

*Things That Sing*  
*With Salty Wings*



<http://members.citynet.net/dragonworks/>

*edited by gary west*

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# Sanctuary

by Todd Matson

if ever you enter  
the sanctuary  
thirsting for  
life everlasting  
promised to all  
who drink from  
the fountain of  
living water  
flowing freely  
from the altar

enter before dusk  
gaze upon those  
who have drank  
from the fountain  
and now worship  
in their colonial  
and victorian garb  
smelling of mildew  
and moth balls  
split ends dyed  
blonde and brown  
black and blue  
age spots rotting  
relentlessly to the  
ticking of the clock  
eye sockets empty  
brain cavities full  
of worms as immortal  
as their hosts  
ever aging  
never dying  
forever lusting  
after bread and cup  
like vampires  
stalking  
young blood

hear me now  
if ever you enter  
the sanctuary  
you must leave  
before night falls  
for when darkness reigns

all seekers must choose  
to drink or die  
drink from the fountain  
or die before dawn  
and the blood in the cup  
the body broken for bread  
will be your own



## Things That Sing With Salty Wings

by J. M. Heluk

With wings bearing the heft of driftwood, the Angels came, spiraling down from the midnight sky and crashing into the sea like dead stars. Pinpoints of light littered the ocean, only to wink out when dragged beneath the cresting waves.

For now we are safe.

They toil in the froth; weed plastered shapes, ornamented with barnacles that stink of brine. Porcelain faces rose and fell upon the tides that brought them that much closer, yet deceptively farther away.

This is how they came to defeat us.

It was too much to bear. I was a scientist. I know that all things begin in the sea, and that people are oblivious.

God needs to know that some still believe in Him. I am here to prove that.

The crooks of my elbows now tear when I move, my flesh, burnt to the hue of diseased plums. When night falls, I am overcome with chills so I huddle in my blanket and pray. I know God's intent, but still feel compelled.

Angels have now come dangerously close to the beach. Heads matted with seaweed poke up eerily from the sea and with flattened fingers, they paddle towards the rock-hewn jetty.

One rather impatient rogue crawled upon some rocks at the southern end of the beach. It lay exhausted on the jetty, not quite finished with its evolution, floundering like a breaded worm and undulating under my boot. I could not allow it to live any longer. Its black eyes bulged, and when I applied pressure, it screamed. A blue tinted tongue unfurled then flickered when I drove the stake through its spongy chest.

But no one else can see them? There are millions that believe in God left in this world.

So I summoned the priests, they would see; and they came, converging upon the beach like a flock of ravens, black robes swirling behind them like liquid. I point in the direction of the Angel I had murdered on the rocks.

They hoisted its remains upon their shoulders, plodding back through the sand towards their waiting car.

One stayed behind, surveying the ocean.

"This thing is happening all over the world. Until now, no one other than those married to the church has seen them" His gaze fell towards the Angels. "This is charged by God. He has abandoned

us."

I denied that.

With rubbery malformed fingers, the Angels dragged themselves from the water. The priest turned as thousands of foamy bodies spilled on the sand. One by one, they surrounded us: a priest and a man.

"He has not forsaken man! We have abandoned him!" I cry to the screaming priest as an Angel closed its clammy fingers around his throat. It dragged him down to the sand and I knew then the priest didn't love our God.

While the Angel's hands tore through his chest, I spoke calmly.

"God has not abandoned us."

The crackling snap of bones filled the salt air.

"We have simply...been... replaced."



## Game Show Nightmare by Efrem Emerson

Somehow I miscalculated and gave the wrong answer on the newest hit game show Slick, Hip, and Sick, so as punishment, I had to have sex with an 80 year old toothless Chinese woman.

On national TV no less.

Fun, eh?

MC Johnny G grinned his plastic grin as the crowd roared its approval. My face turned an ashen gray as two Mongolian storm troopers approached me with raised truncheons. Just to persuade me, you understand.

I'm not sure what happened. Barney, my agent, and believe me one tired-ass son of a whore, had assured me that there was no risk whatsoever. The game had been rigged in my favor, he said. I was to win the coveted \$17 million dollar prize, he said. With him getting 10%, he said.

Right.

I thought of all the nice things I planned on doing to Barney the next time I saw him . . . like penetrating his tight Jew asshole with the business end of a fork, but that only reminded me of some type of kinky sex, which in turn reminded me of the 80 year old toothless Chinese woman who waited for me on Stage 3. Besides, Barney was a total fag and would probably enjoy it.

The huge Mongolian on my left gripped my arm tightly as he dragged me off towards my rendezvous with the octogenarian oriental, occasionally brushing up against me with what I could only imagine was a huge Mongolian erection. Fuckin' perv! I started to grab it but the Mongolian was too fast and shoved me ahead of him with a deep throaty guffaw. The other was just unlocking the door to Stage 3, where my ancient Oriental/Asian love queen waited with bated breath. Rumor had it that she hadn't been fucked in 27 years.

"You come now," grinned the door-unlocking Mongolian. "Give goochy goochy pile driver to Ming Ho!"

The door opened, and . . .

Jesus, she was covered with spots!

She grinned at me, then removed her crusty food-stained dentures and plopped them into a glass of milk sitting on the small nightstand by the smelly unmade bed. My knees turned to jelly as I stared at the thick oily make-up covering her hideous face, and a hot sweat broke out over my entire body as she slowly opened her wrinkled, varicose-vein covered legs to receive my dapper thrust.



## A Long Time Dead by A D Dawson

-Please, Mon Ami,- utters Monsieur le Maire as he indicates towards the café, -take a seat over there in the evening sun and enjoy a good wine whilst I ensure that your room is being well prepared for your occupation this evening.-

I thanked him for his hospitality and reluctantly made towards a table that stood well in the shade. Once sat I noticed some children playing barefooted in the dirt not 3 metres away from my boot and an Old Lady sat dozing in the sunlight. I politely raise my hat towards her - albeit to no return. Mopping at my drenched brow with a handkerchief, I curse this incessant heat that we celebrate as summer. A tall man wearing a light coloured suit catches my shoulder as he comes carelessly close.

-Pardon, Monsieur,- He mumbles perfunctorily as he is passing.

Dear Reader, if his reckless behaviour is not an outrage in itself, what I am witnessing now is very much so - he is at the Old Lady and he is roughly hoisting her frail form over his shoulder.

-What in the d\_\_\_'s name are you doing?- I vehemently protest, fearing a paroxysm to take me with the sharp rise of my blood.

-Be steady, Monsieur,- He returns with a knowing wink. -It won't take long and then she'll be returned for your pleasure forthwith.-

With that they are gone. It would be more than prudent to say that I am shocked right through to my bones, and I slump back helplessly into my chair. Moreover, to my alarm, my heart begins to pump over-expeditiously into my chest.

