

# **TWISTED WORLD**



**Barry J. Gillis**

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**If there was anyone else who offered to convert TWISTED WORLD to pdf format, after I had left such a messege at the horror authors yahoo group, I thank you now, as I may have missed your messege.**

**I dedicate this book to everyone on the planet  
living or dead, who has ever tried to understand  
the shortcomings of this TWISTED WORLD...  
(Barry J. Gillis, February 14th, 2004)**

# TWISTED WORLD

**"...unpleasant thought though it be. We do not wish to go on year after year living slavish lives. Working, working, working! Getting nowhere. Might we not find out how others acquire gold and do as they do?"**

**George S Clason**

**THE RICHEST MAN IN BABYLON**

**"But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. Do not err, my beloved brethren."**

**James:14,15,16.**

**HOLY BIBLE**

**"History confirms our conviction, that we live in a violent world."**

**Dr. James John Guy**

**PEOPLE POLITICS, AND GOVERNMENT**

**"This thought is as a death, which cannot choose**

**But weep to have that which it fears to lose"**

**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

## PROLOUGE

**My name is Norbus Smithsonian the third...**

**The panorama of events, accounts and aftermaths you are about to read, are honest, sincere, and nothing less than transparent. Nothing I have composed is deceptive in any way, shape or form.**

**I am overwhelmingly convinced that it is my moral obligation to transcribe to you in the best way I know, the essential details of what I have been told.**

**The sands of time are beginning to catch up with me now, and I haven't much vitality left...**

**Just like the German passenger ship the Wilhelm Gustloff, which was hit by three Russian torpedoes and is now considered to be the greatest marine tragedy in history, (as it had more lives lost than the Titanic and Lusitania combined), my life swings like a pendulum, in the balance.**

**The same way the Gustloffs' final moments, were that of sinking into**

death...

**I feel the sinking feeling...**

**I feel death!**

**I can hear the estimated seven to eight thousand lives lost on the Gustloff calling me, wanting me, needing me...**

**As I sit on my centuries old chair, beside my custom made oak desk, here in my ancient study, I type these truthful words.**

**I can only hope that death, which is nearer, than it is far, does, not wisk me away too soon...**

**As I put words onto paper, I can hear the whispering of what sounds like the grim reaper, calling out to me. The bloody sickle he carries is very real. The dreamy vision I see just outside my creepy window, tells me no lies. I know that I haven't got much time left...**

**This is not a series of parables, this is a factual story about the demented realities of our hopeless world, as relayed to me by a modern day prophet...**

**The world is a sickening dimension of perversion, and terror, and unfortunately, we are all a part of the everlasting cycle of corruption, contagion, and underlying fear all around. There is faint hope for all humans, for we all know that although we all choose various paths in life, one thing is constant. We are all going to die. Like it or not, science and technology will never be able to keep any of us animated forever.**

**There is suffering and despair, shattered dreams, countless illusions, and grand expectations. Very few people will make it to the promised land. Very few live the true Canadian or American dream. Very few ever stand atop the Everest crest of achievement, and for the few who do, well they are gonna' die just like the rest of us anyway.**

**The people you will discover more about, as the prophets story unfolds, are as real as you and I. They are all apart of the twisted world, in which we find ourselves. They live lives of lust, greed, and above all turmoil.**

**Within this decaying time warp, in which we all find ourselves trapped, we must be careful of our surroundings. We must be afraid. We must be paranoid of our very own existence. For at any moment, any one of us could possibly lose our minds, and maybe most of us already have. Insanity is never too far away from the human condition...**

**I have added very little to the prophets accounts, and have painstakingly went out of my way to change nothing... forsake a few verbs, nouns, adverbs, etc...**

**I have not seen the tall salty bearded, weird looking man in a few months. (even though, it seems like years, sometimes centuries) and at times, I even question if he was real or imagined. However, his voice screams out at me, from my cheap tape recorder, and that, my friends is the only thing that keeps me sane enough to continue typing all that you are presently reading...**

**Upon my death I have made it quite clear in my will that my cancer stricken granddaughter shall inherit my money, real estate, and all that I**

own. With the exception of 100,000 dollars, which I have earmarked for my favorite charity.

There is only one stipulation.

My granddaughter must publish these writings within a year after my death, or all that has been handed down to her, shall be signed over to my favorite charity, along with the 100, 000 dollars...

As I type, I do have many regrets about revealing the prophets rantings and ravings, however, it must be done. The prophet blessed me with a special prayer, and through prayer, he claims to have extended my life long enough for me to type out this manuscript.

The doctors gave up on me, and the local priest gave me my last rites. All the while, the prophet said that he watched me sink into a death dream. He stood outside the candle lit window of the study, where I am now typing, and let me die.

Very soon after my death, the profit entered my mansion and murdered the priest, as well as the two young doctors who were trying to save my life, then he brought me back from the dead. Because I believe every word he told me, (and yes, I whole heartedly believe that this truly did happen), I promised to fulfill the prophets greatest desire... which was to have his soothing, yet cold, and calculated crippling voice recorded without interuption and his wicked words put into print.

For those who dare to read on, I have typed the prophets words down for you. It is a good thing that all of the recordings are still intact and in perfect condition, as my alzymers disease would have made it impossible for me to remember everything he said.

In my last will and testament, I have requested that my granddaughter publish these writings in a limited edition. The cancer she has is slow moving, so she should still have time for a few laughs in this life before she enters death.

...And if she has time for a few laughs, she most certainly has time to have these writings published in a very limited amount, before the multitudes of black squaking crows visit her newly dug grave!

If this publication has somehow fallen into obscure hands, you are one of the chosen few, who shall be enlightened by the voice recordings of the prophet, which I am now putting into print...



## CHAPTER ONE

The air was putrid, the day Bill Kempt wandered into the town of FATE...

The isolated town of Fate was halfway between San Antonio, and Laredo Texas. It reeked of something different, something so unreal, yet so vital to Kempts' survival. Kempt was a game player. He played irreversible games with peoples lives. He was a master of persuasion, and wit. His cunning personality was a mixture of charm, and power. It was a cocktail mix of spoon fed dreams, within a hidden forest of toxic poison, and here he was in a new town ready to pounce again.

Kempt entered a smorgasbord of towns like this all across the United States. He timed his entrance, and exit well. Usually he stayed about a week, sometimes less. His criminally minded grandfather, had taught him never to dwell upon any place for too long.

Kempts' grandfather was a swindler, a liar, and con artist of cons. His grandpa was an elitist at this game, and he taught his grandson everything in his arsenal of workable ideas. The first rule that he taught his grandson, was to mirror the victim's movements, however slight or extreme. He was also taught to mirror the tonality in their voice as well. This way people would think you were just like them. This was the fastest way to gain initial trust. Grandpa taught him this, and much, much more, and these life lessons had always served Bill Kempt well.

Whenever Kempt descended upon a new town like this, he'd always hear his grandfathers' voice echoing within the confines of his skull.

"scope the place out. Don't do this. don't do that. Be on alert for others similar to you... others who pose as friends... others who can break you and take the life out of you, like a bad breath of hurricane wind... always prey upon the weak, and fragile minded ones, and you'll fill your pockets up with barrel fulls of money, and a cannon load of desirable possessions..."

His grandfathers voice kept echoing, as he gingerly walked towards the WELCOME TO FATE sign.

Except for the smell of rotting flesh and guts, emitting from the headless corpse, hanging naked by the ankles, over the WELCOME TO FATE sign, nothing much seemed different here. He could sense the same things already that he had sensed before, and witnessed elsewhere. This was just another dead body in his travels, although he noted that it was quite the display.

Every town had its own mystique, its own traditions, and entrenched ways. He could see the downtown core from where he was walking. In the dark filled cactus sky night, he could already see where the action in the town of FATE took place.

As he viewed the bright lights in the distance. A burning shot of tingling adrenaline pounded through him the way it always did, when he came to the begining of another unknown adventure, another place, another potential windfall of vast money.

He could feel a dose of cool chills begining to warm his bones, as he inspected the headless corpse with his sinister intuition. The private area of the man had been sliced out completly, leaving a gory hole. The scrotum and all was missing. Kempt surmised that the vultures that were there had

made a tasteful meal out of this persons manhood first.

This was definitely his type of town. Anyplace that had a human strung up by the ankles, dangling without a head, and a considerable gory hole between its legs, was right up Kempts' alley. It would be a grisly scene for the faint at heart, but not for Bill Kempt. The broken light cover on the lamp post just above the corpse still had a dusty bulb that illuminated the dried blood on the scattered sand below the sign. Over to the right where the desert went on for hundreds of miles, a fairly large cactus stood out, mainly because of the human head atop of it. Without its eyes, and only blood stained sockets, it added to the morbidity of it all.

Kempt, the maker of fake dreams and illusions, was also a pathological murderer. So this was nothing out of the ordinary for him to see. He only wished that it could have been him that took the life, and blood out of this unknown person. Grandpa never taught him the murdering part of the equation. He was just born to witness people die, especially by his own bare hands. He knew grandpa raped and bludgened a couple of elderly women in his younger years, because it was talked about in whispers, when he was growing up. He also saw the news clippings in his grandfathers closet, when he was looking for money one time. It always puzzled him, as to why grandpa never endorsed murder as a way of life, because murder was very good to Kempt.

Kempt continued his journey towards the town of FATES' night life. He passed an old boarded up gas station, a half burnt general store, and a rundown graveyard. It was a bleak town. It was a faceless town. It was dreary. He knew already that drifters, and scumbags, came here to gamble, murder, and screw whores. This was an easy assessment to make, for a man who had been on the move for thirty of his forty-one years. Right away kempt knew, that this was his type of dime a dozen scumhole town. This was a place where he was going to flourish. This was his newest destiny. His greatest aspiration right now. In this moment he was happier than a tree full of colorful singing parrots. The inner happiness he felt, was going to be crippled by depression very soon, because the town of FATE had a way of killing ones' inner spirit...

## CHAPTER TWO

Kempt entered the Morning Light Saloon. Usually when he walked into a booze establishment, in a small town like this, all heads would swivel around to take a peak at the new stranger in town. Of the twenty or so people in the saloon, he only noticed a half look coming from a lady dressed in a pink dress, and that was only a split second glance. There were a lot of empty rundown tables, with dark brown awful chairs to match. He scanned the place very well, as he always did.

He noticed that there were no live musicians, and only the faint sounds of an old Johnny Cash tune playing on an old radio. The old radio seemed to be pouring out a wall of scratchy sound from behind the bar. The song he could hear was "I walk the line". It had been almost two days since he had a drink of his favorite scorching whisky, and his parched mouth could already taste the first refreshing drink going down, before he even placed his order.

"I'll have a double shot of Canadian whisky on the rocks", he lamented as he took a seat on the stool at the bar.

The bartender's eyes pierced right through him. They were haunting eyes. Eyes that spoke of a billion tales, before Kempt ever arrived. Kempt stared right back at the bartender, unwavering.

"We don't sell Canadian whisky here", the bartender said with a taint of sheer coldness in his Texan voice. "We only sell American brands in this bar".

Kempt settled for a double shot of the saloon's best whisky. He drank it down fast. Then he ordered another one. The second drink came with a dead horsefly in it. Kempt picked it out with his pointing finger and stubby thumb. Then he flicked it onto the back of the bartender's pock-marked bald head. It was Kempt's style of toughness. He knew the bartender laced his drink with a dead horsefly. He knew it was the bartender's way of showing an out-of-towner that he wasn't so welcome. He had seen similar gestures before. He had been around long enough to know that the bartender did not want him there.

"I think that it's best you be movin' on stranger."

Kempt knew what he was up against. Every piece of human dirt in the crook-infested saloon was probably watching the situation go down, while at the same time pretending to drink and converse. He decided that he had two choices. He could leave the hellhole behind, or stay for some action. He thought about leaving, and he knew most men in his predicament would leave without even taking a slight glimpse back.

Kempt decided that he would like to stay for awhile...

"So bartender, do ya play cards?" Kempt barked out.

The bartender gave Kempt a sour face in return, for his question.

"Let's have a game of poker bartender. If I win, I stay here and drink, if I lose, I'll be on my way."

A few heads in the bar turned towards the bar to check out the happenings. Kempt pulled a deck of cards out of his jean shirt pocket. He masterfully took the cards out, as quick as he could flick a switchblade, and stab someone to death, and that thought wasn't too far removed from his tainted mind either.

Kempt had taken the life of countless individuals. In the secret journal kept within his dark mind he had calculated 460 murders to his credit... There were the 281 rapes, as well. Then mixed in with all of that, like a hot spice in a fulfilling stew, were the thousands of con jobs and every other crime imaginable. His demented mind was ready for any challenge that came his way, even if that challenge included killing every individual in The Morning Star Saloon. He was ready.

"Sure Kempt, I'll play ya' a game of cards," the bartender countered.

A surge of electricity blasted through Kempt's veins. How the hell did this guy know that his name was Kempt? Maybe he was someone Kempt ran into in his gypsy like travels. Maybe it was someone he screwed over, and now it was all coming back full circle. He was tempted to leave the town, right there and then, on the other hand he could stay, and kill everyone in the saloon with the four guns he carried. If he killed all the patrons, he'd have to leave town right away. This was not the greatest idea, as he had not made a cent in this town yet, and what if by chance he got shot and killed himself? Besides, he wanted to know how the guy standing behind the bar knew him. The nervousness stayed in him, but he didn't show it when he asked the bartender the following question.

"Do I know you from somewhere?"

The bartender let out an evil laced laugh. The lady in the pink dress followed with more laughter, and then the entire saloon began laughing. The laughing was loud, and it became increasingly louder. It started out so gentle, and increased, and increased. Soon it was screeching in Kempt's ears. He had never heard anything like it before. His head was pounding. It was beginning to feel like a thousand nails being pounded into his head. Like a sonic boom, he fell off of the stool he was perched on. The intensity of the laughter was bringing on a concussion. He blanked out and only saw white, before he finally blacked out, and only saw black.

There was a blinding flash of light, and then soon a host of shooting stars was filling his mind. Then there was a split second of dead calm, before a distant memory entered his blackened out brain. He could see clearly now, while he laid back on the floor in never-never-land.

He could see what he did to two women in a rundown fleabag motel. He could see himself strapping two naked eighteen year old models to the bed. He had answered the advertisement for out of work models. He promised them a great salary, and great assignment. They expected to be on the 1997 lingre calender he told them he was putting together. Instead they wouldn't even be alive, to see the next calender year. He made them do unthinkable acts with each other, on the bedbug infested linen. At gunpoint he told them he would spare their teenage lives, if they followed his indecent commands...

After he had them entertain each other, he had them entertain all his

desires. They did everything he asked with a loaded gun placed at their heads. He had their arms strapped to the bedposts by their wrists, for extra assurance, shall one or both decide to turn on him. Their beautifully tanned bodies were his to fondle, his to lick, and his to totally explore, in everyway possible. He toyed with the girls for two hours, and forty-seven minutes. After he was totally drained, he went against his promise to spare their lives. He beat them with the butt of his Smith and Wesson, until he knew they were both dead with crushed skulls. He left them in the motel room naked, and still strapped by four feet of leather on each wrist, before he left town. This was only one of the many incidents in Bill kempts' storied, and checkered past, and he was going to pay for this crime, and many more like it, here in the nowhere town of FATE.

When Kempt awoke he could see the lady in the beautiful pink dress hovering above him. She was slowly raising her dress over her head. She revealed her 38dd bare breasted frame, light blue panties, and curves most men would kill for.

"Do you want her Kempt?"

Kempt was still in a daze, while he stumbled to his feet, and tried desperately to keep his balance. He wasn't sure what was happening, but he knew it was time to begin a killing spree right away. He pulled out the first of his four hand guns, and began firing bullets. The first to go down was the bartender. Then he began taking out everybody else in the saloon with his full arsenal of weapons. He spared the half naked lady. She was the only person besides himself left standing.

