

The talk show

The up beat music blared from the television, and Ellen DeGeneres's perky self greeted the yelling crowd. She smiled and looked up at the crowd that was cat calling and yelling. "I appreciate all of the noise back their," she called out. She danced around the recording studio singing to the retro 70s music. She went up the stairs and began to work the crowd, complete with awkward dancing. And of course dancing over her coffee table. Still trying to catch her breath she began to talk "I have almost a million fans on twitter. I would really like to have a million fans, just to be able to say it."

Ellen smiled at the camera, a twinkle reflected in her eyes from the set lights. "See you after the commercials." The television cut to commercials as Ellen had foretold. The screen flashed off. Tommy sat up from the couch and began to stalk away from the television. He never wanted to se Ellen DeGeneres again.

Tommy was a man with half the normal amount of poise that most people have. This of course was because Tommy had two left feet. It had always surprised people that a human could in fact have two left feet, but Tommy had learned to live with it. He had balance problems of course, but the worst part was the shoes.

As you could imagine finding shoes was close to-impossible, in fact it was imposible. First of all, not only did Tommy have two left feet but he also had very large feet, they were a size 20. As a child tommy altogether refused to even wear shoes, he instead wore paper bags over his feet. Throughout the day the bags would wear more and

the seams of the bag would break and his toes would point out, which accentuated just how strange his feet were and also how strange he was. Tommy never really made any friends until he had found the solution.

The television had been flicked on again despite Tommy wanting it to. "And now for the moment all you ladies out there have been waiting for, the guest appearance of Zac Efron." The audience began to cheer. They really wanted it. He just had to watch it. He hated her but he still just couldn't stay away from Ellen DeGeneres. Tommy's complex relationship stemmed from the fact that he had in fact appeared on the show once.

He had been a dancer. A hip-hop dancer to be more precise. He had been awkward kid but as a teenager he had blossomed. He was the best dancer in his small country high school, Redding high (the Mighty Quail). He was flexible, agile and his two left feet never got in the way. It was because of his two left feet that he was able to dance in ways people had never thought of, dreamed of, before. It was just this type of skill that earned him his seat on the show.

Tommy looked back up at the screen and restrained the need to scream. He wanted to rip the old Sony television out of his drab room and throw it out the third story window. He wanted to see destruction and retaliation. Tommy wanted her to feel the pain she had caused him. How had he managed to screw up his chance so bad.

Two months earlier.

Tommy was sitting in the green room, feeling green. He felt sick and was using all of his energy to prevent the onset of the soon coming, vomit. It was like having a hangover from mixing jack, Jim, and uv apple. He didn't want to be here, he didn't even know why he was here. It was the publicity that had drawn him to the show. The appeal

in getting himself out there. He wanted a good act or to be in the next hot music video something edgy. But unfortunately Elle DeGeneres wasn't edgy, it was pleasant. It was also the only station that was interested in a hip-hop dancer with two left feet.

Tommy sighed and slid his back against the cushioned chair and stared himself in the eyes. He felt hopeless and as awkward as he had been as a kid. The way he was before dance and the discovery of eBay shoes.

Twenty minutes later.

A woman in a black and white pant suit came up to the door and rapidly knocked on the door. "You're on in five minutes,"

Tommy didn't look away from his reflexion in the mirror. He had been debating with his other self over all the possible ways of escape. At first he had thought of running out, but surely the security guards would make little of his attempt at fleeing. He had finally come to the only possible solution.

He was going to kill Ellen DeGeneres

"I'll be right out."