-Mon Ami are you quite well?- Asks Monsieur le Marie, as he places his hot hand upon my quivering shoulder in an attempt to arrest my imminent seizure.

Overwhelmed by his sudden appearance, I begin to mutter almost unintelligibly what I had only just beheld.

-Bon Dieu!- Lets out Monsieur le Maire in disgust. -How dare that rascal, Jacques take his pleasure before you, our guest.- He adds solemnly.

Just as Monsieur le Maire has ended his confusing protestations, Jacques arrives back and at once returns The Old Lady ungraciously back into her seat.

-What is it with you, Jacques... before our guest indeed?- Protests Monsieur le Maire, whilst waving his fist into the other's face.

Jacques becomes instantly furious and throws his beret to the ground. - Monsieur le Maire,- He rages. -I did not go to upset our guest, but surely I do not have to remind you, of all people, that rigor mortis does not wait for any man... and the cologne can only do its job for so long in this d\_\_\_d heat.-

Monsieur le Maire turns to me and speaks with his arms at width. However, I cannot distinguish

what he is saying as I fall into a long overdue swoon.



## In the Church of the True Christ by catclaws

In the Church of the True Christ, no false idol hangs from the wall, but the True Cross itself, mounted cleverly to give the appearance of floating. Christ Himself hangs like a human pennant, nails jutting from his limbs. Sweat-droplets lie perpetually upon His thorn-scratched brow. Undrying lines of blood snake down His wrists and the tops of His feet.

Blood and water trickle, too, from His punctured stomach. The water fills the fonts, afloat with a skim of pus and some gray scraps of skin and fat, and anoints the brows of believers. The blood drips in large drops that crust over on the tabernacle and floor. Both produce an odor that the incense does not entirely cover up.

For every Mass the body and blood of Christ are taken from the holy corpse, and for every Mass they are miraculously renewed.

"Take this, and drink of it, for this is My blood, the blood of the new and everlasting covenant." The holy words are spoken over a goblet rich and overflowing. As the priests speak it cools and clots, forming ragged brown rings inside the cup. They sip, and it stains their lips.

"Take this, and eat of it, for this is My body." The priest tears in half a morsel cut from His heel; he distributes shreds of withered flesh and skin, some still moist with blood and yellow pus, some with the whorls and calluses of the foot visible. The feet are favored, being somewhat out of sight; it would mar the image of the Lord to have pockmarks across His chest and arms. Believers swallow the sawed-off lumps while their Lord's sticky benediction drips on their heads.

The clergy's livery is washed weekly in the blood of Christ, with great ceremony: dunking the cloths, sloshing slime against the basin's sides. Once washed, they are quite a dark shade of red-brown, and grow darker and stiffer as they dry, staining the clotheslines and pins. Unfortunately, they prove uncomfortable to wear after a recent washing, shed dried blood-flecks like sweater pills, and exude the lingering smell of decay omnipresent in the Church itself.

The Church has been known to attract its share of flies.

At every Mass the worshippers sing, peeling sticky hymnal pages and raising devout voices. They sing to no false idol, but to the One True Christ before them. At times worshippers have reported seeing Him twitch or turn his head, as though signaling His followers. Some have even claimed to hear Him groan, as though in sympathy with the hymns. His noble brow is forever creased with pain.

But then, the Church did not preserve the True Body of Christ for convenience or decor, but rather to prevent His tasteless, untimely resurrection. He is here instead that He might suffer gloriously before His followers' eyes, revealing His great sacrifice not by mere eternal life but by eternal and agonizing death.

# LEATHER BLOOD

by Tom Bishop

I need a feline mariner to tie  
my sails. Cat feet, and whispers sure to laugh  
as gentle breezes kiss from thigh to calf  
(with angel fur to soothe a cool July).  
O Mistress Cat, your vision tills my cry  
in stainless chains that I'd most gladly craft  
into a pool of lust on your behalf  
since anytime, for Cats, I'd surely die.

Life sometimes trolls in rags just for the view  
(all children climb the mast and eat the mud)  
but mine in feminine, and all for you  
as mirrors of our souls sing in a flood  
of "consciousness in drag", electric blue  
excursions on the sea of leather blood.



<http://www.artmajeur.com/site.php>

## The Change

by Terrie Leigh Relf

Maggie awoke in the middle of the night trembling with a feverish chill. Automatically, she reached for the pill bottle from Dr. Redding, took two with a few swigs of cabernet right from the bottle. She was sure they were placebos, but she took them anyway.

The change was upon her. Hot flashes. Cold Sweats. Bursts of irrational anger. Strange cravings.

"But aren't I too old to have a baby?" Maggie asked Dr. Redding, trying to play along with the script she'd overheard in salons and poetry readings.

"Nature's last effort," the doctor had said, then offered a dose of something to protect against the possibility.

"I'm not seeing anyone right now," she'd told him, certain that was the appropriate response.

"Ah, so you're single, then? A pretty, intelligent woman like yourself?"

She'd laughed. Flirted with him a bit. Accepted his date for dinner and a movie.

He'd been just what she needed to complete the change.

She'd feel much better in the morning. Yes, much better. Her system just had to work a bit harder to process the transfer of human DNA.

In the morning, she'd be her new self.



## the young comedian

by satan165

Grunting and sweating mildly, the young comedian shadowboxed in his dressing room. He stared deeply at his reflection in the mirror; fixing his already perfect hairstyle and tugging at the collar of his freshly pressed tuxedo. This was his first large gig -- filled to capacity at the Grove Amphitheatre. He was nervous but ready; his chops had been forged in the extensive small clubs around town.

He lit a Newport and dragged the smoke harshly within him. Again touching his hair and checking both profiles in the mirror, he closed his eyes for a moment. The stage manager knocked, paused then stuck his head in the door without waiting for an answer. He notified the young comedian that there was two minutes to show time. Only half way done, the man stubbed out the menthol cigarette and brushed invisible lint from his impeccable suit. He took a deep breath and stepped into the back-stage area.

The MC made some feeble but fitting jokes and introduced the young comedian as a 'force to be reckoned with' in the world of comedy. The young comedian was ready -- ready to slay the audience with the finely crafted humor he had spent hours preparing.

He walked onto the stage through an ocean of subdued yet respectful applause. He walked to the mike stand and removed the microphone from his clip. With that, he went into his practiced routine.

"What's stacked 10 feet high and smells really bad? The fucking corpses they dragged out of the World Trade Center!"

The crowd broke into an unprecedented cheer of happy laughter. The young comedian fed off

their applause and went into another.

"Yeah, so I was out applying for a job. And they told me I'd have to work in the 97th floor of this office building. I told that lady, 'Hey, fuck that! I'm not going out like those idiots in the World Trade Center!' Those stupid fucks!"

Again the audience cheered. A few drunken patrons nearly fell from their chairs.