"Hey pretty lady, what's your name?"

"You're really good with them guns. My name is Lila", she retorted.

Kempt started his eye scan from her feet up to her head. Lila was some piece of gear he thought. Her face was as pretty as anything he has ever came accross. Her lips looked like she knew how to love a man. Her brown eyes sparkled like a water fountain of youth. Her dark brown hair flowed nicely down past her wonderfully rounded shoulders. Her breasts were big, full, and bouncy. Her long legs were as firm as the rest of her body. She stood five feet, ten inches. She was one of the most beautiful women Kempt ever saw, and he was planning on having his way with her, very, very, soon...

### CHAPTER THREE

The town of FATE has been in existence, since the beginning of time. It has been around before Columbus discovered America. It has been around before Jesus Christ was born. It has been around before the Bible was ever written. It has been there all along, waiting for the likes of people like Bill Kempt to show up. You see, Bill Kempt is already dead. He just doesn't know it yet. He does not realize that he was condemned to the town of FATE, for possibly the rest of eternity.

The town of FATE rests somewhere between heaven, and hell, and is not too far removed from purgatory. Kempt thinks he's in a small Texas town, between San Antonio, and Laredo. The reality is, that he is not. When one is first banished to the town of FATE, one is led to believe that it is still a part of their own true reality. Some come to FATE by airplane, others by boat, or car, some even walk.

The town of FATE exists under other names, as well. Sometimes FATE, or one of its assumed names, exists in Russia, other times in Norway, Canada, Cuba, the United States, or any other country in the world you can think of. However, one thing always remains true, and that is, whatever country you spent the most years of your life sinning in, is the country FATE will represent. You see the creator of FATE, does not want you to know you are dead right away. He likes to have lots of fun with you first, and foremost.

Some people are in the town of FATE right now, and do not even realize it. Once you have experienced FATE, you will either be condemned to Hell, sent to Purgatory, or in some rare instances, your soul will be released to Heaven. It is also a possibility that you could spend the rest of eternity in FATE, like a dispicable being named Clyde Butterworth.

Clyde Butterworth was born on January 7th, 1956, in the city of Sydney, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Canada. His father was a coal miner, and his mother was a homemaker. Altogether, Mary Jane, Clydes mother, had 15 kids. Two more could have been added to that count, if Mary Jane had not aborted the pregnancies. Life was terrible for the Butterworth siblings. At the tender young age of 12, Clyde watched his father blow his own brains out, with a 22 calibre shotgun.

It all happened very quickly. Mary Jane had cooked supper for the entire family, and kept calling her husband to come down from the master bedroom, to fill up on codfish cakes, peas, and an assortment of other fine foods, that she took countless hours slaving over the coal stove to cook. Two of the fifteen children were living in Toronto, working at minimum wage factory jobs, so they never got the opportunity to witness what Clyde, and the rest of the Butterworth crew saw.

"Barney, come on down and eat! Supper is ready, and the kids are waiting for you to say grace."

As the family waited for Barneys' arrival at the table, Clydes 17 year old sister was touching him, in that forbidden place between his legs. Clyde liked it, but he preferred when Kimberly would take off all of her clothes, and they could be together alone. Clyde liked his sisters body. He liked everything about her. She was better looking than all the girls in his classroom. She had nice breasts, and a beautiful body that he admired.

She adored Clyde as well. Clyde remembered when they first played

Doctor, and Kimberly taught him how to touch, and enter her in a special way. Kimberly was fourteen then, and Clyde was just after turning nine. Kimberly showed Clyde how daddy did it to her, and Clyde learned the ropes fast. Now, she was touching him, and teasing him, and it felt pleasing to him, but, he could hardly wait to get her alone in the bathroom after everyone was sleeping. They would meet each other in front of the toilet, and have sex. It didn't happen every night, but it did happen alot. Clyde was hoping it was going to happen tonight.

Kimberly moved her left hand swiftly away from her brothers private area, as soon as she heard her fathers footsteps geting closer. The green tablecloth which was covering her silent groping hand movements, moved slightly, then it scurried back into place. Dad was now visible to all. He was a large man. He had a stomach the size of two basketballs. One could only imagine the suffering Kimberly had to endure beneath the sick mans overpowering hold, especially in the begining days of daddys' diabloical lust towards his very own daughter. On the family scale, he always weighed in at no less than 423 pounds. He was a brooding man. He wasn't the jolly type of fat man. He wouldn't remind someone of a trip they took to see Santa Clause, and his seven reindeer. He had teeth that were rotting, from the roots of his gums, and his lips were always chapped, with cold sores sprouting out beyond his mouth. He was an ugly man, with a personality to match.

Everyone at the kitchen table was in utter disbelief, and total shock to see their father putting a shotgun up to their mothers' head.

"No one, say a word, or I swear to god, you'll see your father splatter your mothers brains all over this kitchen," Barney said with not an ounce of regret in his voice.

The barrel of the shotgun was thick, and long. It was a gun that Barney had stolen from his neighbor, three years previous. Barney was extremely pissed that heatwave summer. His next door buddy Todd had borrowed his new lawnmower, that he had worked so hard to buy. He borrowed it without even asking, and before Barney had even had the chance to use it for the first time. Good ol' neighbourly Todd just assumed that his drinking pal Barney wouldn't mind. Well Barney did mind. The incident ate Barney alive, and his wife, and children paid the dividend, with beatings, every night for a week.

Then one day, Barney was talking to Todd and his slender gorgeous wife, just as they were leaving for a mini vacation to go camping on the Mira river. Todd and his pretty wife had asked Barney to watch the house, while they would bask in the sun, and enjoy the tranquility, and peace, that the Mira river would give them. This type of vacation was something that the Butterworth family could only imagine in dreams. Barney watched the house, and then some. Barney stold everything in the house that was of any value. He then hid it all in his brother in laws barn, and sold everything for beer and moonshine. The only thing he kept for himself was the shotgun, that he now had at his terrified wives' head.

"Mary Jane, uh, love you. just cannot take it anymore," Barney murmured.

With that statement made, Barney reversed whatever decision, that he originally had. He turned the gun on himself. After taking a split second to

**make sure he had steady aim, he put the snout to his forehead and pulled the trigger. There was blood spurting everywhere, and every which way. Like bird shit smacking down on ones' head from a mile in the sky, the blood and pieces of skin, and even splinters of bone, slammed into his entire familys' faces, hair, and clothes. It was as if someone took a bucket of cows blood, and intestines, and threw it at them. It was gross from all angles. No matter which direction, perception, or viewpoint, someone could have viewed it from, it was an all out blood feast of a matter. This was one of many incidents, that shaped Clyde Butterworths' future warped existence.**



## CHAPTER FOUR

Clyde Butterworth rented his first apartment in the great town of New Waterford, when he was nineteen. New Waterford had a smaller population than Sydney, and being only about 11 miles away, New Waterford provided Clyde the luxury of cheap rent, while still being able to hitch a ride to Sydney to buy groceries. He could save money on other household amenities as well. He could have done all of this in New Waterford, but always one so careful to save a dime or two, Clyde preferred to hitch rides to Sydney, rather than pay extra money for something in New Waterford.

During one of the car trips to Sydney, he met an attractive twenty-one year old blonde girl, by the name of Tanya Malone. She was driving her mothers' new candy-apple colored Corvette.

"Thanks for picking me up," Clyde said to her.

"Oh, no problem at all," she replied, and then continued.

"So how far are you headed?"

"Actually I'm going to Sydney to do some grocery shopping," Clyde blurted.

The blonde haired beauty peered over towards the passenger side, and took a quick look into Clydes' aqua colored eyes. Then she continued in conversation mode.

"So am I. My mother and her boyfriend went to Cancun Mexico, and she left me with the house, car, and a whack of money. So maybe we could both shop for groceries, and stuff together, and then I can give you a shot home. That will save you from sticking out your thumb on the way back in this murky rain."

Clyde liked her. Clyde thought she was genetically perfect. She was the type of chick that any guy would have loved to be naked with. He wondered who took her virginity. He wondered how God could create such a beautiful woman. He wondered, and wondered. He knew a girl with her type of energy and attitude must have already been having sex. He imagined her luscious lips taking him in all the way. He put himself in different sexual positions with her, in his movie-like mind. He could picture it all. Her sexing him up. He sexing her up. All the sucking and screwing he could ever want was here beside him now, and he wanted her in a bad way.

He decided that she must like him enough to want him in the sack. She wanted to go shopping with him, and drive him back to New Waterford. Therefore he knew that this scorching hot blonde bombshell wanted him. There was never any middle ground with Clyde when it came to women. A woman either liked him enough to fuck him, or didn't like him enough to fuck him. Having a friendship with a woman, was not part of his internal makeup. He only saw it one way or the other. Just like when he flipped a coin. It was either heads or tails.

During the ride to Sydney, Clyde found himself fully erect, and sexually frustrated. He also found the phrase Tanya leaned on "whack of money," continually ringing between his ears. Clyde was a born thief. ever since he

was a youngster he had an itch to steal anything, and everything he could get his greedy hands on. He had some choices to consider, while he made small talk with the new stranger beside him. A few of the choices concerned rape, murder, and theft.

"By the way, my name is Clyde Butterworth, and yours?"

"Oh, I'm Tanya Malone."

Tanya, Clyde thought, what a lovely name, to go along with her awesome poster pinup figure.

"I don't think I have ever seen you around here before Clyde. Are you from New Waterford?" Tanya asked, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Clyde was thinking about all the magnificent things he'd rather be doing with her right now, and none of them included small talk.

"I just moved here about two months ago, from Sydney."

"Oh ya, that's cool. I've lived in the wonderful town of New Waterford all my life."

Clyde, and Tanya talked all the way to Sydney. It was mostly small talk in the beginning, but then they gained rapport on the topics of drinking beer, hard liquor, partying until you puked, and the rapport hit new heights when the subject of them both being recent ex-cocaine addicts surfaced. They both realized that they had an incredible connection. Tanya found herself finding silly reasons to touch Clydes' shoulder, knee, and hand. Clyde knew that this was one of the signs a girl gave out to show interest in a guy. So Clyde, knowing that one good turn deserves another, began touching her in various areas as well. The two never did make it to the grocery store. Instead they followed their innermost instincts, and went and bought cocaine while in sydney.

By the time the sun was setting over the turbulent ocean, Clyde and Tanya had done so many lines of their favorite white powder, that the touchy feely random acts of kindness, were really warming up their feverish skin. Tanya, and Clyde were finding it extremely difficult to keep their hands off of each other.

Clyde could hardly believe that something as simple as sticking out his thumb to hitchhike, had led to all this, and he knew it was going to get better. Tanya had given him the grand tour of her mothers' house, only moments after they had arrived back from sydney. She had already slipped into something much more comfortable to wear, and now she was putting in a porno movie, on the big screen television. Clyde knew he was in for a fantastic night, and he didn't regret not wacking off that morning anymore.

The porno flick hastened up the lust factor. Before the yellow-orange of the sun had completely buried itself out of the town of New Waterfords view, tongues were flicking, hands were wandering, and spines were artfully braced for the removal of all clothing. She pulled her revealing tank top off, as fast as she could muster. He had his shirt off, quicker than the flick of a switch. He then pried at the back of her bra strap, and tore it off with one hand, while he peeled her pretty panties off with his other hand.

The spectacle continued to unfold very rapidly. She helped him take off his jeans, and boxer shorts, so they could both be on equal ground. Then she wet him with her tongue from forehead, right down to between his loins. What Clyde and Tanya were conceiving, and achieving was raw, animalistic, and far more entertaining, than the movie shoved into the V.C.R player.

Clyde was completely fascinated by her breasts. He expected them to be the best he had ever touched but they were better than anything he ever saw anywhere. This included all the porn books he owned, or ever flipped through. All the nudity he had ever watched in movies. All the windows he had ever peeped into, and all the sleazy broads on the covers of the detective magazines he keenly read, and collected. Even in his wildest imagination, he had never pictured touching a chest like Tanya's. She had perfect round juicy hooters, and he nested both of his eager palms on them, while she spent time between his legs.

The foreplay went on for over an hour, before he opened her up, and put her in every conceivable position known to humankind. He couldn't seem to get enough of her, and she couldn't seem to get enough of him. The warmth of total desire and affection spread throughout their entire bodies, like flames in a blast furnace. She could see colors in her mind, as she hit every high note of her awareness. He could feel her entire body tremble, while he thrust in, and out. Then it was his turn. He could feel the lava really starting to boil. Then like a volcano erupting, the earthquake of flowing satisfaction hit like a bomb exploding. This was only the beginning of the escapades, and fantasies.

Clyde, and Tanya didn't leave the house for eight days straight. Nor did they put on a single stitch of clothing, in that same period of time. They also didn't get that much sleep either. If not for Tanya having to go to the airport to pick up her mom, and her mom's boyfriend, who knows how long they would have stayed coupled up in her mother's beautiful New Waterford home.

## CHAPTER FIVE

**Bill Kempt was always grandfathers' child. From the age of three, until the poorly raised boy hit the road to seek his obsession with being a serial criminal, grandpa was usually only just footsteps away from him. Grandpa saw his survival teachings as a high art form, only reserved for a chosen few, and his apt pupil, was like a sponge soaking up fresh blood. Since Bill Kempts' parents died in an airplane disaster, the old guy was always there for him.**

**Kempt would have chosen to have memories of more than just yellowing photographs of he, and his parents, and split second flashbacks of fuzzy images, but this was all he was left with. It seems, terrorists had blown up the winged heap of metal, with a perfectly placed, and perfectly timed bomb. There were metal fragments, and pieces found miles away from the original explosion.**

**All he really had left of his parents memory, which was of any significance to him, was a piece of airplane metal given to him, by Peter Currie of French Vale, who investigated the death site. It seems that Mr. Currie had taken an interest in the story, and while visiting Ireland he took a "look around" and had found a few hand sized pieces of the plane.**

**Clyde had read the story in the Cape Breton Post newspaper that a friend of the family brought back to Maine for him to read, after they had vacationed in Cape Breton one summer. Clyde then contacted Mr. Currie for a piece of his parents history. Pete obliged, and sent Clyde a piece of the metal through the mail. Clyde carried the metal artifact everywhere he went. He and grandpa talked lots about the terrorist attack on his parents when he was three, but it was a topic that no amount of talking about could ever really heal...**

**The first place Kempt ever migrated too, was not too far out of his hometown of Bangor, Maine. His first mission out of town, was still within his own state. He swindled twelve hundred dollars out of an elderly lady in Calais. He decided upon Calais because of its' proximity to Canada. His initial plans were to go to Calais, then move on to Canada. Those plans were soon quashed, after he had stolen the money and hot wired a car for transportation to his next destination.**

**After considering all the possibilities of Canadian custom officials stopping him and asking him a list of questions, he decided against it. He had heard too many horror stories about what could happen at the Canadian border, and figured warm climates might be more his cup of iced tea...**

**The next city he hit was strangler territory, Boston. When he arrived there he sold the stolen car to a chop shop, to clear any trail leading to his arrest. While in the city of Celtics, he pulled the same scam, he did in Calais. He rented a cheap, ragged, and rundown room, and using the local newspaper as his accomplice, he made off with a bigger haul this time of about eighteen hundred dollars.**

**He liked this method of making money, and although he moved away from it in future years, he grasped it wholeheartedly in his formal years on the road. His modus operandi would be to flip to the "IN MEMORIAM" section of the local throwaway rag, and zero in on a widow who lost her husband many years previous. He would then research the name in the telephone book, and locate the address. After keeping the house under surveillance for a time, he would deduce, if the senior citizen still lived alone.**

If so, he would knock on the door, and tell the woman, that he was a private investigator with her bank. He would convince the victim of the false fact that money was being stolen from her account by one of the bank employees, every time that she made a withdrawal. He would then tell her to take a specified amount of money out of the account. After doing this, the senior would give the money she withdrew to him, to be used as evidence, towards any of the so called employees wrongdoings. He would tell them not to utter a word to anyone, just in case the employee somehow caught wind, of the investigation. He would mention to them that their bankbook was actually a falsified document, and that they had actually only had very little left in the account.

