by their strangeness that he almost jumped back into the shuttle. Almost.

The Yigreblats walked up to the Roobletronians and made strange gestures at them. They then began to converse with them in a language that David couldn't understand. Their discussion sounded like this:

"Flinder bibble gratty boot?"

"Pawa gawa natta tik."

"Ritty bimble gampy split, herdy maren soof."

"Nekta banna moogle doik. Grishy-nish billy-funt!"

This last bit seemed to upset the Yigreblats, and Blab and Gris wiggled their arms while saying, *"brrra!brrra!"*

"Did you hear that?" said Gris turning to David. "They can't do that!"

"Why? What did they say?" asked David. Blab walked over and gave him a metal disk.

"Put this up to your ear," he instructed.

David complied and held it up to his right ear. He could hear the Roobletronians repeating *"Grishy-nish billy-funt!"* over and over again through his left ear. The disk near his right

ear, however, translated the gibberish until David heard them say, “We won’t accept the human!”

“Why won’t they accept me?” asked David, but the lead Roobletronian—the one with the longest fingers dangling over his head—addressed David directly.

“Because you are not a Yigreblat!” he said through David’s right ear. “We gave our ultimatum to the Yigreblats alone. We never said they could accept our challenge by proxy.”

“What does it matter?” asked David. “Didn’t your notice say that you Roobletronians were the best wrestlers in the universe?”

“It sure did!” said the lead Roobletronian, “and that is because we are! No creature can defeat us.”

“Well, I’m in the universe. Does that mean you can defeat me?”

“Of course we can!”

“How do you know if you’ve never wrestled me?”

“Look, it doesn’t matter. You are not a Yigreblat and therefore you cannot wrestle for them.”

“That’s easy to fix!” said Blab, and he walked over to David. “Would you like to be an official Yigreblat?” he asked, and David nodded. Blab then pulled a rectangular device out of his uniform pocket.

“Hold out your hand,” he instructed, and David shot him a wary glance. “Don’t worry, it wont hurt,” said Blab, and so David extended his hand. Blab took it, positioned it palm down and placed the rectangular device on top.

The device began to shudder and a blue light emanated from underneath it. David felt a tingling feeling on his hand and then—*zap!*—he felt something press hard against it.

Blab removed the device. In its place was a rectangular stamp in blue letters that said “Official Yigreblat Citizen—Pay Your Taxes”.

“It will fade away in a few days, but don’t worry, your citizenship is permanent!” said Blab, and he and Gris made happy gargling noises.

“I have to confer with my colleagues,” said the lead Roobletronian. “I’m not sure if this will work.” He then turned around and he and his two friends huddled together, talking in low voices. Every now and then they shot David a suspicious glance, but after a while their huddle broke and the lead Roobletronian turned back around.

“Since using this human as your representative now technically falls within the rules, we will allow him to wrestle. But if he fails, we will demand that you find another wrestler who is of your own species!”

With that, the Roobletronians turned and rolled away.

“Whew! I almost thought it wouldn’t work!” said Gris.

“I already don’t like those guys,” said David. “I can’t wait to wrestle them!”

“Calm down there champ, you’ll get your chance,” said Blab. “Let’s head towards the arena and defeat those Roobles!”

The arena was packed with Roobletronians of all shapes and sizes. They had been waiting for this event for a long time. They delighted in anything that gave them a chance to show how strong and tough they were, and the Yigreblats were well known for being weak.

David, Gris and Blab entered the sandy arena. When the crowd saw that the Yigreblats had found a human to wrestle in their stead, they booed and hissed and gargled. David just smiled and waved at everyone, for even if they were going

to be rude, he wanted to be professional, for he took pride in his wrestling skills.

There was a loud trumpet blast, and a yellow wriggling bundle was lowered by a rope from the ceiling. When it got closer Gris and Blab gasped.

“Princess Fannywubblebubblesplat!” they cried in unison, and the princes made squishy noises, which were apparently cries for help.

Then David heard the beating of drums. A gate on the far corner of the sandy arena floor opened, and David saw a shadow and two glowing red eyes. The crowd all began to cheer and chant, “Klappo! Klappo! Klappo!” and the shadow rolled into the arena.

This Roobletronian was unlike any David had yet seen. He was much larger and his arms were thick like tree branches. He rolled on a black glossy ball which he pushed around with his fingers. His dangling mouth vibrated back and forth, dripping drool. As appeared to be the custom on Roobletron, he too had his rear arm arched over his head with his fingers dangling, but when he saw David he positioned all three hands against him.

David gulped. Gris laughed nervously.

“Well, I need to go, I think I left my...hat...in the shuttle,” he said, and he ran off.

“Ah, eh, me too!” said Blab, and he ran after Gris.

David didn’t care. After all, he had promised that he would wrestle, and wrestle he would. He walked up to Klappo the giant Roobletronian and extended his hand.

“Let’s have a good match,” he said, but Klappo just cocked its wedge-shaped head and blinked. He made what sounded like short laugh, and then lunged at David.

David dashed to the side before Klappo could get his three hands on him. He got into his defensive stance and

looked for an opening. The crowd cheered wildly and chanted Klappo's name, but David didn't even notice; he was wholly focused on his opponent.