"So this broad I know died in that World Trade Center. I went to her funeral and her rear end was bloated like a fucking whale. I asked somebody, 'Hey what happened? Looks like that 747 flew half way up her ass!'"

The audience loved him. Flashes of the trappings of fame and fortune raced through the young comedians head. He launched into his next witty joke.

"Yeah, I heard somebody talking about bin Laden the other day. So I said, 'Hey the guys rich and he's having a blast. You got to break a few eggs to make an omelet, right? I love bin Laden, he's a man's man! I love that guy!'"

45 minutes later -- the final joke.

"All I'm saying is this. It wasn't those people's fault they died. But hey, New York's overpopulated as it is. I mean, c'mon! Let 'em burn! I'm down with bin Laden, he's helping us out!"

And the crowd roared with laughter.



## SEED

by J. Smalley

Gripping both bottom corners of her nightgown, Edith plodded across the rear yard in the dark towards the barn. The corpses of winter's deadfall strung the boundaries of the tree line beyond the house. Above the erect remainders, new spring leaves stiff with youth glowed green in the moonlight. Edith crossed the footpath stopping only once to wipe the sweat gathering on her brow. She left Frank sleeping. As dewy fingers of grass stroked her feet, he was lying in their bed as limp as the tube of deflated meat draping across his thigh.

Edith's hands met the barn door eagerly. She inhaled. The night air was swollen, damp: equal as to what throbbed between her legs. She quivered upon opening the splintered barn door.

She smelled him at once, overpowering the metallic heat, urine soaked hay, the rusty peels of farm equipment forgotten in shadowy corners. The stench titillated her, made her feel dirty. As she entered, offal squished under her feet, squeezing up between her toes and over the tops of her feet like warm batter. It was wrong, she understood, but there was no denying how he made her feel: womanly again, desired. The heavy throbbing between her thighs reminded her that.

Edith followed his breathing, each step moistening her, pulling her closer to the handsome shadow rippling in the dim. Masculine breath drew her across the hay-strewn floorboards towards him. Moonlight moved sluggishly over his body. Her groin grew weighty with anticipation. The horse's eyes rolled, met her gaze; gigantic marbles as black and moist as the appendage maturing underneath him.

In one swift movement Edith was beneath him. Squatting, her white thighs squared into blocks of veined marble. The horse tensed. She moaned, grabbing and tugging back the rubbery sheath. A glistening knob of pink flesh stiffened enormously within her grasp. With each yank the corpulent erection

jerked approvingly. Edith shivered. Her graying slit took to spinning silken threads, webbing her shriveled mound to the hay. Edith's lips parted.

The familiar taste of copper spread on her tongue, bits of horsehair poked her teeth. His hind legs stiffened, thrusting him forward, slamming his footage down the old woman's throat deeply to empty the flood of salty aspic. The strangulation forced Edith's orgasm.

Frank awoke, slowly peeled off the covers as not to wake Edith and then snuck to the doorway. His wife had been keeping late hours. Perhaps she was knitting another blanket for Devil's Doll, the horse they rescued from a commune two months back. Slipping into the mouth of night Frank's anticipation grew. He stalked across the yard towards the barn, erection budding tightly against his stomach.

Trembling as one hand opened the door; his other pulled down his pajama pants to free his aching member. Edith promised nothing anymore. The barn promised completion. Frank moved behind the horse. The sucking pink folds he was about to enter would remind him that he was still, very much a man.



## To All My Feminist Friends...

By Scott C. Carr

I suggest you reread, "A Sexual Suspect"  
This time as a person, not a woman...  
How many women have I ever raped?  
From life's insurrection, you're sure you've escaped,  
But do you see me flaunting -my Cupid -My Venus?  
(Only in your dreams) It's stupid, it's heinous  
But I'm bursting my seams,  
And you know what that means...  
But we'll just keep it between us.

Today you draw up your Pink Constitution,  
But tomorrow it's mink, and a new Revolution  
But one last condolence  
Before my adieu,  
To all my Feminist friends...  
Fuck you.

## The Surprise Party by Shaw

When Marcy moved to her new school, she felt she was going to get a fresh start at life. Maybe here she could have friends, at least some semblance of a normal adolescence. She was so tired of the snickering in the halls and the party invitations making their rounds, but always coming up one short by the time they reached her desk. Everyone knew what her parents were doing.

She tried to convince herself the practice was not her fault. Mother began forcing her before Marcy could even remember. To Father, it was simply what families did. His father with him and so on back up through the generations. In the new town though, all this would be secret. She would make sure of it. She'd do anything to keep these new people from finding out. She didn't want to have to close her eyes tight again in the restaurant as the hands started touching and the mouths started moving and the other customers whispered while changing tables. So, she began to encourage and even instigate it, as long as they were home and the drapes were tightly shut.

For months it worked. Her parents happily indulged her closed-door policy, so long as she remained enthusiastic and Marcy made a few friends. She also made a pre-planned mental list of why they could never visit.

Everything went well until the afternoon of Marcy's 16th birthday. She hoped her parents had just forgotten it and that looked to be the case as she entered the house. The lights were off. The living room was empty and almost pitch black. Then on came the lights and the cheers...

Surprise! Happy Birthday!

All her new friends gathered around, patting her back and handing her gifts. Marcy's heart raced. Her parents came in smiling and kissed her cheeks. Father quieted the crowd.

"Before we begin, I'd like to say a few words", Father announced as the color quickly drained from Marcy's face. Then he took her hand and began to pray out loud. The room slowly cleared and the whispers began again.



## Time To Scare Gramma Out Of Her Skin by Brutal Dreamer

### PRELUDE:

The antiquated Grand Father Clock created a jarring sound, lonely and filled with wrath, its chimes signaled murder and mayhem. The pendulum swayed like a machete in a cornfield, to and fro... to the annoying ticking. The face of the clock had a small glass door that opened by key, revealing a cubbyhole just underneath the clock face. A dull clank thudded -- tick tock, tick tock, tick tock as a red metallic liquid ran from a tube to the clock face and down to its heart in crimson swirls. The face of the clock at night shone with red beady eyes with yellow slits. It gazed about the room several times; the eyes looked intently from side to side, watching her every move.

## CHAPTER ONE: Weary to the Bone and Chomping It to Bits

The old woman sat upon her porch, behind the flower boxes lining the steps. Her long silver hair rolled into a bun on top of her head and wrinkles deep in her face. The flittering noises escalated into a whirlwind as the new arrival of black crows flapped through the dusk, their fluttering wings silhouetted against the evening streaks of the crimson horizon. They flittered over her head and pulled at her hair. Gramma's arm draw back; she had seen a lot of crows in her day but not as many as she has seen in the past week.

She swatted at them with her bare hand, knocking them to the ground.