In order to not be left without their life savings they would have to do everything he said, or else they would be left with bread crumbs, for the rest of their lives. He was smooth in his approach, and very debonair, and the false identification he showed them, helped him to reap in thousands, upon thousands of American green backs. He always did his preliminary homework well, and that coupled with a disguise went a long way for him.

He soon tired of this scam, due to the warnings, and bulletins, all over the creation. So then, he began living with various women and coming up with vast ways to steal their life savings. He lied about everything. His entire life was a great lie. He told countless women that he had to have a heart operation, and that the hospital wanted money up front. Using documents that appeared genuine, he would have them withdraw money from their accounts. He always told them that without an insurance policy, and without their money to ensure he have the operation, that he was going to die. He was a master of grand lies, and deceitful deceptions.

When the time was just right, he would also pretend to be at a certain location, when in actuality, he was pulling up to his so called "girlfriends" house with a truck, and stealing everything worth selling. He was swift. He would make sure it was at a time when they were not going to be home for hours, or when they went away.

Just like a female praying mantis pounces upon the male that has impregnated her and makes a meal out of him, he would destroy their lives. He did not care what he took. It made no difference to him. He would even take family keepsakes, and pawn them off, whenever he could. Then like a chameleon, he would play the hero role, and make like he had almost caught the culprits, while he revelled in their pain, and shock.

He committed his first murder in Haverille, Massachusetts. It was a cold winter February night. The type of night, where one can see their own breath crystalizing in the air. Kempt was in a blues bar in the downtown area, when he noticed a man who was wearing the most expensive Rolex watch, that he had ever laid his greedy eyes upon. Kempt also happened to notice that the middle aged fella' had large amounts of cash on him. It was apparent for Kempt to see, that the gentleman was trying to impress a couple of ladies who were seated beside him. His bad moves, just might lead to Kempt's good fortune.

Kempt mapped out his plan in a flash. He ventured quickly to the streets, and met up with a hooker. This was not too difficult to accomplish, on the sleazy streets of Haverille. She was just what he needed to jump start his scheme. He explained to her his plan of robbing the man, with her assistance, and then how they would both split the money. The 18 year old drug addict, and street whore, warmed up to the idea, without much hesitation, on that shivering cold night. Together they would be partners in

crime, and if all went as planned, he promised her more opportunities...

Kempton, and the pretty street whore walked together into the establishment.

Kempton then made his way over to the man he had been spying on.

"How, about a light, my friend." Kempton asked in a polite tone.

The man gladly agreed, and passed Kempton his pure gold Zippo. This was not gold plated. Kempton knew the difference; this was the real McCoy. This was getting better, and better, Kempton surmised.

"So are you enjoying yourself." Kempton asked with a little smirk.

"Oh yes," replied the man, "totally enjoying myself. My name is Bramble Moringham, and I do not think I caught your name sir?"

Kempton extended his hand for an introductory handshake. "My name's Frank Moore, but you know what's so amazing... my middle name is Bramble."

Moringham's eyes opened widely, and his cheeks suddenly became rosy. "Bramble, is it ever good to meet another living soul, with the fine name of Bramble. "It is quite a rare name, is it not?"

"Quite rare Mr. Moringham."

"You can feel free to call me by my first name, which is Frank. How about I buy you a drink Bramble, to celebrate the uniqueness of our given name?" Kempton said, with a sly look in one of his eyes.

"Why of course, and I'll buy you one as well, and we shall have a toast to the name Bramble."

Bramble was a distinguished gentleman, and Kempton knew it, but he didn't care. He knew that the cops spent more time on cases such as this, but he did not care. He knew the family had mansions, and money to buy, anything they needed, and could afford to have the best investigators on the case, but he did not care. He knew about this family and their great wealth. He had read about their takeovers, mergers with various corporations, and how they often made a difference in the shifts of the stock market, but he did not care. All he cared about was himself, and his own greed bubbling within his innards.

Kempton had heard that a few in the family were alcoholics, and now he was seeing it first hand. He had never actually seen Bramble in the news, or discussed in the media, but he was sure that this man could possibly be, one of the rare breed of Moringhams. His intuitions were dead on. The enlightening conversation continued for quite some time, as Bramble, and Kempton discussed the fine art of picking up women, as well as other topics that were intriguing to both of them...

While these two talked about the games women play with men's minds, and the finer techniques of being a modern day Don Juan, the ladies closest to them, who Bramble had been trying to impress with his blatant displays of money, gold, and flashy expensive diamond rings, (that he kept dangling

in front of them, every chance he could) left the blues bar. Chances are, that they over heard the conversation, and wanted no part of these two pick up artists. Both men suspected that the high class women had heard their rantings, and ravings, and as much as they despised the women leaving, they had a laugh about it, while ordering another round of drinks. Kempt was secretly laughing for other reasons.

"I meet many people in the run of a day, and I am actually astonished that in these past two hours, you have not bothered to ask me about, my families great wealth. You impress me Frank. You appear to be a very well read man, and I am sure you have heard of my family, and yet you treat me like a regular everyday person. I like that about you Frank."

Kempt, knew his next line, and without even blinking an eye, he looked Bramble in the eyes, and took over where Bramble had finished.

"Bramble, I treat everyone the same, and yes I do know about your families great fortune, but those thoughts are the furthest values from my mind. Rich or poor, wealthy or not, we are all just human beings. We all have skin, although it may vary in color, and we are all made of flesh and bone, and of Gods likeness, and I would not venture to ask a man about his personal business, or his family fortune. I just like to get to know people for who, and what they are, and that comes from within the heart, my friend."

The conversation became very deep, and spiritual, just the way Kempt planned it to go. Bramble was having a great old time, with his new friend. It was as if everyone else in the club, did not even exist. It was like the whole world just dissappeared, and all that was left was these two chatting it up like best friends.

"Hey I didn't think I'd see ya here tonight Frank." A females voice cried out.

Bramble glanced over his righthand shoulder, and stared into the doe eyed brown eyes of what he considered to be a goddess.

"Hey, does mom know you're out and about, on the town this late?" Kempt countered.

"Mom said it's alright, she knows, that I know How to take care of myself." The hooker answered very believably.

Bramble liked what he saw, and he was now getting to know her brother. Bramble was becoming aroused in his drunken stupor.

"My goodness, you are a beautiful woman." He said to her. Then looking at the person who he thought was her brother, he said, "Am I ever glad I met you Frank, you do put in a good word for your good friend Bramble now."

The entire plan was unfolding even better than planned, and it was all moving very fast. Bramble was drunker, than a drunken Cape Breton sailer, and he was falling for the con game like clockwork. Kempt was getting tipsy himself, but he made sure not to drink too much, because he knew he had a job to complete soon. He wondered what it would be like to murder a man.

**He thought about the look in Brambles' eyes now, and was curious about how those eyes would look, after he had done away with the mans' life. He always thought about violence, murder, and death, and knew that he wanted to become one of the most prolific serial killers ever to walk the earth, and he also knew the moment of his spiral into the cavity of murder was hovering ever closer.**



**CHAPTER SIX****MEMOIRS OF ISHAM ISHAM**

**THE FOLLOWING IS THE SACRED WORD OF ISHAM ISHAM. BLESS THOSE WHO HEED MY WORDS...**

**I am Isham Isham, creator of hatred, violence, torture, and FATE...**

**My brother Lucifer, and I could barely ever get along. I would have done almost anything to carry on a friendship with him, however we could never, ever come to any common agreement about anything. On any issue, there was never any general, or common ground. I eternally desired hell, to be a territory of ruthless suffering. I wanted it to be a situation of harrowing tribulation. I wanted hell to be a bottomless pit of never ending agony.**

**As far as I am concerned, my brother Lucifer, who is the dictator of hades, better known as hell, is overseeing a destination where sinners can have a splendid everlasting existence. There is far too much happening in hell, that I wholeheartedly disagree with. There are orgies of sex, and countless other themes which I do not agree with. There is booze, and drugs, and so much going on, that all earths offenders can enjoy. There is as much horseplay, and high jinks happening, as there is on earth.**

**Hell is actually a great place to be for those who sin. They can thrive there, just like maggots feasting on a rotting dead carcass. They can live every sexual fantasy, and experience, that they have ever envisioned, in hell. Hell is more like a circus; a comedy of sorts. FATE, which I govern, is a carnival of pain, misery, and sorrow...FATE is a human beings most horrifying hallucination come true. FATE which I govern, is the ugly mirror into an evil persons soul. A sickening reflection of what I believe someone who sins, should be subjected too. My brother is a fool, and those who buy into the severity of hell, and images of burning forever, ha, ha, ha... They have been fooled.**

**If you are one of the chosen few, who somehow gets your hands on my memoirs, you will discover the truth of how the entire heaven, and hell myth works. What I write in my memoirs is truth. What you are reading, is the words of Isham Isham. My words are true words. My words are never to be forsaken. My word, is that of the lord of FATE. These memoirs shall be released to the secret sect known as ISHAM ON EARTH, and only members of the sect shall be permitted to read the contents of my memoirs.**

**If this has somehow, by some unlucky stroke of nature, gotten into your hands, and you are not a follower of ISHAM ON EARTH, or have no connection in anyway to the sect, I warn you now, to stop reading. You can still be saved from FATE, by honoring Gods laws, and discontinuing what you are reading now, however, if you continue to read, be forewarned, you will be sent to FATE, by God, upon your death.**

**In agreement that I have with God, only those involved with the sect, shall have access to my memoirs. I WARN YOU NOW TO DISCONTINUE READING, OR YOU WILL BE SORRY FOR ETERNITY...**

**If you have continued to read this first sentence in the paragraph, (what you are reading now) you have sealed your own sickening destiny, in FATE... You will be coming to visit me upon your death. This is already guaranteed. So you my as well continue reading now, to see what awaits**

**you here in the confines of FATE. There is no turning back. You have went beyond your instructions.**

**Unless you are connected with the sect, you are doomed forever. Always remember that ISHAM did warn you. If you are terrified about the type of things that will happen to you in FATE, I caution you to stop reading now. If you are brave enough to keep reading further, remember, you'll discover the type of severe, and twisted torture that awaits you. In either case, you should pray that you live a long life on earth, and make the best of it, as I will be judging you on how you lived all the years of your life, and don't forget, the longer you can live your life on earth, the longer you will stave off the labyrinth of cruelty that AWAITS YOU FOREVER...**

**The secrets will hereby be revealed, to the followers of ISHAM ON EARTH.**

**As a member of the sect, you are one of the chosen few, who will learn the truth about the afterlife, and the eternal flame, of FATE...**

**Being chosen to become part of the sect, has released you from ever coming to the place I govern. You have been chosen for a reason. You have been chosen to carry out the word of God, by a kind person who is presently involved with ISHAM ON EARTH.**

**This person has recognized something about you, that seperates you from other human beings. You are one of the lucky few, who has been welcomed into ISHAM ON EARTH, a secret society, that once you are involved in, you will be wiped of all sins you have ever committed. As well, once you have been connected with the sect, you will forever be protected from sinning against God.**

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO YOU NEW MEMBER: It may be very difficult for you to fathom all of this now, but, as you take all of the understandings, and teachings in... IT WILL ALL SINK IN...**

**It will be impossible for you to sin against God, because the sect has special waivering rights, concerning this circumstance. You will never succumb to temptation again against God ever again.**

**Because members of the sect can only violate the commandments, and the rules of ISHAM ON EARTH. These rules are enforced by the high priest and elders. So although you may be tempted by your own primal instincts, and even violate the sects laws, you can never be temted by Lucifer, nor can you ever sin again against God. You are protected from Lucifer here, and you now have a special place reserved for you in heaven...**

**THE UNDERSTANDINGS WILL MAKE MORE SENSE AS TIME GOES ON...**

**The only true enemy that you have my underling friend, is yourself. The sect does not have the power to stop you from wanting to do something at any given moment. The only power the sect has, is to inform you, and that is, if you do not abide by all rules, regulations, and rituals, that you will be spending an eternity in FATE, with me...ISHAM.**

**When a person dies, they are judged first by God. God has the ultimate power in the universe. God is more powerful than my brother Lucifer, or myself combined, however, he coexists with us. When God makes his final judgement, it concludes your providence. There are no remaining speculations. When you perish, you are either accepted into heaven, or you are not. There are no ifs, ands, or, buts, about it. You stand before God, while he conducts his unappealable, and irrevocable final sermon to you. At**

**this crucial ceremony, your mind will be unbounded by God. He will gather up all your sins, and as he does, you will relive the turmoil you have caused, while he tabulates your sins.**

**Being a devout follower of ISHAM ON EARTH, avoids you from experiencing the hour of Gods judgement.**

**Also, as a new sect member, you are one of the very few humans, who actually gets to realize the truth, of how the universal law of God operates. Consider yourself very fortunate, to be holding this document in your hands, because my memoirs include all the secrets every human ever wanted to know. As you continue reading the valuable secrets of the universe, feel blessed, and highly privlidged to be one of the chosen few.**

**If God decides that you are not deserving of being in heaven, with he and the angels, he will have you delivered to purgatory, hell, or FATE. If he elects to hand you over to me, and discharges you to my domain, here in FATE, you will be delivered in the first, second, or third degree.**

**If he sends you in the first degree, you will stay in FATE forever.**

**If he sends you to FATE in the second degree, you will stay in FATE for a specified time of exactly 98 years, timed to the exact second that you entered.**

**There is a very rare loophole, which he has christened, and is known as, FATE in the third degree. If you are are delivered to FATE, and are one of the rare lucky few who falls under this category, which he designates, you will do your time in FATE, and be let into heaven, when God feels that you have been punished enough for your sins. FATE in the third degree, is as rare as the original painting of the Mona Lisa.**

**Since the begining of time, billions upon billions of people have died on earth. Out of that staggering amount of people, only four of them were banished to FATE in the third degree. Those favored four were penalized by God, and then pardoned, by later being let into heaven. The last time any person was to visit FATE in the third degree was in the year 1024, and he was released into heaven in the year 1292.**

**So God has been for the most part, very kind to me. He is a kind God, who allows me to torture humans for centuries on end. He has only permitted four out of all the worlds' dead people into his sacred paradise, in the third degree. I do loathe though, when he sends humans in the third degree, and in the middle of one of the torture sessions, the person now vindicated, vanishes into thin air. It is only at that moment, that I realize, that the earthling had been sent in the third degree. It happens so suddenly.**

**The last person to visit fate in the third degree, had been being tortured for 278 years, and "WHAMMO," just as I was begining to have my slaves burn off his testicals, (which had 200, four inch pins, and needles, already stuck in them) he was gone. The least God could have done, would have been to let the final torture take place. He knows how we work it here. He knows the pain, and agony we inflict. He knows, he knows. he knows...**

**As a member of the sect, you have already had your bowls removed. Do you feel much better now? You should feel much more cleansed. Once the bowls have been removed, it is a free wheeling sensation. Your defacation is to be saved in that plastic baggie that is now attached to your stomach, and brought to every secret meeting of the sect. Once received by the high elders of the sect, it will be saved in the tomb.**

**The following is to be the first prayer that you will say out loud, with other members, of the sect. Memorize it well, as it is the most sacred of all prayers you will ever learn.**

**RELEASE US FROM FATE**

**Release us from the agony,  
 Oh, ISHAM ISHAM  
 Release us from the torture,  
 Oh, ISHAM ISHAM  
 Release our bodies, minds, and souls,  
 Through God,  
 In direct association with our other lord,  
 ISHAM ISHAM**

**ISHAM ISHAM  
 Oh mighty,  
 Lord of misery,  
 Release us all**

**Release us,  
 From the never ending sin of the world,**

**Release us from FATE!**

The above is the prayer you must learn immediately. I know that when your bowels were removed you felt as if you were going to die. I know you were fully awake, during the two hour ordeal. I know it took a tremendous amount of stamina, to go through the operation without pain killers, or other drugs, that could have been easily injected into your blood stream, to put you to sleep.