Klappo spun around and growled. He strafed to the right and David mirrored him. David saw an opening and reached out for one of Klappo's hands. He caught it and threw his body into Klappo, knocking him off his ball. The crowd gasped, but Klappo caught his ball with one of his free hands and scrambled back up onto it.

Klappo roared and rolled right for David. He caught David by the neck and lifted him up. David grasped Klappo's three arms and struggled to free himself with his feet dangling wildly. Klappo laughed coarsely and threw David across the arena. The sky tumbled and the ground spun and David skidded across the dirty arena floor.

When he regained himself he saw Klappo spinning around on his glossy black ball, goading the audience to cheer. Klappo dangled his arm over his head and fluttered his fingers, and the crowd went wild.

David felt dizzy. He staggered to his feet and shook his head. Klappo turned around and gave David an evil look. His red eyes flared and his floppy mouth twitched. A noise emanated from it and though David didn't have his metal translator, he knew what Klappo was trying to say. "*Stay down. It would be better for you to stay down.*" But David did not stay down. Instead he put his right foot ahead of his left one, extended his arm and beckoned Klappo to advance. Klappo snorted. David grinned.

The two wrestlers charged each other. As soon as they met, David threw his arms into Klappo with all of his might, the force of which flung the Roobletronian from his glossy black ball. The crowd gasped and Klappo tumbled across the arena floor. David squatted down and leaned into the ball.

With a mighty thrust he pushed it, and it rolled across the ground towards the gate.

Klappo righted himself and immediately searched for his ball. He saw it rolling towards the gate and gave a frantic squeal, and then lumbered towards it, using his three arms as legs. But David intercepted him before he could reach the ball and knocked him to the ground. Klappo hissed and gripped David's arm with his third hand, but David twisted around and grabbed it, wrenching his arm into a loop.

Klappo screeched and was flung onto his belly. With a mighty cry David leapt into the air and came down hard on Klappo's round belly. He wrapped his legs around Klappo's second arm and clenched his third arm with his hands, and he leaned forward, pressing Klappo's back against the arena floor. Klappo flailed his remaining free arm, trying to free himself, but David's grip was like a vice and he would not be moved.

The audience was silent. Tension filled the arena, and all that could be heard was Klappo's frantic struggling. Blab and Gris burst out onto the arena floor.

"Count down!" shouted Gris. "David has him pinned; start the countdown!" But the Roobletronians would not start the countdown. Instead they stood in stunned silence as their champion lay on the dirt floor, struggling violently.

"If you don't start the countdown," cried Blab, "you will not only lose your reputation as the greatest wrestlers in the universe, but you will lose your reputation as sportsmen as well!" The crowd mumbled. David was growing tired. His grip was loosening, and he exerted all his strength to keep it tight. At last he heard a loud crackle and a raspy voice filled the arena.

"Grem..." said the voice. The crowd mumbled.

"Klippy..." it said again. The crowd muttered.

“...Qwip,” said the voice, and the crowd burst out in a bout of raucous shouting. David heard a bell chime three times and he saw Gris and Blab jumping and cheering. He released Klappo and the giant Roobletronian scrambled away towards his ball. When he reached it he quickly climbed atop, and then spun around. He hissed angrily at David and began to advance, but then he stopped. He gazed at the audience. They had grown quiet and were staring at him. They turned their backs and began to quietly leave the auditorium. Klappo lowered his arms, hung his head, and slowly rolled out the gate.

“You did it!” cried Gris, and he and Blab raced over to David. They hugged his legs and made gurgling noises, and David smiled.

The rope holding Princess Fannywubblebiblesplat was lowered and she gently touched the arena floor. Blab quickly ran over and untied her, and the three Yigreblats jumped and danced around, happy that she was free. Fannywubblebiblesplat walked over to David and bowed.

“Thank you, O great human wrestler!” she said, and she wrapped her long arms around him. Her tube-like snout reached up and gave him kisses, which really grossed poor David out.

“Aw, it was nothing,” he said, though he did blush a little.

Just then they heard a clattering noise and a metallic object fell from the ceiling. It landed in the soft dirt next to David, and he went over to examine it.

“Look at this!” he said, and he lifted it up. It was made of a dark metal and was in the shape of Klappo’s black ball, resting on a dark metal podium. Letters in an alien language were written on the podium, and David could clearly see that one word had been scratched out and another hastily carved into the metal: the word was “David”.

“Look at that!” said Blab excitedly. “You’re the first person in the universe to ever win a Roobletronian trophy.

“What does it say?” asked David, and Gris examined it closer.

“It reads, ‘*Umpa-tinkle-dish David, roople-dim biggy-whim erri tog drimple*’ which means, ‘Congratulations to David, the mightiest wrestler in the universe!’ Be sure to keep this in a safe place, for it is a very rare and precious object.”

“I sure will,” said David, “and I am glad to have been of service! Just remember: ask next time before taking me or any other human on to your ship. We’ll probably be more than glad to help you out.”

David stood in the woods and waved at the Yigreblat spaceship as it sailed away. The sun had begun to set, and so he turned and raced off home. He ran up the stairs to his bedroom, closed the door and put his trophy on his dresser. He stepped back and admired it, thinking it the prettiest trophy he had ever seen. His parents called him for dinner and he ran downstairs. He didn’t tell anyone about his voyage to Roobletron or his match with Klappo, but he never forgot his adventure and forever remained, at least in the eyes of the Yigreblats, the greatest wrestler in the universe.