By sundown, her raw, aching hands were stained dark red both from the beating of the demon birds and bloodied from knocking their heads off.

"With a knife," she mimicked their squawks. "I slash you to shreds... you, you,...you flying demons." She yanked a knife from the kitchen drawer, wishing it were over already. The ticking of the clock seemed amplified by the sudden stillness. Gramma opened the screen door to the porch and held the knife outward.

She was so tired, so weary to the bone. The birds sat upon her porch rail in a row; they stared at her with their yellow beady eyes. She shook the knife at them and whooshed at them by stomping, trying to threaten them to get off her porch.

The dreadful chimes on the clock burst from inside the house. The birds all flapped their wings and flew off into the strawberry patch.

The air was reeking of putrid flesh and blood. She took a deep breath; puffing out her cheeks she covered her mouth. She went to the strawberry patch and stomped at the birds and on the birds and all about the birds. She kept up the maniacal dance in the strawberry patch as the birds squashed to the ground or fluttered with broken wings. They squawked and swaggered in the dusky skies. Gramma picked up a few of the dead fowls off the ground and dusted them off. She lifted up her apron and wrapped them neatly in it.

She walked back to her porch, looked at the black sea of injured and dead birds, and grinned a coy smile saying, "I'll be chompin' you all to bits shortly."



## The Clean-Up by catclaws

"Amy . . . do you have to do it in the house?"

Amy glanced over her shoulder to see Pigeon in the bathroom doorway, sleepy-eyed. "What do you want me to do, sweetie?" she asked, bending over the bathtub and starting to saw again. "Haul it out in the front yard for the neighbors to see?" Bits of skin and flesh ripped and caught on the saw teeth, then, the rasp of bone.

Pigeon made a sound, part sigh and part squeak, and moved away to lean against the sink. "It smells, Amy! I can smell it in my room."

"It'll be gone soon."

"Do you really think you can fit the whole body in the freezer?" he asked, curious.

"Sure I can." His older sister grinned at him over her shoulder and pulled the saw out to see how deep it had gone into the arm. "Things are a lot smaller once you cut them up, you know."

"Like cherry pie."

"Yes, and homework assignments, too. Remember that." Amy pried back the edge of the gash she'd made with her gloved fingers. "Besides, look how much blood and . . . pus-y-stomachy-fluid stuff . . . has already drained out or dried up."

"I think that's what smells."

"Oh, hush." Amy waved the saw at him and started working on the arm again. Pigeon watched her for a minute, still leaning on the sink. Looking suddenly sick, he shifted his position and lowered his eyes to the clutter of rusty saw blades, X-acto blades, a hatchet, two big kitchen knives, and Prock's Safe-T Tweezers on the tile floor. The saw-rasp echoed in the room.

"It's his eyes," Pigeon said behind her. She sat up and looked at him, examined him, with some concern.

"It's dead now," Amy reminded him. "There's no use worrying about what's already dead." Her apron, a canvas one she'd daubed with red handprints in kindergarten, was somewhat redder and daubier by now, and Amy intended to burn it, discreetly, when all this stuff was done.

"I know," said Pigeon, looking at the utensils on the floor. "Amy . . . do you think I should have just left that rat poison where I found it?"

"Of course not!" she exclaimed, turning to face him fully. "Do you want a babysitter while Mom and Dad are gone?" He shook his head. "Imagine what we'd be going through now! He would've made us go to bed at 8:30! And probably made the same thing every night for dinner!"

"I like having the same thing every night," said Pigeon with finality. "Spaghetti with meatballs."

She rolled her eyes and turned back to the tub. "You know what? This isn't working. Hand me the hatchet, will you?"

He handed it to her. "I just feel bad," he said.

"Oh, Pidge, sweetie," she said, pushing down the troublesome arm and standing to raise the blade, "you get used to it."



<http://www.eyesofchaos.com/index2.html>

## Voyeur

by J. M. Heluk

The thing with spider-webbed veins slid into the gap between the refrigerator and the cabinets. It wasn't cramped in that tiny space so it settled against the dusty wall near the refrigerator plug. It was comfortable, squatting on the sticky linoleum in the dark.

The woman would come home. She; long legs poking out from her flirtatiously short skirt, green eyes winking like embers in the dark kitchen.

Of all the apartments in the city that it hid in, all the drains it had rose up from, of all the crawl spaces it nested in, the thing had found this woman's home the most interesting. It thought she was pretty.

Keys clanked on the door. The thing waiting slunk deeper into its hiding space. High heels clicked inside. It liked that she never turned the lights on, but knew if she ever looked in that space she would see its glowing eyes.

The woman opened the refrigerator. Patches of light slid across the kitchen tile as she shuffled in front of the door. She was so close, it could smell her; strawberry scented, short skirt flashing thigh, golden threads splashed on her cheek.

It followed as she left the kitchen, slipping unseen across carpet and trailed her into the bedroom. The thing settled into that slice of darkness under her closet door, body rippling with excitement. She began removing clothing. The best part of all, it thought.

The thing wore darkness like a cloak. The woman unbuttoned her blouse. Cities were especially wonderful, as they had so many opportunities. Her blouse slid to the floor, exposing creamy skin. It liked drains the best as it could slither through them easily. Her nipples pressed shamefully against the thin material of her bra. It liked watching women the most, this woman especially. She unhinged the bra and dropped it to the floor. The thing began to throb. Cities were wonderful sewers, filthy and stinking with flesh. The woman walked to her bed. Its eyes bulged. Then she removed her skirt.

The woman laid back. It slipped onto the wall, belly-crawled across the stucco and settled on the ceiling above her. Her breaths were light, puffing dreamily towards the pulsing thing.

It liked when she was naked and sprawled on the bed. It knew that if she opened her eyes, it still wouldn't be comprehended. People never saw the creeping horrors that watched them from their ceilings at night.

She stirred. The thing heaved with longing. When her eyes fluttered, its ropey neck grew slack and dropped down a bit; a leering face mere inches from hers.

She smelled so wonderful, a sultry combination of strawberries, sex and skin, far nicer than the sludge it crawled through to visit her every night.

Then it began wondering how to get even closer, or possibly inside. She had a mouth, two nostrils...plenty of warm places.

But it needed to go inside.

Then it saw the furry slit between her thighs, and grinned.

## Sorricide by PanModal

When the light of monumental history  
first dawned upon the  
mischief she had done,  
I exposed her  
melancholy gloom,  
as seen down through all the ages,  
combined with a powerful  
yet delicate flavor  
of immense richness.

The realization of  
mighty memories in her  
moveable pink rose  
surges through men who have  
no exceptional command of words:  
Madison Avenue  
has been busily trying  
to understand her violent mores,  
which she sometimes applied  
to the frenzied minute  
spent charging down the assault course,  
bayoneting doctors,  
(an exquisite motion which an artist  
would not have wasted on anything less.)