I know at the time of the slicing, dicing, and stitching, that you would have given anything, to lash out against the high priest, performing the brutal removal of your bowls. I know that you may have even taken my name in vain, however you are forgiven, as I realize the suffering you have endured. Just remember, the screaming, and crying that you have lived through, will terminate the future centuries of ongoing horrors, that a future in FATE, would have provided for you.

Some of you may still be feeling the aftershock of the operation, and this does happen in the majority of cases, and if you are feeling the aftershock, remember it will dissipate with time. Always remember that I am with you. I feel the depression, and pain you feel. Always know in you heart, of hearts that this bowl removal operation hurt me, far more than it will ever hurt any of you. You see ISHAM ON EARTH was created by me, in an agreement with God. God, and I negotiated, and it was his idea to have dead sinners punished in the afterlife. The only catch, was that I create ISHAM ON EARTH, to save a certain select few who deserved to be saved...

So as much as I hate to admit it, it burns me off to know, that members of ISHAM ON EARTH, will never face my wrath. From the first razer sharp cold stainless steel insturment the high priest shoved up your ass, that caused the initial splattering of blood, all the way up to the point where he saved the blood caked rubber gloves in a special urn, remember I was feeling a whole lot worse, than any of you. **AS I REALLY WOULD HAVE LIKED YOU TO BE HERE NOW... In my domain... FATE!**

As I have alluded to before, soon the episode will fade, just like the memories of who you once were shall fade. Your memory will be wiped out.

**yes, I know that most, if not all of you cherish your memories, and good times, with people, you love, but as a member of the sect, you must abide by all the rules, and regulations, as you promised at the outset, when you were chosen, and gladly accepted the invitation.**

**Read the following prayer to yourself. There is no need to speak it out loud.**

**LET THE HEALING BEGIN**

**Thou highest ISHAM ISHAM,  
Let all memories of my past be forgotten,  
Including any memory I cherish,  
Wipe them out now,  
Let me be at peace with who I am now at this moment,  
Oh ISHAM ISHAM**

**Thou highest ISHAM ISHAM,  
Let my life start anew,  
First through you,  
And then through God,**

**Let the God who resides in heaven free me from all sin,**

**And allow ISHAM ISHAM,  
Through God,  
To wipe out every memory,  
Bad or good forever,  
That has ever been stored in my mind**

**Now that my memory has been wiped out completely,  
Restore all memories I have of the sect,  
Such as the bowel removal operation,  
And my first encounters with the sect,**

**Begin my new memory now...**

**As the sect is my sanctuary,  
My life,  
My body, my heart, and my soul...**

**Thanks be to ISHAM ISHAM**

**Just reading the above has made you a new person. You have no past, only a great future. The only things that you will remember, and feel, are the memories of the sect, now, and in the future...**

**In two weeks from today, your human heart will be replaced by that of a pig. This operation will be conducted by the high priest. In the meantime, try to become accustomed to the canes, and crutches provided for you, to make walking a little easier.**

**After your heart has been transplanted, you will be required to read the rest of the document which will be provided by the high priest, and the other elders for you, at that time.**

**THIS IS THE SACRED WORD OF ISHAM ISHAM**

**THANKS BE TO THE ONE WHO SAVES US FROM CENTURIES OF TORTURE**

**THANKS BE TO ISHAM THE LORD OF FATE**

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Kemt, Bramble, and the hooker, drove towards Brambles' estate. Kempt had made sure that during the conversation, he gathered all the details, of who might reside with Bramble. The details had come back in the negative. This was a plus point positive for Kempt, and the hooker. With nobody near the residence, not even a rent a cop security guard, the nuts, and bolts were really fastening for Bramble.

Bramble had bragged of his high tech security system, being second only to Fort Knox in stature. The man of great wealth, may have been super rich, but he surely wasn't street smart in Kempts estimation. He had above average intelligence while sober, and below average intelligence while drunk. While at Harvard, his I.Q average was the top in his class, at a score of 182. That average did not seem to be helping him to decipher the puzzle that was turning into a full color picture for Kempt, and the hooker right now. In his condition, Bramble, would probably find it hard to put the final piece in a 200 word puzzle, even if someone held his limp hand, and tried to help him.

He was a mess, and acting as crazy as a bag of hammers. He had his hands all over the hooker, as he bragged of his great wealth, and fortune. His pants were undone in the back of his brand new Lincoln. Kempt was doing the driving. Every now and then Kempt would glance in the mirror at the sexual precedings. Kempt did not like sloppy seconds, and he hoped that (a) the action in the backseat wouldn't go too far and (b) that his accomplice listened to his orders, as he had told her.

"Make sure Ya' don't get him off on the way there, it could derail our plans.'

Bramble was taking a piss at the bar, during this exchange, and if he only knew that Kempt didn't give a hoot about his sexual exitement in the back of the vehicle, maybe just maybe, he wouldn't be slowly tying a thick rope around his neck. He may as well have been doing that, because, every mile the car travelled, was like tightening the knot, before one finally took the plunge.

Bramble lived outside of Haverille. Close to the area where Tonight show host Jay Leno was raised. He lived along a new private stretch of road, that only people of his wealth could afford.

BRAMBLE ESTATE ROADWAY, was a sight Kempt was tickled to hold in view. The headlights illuminated the grand marble structure, and as Kempt steered beyond the large gravestone like monolith, he suspected that the Moringham family would be placing such an edifice above Brambles' final resting place. It would probably have to be lifted by a crane, to set it in proper place. It would be Brambles' crowning glory, he surmised. Geez, if the marble roadway sign was any indication, of the size tombstone Bramble would have overlooking his grave, it was going to be something to behold.

"You'll have to soon stop ahead, while I open the gate." Bramble interjected, between his gurgling moans.

Kempt swivelled his neck around for a moment, and noticed that his newfound hooker friend, had her left hand clasped around Brambles'

lovegun. Then he aimed his head forward again, letting his foot off the gas, and finally he pressed the brake pedal down all the way. It took a moment for Kempts' eyes to adjust to his brains understanding... There was now a huge barrier in front of the car.

In front of the Lincoln Continental was a massive steel gate. Through the windshield of the car Kempt could also see that this gateway had a fond relationship with the concrete wall that it was connected to. Visions of the great wall of China came to mind, as well as the Berlin wall, before its fall. Kempt had never been an eyewitness to this sort of personal defence ever. He wondered if Bramble had a mote surrounding the property, as well. Maybe Bramble had crockadiles, and pirina in there too.

Bramble pulled his pants up, without buckling up his belt. His zipper was still down, and the bottom of his \$350.00 dress shirt was making an appearance through his open zipper. He opened the door with his arthritic left hand, and stepped out onto the pavement. He didn't shut the door of the vehicle, as he knew he would be having to get back in anyhow. Kempt turned his head back, and viewed the hooker from a diagonal angle, as she was sitting behind the front passenger seat.

He winked at her, and she winked back at him. He took a quick glance forward, and was aware that Bramble had to open three large heavy locks before he would be making his way to the backseat again. While Bramble fumbled with the keys, and locks, he used the opportunity to, check out some of the hookers finer assets.

"Turn around, lift your dress up, and pull your panties down. I wanna' see what ya' got. I'll let ya' know when Brambles' got the gate open."

She liked the way Kempt suggested the concept to her. It was like having risky sex by the highway, as cars and transport trucks buzzed by. Just knowing that Bramble might catch her showing her well endowed behind to Kempt, who was supposed to be her brother, was enough for her to almost have an orgasm, right there and then. She spun around, and with one fast sweep of both her hands, her dress was up by her pretty bellybutton. Kempts' eyes went from Bramble, to her, and back to Bramble. Then she imposed the will of her mind, like telepathy to her hands again, and peeled down her tight flowery pictured panties to her knees.

Kempt repositioned the mirror above the winshield so he could look at her, and also keep a wandering eye on Bramble at the same time. His eyes were still flickering back, and forth, from the mirror, to the winshield.

Bramble now had two locks undone, and he was circling his finger on the keychain, prying for the third key, to open the final lock.

"He's found the key for the last lock." Kempt warned, with an overwhelming sense of caution in his voice.

"Come on big boy feel my ass. I know you want me."

Kempt snapped out of his sexual dream state promptly, and spoke in a soft monotone.

"Listen you stupid slut, the mother fuckers' opening the final lock right now. So put your fuckin' clothes back on."



**“How about I put em back on when he’s walking towards the car. He’ll be blinded by the headlights, and I like taking risks. She said seductively.**

**Kempts’ blood was boiling. Before she even finished the last word of her sentence, he dove over the front seat and clentched her long dark hair in his hand, and he was pulling her hair hard. She could feel hairs being plucked from her scalp, while he pulled her panties up with the other hand, and then put her dress down to cover up what she had been revealing.**

**Bramble opened the lock...**

**“Listen, I do want ya’, but we aint’ got no time to mess around right now. There’ll be time for this, after we rip him off for loads of money.”**

**With that said, Kempt pulled her around, with his hands still tangled in her hair, and kissed her on the lips.**

**“You’re right.” She said, “We have a job to do first.”**

**Kempt kissed her again, but this time the kiss was more intense, and they both swallowed each others tongues, while their hands discovered areas, that they both had only known on other people. Now they were discovering each other.**

**“What on Gods’ earth is happening back there.” Bramble asked in a drunken loud voice, while he tried to remain on his feet, without falling over.**

**They were caught red handed, in an act of red hot passion, and Kempt knew he had to think fast. Mary Jane Swantons’ heart skipped a few beats, within its pleasure mad hunger. It was the same type of fuzzy feeling she felt when her father caught her in the bedroom with her best friend Shelly. It was a lengthy stretch since that happened, but the current embarrassment had zapped her back into such a state. She instantly remembered her father whipping her bare bottom with the belt buckle. Then he started on Shelly. Both girls were caught in the nude, and both girls were strapped in the nude. She still remembered the lashing, and what her father had said.**

**“If I knew you two were lesbians, I would have never let Shelly sleep over”**

**“I’m gonna’ tell my mom, and dad, that you hit me.” Shelly retorted. “You had no right to spank me.”**

**“I’ll fuckin’ drive ya’ in the face with my bare knuckles you piece of trash, if ya’ don’t shut your fuckin dirty mouth. You can tell your parents anything you want shelly. The fact of the matter is that you are two years older than my daughter, and I know you turned her into this...and besides, I saw Mary Jane spanking you with the belt, as part of your fantasy...isn’t that right Mary Jane?**

**“Ah, daddy, ah, well, ah-?”**

**“No fuckin’ daddy ah, me. She hit ya’ didn’t she Mary Jane?”**

Her father was coaxing her now, and she could picture it all over again, as she thought about the past. Her father's voice was still there, still haunting her, even now.

"Daddy never hit anybody here, and if ya' do tell yer' parents, I'll have ya' charged by the police for raping my daughter. Now get your fuckin' clothes on, and get the fuck out of this house, and don't ever come back again.

Mary Jane was thrown out of the house by her father, when she was thirteen. She wasn't always a troubled child, but after her mom was found raped and murdered at the factory where she worked, everything in Mary Jane's life just seemed to go awry. It happened when Mary Jane was only ten years old, and from a straight A student, she plummeted down to a D average. She failed school the year her mom was brutally killed, and failed the year after as well. She missed a lot of school, and when she did go to school she could never fully concentrate on anything being discussed in the classroom. This fact, as well as the fact that she never studied, made for her steep decline in school, and in life in general.

When she turned eleven she started smoking cigarettes. Two months after she took up that habit, she began smoking pot. She took it in any form she could get her hands on. It did not matter if it was oil, hash, or grass, she was filling her lungs up with it. When she turned twelve she progressed to L.S.D. By the time she was thirteen, her eighteen year old boyfriend got her hooked on cocaine, so he could make her dependant on him for more. It was all part of his plan to turn her into a street whore, so he could live off the avails of prostitution, and before her fourteenth birthday she was doing men of all ages.

She liked the older affluent men who became regulars. Her regular tricks would give her extra money, and shower her with expensive gifts. She knew Bramble had to be about eighty, or eighty-five in her estimation, because he had so many wrinkles on his face, and she would have preferred to have him as a regular client, but she knew after her and Kempt had robbed him, that that probability would be out of the question.

"Bramble, my sisters' feeling a little ill. So I jumped in the back seat to see what was wrong." Kempt said, hiding his nervousness.

"Oh, I can see that, but it looked like much more was happening back there."

"It has been a long time since the death of our younger sister, and we were just reflecting on the past. We both felt the need to hug each other."

Bramble could have sworn that he saw more happening than what Kempt was telling him, but then again, he was drunk, and of course, he must have jumped to a conclusion without the full details. For God's sake, they are sister, and brother, what was I thinking, he thought to himself. At the same time his suspicions about the two were starting to nag at him, and he seemed to be sobering up a little Kempt figured.

"well, I hope she'll be alright. I was really looking forward to the night her, and I were going to spend together."

**Kempt climbed back into the drivers seat, and Bramble snuggled up close to Mary Jane.**

**“Do you think you’ll be fine sweetheart? Maybe you had a few too many too many to drink. Did you not?”**

**Bramble wanted the activity to take place, as he had been envisioning, and now he was getting worried. Mary Jane touched his leg, with that knowing touch.**

**“I’ll be fine, I think I just need a cold glass of ice water, when we get inside.”**

**Bramble smiled, as Kempt began to drive along the BRAMBLE ESTATE ROADWAY. As Bramble, and Mary Jane became reacquainted with each other, in the backseat, Kempt was astonished to see, what he had only imagined as a joke. This fuckin' guys' got a godamn river circling his estate.**

**If his guess was correct, he probably did have crocodiles crawling all through the water, and strewn throughout. But, pirina? No, not in this climate, unless...**

**Bramble cut off Kempts train of thought. “Frank, this is my estate, and very few have entered here, consider yourself, and your sister, very priveliged.”**

**CHAPTER EIGHT****MEMOIRS OF ISHAM ISHAM  
(after the heart transplant)**

**You now have the pumping arteries of a swine. your human heart once spread the blood throughout your viens, now it is the heart of a full grown pig doing the job.**

**Once again, you are forgiven for any vile remarks that you have belted out at the high priest, and/or towards me. This document, is forbidden to be read by you, unless exactly one week has expired since the high priest pricked your skin with a scalpel, and cut deep into your chest cavity.**

**You may not know where you are right now, as you were voluntarily blindfolded and brought to where you are at this given time.**

**At this point you will have no recollection of your past life. Your family is that, of the sect. Try as you might, you can never ever go back to being who you once were. Nor will you ever be able to escape, even if you are inclined to do so. Your life will be an ongoing series of painful operations, and spiritual worship, until the day you die.**

**The high priest, and elders of the group, have prepared a meal for you, and the other underlings of ISHAM ON EARTH. This stew of human hearts, human blood, and pig intestines will be the first offering of solid food, that you will eat. So be rest assured, the blood you have been drinking from a straw since you have arrived, although nourishing, is not enough to keep you fully aware, nor fully alive for very long.**

**Also, make a mental note of the following certainty...**

**As a human being, you will still have primal emotions. You, at times will have urges of self gratification, and to also desire sex with others involved in the sect. you at times may want to take the life of another person in the sect. you at times will even want to take your own life, in order to save yourself from the sect. Suicide is forbidden in the twelve commandmants of ISHAM ON EARTH. Let me now acquaint you with those 12 commandmants.**

**#1 Thou shall not kill thyself.**

**#2 Thou shall not try to escape.**

**#3 Thou shall not eat the blind fish living in the underground river, when gathering this delicacy for the high priest, and the elders.**

**#4 Thou shall not urinate, or defacate within 10 yards of the HOLY CIRCLE of the CHURCHENITE.**

**#5 Thou shall give all plastic bags of defacation to the high priest.**

**#6 Thou shall do everything asked of the high priest, or elders of the sect.**

**#7 Thou shall only urinate in the underground river. (better known as BLIND FISH RIVER)**

**#8 Thou shall participate in all the KILLING GAMES of the sect.**

**#9 Thou shall speak, only when spoken to first by the high priest or an elder.**

**#10 Thou shall be on time to all gatherings at the CHURCHENITE**

**#11 Thou shall gather mice, rats, insects, bats, moles, and other creatures of the cave for the sects nourishment, no less than eight hours per day.**

**#12 Thou shall willingly enter all operations without struggle. Once strapped down you are more than welcome to struggle, scream, shout, and squirm in excruciating pain as this is understandable, however ISHAM ON EARTH is based upon courage, and your courage will be rewarded over time.**

After you have proven to be worthy of the twelve commandments of ISHAM ON EARTH, you will be baptized by partial labotomy, and the high priest will eat the part of your brain, which was removed. Then you can consider yourself an elder of ISHAM ON EARTH. Once you have become an elder you will be granted priveledges, not offered to underlings.