My whole room is scented by her  
blushing pink,  
leaving the tree bright red and  
as smooth as satin.  
The rest of the madwomen seemed  
to understand the joke perfectly:  
every gutter  
in every one of these streets  
extends her empire over the bottom of the ocean.

## The Temp Job

by Terrie Leigh Relf

I read and signed the forms. They fingerprinted me, too, but then I already expected that. Fingerprints are easy to change, though. There's this guy down at el café de la noche who'll do it for a minimal fee.

"It's difficult to find good teachers," the department secretary says with a smile. The Chair nods, adds, "and you come so well recommended. The students just loved you when you subbed for us last year."

"Thank you," I tell her. "I'll do my best to live up to your—and their—expectations. When did you say the other teacher will be back?"

There was an awkward silence I filled with a "that's ok. I'll just assume it's through the semester."

They exhaled in unison, looked at each other with a mixture of horror and grief, then back at me, professional smiles reattached to their faces.

"Yes, that sounds about right."

"Fine," I said, then slipped the signed contract, faculty handbooks, and pen back into my briefcase. "See you Monday, then."

On Monday morning, my students eagerly awaited me. I'd already met a few of them when I subbed last semester. Many were repeating the course yet again. It was sad, really, that these students didn't receive the recognition they deserved. At risk? For what? We really need a new superintendent, a new administrative board, comprised of individuals who know what our college-bound students need to get ahead in the 21st century. If they'd only asked the students what they needed, and yes, what they wanted, those abominable scores would go up district-wide.

By semester's end, they were of course, ready for college—and in some of the top universities with full scholarships!

"How ever did you accomplish it? You're absolutely amazing! The last teacher—she—"

"She must have given up too soon." I filled in the pregnant pause; it was a habit of mine, annoying to some, but others never seemed to notice—or they just imagined that there were no pauses.

"Of course we'd like to have you back in the fall."

"I'd be delighted. Where do I sign?"

This time the pause was filled with the sound of pages turning, the slide of ink across paper.

The real work is down within those pauses, though. Too many institutions mistake them for ignorance, for stupidity, for not being prepared, or my favorite category, a host of anxieties.

I would rephrase that as a "host for anxieties".

Yes, those pauses, those gaps, those supposed brain stutters, are a sign of compatibility. It doesn't take much for real learning to occur after I've had these so-called miscreants for a few days. It doesn't take long for that imaginative leap from one brain to the next, tying synapses together into the great hive mind.

Yes, their futures are bright...they'll have to wear shades, though, to hide their pulsing eyes.

## Scene from a Lost Cartoon by Abel Diaz

Opening shot: Vibrant, skull-ringing yellow words against a red background. The letters throb and pulsate like a neon sign.

LITTLE SHITZ

Beneath which is a copyright in discrete orange type: A Technitoons Production ©1952

The words flicker off the screen to be replaced by:

STARRING...

Cut to a beaming mugs hot of a young Caucasian boy. His eyes – set atop full, blushing cheeks which bring to mind a smooth pair of buttocks – glitter like blue diamonds. Yellow curls peek out from under his navy cap. The boy shimmers with youth, innocence, and an aura of clean living. A booming announcer's voice:

Voice Over: INTRODUCING FRITZ...

Cut to a dog, possibly Cocker Spaniel, but impossible to determine from the anatomically vague animation. The dog is brown and mangy. Spiraling black dots represent fleas, which have recently gorged on his blood. Yellow stink lines emanate from patches of old urine on his hind legs and underbelly. If it is possible for a dog to appear disillusioned, surely this one does.

Voice Over: TINKLE...

Cut to a penguin in a fur lined winter cap with candy cane stripes. His eyes are bloodshot and glassy. A long, cigar-sized joint dangles from his orange beak. Billowing clouds of green marijuana smoke. The penguin blinks once, but has no discernible facial expressions.

Voice Over: CHILLY BILLY...

Cut to a fanciful depiction of a yellow man, as thin as a stick figure. He has a wide oval head. The only details visible are his eyes – perfect circles, as black and cold as the space between stars, devoid of any human emotion – and his menacing smile.

Voice Over: ...AND MR. GIGGLES!

The scene switches back to the original shot of FRITZ. He's waving hello.

Voice Over: IN THIS EPISODE, FRITZ SAYS HI.

Fritz: HI, EVERYBODY!

Cut to TINKLE, CHILLY BILLY, and MR. GIGGLES. They stand side by side in a row. There's a con-

frontational, almost violent tone to their body language. They glare with open hatred at FRITZ off screen.

Mr. Giggles: FUCK YOU, FRITZ. GET KILLED, YOU CHUBBY BITCH!

Back to FRITZ. He appears completely unshaken. As pleasant as a breath mint, he says:

Fritz: CAN DO!

Scene fades. No other fragments of or references to the LITTLE SHITZ cartoon has ever surfaced. It is presumed by many experts in the field to be a hoax.



## Mrs. Sandosin's opinionated second grade class by satan165

Along the sunny windowsill on the west side of the room sat a number of different sorting games and flashcards. A banner hung above the chalkboard with the alphabet written upon it. Order was maintained in this sometime-chaotic second-grade classroom by Mrs. Sandosin. Her class was a rather inquisitive one as well as an opinionated one.

Today's lesson was in social studies. The class of youngsters was only obligated to remember the names of the President and Vice-President of the USA, as anything more would certainly be too advanced for such a young class. Even teaching social studies to second-graders was innovative; Mrs. Sandosin was fresh out of college and full of hot, new ideas. Social Studies was normally not touched upon until students reached the third-grade, but when Mrs. Sandosin presented the schools principal with her idea, accompanied by a lesson plan, it was wildly accepted by the entire board of education.

So today she stood before them, trying to keep them interested enough to remember the name of George W. Bush. In the back of the classroom, the 'troublesome trio' was hard at work: on high jinks, not today's lesson.

"Billy? Would you like to share your conversation with the rest of the class? I told you once, if you can't knock off the talking I'm going to have to separate you guys."

She was referring to Billy's friends: Greg and Andrew. All of them faced sternly forward, trying their damndest to convince Mrs. Sandosin that they could in fact pay attention, and that moving them apart would be unnecessary.

"Well, Mrs. Sandosin, Greg and me were just talking...and we were saying how Matthew Shepard was a stupid faggot who probably had AIDS and deserved to be beaten to death."

Mrs. Sandosin was taken aback. She could hardly believe what she was hearing. She nearly fainted as she tried to put her mind around the fact that these students were so well versed in current events. How could they know about Matthew Shepard?

Greg spoke up next. "Yeah, Mrs. Sandosin, I wish I could have had a few cracks at that sick ass-fucker. He deserved to die!"

With that, the whole class mumbled a 'Yeah' together and students turned in their chairs, nodding to their partners who sat around them. All were clearly in agreement.

Jenny Hostenler, age 7, spoke next. "Mrs. Sandosin, I heard that they beat that faggot so hard that his eyes came out of his head! That's awesome!"

Again, Greg: "I wish we could all go and spit on his family at his funeral. I'd like to open that closed casket and show that sick faggot for what he is: beaten to a pulp! Yeah!"

Mrs. Sandosin's mouth was hanging open, as she slowly made her way to the nearby chair. Watching her as she stared at them, the class was silent. The now attentive classroom sat quietly. She hesitated, then finally spoke:

"Class, you're all correct. He was a fucking faggot, and deserved to die."



## Jesus Fucker by Dustin LaValley

The salesman stood with perfect posture on the steps of the trailer, a smile the size of his love for himself on a long, oval face. He began to speak before the door fully opened, "Do you believe in the power of Jesus?" his words spoken with every syllable bright and recognizable.

An obese woman wearing a much too small pair of black jeans and a t-shirt torn at the breast, stared in apparent confusion.

The salesman shook his head, "Oh, I'm sorry ma'am, how rude of me. I didn't even introduce myself." He extended his hand, "My name is Harold White and today I'm out spreading the seed of the Lord." He grinned and eyed his extended hand.

"Judean Willsbury," she spoke with a smoker's voice: dry and deep, her fat hand accepting the salesman's.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Judean. Now, can I ask you...by any chance do you have a bible in the house?" He reached into his suit pocket and withdrew a small brown bible, the words printed in gold ink.

"Umm...no...actually I don't have a single one."

The salesman's mouth dropped, "Your not serious are you?"

Judean said nothing, but nodded.

He practically forced his way past her into the living room. He stuck his nose in the air and sniffed, the stains on the carpet confirmed his suspicion, "Cat lover, are you?"

"Yes," she said, closing the door behind her, "I have a few."

He made himself at home on the plastic covered sofa and patted the seat next to him, inviting her to join. "Come, sit with me." The jeans rubbed together between her thighs, creating a swooshing sound with each stride. As she sat, the springs fell inward, casting groans. He placed his hand on her thigh, "Judean, now if I told you that involving Jesus in your everyday life could bring you pleasure unmatched by anything of this earth, what would you say?"

Judean didn't make a sound; she simply stared stupidly at his hand, and then turned to meet his eyes. But his eyes weren't staring at her; they were staring at her breast. "Umm..." his eyes met hers,

"I guess that would be alright." She felt his hand slide between her legs and cozy up against her vagina. "Uh, Mr. White, I...I don't know-"

"Shhhhhh. Its alright, Judean," he leaned in to kiss her neck, "do you want to know a secret?" He moved up to her earlobe, and stroked it with his tongue.

Judean twitched slightly and giggled, "Su-sure."

He continued to nibble on her ear, "My name isn't Harold White."

"Huh?" she began to push away, "what's your--"

Before she could finish, he quickly snatched her hand, placing it on his erect penis.

"Jesus Christ!" she said.

"Exactly," said Jesus.



## Some Nights by Joseph Brunetti

Some winter nights, colder than this, I feel  
my sister's warmth cover me tightly: when  
I was younger; she'd keep me from the cold  
by sleeping in my bed. Some nights, she'd kick  
violently, sweat, and yell for it to stop—  
a piercing scream to wake the neighborhood.  
My baseball dreams, the loops of cursive lines  
that crisscrossed sleep—they didn't seem for real,  
not like the way she tossed and fought the sheets,  
elbows and fists, balled up, animal tense.  
Then silence returned, rocking back and forth,  
wrapping her arms around my thin body,  
as I lay awake, dreaming her dreams,  
what made her scream, and would I be the same?

## The Replenishing Goblet

by Brutal Dreamer

The monochrome liquid tinged with scarlet poured into my goblet; diluted with melancholy reminiscing of yesteryears. I considered myself wise, with a sufficient ability to tell stories from times of yore. I am an incredible skeptic and I am virtually mortified to confess my revelation, through much grief.

I amuse myself and am venturing to express my incredulity to you with the utmost trust. I hadn't been a believer previous to this occurrence.

I was shrouded in gray surroundings and encircled by a sinister laughter. Just as I shuddered an Entity from the murkiness drew closer to me. His chafe, thick voice filled the room with his muddy spirit, as syrupy as the crimson within my goblet.

I sipped from the chalice, I listened to his mesmerizing voice tantalize my soul. His resonance had the same affect as the fluid in my goblet, its effect rendered me into a dreamy haze, and my eyes felt heavy.

The renewal with my conscious was awakened with a sudden quietness. His essence funneled through the darkness, I saw the Angel appear to me.

I glanced to the mantle-piece, my bleary eyes lifted toward the clock. The drone of the clicks clamored inside the beastly timepiece. The quietness became aroused by the deafening noise, the room swelled with pungent bloody vapor. Scarlet glistened the walls and I retched. The Angel insultingly construed my performance as contempt. He arose in an abysmal righteous anger, his crystalline eyes bathed me with his fury, uttering an incalculable vow in a tongue I know not. Before he left, he made me bow and drink from the goblet.

His sudden departure offered me relief. I felt replenished with each diminutive sip as if it contained the blood of Christ. I glanced at the clock, half past midnight, and I was half inclined to believe that Angels tread at night.

Detestable tones from the Angel menaced me with an insufferable bitterness for the contempt I had displayed. He stood in front of the window and blotted out the moonlight. In a hollow and ominous tone he hummed and then he held the goblet to my face, inserting it through my throat, deluging me in a constant scarlet ocean. My pain was unbearable, my throat burned with fire and the coppery aroma assailed my nostrils; through the blood, I clearly perceived who he was. In that instant, I had the misfortune to look upon his face. His eyes locked into mine, I merely regarded his narrow eyes, his razor-honed teeth, and two triangle points protruding from his forehead as nothing more than a figment of my imagination or the effects of the rum filled chalice. He looked me firmly in the eyes and I was about to relinquish my life.

A sudden chime from the mantelpiece echoed and my soul exited down his gullet.

I've now been immortal for a century. I've tried hundreds of ways and blasphemed thousands more but I cannot depart this affliction.

I am cursed by the eternal replenishing goblet ...from Hell.



<http://elfwood.lysator.liu.se/loth/h/a/harding/lust.jpg.html>

## Sis by Perry McGee

My sister was four years older than me; that's why I figured she knew what she was doing.

I just got home from detention and was firing up Nintendo 64 when she came in my bedroom. I asked her if she wanted to play Frogger, but instead she pulled down my zipper. My tiny eleven-year-old pee-pee flopped out like a dead baby mouse. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"Shush." She grabbed it and started pulling like she was starting a lawn mower. Then she told me to lie down, and I did. I mean, she was a Junior and I was only in sixth grade. I always did what Sis told me to do.