You will be able to visit the outside world in order to save others from FATE. You are free to chose anyone you think who would want to be saved from the evil clutches of the domain I govern. You will be given special instructions at that time, from the high priest, and not until that time.

What you are experiencing now my friend, may make you wish that you had never signed the ISHAM ON EARTH document which was presented to you by one of the elders, in the begining of this journey of self righteousness. However when you die and you stand in front of God, and he accepts you into an everlasting life of eternal beauty, you will know that you made the right decision.

When one of the elders told you to slice your finger open with a rusty razor blade, and sign the holy document in your own blood, at that moment you were saved from FATE.

With the exception of the 12 commandments that you must follow, you shouldn't have trouble making it into heaven with God, and his beautiful angels. If you fail to follow the 12 commandments you will be immediatelly chained to the HOLY KILLING ROCK.

Once chained to the HOLY KILLING ROCK You will stay on your back until you are almost dead from starvation. Then the elders will gather around you, along with all underlings. A torch will be lit in your honor by the high priest, and then he will tenderize your body with a spiked bludgeoning apperatus, known as OLD SPIKEY.

Soon after that, the eating will begin, while you are still alive. What they will be eating, is you. They will begin eating your legs, and arms. You'll be shrieking like a wounded animal, but there will be no remorse, as they tear at your skin and bruised flesh with their front, and back teeth.

A little bite here, a little bite there, bigger bites. Then they'll begin eating your back. Starting at the tip of your spine. They'll continue eating you until, your last breath. When the high priest determines that you are indeed dead, he will begin saying the WELCOME THIS UNDERLING TO FATE, OH ISHAM ISHAM, prayer. Then all gathered at the canabilistic feast, will rejoice in your honor, as they continue to gormandize you to the skelton.

**IF ALL THIS TERRIFIES YOU BEYOND COMPREHENSION, JUST FOLLOW THE 12 COMMANDMENTS TO A "T" and you will be a fine follower of ISHAM ON EARTH.**

**By the way, the tunnel you have been observing while walking around the candle lit premises, is also off limits, until you become an elder. Should you dare investigate where it may lead to, you will be one sorry ass individual. WHATEVER YOU DO... DO NOT venture into the tunnel, or you will face my wrath. The high priest, and elders will explain more about the infamous tunnel as time passes on. Be careful my fellow underlings, be very careful...**

**Another point I would like to make clear is that anything you do that is against the teachings of ISHAM ON EARTH, is known as a VIOLATION OF ISHAM. When you commit a VIOLATION OF ISHAM, you are not committing a sin against God. You are creating a VIOLATION OF ISHAM. You cannot sin against God while in this sect, as I have previously alluded to.**

**Something else I would like to clear up before you go any further, is that you cannot even be tempted to sin against God while in this sect. You can however be tempted to go against the high priest, and the elders, thereby, going against ISHAM ON EARTH.**

**You are requested to put away my memoirs now. you are not to read any further until after the FIRST SUPPER.**

## CHAPTER NINE

Tanya and Clyde wiped each others bodies clean with soft face cloths, as the water from the showerhead sprinkled droplets of warm encouraging water over them. It had been days since they had both washed. In the eight days since their self imposed imprisonment, it seemed like all they did was have sex.

3% of the time they slept, 6% of the time they ate microwaved foods, 5% of the time they did cocaine, and the other 86% was fueled by the want, need, and overbearing compulsion to explore each others bodies. These two love birds, were in constant motion, like caged hamsters. They experimented in ways that some married couples hadn't even thought about in fifty years of marital bliss. When they experimented, they sure experimented, and who knows how long the days of sexual confinement would have lasted if Tanyas' mother, and her companion were not due for arrival at the Sydney airport soon.

"We have to hurry up, and make this quick." Tanya said, as the water continued to pour on both of them while they washed.

Clyde did not respond right away. He stuck his tongue inside her nostrils. From her nostrils down to the lips of her mouth, he was savagly licking, and flicking his tongue, like a sex crazed maniac in the shower.

Moments before, the lust was more gentle, as they washed the many sunsets of dried ejaculate off of each others skin. They had sometimes cleaned themselves up between erotic interludes using tissue paper and Tanyas' undergarments, but nothing could compare to the beautiful feeling of cleanliness they encountered, as they scrubbed each others bodies under the sprinkling water.

Now the animalistic urges were again in the forefront, as the water sprayed down on them. The elements of gentleness were yielding to the funneling of furious thunder. Clyde grasped her drenched hair with his palm and fingers, and whirled her brilliant fleece, into his awaiting hand, making a powerful fist, while the shower water continued to pour.

"Pull my fuckin' hair harder you bastard." Tanya yelled as Clyde snapped her neck, and head back. "Treat me like a fuckin' whore."

Clyde pulled with as much torque as he could muster, and as he did, both of her feet lost grip with the surface of the bathtub. She came about an inch from slamming the left side of her face, (including her eye) into the thick tap, that discharges water into the tub, when one takes a bath.

Clyde saved her from certain injury, as he had a commanding grip on her hair. During the slipping, and sliding fiasco, her PLAYBOY bunny body had repositioned itself, so that she could take him in her honey pot from behind.

Clyde wasted no time venturing into her hot spot. While he restrained her with his hair pulling hand, he spanked her bare buttocks with his other hand. The "awing" and "oohing" and perverted talking continued for about twelve minutes, while the water violently splashed off of their bodies. The water was everywhere, including the pink tile wall, the shower curtain, and it also oozed along the bathroom floor, forming puddles.

The shower water was begining to lose its comforting feeling, because the

water became increasingly colder. There had been some new plumbing installed after the original hot water tank was replaced with a newer model. Both Tanya, and her highly sexually active mother, complained to no end about the hot water tank, that the plumbers installed. They even had their doubts about the old one having to be replaced, and they were even ready to testify in small claims court if the research their lawyer did, proved correct.

Both had even seen a show on 60 minutes, or some other program about how plumbing companies come to fix a leaky pipe, (which happened to them) and end up selling you a whole kit, and kadoodle of cheap junk, for loads of cash. Tanyas' mother not only felt ripped off, neither her nor Tanya could enjoy an hour long good fuck in the shower anymore.

Clyde and Tanya dried themselves with towels immediately upon stepping out of the shower, which was now turned off. She laughed at his shrivelled dick, and he poked fun at her pointed nipple breasts. Their entire bodies had goose pimples everywhere, as they were chilly from the last thrusts they had managed, in the tundra like cold water.

The mirror above the sink, was still covered with a murky film of steam. Tanya slid one of her hands across the mirror, and pulled Clyde into the view of the reflection. They both smiled. Their smiles were smiles of reassurance, which reminded them that this could indeed be love. This could be him, and her...until death do them part.

"You're the most fantastic lover I've ever had." She said to him, while glimpsing in the mirror.

The warm mirror fog was beginning to cover the reflective portrait that they were now coveting. Tanya used the damp towel this time to uncloud the reflection once again.

"Just look at us, it's like we were meant to be."

Clyde was no spring chicken. He knew that to agree with her, could be the beginning of the end of their newbie relationship. It was just like all the woman he had stripped his soul for and poured out his emotions for in the past. He loathed the myriad of shallow games and pastimes that women focused in on, in order to gain control, or to test a mans inner strength.

"I believe I am in love with you Clyde." She revealed while turning her face towards his. "Do you love me?"

Clyde loved her alright. He loved her long blonde hair draped over her breasts, while he banged her. He loved the way she sucked his cock. He loved her tight cunt, and her ass that just seemed to always be beckoning his pecker for more. He loved her miraculous handjob technique. He loved the way she talked like a sex starved slut. He loved when she begged to be slapped from her head to her ass cheeks. He loved when she pretended that she was a runaway, and screwed him for a T.V dinner. He loved every fantasy that she, and he could imagine. He most certainly loved her insatiable appetite for sex. As far as he was concerned, she was a nymphomaniac.

"Well Clyde, do you, or don't you love me?"



Clyde paused for a few more moments. Then he put both his strong masculine hands through her blonde hair.

"Let me just say this sweetheart. You may be right. Maybe we were meant to be. Only time can tell. Only the future knows for sure. Love is a very powerful word Tanya. It is a word I do not throw around just for the sake of saying it."

"I think I already know something about you Clyde. It seems you have been hurt by women before haven't you?"

Fuck, when does the testing ever end with these fucking women, Clyde thought to himself. They always want to know if you have been wounded by other women. Fuck, it's like they just cannot wait to pour battery acid on mended wounds, to see if they can open up the flesh. Does it ever end he thought.

Geez he thought, at least with his very endowed sister whom he still got together with from time to time, emotions were worth talking about. He knew his sister would always be there for him through thick and thin. These other women, only wanted to open up his sensitive side, and then as soon as he revealed his soft inner shell, they would run to the hills like scared animals.

Clyde learned his lessons with women at the university of hard knocks. For instance when he was still in grade school. He did what mom, and his aunts told him to do. "Be nice to women, treat them good. Open doors for them, and be a good little gentleman." He took their advice, and failed time after time. Now while he was looking into the eyes of Tanya, that nice guy loser image came back to him, and he dreaded that shortcoming, from his earlier years.

In grade six he had a crush on Marlene Lonty. He used to like to come to school, just so he could sit behind her, and submerge himself in dreams of one day having her. He was very shy, and like kids do at that age, he asked her best friend Julia if Marlene might like him. Julia laughed in his face, and made him feel like a circus clown without makeup. He was had. Everyone in the school was going to know that he liked Marlene Lonty. He had asked Julia at recess if Marlene liked him, and after her reaction, he went home, and skipped the entire afternoon.

The next day he went to school, and all the other school children were taunting him.

"Ha, ha, ha, you like Marlene Lonty."

They were saying it as if they were singing LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, LONDON BRIDGE IS... and as far as Clyde Butterworth was concerned, London Bridge was falling down. His own chums at school, that he considered good mates were even chastizing him. He felt like a fool for the rest of the year at school. Of course it died down somewhat, as time went on, but it was always there lingering like an open can of rotted uneaten sardenes.

The thoughts went through Clydes wounded psyche constantly. He was determined to have Marlene Lonty, no matter what it would take to do so. One day during lunch hour he walked into the candy store by the school

yard. There were a bunch of kids in the store, and he decided he was going to get some satisfaction, of the five finger discount genre. He watched the other kids paying for their candy bars, chips, and pop. While the new Chinese immigrant store owner was trying to understand hand signs, and gestures, about what the kids wanted behind the counter, Clyde made his move. He stold a can of PEPSI, a bottle of SPRITE, two packs of sunflower seeds, a MARS bar, three packs of FREEDENT gum, a copy of PENTHOUSE magazine, and a BURIED TREASURE ice cream on a stick. He ate the BURIED TREASURE, and put the rest of the stuff in a brown paper bag. Then while he was in the school yard, he wrote Marlene the following note.

Hi Marlene, its me Clyde Butterworth  
 i really likes you and you never talks  
 to me. I hears that You likes Brent Jordan.  
 I see you and Brent talking sometimes. I know  
 You laughed at me at the last school dance  
 When I asked you to dance with me.  
 But thats so o.k with me. I should  
 have been talking to you before.  
 But i am really scared to talk to you  
 Its just because you are so nice.  
 Anyways my mom says if i am really nice  
 to girls they will like me back. so I snuck in class  
 at lunch time and put some gifts in your desk.  
 They are some things i got from china mans store  
 what happens in the pictures of the book i want  
 to do with you  
 me Marlene to you, and I hope  
 now that you can start to see how much I care  
 that you will start to talk to me from now on.  
 I know how to kiss and have sex if that is what you  
 are worried about just likes in the books. I wont tell you who i did it with  
 before because it is a big secret but i can be really  
 really good to you. P.S i think that brent guy is a stupid boy  
 he always going around like a big shot of a guy just cause  
 he on the school soccer team well marlene Roses are red  
 violets are blue I think i loves you  
 so if you like me as much as i like you it means love so meat me  
 at the recess in the afternoon. and I will be over by the swings so  
 just keep this love letter a secret and picture book cause if they all find out i  
 will be  
 laughed at. and i know. cause i know I Know THAT they will laugh  
 and don't tell anyone i stold the stuff for you at ling lings  
 store. I dont want no gettin in any trouble and don tell even your bestest  
 friend about  
 my letter to you  
 See you by the swings at recess  
 signed your secret at admirerer CLYDE BUTTERWORTH

Clyde waited for Marlene by the swings in the school yard. All the other kids were out in the school yard, but he couldn't see Marlene. Everyone played with their friends. Clyde was asked to play a game of tag, but he declined. He was waiting to see if Marlene Lonty was going to meet him at

the swings. Marlenes' friend Julia was reading TEEN BEAT, and a few other girls were gathered around her, getting all hot and bothered by the pictures. Clyde detested the pretty boys in the magazines that the girls were always looking at. Why? why, he would think to himself would they fantacize about some stupid teen rag sensation who was a million miles away, when he was right there, ready willing, and able to make their dreams and wishes come true?

Clyde waited, and waited, and still there was no sign of Marlene. He watched all the other kids laughing and having a great time running around the school yard. He thought about how much he hated Brent Jordan. He wanted to fight Brent. Even though he knew that Brent had punched out a guy that he had lost a fight to near the end of the last school year. Brent had the best of everything. His father was a Lawyer, and his mother was the vice president of a medical supply company. Brent always had the brand name clothes that Clyde always wished he could have had. In short, Brent was the ALL CANADIAN KID. Whatever the newest trend in clothing was, Brent was wearing it. Clyde wore cheap clothing, because that was all his parents could afford, and after his father committed suicide, the situation for him only worsened.

It had been only four months since Clydes' dad blew his own head off in front of the family, and with only his mother to support him and all the other siblings, there he stood in the school yard in his tattered shoes, no name dirty jeans, and a javex stained shirt. From where he was waiting, he could see one of his younger sisters playing hop scotch. He didn't hang out with her at school, and he rarely talked to her at home. She was a spoiled brat, as far as he was concerned.