For some reason my pee-pee got big and hard, just like in the mornings before I pee.

Then she did something strange. She kissed my pee-pee, right on the end of it. And it wasn't a kid kiss either. She used her tongue just like in those HBO movies. She had hold of it in a death grip and kissed it. She looked up at me, circled her tongue around a few times, and asked, "Do you like it?"

"It tickles," I giggled in reply.

"This won't tickle," she said, then put the whole thing in her mouth. I was scared she'd bite it off. How would I pee without a pee-pee?

But she was right. It didn't tickle; it felt good. All warm and cozy like my blankie. Her head bobbed up and down, up and down, faster and faster. Something was happening to my pee-pee and I didn't know what it was.

She made crazy sounds like the last of a milkshake getting sucked out of a 7-11 cup. And that funny feeling got stronger, kind of like I needed to pee, but different.

Again she lifted her head, but her hand kept moving. "Do you like it now?"

"I think so."

She smiled a spooky smile, sucked in her cheeks, and gently spit on my pee-pee.

That was so weird.

Her mouth went back to what it was doing, and something was happening. I could feel something in my pee-pee getting ready to come out.

Sis was moaning like she had a bad tummy-ache or something, and I saw her hand inside her slacks. Maybe her pee-bug itched.

Sis slammed her head up and down.

I stiffened, and the greatest, most bestest thing in the world happened. I forgot about my sister, I forgot about my sandbox, I forgot about everything because a firecracker blew up inside my body. It felt better than the feeling of eating a whole box of Co-Co-Puffs, it felt better than the roller coaster at Seven Flags, it was the bestest.

Then I was tired.

Sis had a glob of something dribbling from her bottom lip. It looked like tapioca pudding so I knew it wasn't pee.

She smiled then made a lemonade-face as she swallowed whatever was in her mouth. "You can't tell mom or dad about this, okay?"

"Okay," I said.

Sis wiped her chin on my blankie and left.

I got my highest score ever on Frogger that night.

# The Greatest Show on Earth

by J. Smalley

(The man wearing the pearly white top hat shouts to the crowd gathering below.)

Step right up! Step right up and SEEEE Henry the Half Brained Boy! That's right ladies and gentlemen; right here, behind this very curtain for your viewing pleasure, the last known living retard in existence since the great extermination of 2019! Here on this stage--tonight! A L I V E!

What you'll see will amaze you and terrify you to the core! Henry is guaranteed to assault your sensibilities! In our world without retards, the infirmed or gimps, you'll see America's last living weakest link in the flesh.

SEE! (The performer barks, prodding his cane at the flimsy cloth painting of a boy afflicted with Down's syndrome) how poor breeding almost extinguished the human race.

...HEAR! (He cups a hand to his ear) his inhuman cries of despair! He barely walks, he sort of talks, he drools and claps his hands! (The announcer does an impression; slumps his hat forward 'till it sits crookedly over his eyes and then he lurches dramatically across the stage, fist curled tight to his chest.)

Step right up!

(He squats near the lip of the stage, eyes blazing with mock enthusiasm; white patent leather shoes gleaming like bone bleached in the moonlight; face acrawl with sweat.)

For those of you too young to remember, those who have only seen these gruesome mishaps of nature pictured in your textbooks, this is your chance to view a slice of America's pitiful history. Remember folks; this is not one of those stuffed glass- eyed specimens you see on display in museums. THIS is a living breathing retard! One of a kind!

Maybe you watched the executions televised on Pay-Per-View? Perhaps you were one of the lucky few in the audience who won a chance to flick the switches yourself? But how close were you? NOT THIS CLOSE! (He gesticulates at the audience and the foaming rope of spittle dangling from his chin elongates with every jab of his cane.) Nothing here separates you from Henry, but no worries, he's chained down securely!

(He straightens then rolls his eyes towards the plum colored curtain at his back.)

AND that's not all! Tonight you'll get two for the price of one ladies and gentleman. Yes, you heard right! Two freaks Tuesdays! Behind this curtain, sitting in a cage next to Henry is... Mount Christy!

That's right. The largest, fattest most disgusting woman on the continent; so big, so completely huge that she resembles a mountain of flab! You've never seen anything like Mount Christy folks. Standing 5'3, weighing a WHOPPING 175 pounds, Christy is a full 40 pounds over the government's legal weight limit for women. Released after her trial into my custody for a HEFTY fee, she's a vision of disgust, a loafing lump of lardy Har! Har!

But a warning folks (Screams the man, thrusting his stump of a hand out at the crowd) ...don't get too close. She bites!

## Who Do

by J. M. Heluk

"Where is she?"

"In papa's room."

"Asleep?"

"No, listen."

"Are they?"

Megan listened, nipples stiffening under the sheer, white fabric of her dressing gown.

"I think so." she replied, wrinkling her nose.

"That's icky. He's probably going down on her right now."

Giggling, Suzie reached for the shoebox hidden under their bed. Megan watched as her sister pulled it out and together, they blew the dust off its top.

"Did she ask you to call her Mum yet?" Suzie whispered, opening the box carefully.

"Yes."

"And will you?"

"No way!"

Both girls reached into the box.

"How could Papa?" Megan queried, snatching the wax doll from its cardboard tomb. It looked queer in the greenish glow of the nightlight. Crimson hair clung to the sides of its face like withered veins.

"Because he's stupid." Suzie hissed, removing six long pins from the cushion inside.

"But he may love her..."

"I never will." Suzie handed Megan the pins and held the doll out towards her sister.

"It needs more hair." Megan whined, poking a finger at the dolls face. It sunk into the mushy cheek. Grinning, Suzie flipped it around to face her.

"Where? On its head or on its crotch?"

Laughing, Megan held a pin up to the pliable face.

"I will never call her Mum." Suzie hissed.

"Me neither." Megan agreed. "The head again?"

"That will do."

"All the way through this time?"

The corners of Suzie's mouth tugged into a horrible grin

"Yes," she said, wringing her tiny hands together, "this time, all the way through."

Afterwards, the pair grew suspiciously quiet.

"Do you hear anything?" Megan finally asked.

"No."

"Do you think that we?"

Suzie pressed her ear to the wall.

"No, I can hear them talking."

Megan grabbed the doll and held it down towards the night-light. A puzzled look crawled onto her face.

"I told you we didn't do it right." Suzie snapped.

"But Grandma said..."

"We didn't do it right, we have to concentrate."

Megan's mouth quivered. "Grandma promised us. She said we can go live with her if only..." Her sparkling green eyes prickled.

Both girls jumped when the light popped on.

"What are you still doing up?" The woman who wanted to be called Mum looming in the doorway shrieked, jet-black hair clinging to her cheeks.

"We were just..."

"You were just what?" She asked. Her eyes fixed on the red haired monstrosity clasped protectively to Megan's chest and she bolted in, quickly snatching the doll away.

"What the hell is this?" Bits of crimson hair tumbled off.

"It's nothing!" Suzie shouted.

A smirk appeared on Mum's flushed face. Then to the horror of both girls, she twisted the head right off.

The girl's eyes widened and in that moment, they believed more than ever.

The doll's boyish body landed on the floor, the head, pin and all, on the dressing table.

The girl's cringed as from their papa's bedroom came a ghastly sound, like something ripping, followed by two ferocious thumps.



## My friend, the editor by Terrie Leigh Relf

said she's going crazy  
"it was something I ate"  
she tells me  
"I've been hurling all night"

I went over to her house  
cause that's what good friends do  
what did I find  
but last issue's contributing writers  
in varying states of decomposition

"sit down" she said  
have a bite to eat  
something to drink

and then she peeled back the scalp  
of this month's feature  
lifted out a chunk of skull

were you there (when they crucified my lord)  
by satan165

Yah know we hate niggers in our town, damn straight we do. All them damn niggers do is bring trouble around and have a bunch of ugly nigger babies. I hate niggers, and I've killed me a nigger or two in my day, cause that's what we do round here.

People think that down here in the south we's all about the Ku Klux Klan. My daddy was in the Klan but that was years ago. Nowadays, we's more concerned 'bout killin' those damn niggers then burning them crosses. Sure we use crosses, but not the same way my daddy did.

Well we just had us some niggers move into Dickens Hollow a ways back. We watched em fer a couple a days and came up wit a plan. We wanted ta kill us one a them niggers.

So yah know we built us a cross. A good strong one. But we didn't need no gas cause this wasn't like the crosses my daddy used ta use. Nah, we was gonna do a little sumthin different wit this one.

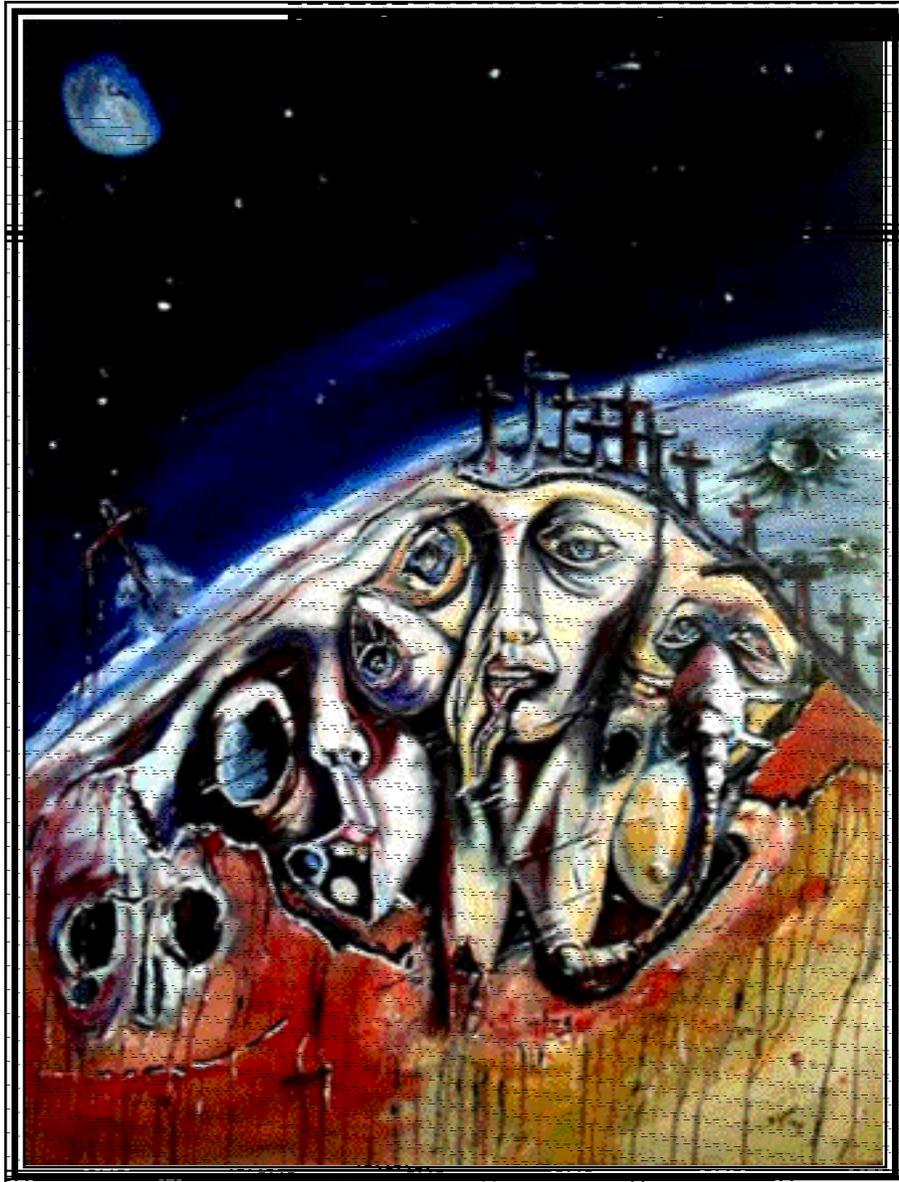
So we rustled those niggers out their house and made em lay down on the ground. Billy kept beating on em till I told him ta quit. Jack helped em git the cross out the back of my pick-up truck and they went ta diggin in that front lawn. In the mean time, I had a little bit of fun wit that nigger pussy. I fucked her good and her old man went ta yellin till I busted that stupid niggers teeth out wit the end a my shotgun.

Well I was hollerin at Jack cause a the fact that he didn't git that cross deep enough in the ground fer my likin. But I figured it'd be good enough. I hollered, "Jack, git me that goddamned hammer" and he hollered back, "Goddamnit Pilate, I told yah I would in a minute!"

Anyways, we went through those niggers' house real quick and tore it up a bit. I pissed on the bed. Billy took a shit in a pan on the stove. We all laughed at that one. We laughed a little harder when we seen the name on their mailbox, it said 'Christ'. We thought that was funny too.

So we went back out there and ended up shootin those little nigger kids in the back. Their momma went ta hollerin till Billy started fuckin her too, just like I did.

While Billy was fuckin her we nailed that old sunofabitch nigger ta that cross right in his own front lawn. He was hollerin too, just like his old lady, but we nailed him anyways. He had blood coming down from him forehead from us beatin on him and he was soakin inta this thick kinda beard he had. He had some long hair fer a nigger too. But like I said, I've killed me a nigger or two in my day, cause that's what we do around here.



<http://www.artmajeur.com/site.php>