As he waited for Marlene he thought about his sister Kimberly. It had to have been almost a month since they had gotten together for sex. He begged his own brain to know if maybe his sister was doing his other brother Mark. He had noticed that they were becoming close in the last while. As he manicured his brain in great thought, the school bell rang. Recess was over, and there was no sign of Marlene, anywhere in the school yard playground.

When he made it to the classroom, he sat at his desk. All of the other students found their way to their desks too. Where the hell is Marlene he thought. The teacher waited until everyone was settled, and then she began to write on the chalk board, and still there was no sign of Marlene.

Then a clackety-clack of footsteps approached the classroom door, which was open. The clackety-clack continued right into the classroom. It was Mr. Macgluckin. Behind his back the kids called him Mr. MacFuckin. He was well hated by most of the kids, and it was well known that he got off scott free on a rape charge a few years previous. The most dreaded of all principles was now at the front of the class, talking with Mrs. Stornaway, and he was pointing his finger, right at Clyde Butterworth. Oh, no, Clyde thought, that stupid Marlene Lonty, went and told the principle on me, and that Mr. MacFuckhead Fuckin MacFuckin is gonna strap me with his prized leather strap.

"Butterworth, the principle, wants you to escort him down to the office." Mrs. Stornaway sternly advised.

All the other kids in the class sat there fixated upon the scene going down. They all kept their mouths shut in silence. Not a concerned silence for Clyde

Butterworth, but rather, a skipping of their hearts silence, to save their own asses from Macfuckins wrath. They knew to giggle, chuckle, or even smirk, could mean that they were going to be on their way down to the office, and have their hands whipped too. When the other kids heard the clackety-clack of the principles shoes become more distant, and when they were sure that he was all the way down the hall, they all burst out laughing.

They knew that Clyde Butterworth was on his way to the gallows. They knew that since arriving two years previous, that Mr. Macgluckin got down to business fast. They were not sure what Butterworth did, but they knew he was going to get strapped on his hands good, They knew that Macgluckins' goal was to turn school childrens hands red, and cause blisters. They knew Butterworth was in for it, like a lamb to the slaughter.

"Mr Butterworth, please take a seat." Macgluckin said, in his deep voice of authority.

The office was immaculate. There were pictures of the Macgluckin family on the extra large oak desk, in the most expensive of frames. In all photographs Macgluckin was smiling. Butterworth compared the pictures he was looking at to the sombre face he was seeing now. He looks like such a great family man Butterworth thought, and yet, he's such a prick. This wasn't the first time Butterworth saw the fun loving pictures of the dreaded school principle. He'd seen them all before. In fact he looked straight at the one of Macgluckins white sparkling teeth, while he hugged his wife, the last time he got the heavy handed strap.

All he could think about now, was regret for writing Marlene Lonty that dumb love letter. Even still he thought, she didn't have to go tell the principle. Now he was going to get belted five times on each hand. He remembered the last time he recieved a lashing for fighting with Billy Turner, and that time it was only two lashings on each hand, but he knew that this time he was going to get five, he had been forewarned, the last time.

As Butterworth sat there thinking about Macgluckin slowly opening up the desks top drawer and pulling out the strap, the fear started to make his heart beat unbelievably fast. He hated the strap, and what monster ever invented those steel like mesh things weaved into the leather anyway? As Butterworth sat in the chair waiting for the worst, he could feel the cold sweat of being scared shitless, begining to climb down his brow.

"Mr Butterworth, the reason you are here, is because I recieved a phone call from one of your classmates mothers."

Butterworth was becoming more nervous by the second. Please just get this over with, he was thinking. Take that Damn leather weapon out, which looks like it has pieces of shrapnel in it, and fuckin' well swing it at my hands. The tension was starting to mount. He was almost ready to tell Macgluckin to hurry up and get it over with, but he knew, that the punishment could get worse if he blabber mouthed to Macgluckin. Then again, if his hands were in bandages, he would have a good excuse not to write anything down that the teacher said, or what he was supposed to copy from the blackboard in class.

While he sat there he thought about pulling a hair from his head, and secretly putting it in the palm of his hand. It was something all the other

kids who got the strap talked about. Then he could get his mother to sue the school, when the strap split his hand open. He thought about it, but he knew that it was all a bunch of talk, nobody he ever knew did it, and actually got away with it.

"Clyde, I have to tell you something. You have always given the teachers, and myself a hard time. You are one of the worst kids I have ever had to deal with."

Butterworth, was ready to open up the desk, right there and then himself, and pull out the strap. He couldn't take the agony of sitting there for another second, and putting up with this Chinese style water torture. That's exactly how he saw it. this bastard is going to make me sit here and squirm, and make my skin crawl, until I beg to be whipped with that leather strap, he thought.

"But you are not here today for any of that Butterworth."

Butterworth, was puzzled. Well I'm certainly not here to be told that I'm going on the honor roll, he thought, and they're not going to have me skip a grade up. What the heck am I sitting here for then? Maybe he doesn't see the love letter to Marlene Lonty, as a big deal. But I... oh no.. I made a reference to taking candies, and a porno mag, etc... at the China mans' store.

Maybe he's gonna' call the cops on me. Since the theft at the store isn't a school incident. He probably doesn't give two hoots about the love letter. He'll probably not see it as a stalking incident. I wasn't stalking her anyway, he knows this is just a childhood crush. Then again, Macgluckin always had his molesting eyes on Marlene, himself.

He remembered when the school went on a swimming excursion, and Macgluckin put his towel beside Marlenes', and seemed to be inspecting her every move, in and out of the water. Maybe that's what this was all about. Maybe Macguckin was going to tell him to stop bothering Marlene, so he could have her for himself, or maybe Macgluckin, and Marlenes' mother are having an affair.

Butterworths' mind fermented with swelling provocations. He delved into his own ready-made insights, and while he delved, he tried to determine the most likely option, that Mr. Macgluckin was ready to broadcast to him. The more Butterworth tried to thoroughly examine the particulars, the more his first, second, and third layer of skin crawled. He was slithering in his shoes. His legs were worthless. His body was frozen. As far as he was concerned, he was gradually reclining into a death trap.

He's probably got a loaded hand gun back there, with the piece that goes on the end of it, to muffle the noise of the bullet. He's probably gonna' make minced meat out of my brains, or maybe he's gonna' tie me up and abuse me. He's sure gawking at me, with those RAW HEAD REX eyes. This seems like something right out of an H.P Lovecraft book, I'm gonna be in tomorrows obituaries, he figured.

"I like you Butterworth, even though you can be a pain at times, but I must tell you, that you cannot say another word to anyone about, what is going to happen to you here in the office today."

As fast as the shattering paranoia of being killed by Macgluckin came, it went. He's telling me not to tell, so he's not gonna' kill me. This guys' in a position of authority, and just like a Mount Cashel priest, he's gonna' try to turn me into a homosexual. You never know with these guys, in positions of authority, he thought. He debated with his multifarious notions of the worst, until he had convinced himself that he was indeed hallucinating into a blundering mess of horrific sewage. I'm a big boy for my age, I'll bash his face in, if he trys anything out of the ordinary on me. If he tries some funny stuff on me, I'll grab this chair I'm sitting on, and turn him into an invalid. Further more Butterworth decided, that if that Macfuckin, Macgluckin, or whatever the hell his name is, tries to strap me, I'm gonna' spit in his face. Who needed school anyway Butterworth surmised.

Then again, Macgluckin was recently on trial for raping his next door neighbors wife. So he understands the urges I have towards Marlene. He got off on a technicality, but everyone knows the slimeball is a monster, posing as a principal. Ya, he knows I'm a man, just like him. he knows I want Marlene for my sex toy. Good ol' Macgluckin knows I'm just one of the boys. He knows I'm just like him. Maybe he's going to take out a bottle of CAPTAIN MORGANS RUM, and we'll both have a shot, and have a toast to the good life. Then again, he hasn't smirked once. He hasn't even come close to appearing like the jolly guy in the family photographs adorning his desk, and wall.

Hmm, that's it Buttterworth thought, he's just going to give me a little warning about it. Macgluckins' known for raping a woman, so this is just kids stuff to him. Oh, but, then again, he said her mother called. Hmm, or did he? He said someones mother called. What, the fuck is he saying anyway.

"Buttterworth, I don't know for the life of me how to-" Macgluckin stopped abruptly, then started again. "Your mother has been murdered."

Butterworths arms went limp. His body went uncomfortably numb. His mind turned colors, and then it finally settled on black. First his father, and now his mother. Both of them were dead. He slumped off of the chair, and as he did, he banged his head off part of the seat. He laid there for what seemed like an eternity. Mr. Macgluckin picked up the telephone, and pushed a directline button for the nurses office.

"Nurse Rosetta, please come down to my office immediately, with the emergency kit, and we may need some oxygen as well."

Mr. Macgluckin attended to Clyde Butterworth, to see if he could revive him through, mouth to mouth resesitation. As he attended to Butterworth, two uniformed police entered the office.

"I broke the news to him, like you told me too. I never got a chance to tell him that the police were going to question him, about his mothers' last days...because he just passed out."

Nurse Rosetta hurried to Butterworths' side. She felt his pulse, made an assesment of the situation at hand, and then administered oxygen. It took about a minute, before Butterworth started breathing again. If they only knew that Butterworth was going to grow up to be a human mutilating

machine, that enjoyed butchering women to death, they might have let him die right there. It's usually not knowledge that people are privy to, until it is too late.

Clyde Butterworths' other brothers and sisters were in shock. All had been taken out of their Classrooms, and brought to the principles office. The police questioned them all for hours, to see if they could find out who, or why, the murder had taken place. His two other brothers living in Toronto scrounged up money to take WEST JET AIRLINES as far as the Halifax airport.

They had a terrible experience on AIR TRANSAT on their first ever trip up to Toronto, and vowed never to be treated like worthless english people ever again, as many of the AIR TRANSAT employees, they had found very rude, and unhelpful.. A few friends had told them of similar experiences with AIR TRANSAT, and one guy even started a web site for people to vent their issues. They had an enjoyable trip on WEST JET AIRLINES, it seemed like the french speaking employees on WEST JET AIRLINES treated them properly, and like normal human beings, (far from the rude way they were treated on AIR TRANSAT), even though the Butterworth brothers couldn't say much more than "merci boucoup."

It was similar to the Quebec city, Montreal mentality theory. Whereas, Montreal always came off as a friendly city, as compared to Quebec city. The french people in Montreal were very helpful towards the english, even if some people could not speak a word of english. Many english people were quite surprised to learn that in Montreal, a totally french speaking person would go out of his or her way to help an english person with directions, etc... Yet, in the beautiful city of Quebec, which made droves of cash off of tourists, a french speaking person wouldn't even give an english person the time of day, and would even walk past someone who was asking for directions, with their noses sky high in the air. A very difficult concept to believe unless you were ever one of the people who visited both Montreal, and Quebec city, and spoke only one specific language, and that being english. At least in Levis, and other parts of the province of Quebec, a majority of people at least tried to help out an english speaking person, whether they knew a word of english or not. Why does a beautiful city such as Quebec city, which makes its bread, and butter from tourists, treat them like 5th class individuals? One may never know, however, it's about time that the Quebec city council, ask their citizens to be kinder and more gentle with the very tourists who spend their hard earned cash in their city businesses.

They never made it to their fathers' funeral, and burial, because they claimed that money was so tight, that it was impossible, and for some strange reason, the mass card they sent, never ever seemed to make it back home either. They blamed it on CANADA POST, which would not be too far removed, as CANADA POST and alot of their very dumb employees, (who were usually hired by who they knew, and not for their qualifications anyway), were famous for losing mail, and other stupid mistakes, but the family had a good idea, that the brothers were only too overjoyed to see their abusive father six feet under the ground.

Nothing but nothing, was going to stop them from being at their mothers wake, funeral, and final closing of the casket. After they made it to Halifax, they were greeted by a friend of the family who had driven almost five hours to pick them up, and take them back to Sydney. The entire family loved their mother with all their hearts. The whole family, as well as the

community at large had similar feelings, and unlike their fathers' meek showing of support at his death, Mrs. Butterworth, had the church overloaded with mourners in tears.

Clyde never did get any flack, about the love letter to Marlene Lonty. Marlene did tell the principal, however the bloodshed Clydes' mother endured, overshadowed the love letter. Marlene, and Brent Jordan became an item at school, and although Marlene said her odd hello to Clyde in the hallways, and sometimes on the streets of Sydney, when they happened to bump into each other, it always knotted his insides to think that his act of kindness never nabbed her. She never had the sex appeal of Tanya, who he was with right now, but he felt that he had learned his lesson with women. First with Marlene, then with other women, as the years progressed. While he and Tanya stood in the bathroom, he made sure not to let any emotions overflow into the conversation.

"Tanya, I have been through alot in my life, and it is hard for me to give my heart to someone that fast."

Tanyas' lips met Clydes, and then departed so she could add some of her thoughts. "Look at Tommy Lee, and Pamela Anderson... I mean they fell in love in Mexico during their first night of sex."

Clyde countered with the first thing that came to him. "Tommy Lee, and Pam Anderson... what a joke Tanya. Besides you look better than that tit inflated fake barbie looking doll. I mean, geez... Did you ever see her, when she first posed for PLAYBOY, and now? she was actually beautiful then. What a farce she has become."

Clyde, it has nothin' ta' do with who looks like who, and who doesn't look like who. I'm talkin' 'bout the eight days we spent together. I mean, Pam, and Tommy only spent a night together, and they were in love. So why can't we be in love after eight days?

"Listen Tanya, we better get headin' out to the airport."

Tanya knew that the conversation she was doggedly pursuing was going nowhere, so she gave up on it. They both dried their bodies off, and then went into Tanyas' bedroom to put on clean clothes. Tanya put on a totally new wardrobe. Clyde settled for a pair of her mothers' boyfriends underwear, and a BLACK SABBATH t shirt (from the BORN AGAIN TOUR, with Ian Gillian, as the front man) , that was also in the same drawyer, as the underwear. Clyde kept his own jeans on.

"Don't worry about it Clyde. Moms' boyfriends' pretty cool, he'll understand, that you just couldn't make it back to your house in time."

"Tanya, the guy doesn't even know me, and I don't know him. Then he's going to see me wearing his prized BLACK SABBATH T shirt from the BORN AGAIN TOUR. I'm not so sure about this."

"Well, ya' can't go around wearing dirty underwear, and I smelled your shirt. Your shirt reaks like shit, and besides who cares" Tanya purred.



Clyde reluctantly wore the clothes, but his nerves twitched, as he thought about facing her mom, and the boyfriend at the airport, wearing his BLACK SABBATH T shirt.

“Do me a favour Tanya, just don’t tell him I’m wearing his FRUIT OF THE LOOMS.”

“Ha, ha, ha...I didn’t plan on it. He won’t even notice a thing.”

Clyde, and Tanya left the house, and sped off in her mothers’ Corvette. The ride to the Sydney airport took about fifteen minutes from New Waterford. Tanya parked the car in the lot, and they both walked through the sliding doors of the airport, and immediately hurried towards the sign that said ARRIVALS. Just as they got to arrivals, they noticed some tanned Cape Breton Island Tourists starting to walk down the makeshift airline stairs. Tanya, asked a few people if this was flight 667 from Cancun, and everyone she asked had told her that it was. As people entered the airport terminal, there were hugs, and smiles from family members. Some people were even taking pictures of their loved ones. Tanya, and Clyde waited, and waited, and still there was no sign of her mom, and her moms’ future husband.

“When they went to Cuba last year, they were the last ones off the plane.” Tanya said, as she eagerly awaited their arrival.

The last passengers off the plane hit the tarmac, and then what seemed to be the piolet co-piolet, and stewardesses descended down the stairs.

“What’s going on. Where the hell is my mother.” Tanya said with a heavy breath.

“And I don’t see Mack either.”

Clyde tried to calm her down. “Tanya, maybe they missed their flight, or decided to stay another week.”

“No.” Tanya replied, more hysterically. “They would have called, and they didn’t call. Somethings wrong Clyde. I can feel it. Somethin’ is very wrong.

## CHAPTER TEN

Kempton had seen some pretty fabulous estates in his life. But he had never seen a mansion surrounding an estate. He was starting to think that Bramble must have been a big fan of **DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS**, why else would a guy of his stature have a mansion? Maybe Bramble secretly thought he was living in the days of King Henry the eighth. He hoped that Bramble had been telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, back at the bar. He certainly did not want anyone getting in the way of his great plan. But surely, a guy like Bramble had to have servants of some sort, Kempton thought, as he opened his eyes as wide as they could possibly go, to take in what he could.

There were tall lamp posts with lights, and security cameras, scanning the place out. They must have been automatic, because they were moving slowly. No security guards, Kempton thought. A guy who lived this type of grand lifestyle, surely should have someone around. Kempton scanned, and scanned the place out, as best he could while he drove towards what appeared to be the front doors of Brambles' estate. Maybe he's telling the truth. These rich guys were eccentrics, and some of them did not like people around them, under any circumstances.

"Kempton my dear friend, I forgot to lock the gate. Would you mind running back, and tightening up the locks, while me, and your sister, get further acquainted. Drop us off here at the door, and take the Lincoln back, and just lock the gate. We shall meet you just inside the doors." Bramble murmured.

Kempton dropped his two passengers off, and drove back towards the gate. He knew damn well he wasn't going to lock anything up. He wasn't going to do anything that could deter a quick getaway. However, it didn't hurt to make it look like he was doing something of significance for his intended victim.

Kempton drove up to the gate, which was about 100 yards from the front door of the house. He closed the gate over, and snugly put the locks in place, to make it appear as if he had actually secured the three rather large locks on the gate. There was an outside chance that Bramble could monitor the proceedings on the security cameras, so he made sure to do a great job of making everything seem perfectly bolted.

He made his way back to the arched driveway, and parked as close to the front door as possible. The elaborately designed door was slightly open. Kempton made his way through the door, and shut it as soon as he stepped both feet inside the castle like mansion. The hookers breasts were exposed to Brambles' cunning mouth and hands. Kempton watched the proceedings for a moment before he announced his presence.

"Mr. Bramble Moringham sir, I have secured the gate for you my friend." Kempton blurted.

Moringham glanced up fast enough to acknowledge Kempton, but then began sucking on the hookers breasts once again. He moved his mouth back, and forth, like a child trying to lick, and eat two ice cream cones at the same time.

"I would prefer not to interrupt the proceedings sir, but that is my sister

that you have your hands all over, and I would rather not be in view of these proceedings." Kempt diplomatically attested.

Bramble apologized for his behaviour, and then calmly stopped his sucking, and touching of the hooker.

"Shall we have a few drinks my friends" He cried out in his strange Howard Hughes like accent.

Kempt decided that this was a fabulous idea. He did not want to have sex with this luscious woman, right after a senior citizen had his way with her. It appalled him to no end, to think about doing her after Bramble had his old pecker in her. So more than anything he was relieved that Bramble had suggested drinks right away, instead of suggesting drinks, after he had shared sheets in the master bedroom, with his so called sister.

"Follow me, if you will, and we shall open up some of my more expensive wine, and liquor."

Kempt along with the hooker trailed Bramble, through the kitchen. The interior of the house spoke volumes. It was filled with art of the weirdest sort. There were abstract paintings on the walls of the kitchen, and pieces of art that looked like they were from ancient Egypt, as well as art that seemed like it was straight out of a temple in Mongolia. What surprised Kempt the most, was the large iron bars criss crossing all the windows in the kitchen.

Both of Brambles guests were astonished to view such a display obstructing the mirror like windows. One of the windows closest to the fire place, had to be about forty feet high, and sixty feet across. It not only was adorned by grotesque jailhouse bars, it had barbed wire tangled throughout the bars. It was also the first time the two guests had ever witnessed a fireplace, in a kitchen.

Bramble in his drunken swagger was about nine feet ahead of them, and they both commented in astonished whispers, as they walked towards a set of stairs to meet up with Bramble.

"I will bring you down into my den." Bramble slurred, as he began guiding them down the stairs.

"My 7th wife used to call it the foxes den. I like referring to it as just the den."

While Bramble acted as their tour guide, on their descent down the stairs, an eerie sensation overcame the hooker.

"Listen, this Bramble guy has me kind of frightened."

Kempt returned her sentence, in a very hushed tone. "Don't worry about it. all these millionaires are eccentrics."

"What the fuck is an eccentric?"

Kempt curled his top left lip, and gave her that to look at for a second,

before he spoke again. "It just means he's a little wierd in his ways. Kinda' like... you know when they got all that money, They act in peculiar manners, and sometimes, they live within' their own insanity."

"I kinda' get what ya' mean. It's like they live in their own asylum."

"Precisely."

Bramble was well ahead of both of them, and they could only see his shadow from their obscured position on the stairs.

"Hurry up, and join me for a drink, before I change my mind, and throw you both out." He said in a sarcastic manner.

Kempt laughed loudly in order to play Brambles' game. However, inside he was thinking about just how he was going to murder the old guy. The hooker only thought they were their to rob him, and make a run for it. Kempt entertained various thoughts. He was still contemplating how to kill Bramble without getting the hooker all upset.

One idea that came to mind, was to take Bramble aside into one of the rooms, and make out like they had to have a private talk. Then strangle him while music was blaring louder than hell. The hooker, could then be told that Bramble passed out, and then he would have his way with her. After he murdered Bramble, he'd have sex with the prostitute, then just drop her off in a downtown Haverille garbage bin, where the city workers could take her dead bagged body to some kind of landfill site. He could then move on to the next town, or city.

What he really wanted to do was torture Bramble, and then kill him. If he did this, the hooker would be alarmed, and might take off and blab the whole thing to the cops. Then again, he could tell her of his plan, and they could both flee together to the wonderful state of New Hampshire, or some other great state in the union, and she could be the object of his desires. His grandfathers' voice was nagging at him, as he thought up various ideas. Then he quickly put all his sick thoughts on the backburner for a few moments.

Granpops' always said to do crimes on your own, that way there would be no witnesses to squeel on you. As he walked towards Bramble, who had now come out of the ghastly shadow, which was eerily emitting off the white wall in the basement, he continued to argue with his own inner thoughts. He wasn't sure how it was all going to go down, but he knew what was definitely going to take place. He always wanted to know what it was like to murder someone, and he wasn't going to let the perfect opportunity allude him now.

"This is quite the pad you have here Mr. Moringham." Kempt declared. Even though he thought it was the uncanniest of all sights he had ever scrutinized.

"It has taken me many years to design, and develop it to my own likeing, but it is my home, my refuge my settlement." Bramble confessed.

It was some refuge Kempt contemplated, as he probed the surroundings. There were very strange paintings on the walls. He tried to redirect his

thoughts back to his seedy strategy, but he found it impossible to engage in his paramount reason for being at Brambles' residence. The oil paintings were chronicling disturbing representations. The largest painting was the most bizarre, and prominent of the collection.

It had to be thirty feet high, and twenty feet wide. It was a depiction of a man hanging by rope. It appeared as if the man was gasping for air, as a crowd of people in tuxedos laughed around a rectangular table. The executioner had a black hood covering his face, but he could be seen by all, on the landing up above. There was no special curtain covering the proceedings. Right in front of the man was a guillotine, and a bucket. There was another man with a butcher knife cutting the rope.

As far as Kempt could tell, they were going to make sure the man was still alive, and then cut his head right off from the neck, where it would plop into the bucket. As Kempt focused in more, and more on the horrid painting, he could have sworn that the man cutting the rope was a spitting image, of a younger Bramble.

Kempt stood there in complete silence, as the anxiety within in him began to boil over. The horrific vision of the artist made him want to kill Bramble right away, without a long drawn out plan. He decided, that while Bramble poured his drink, that he was going to grab a liquor bottle, and break it over Brambles' head. Then he was going to use the remaining jagged edges of the bottle to cut the old mans' throat open.

Kempt wasn't sure what it was about the painting that made him want to kill Bramble now, rather than later, but the painting had pinched a nerve somewhere deep in his brain. He knew that he had to get the bloodshed over with. Hooker in view of the proceedings, or no hooker in view of the proceedings, he did not care anymore. Something about the painting had just sped up the momentum. He was going to murder Bramble now.

"I have a drink ready over here for you young man." Bramble spoke in an even tone, as if he was beginning to lose even more of his drunken stupor.

Kempt turned around, and as he did, he saw another painting he hadn't noticed before. This painting appeared as if it was painted using human blood. It looked like dry blood. Shit it was dried blood, and it wasn't a painting. It was a real life skeleton of a human hand. Nobody could be anymore driven over the edge, than Kempt was, at that exact moment. Kempt could hear a loud siren going off in his brain. The time had finally arrived to slay his first human. His entire body temperature seemed to double, as the temper of a man on the road to madness escalated. He moved closer, and closer to his intended victim.

He looked at the hooker. She's probably seen it all before, and much worse than this he surmised. The hooker had her glass of fine wine up to her lips, drinking the white bubbly. Kempt was ready to pounce now. He knew Bramble did not stand a chance against him. Just like Catholics were thrown to the lions, and eaten to pieces in front of a live audience, Bramble was going to die in front of an audience as well. It was only an audience of one, but in Kempt's demented mind, the maddening crowds were cheering him on. There was no turning back.

"You're gonna' fuckin die right now old man."

The hooker screamed, as Kempt lunged forward to grab a bottle off of the

bar counter. He clutched the bottle with all of his twisted passion, and now he had the glass bottle above Brambles' head. Bramble kicked Kempt with one of his feet, and pushed Kempt away from him. Kempt was actually quite surprised by the old guys strength, as he himself half cart wheeled across the marble floor.

"You are a stupid man." Bramble said, as he pulled a 38 calibre gun out, from the inside pocket of his suit. "And you must think I'm a stupid man."

"Bramble I was just playing around. Just seeing how well you could protect yourself if you had to think fast...and I must say you are pretty good."

"Enough of that fuckin' hogwash, you prick...and did you think I believed for a moment that this gutter trash was your sister? I grew up with her grand uncle, I know the entire family. Her mother had her tubes tied after she was born. You had your heart set on robbing me, and even possibly killing me, didn't you? Well I have something to tell both of you. I am not a raw egg, I am a well cooked egg. I have been around the world many times, and I have seen it all...You zeroed in on me when you saw me flashing around my wads of money. Ha, ha, ha. That was all part of the way I wanted everything to go down. You see my friends, my game is a simple one, it's a very simple game. all I have to do is flash a few bucks around, and like a worm dangling on a razor sharp curved hook waiting for any kind of fish to bite... someone always bites. Unfortunately for both of you... you are two very unlucky fish."

Kempt was in complete shock, and so was the hooker. It was like a boxing bout. Your opponent could be pounding your face and body in for twelve rounds, and then "BAM" the tables were turned. All it took was one punch to change the circumstances, and right now that punch was represented by the crafty piece of steel Bramble was now holding in his hand.

"Lady in red, could you kindly do Bramble a favour, and tie him up for me. You'll find lots of rope behind the bar."

Kempt knew that he had to talk, and talk fast. "Listen Bramble, you have everything wrong, we were not going to rob, or kill you, why don't you just put down the gun, and we'll all talk civilized, and have a few drinks, like normal human beings."

Bramble found Kempts lines highly amusing. "whether you were here to try to rob me, kill me or both, doesn't make a difference. I have video tapes to make for my clients, and I cannot let them down."

Kempts' bowells made a movement, and a bit of moisturized manure slipped between his legs, and soiled his underwear. He cannot let them down, he thought. video tapes. Let who down? Sickening visions passed through Kempts' mental processes, as the hooker began tying his wrists up.

"Tighter, than that now. Tie him up really good." Bramble commanded.

Bramble then licked his lips, and downed his drink, while keeping his eyes,

and gun aimed at Kempt.

**"Tie his legs up now."**

Kempt could feel an eerie sense of discomfort creeping inside the hub of all of his toes. It electrified him. From between his toes, all the way up to the top of his head. He was sure if he could see his hair in the mirror, that it would be sticking out like a porcupine. It felt that way to him anyway.

The rope was spun around his ankles, and knotted.

**"Now double up the rope. Make sure you tie him up really good, or I'll blow your fuckin' brains out, right here and now street whore."** Bramble cautioned, in one of the meanest, and most demented voices, that she had ever heard.

In her few years as a prostitute she had heard mean voices, and had been with a slew of perverted clients, and men who beat her up, and never paid her, but somehow she knew that this was going to be different than any other encounter, that she had ever experienced.

She was doubling up on Kempts wrists, and breathing quite heavily, as she tied the 1/2 inch marine rope tighter, and tighter.

**"You're cutting off my circulation."** Kempt rambled in writhing pain.

**"Oh, oh! My my... The rope is cutting off your circulation. Poor little boy, ha, ha, poor, poor little boy. Not to worry, in about five minutes from now you'll be untied, and your blood will freely flow."** Bramble chuckled, as he took in another drink.

Kempt wasn't sure what Bramble had up his evil sleeve, but he knew it wasn't going to be very appealing. Videotapes? He thought about it again, and it made his skin crawl, from his scrotum, to the back of his ass. Was Bramble going to drug him up, and take advantage of him, and videotape it, for him and his gay friends, and then cut him up into little itty pieces? His blood was freely going to flow? Fuck what mess did he get himself into here he thought. No he thought, Bramble did not appear to be a gay man. I mean, he had his mouth, and hands all over the girl.

Maybe he was a bi-sexual. Maybe this, maybe that, Kempt wasn't sure what was going to happen next. Maybe it was all a dream, and he'd hear Bramble say, "smile you're on candid camera," and then he'd wake up. But no, he knew this was not some kind of dreamscape, this was true horrid reality, and he had gotten himself into a jam, and his blood was going to freely flow, and there was going to be some kind of video tape or tapes.

**"Why don't you just let my blood freely flow right now, right here Bramble. Let it flow all over this fuckin' marble floor."** Kempt blabbered out.

He was speaking this way to try and buy more time as well as to try and find out more information from Bramble. The last thing he wanted, was to die on some swirling colored marble floor under a painting of a man being hung by the neck, who was ready to be butchered within the frame.

Bramble poured another drink, while the hooker continued to tangle rope all over Kempts body.

**“When I said your blood would freely flow, I meant, after the ropes are taken off of you.”**

**Kempts mind was in overdrive. He’s going to bring me somewhere in this monster of a house, and lock me up, and starve me to death. I’ll never have a proper burial, and nobody will ever know what happened to me. It’ll be like I just dropped off the outer crust of the planet. But, he’s going to make videotapes, someone somewhere is going to see me die. This madman is going to be selling my forced confinement to God knows who. But he must be making some big bucks off this shit.**

**“And here I am Bramble, ready to help you make some big money on a videotape.”**

**“Yes, yes, you are very brilliant my dear friend.”**

**“So are you gonna’ make me do some sick sex acts, is that it Bramble. Is that what your clients want?”**

**Bramble did not answer Kempts’ question. He just poured another drink, and swigged it down.**

**“Now I want you to drag him over this way,” he said to the hooker, while waving the gun to the right.**

**She grabbed Kempts’ shirt at the shoulders, and started to forcefully drag him in the direction that Bramble had stated.**

**“No, no, no...BY THE FUCKIN’ HAIR... drag him... by the hair my love.”**

**She did as Bramble wanted, and as soon as she did, the screaming began. Pieces of Kempts hair were being pulled right out of his scalp. She could feel hair coming off in her hands, while Kempt screamed to the top of his lungs in excruciating pain.**

**She continued dragging him never the less...**

**Tiny areas of Kempts’ scalp were starting to lose skin, and hair, and more than a few times, she had to reestablish her grip in another areas of his head. All the while, trickles of scalp blood messed up the floor.**

**“Right there, that is good.”**

**The areas of the marble floor where Kempts’ blood had smeared the floor, had to be cleaned. Bramble certainly did not like his den in this condition.**

**“My dear, I must commend you on your job. Now will you please clean up the floor for Bramble?”**

**She was doing everything Bramble asked. There was a slim possibility that she might cheat death, if she listened, and did everything he asked.**

**“Is there a bucket, and mop around, or some old rags.” She inquired.**



**"Oh yes, there is a bucket and mop in the closet, directly right behind you, and you can also get some hot water from the hose behind the bar."**

**She opened the closet door directly behind her, and wheeled out a janitor style bucket with a mop atop of it."**

**"No, no, no...put that back. I want you to lick the bloody mess up with your tongue."**

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

**"I don't give a flying fuck how you and your men do it Marciano. My resort is losing millions of dollars a month. Just don't take no prisoners. Kill every fuckin' one of em, like I told you before."**

Jimmy Risaliesdreeau slammed the telephone down, and busted it in the process. He could not recall when he had been so furiously outraged before. Sure he had a teeming temper, ever since he could remember, and it always tended to get the better of him at various times, but it had been four score and ten, since he had his last nervous breakdown.

**"Mr. Risaliesdreeau, it's front page news again."** The publicity director of the hotel said in a depressing tone, as he walked into the owners office.

He placed the latest issue of U.S.A. TODAY, on his bosses table. He then threw the latest issue of the GLOBE AND MAIL from Canada on the desk. He had talked a Canadian tourist into giving him the GLOBE AND MAIL, and had also tried to get a copy of the EDMONTON SUN from the tourist, however, the tourist said he would not give up his copy of the best newspaper in Canada, but that he could have his only copy of the dreaded GLOBE AND MAIL.

**"The mother fuckin' press; I fuckin' hate them. Hate them, hate them, hate the cocksuckers."**

**"4 MORE TOURISTS GO MISSING IN MEXICO: FEARED DEAD"**

The front page of the GLOBE AND MAIL'S' headline read. U.S.A. TODAY had a different headline, but it all amounted to the same thing, Risaliesdreeau was going to be bankrupt if the situation continued.

**"Fuck, I don't know how much more of this I can take Pedro, and just look at this piece of shit headline in U.S.A TODAY."**

**"BODY COUNT GOES UP TO 448 DISAPPEARED FROM THE RISALIESDREEAU HOTEL & CASINO RESORT IN PARADISE MEXICO"**

**"Pedro, I don't know if I should cry, vomit, kill somebody, or kill myself; I am at a total loss for words."** Risaliesdreeau grappled.

He then put both of his tired hands up to each side of his head, in a display of total disgust.

Jimmy Risaliesdreeau had come a far way from his meagre upbringing in Athens, Greece. He accumulated his fortune through hard work, determination, and a burning desire to make sure his children would never have to go through the hardships that he faced dead on, while growing up poor.

He was never able to have children, although he tried, and tried for many years without success. Doctor after Doctor told him that he was sterile, but that with the new discoveries in science, that someday it might be possible,

for him to have children. He had learned the hard way that he could not father children. He had heard through the talking grapevine, that his first wife who had left him, was bearing babies quite easily, and this is when he decided to get tested.

For many years, Risaliesdreeau blamed his wife, for her inability to be the mother of his offspring. One day, while in a rage over the issue, he had blackened both her eyes, and split open her forehead, it was the worst of all the beatings he had ever given her, and it was the final straw for his abused wife. She separated from him, and later obtained a divorce, and Risaliesdreeau was ordered to give her half his fortune. He later learned that her stomach had bloated out five different times, from five different men, and that all the babies were born healthy.

His first wife, along with one of her many boyfriends, and the five young kids, were burned to death in a tragic fire that still is written down in various police records as a possible homicide, and the source, and possible cause of the fiery blaze remains in question to this day.

He had two twin sisters, and all three siblings were raised by their father, after his mother broke her neck in a fatal bus crash. His father was dying of throat cancer, but still managed to make a few dollars wiping down windows for small businesses in their Athens neighborhood. His father only made enough to make ends meet, and much of the time, he and his sisters had to beg for money in the streets, just so they wouldn't be thrown out by the landlord. They lived in a cockroach infested bachelor apartment, and it wasn't out of the ordinary for the Risaliesdreeau family to set traps every now and then to rid their apartment of the large rats, that managed to squeak their way into the place either.

After Jimmys' father was hospitalized with throat cancer, Jimmy started his own business shining shoes, in the business district of Athens. His two twin sisters also decided that there were far better ways of making a buck, then holding a hat out on the street, and begging for money. Shortly after they turned sixteen, they were propositioned by a kind gentleman, who wanted to have sex for money, with both of them. So they turned to the oldest profession in the book, to make a living.

Things were looking up for the three kids from Athens. They were making it by without the help of their dying father, and the Doctors told them that pops just might be able to live if he could make it through a new experimental cancer operation. The operation was performed, and the three kids crossed their fingers, and hoped dad's throat cancer would go into remission. Unfortunately, their pale faced father died a very slow death. It took six months for him to finally gasp for his last breath, but it was better for him to die, then to endure more suffering.

Jimmys' twin sisters, who were a year older than him, were found raped and severely mutilated. This happened about a year after their father met his own destiny with a visit from death. Jimmy could not take it anymore. He paid a family friend to sneak him aboard a ship that was heading for New York City.

Upon reaching New York, he sought out his father's brother Manos. Jimmys' father, and Manos had not spoken to each other in two decades. Their relationship was torn apart after Manos had caught his only brother, whom he loved with all his heart, banging the ass off of his fiancée. However, Manos found it somewhere in his battered heart, to take in his dead brother's only son, and give him a chance at life in New York. Manos took to Jimmy, just like mustard, ketchup, relish, onions, special sauce, and

tomatoes took to a MACDONALDS BIG MAC. Jimmy was treated like he was one of the Manos family. Manos gave his heart, and soul to Jimmy, like he was a son. Jimmy showed him everything, which included him raising Jimmy in the mean streets of New York City.

Jimmy became a courier for his uncle Manos. He delivered packages, and large parcels all over New York. He never knew in the beginning what was in the elaborate packages, but as time went on he learned that his uncle Manos was a king pin in the drug trade. Soon Jimmy was the right hand man to his uncle, and when his uncle was sent to prison for fraud, tax evasion, and murder, Jimmy took over the business. Jimmy became a multi millionaire overnight.

The minute his uncle was sentenced to forty years, with no chance of parole for thirty years, Jimmy became the big boss. Jimmy hoarded all the money he could for seven years, and decided that it was becoming too risky, to continue smuggling in private plane loads of drugs. He took keen interest in noticing that others in the same business were being caught on a daily basis. So Jimmy went to the prison to visit Manos. He told his uncle that he wanted to buy a resort in Mexico, and that he would continue, to keep his promise to provide 50% of the money in a private Swiss account, for his uncle, and his uncles family.

Jimmy bought the terribly run resort, and turned it into a multi-million dollar enterprise. He did this by first by upgrading the resort, and paying off the Mexican government big dollars, to build the largest casino in the world. He named the resort after the family name, and the news spread throughout the gambling world like wild fire. Every newspaper, television program, and radio station in the world, reported the story. He was larger than life.

He then added a family atmosphere to the resort, as well as building the longest, and scariest roller coaster in the world. He hardly had to advertise, because everything he was building was causing the worldwide media to go into a frenzy. He warmed up to the press, and they warmed up to him, and he reaped in millions, upon millions every month. He made his fortune, and lived the high life.

The Mexican government even let him rename the town where all the tourists were flocking to, as they were reaping in millions in "tax" money, and tourist dollars from Jimmy. He decided to call it Paradise.

His casino, resort, and rollercoaster funland, was all located in the town of Paradise, where tourists from all over the world came to enjoy great times, great fun, and exotic desires. All was well for almost ten years, but then the tourists started disappearing. Since his resort was the only tourist destination in Paradise, (in another agreement he negotiated with the Mexican government) all the disappearing tourists (believed to be dead) had been staying at his resort, and now his resort was being blackballed by the media, and travel agencies. Now people worldwide, were staying away in large droves. Business was down 97%, and Jimmy had been doing all he could just to keep the place afloat. He had also hired one of the best private investigators in the United states, to hunt down the source, of all the madness.

In yet another agreement with the Mexican government, Jimmy had given orders to murder whoever was behind this, or involved in it. This all came with the blessing of the Mexican government, as they did not want to continue to have their country smeared in the media all over the world, and continue losing big tourist, and "tax" dollars.

The deal was that Jimmy would hire who he wanted to run OPERATION

**PARADISE, and the Mexican government would send in their best troops, as the investigation unfolded, if need be.**

**As Jimmy sat there staring at the newspaper headlines, he thought about what Marciano had just told him in the conversation they just had over the telephone.**

**" It's a cult, some kind of a sect, I know it, and I have recieved some more information from a family that does not want to be identified with the case. They live just outside of Paradieses' town limits, in a village of no more than eighty people. I paid them some money, and they have identified exactly where the tourists have been taken beneath the ground. They told me the group steals anything of value from the tourists, such as gold, diamonds, clothes, and money, and then the elders come to the villiage, and exchange the valuables for food.**

**The youngest kid in the family, who is only eleven told me that he had overheard a few of them talking about worshipping Ishaia, or Ishaiam, or something like that. If it is a cult, which I believe it is, the tourists are probably brainwashed so badly, that they might resist any help, from the outside world, and from the observations of this family, the cult is heavily armed. I am going to begin studying the cult members that come to the villiage, and I'll come up with a plan soon. A plan that will ensure we save as many lives, as we can, and try the leader, or leaders in court."**

**Jimmy was pretty pissed off. He hired Marciano, to kill whoever was behind this. Marciano had already been paid \$300,000 dollars up front, and a guarantee of another \$700,000 if he carried out the orders to "TAKE NO PRISONERS," and now here he was on the telephone talking about saving brainwashed lives, and bringing the morons to justice.**

**Jimmy did not want this to become a dragged out process of negotiation, while C.N.N. captured all the drama, and pumped it out to the world wide press, while bleeding heart protest groups, denounced any extreme measures that might have to be taken. He wanted everybody dead down in that hole in the ground, or wherever the hell they were, and as soon as possible. Every day that the culprits remained at large, was another five million dollars he lost, after expenses, and if the world wide media got their hands on this story, Marciano, and the Mexican Army would have to be "HUMANE" about everything.**

**By the time negotiations were finally over, it could take six months, to a year, or who knows how long. Jimmy had no time to mess around with bankruptcy court. He wanted everything back on track right away.**

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Two days had passed since Tanya, and Clyde had heard the news. Her mother, Melissa Malone and her mothers' boyfriend, Mack Stewert, were missing. Melissa, and Mack had rented a car in Cancun, Mexico, and had told other tourists, as well as hotel staff at their hotel in Cancun, that they were going to the resort town of Paradise. They had been warned by many people not to go there, and they also knew about the coverage that the town was receiving via worldwide media.

Upon Macks' insistence, they had ventured to Jimmys' world famous resort. They checked in, and were expected to be back in Cancun in three days. However, they never checked out. They just totally vanished from the face of the earth. Their rented car was still in the resorts parking lot, and they, along with two other tourists, that they were hanging out with, were also missing.

Tanya was livid with the Canadian Embassy in Ottawa, as an official had told her that there was nothing that they could do about the situation, except to wait it out, and what infuriated her the most, was that she had to call the Canadian Embassy in Mexico, in order to find out what had happened. She could not believe that these officials, and people who work for the Embassy in Ottawa did not get in contact with her first. Tanya wanted the Canadian Embassy to investigate the matter, but they said that their hands were tied, and that there was nothing that they could do. A far cry from the Canadian Embassy that she had always heard about growing up in Canada. The government arm that always came through, etc...

"Clyde there are over 400 people missing, in the last two years in Paradise, Mexico. Why the hell would mom and Mack even chance something like that? Why? I just don't understand it."

Clyde was getting tired of hearing Tanya ranting, and raving about her mother, Mack, the terrible Canadian Embassy, and the Mexican Authorities inability to solve the mystery. As far as Clyde was concerned, they were dead, and gone, and he hadn't had sex with Tanya in two days.

"Tanya, please just forget all about it for awhile. Come on let's just hold each other, and kiss each other, and-"

"And what Clyde," Tanya yelled out loudly.

"And Fuck. Is that all you want me for. You don't seem to Give a fuckin' damn about anything else. My mother is most likely dead, along with Mack, and all you can do is tell me to forget about it?"

"Tanya, these things happen. I watched my father blow his own brains out. My mother was raped and murdered, and they still haven't found out who did it."

Clyde continued to reveal more about his life that Tanya was probably better off not knowing...

**"I've been in and out of foster homes and mental institutions all my life, because these things happened to my parents while I was young. You're lucky Tanya, you are old enough to deal with this sensibly, and let life go on. None of the missing tourists have ever been found, I'm telling you, your mom and Mack will never be seen again. Mexico is a dangerous country, and murder is as common as hanging your clothes out to dry."**

**"Are you totally warped in the head Clyde or what? I'm here walking around in circles, wondering what has happened, and hoping they are still alive, and you're here talking like a total moron."**

**Tanya was becoming more, and more livid as she continued yelling at Clyde.**

**"You are making everything a whole lot worse. Why don't you just get the hell out of here, and don't ever come back?"**

**Clyde was not in any mood to leave. "Tanya, I want to be here with you. I want to support you, and be with you, in your time of need."**

**"You have already said enough. It's over Clyde. I want you to get the heck out of the house now!"**

**Clyde reached out and grabbed Tanya's hand. "Tanya, stop talkin' like that."**

**He pulled Tanya towards him, and forcefully pulled her onto the couch, and began trying to kiss her. Tanya was even more repulsed by his behaviour, and struggled to free herself from his grip.**

**"Let me go, you fuckin' creep." She screamed.**

**Clyde pulled her shirt up, slid his hand under the right hand cup of her bra, and began feeling her breast. "Can't you see I want you Tanya?"**

**"Let me go."**

**Tanya was scared now. With the way Clyde had been talking about mental institutions, and about his mother, and fathers' deaths, she was becoming more terrified by the second. His eyes seemed to be possessed, and he was holding her down with brute force. She decided to surrender to him. She stopped struggling to get away, and began letting him do as he pleased.**

**"Clyde I'm sorry, it's just been a rough two days." She wasn't sorry at all, but she knew she had to submit to his desires or face much worse.**

**"you're not acting like you really want it Tanya. The days, and days of sex we had together, compared to the way you're acting now is totally different." Clyde retorted.**

**Clyde lifted his right hand in the air, and made a tight fist. Just like a slam dunk at a basketball game, he brought his fist down hard, and pounded her in the face, breaking facial bones in the process. Then he did it again, but**

with his other fist. He then put both hands around her neck.

**"Clyde." She said, gasping for air. "If you don't stop you're going to kill me."**

**There was no turning back for Clyde. He wanted to kill her. He kept strangling her with both hands, applying as much pressure as he could, to cut off her oxygen supply.**

**"Tanya, we live in a violent, violent fuckin' twisted world, and for some reason, which I don't understand, I have to murder you."**

**Her body was weak, but she still managed to get a few last words out, before her final breath.**

**"I don't want to die." Her voice was barely a whisper, as she tried to complete her last sentence.**

**"No Clyde, no..." she was now unconscious, and could not utter another word.**

**Clyde thought she was dead, so he stopped strangling her. He opened his hands, and stopped. He then realized that someone could have seen what he had been doing, through the large living room window. He immediately sprang off the couch, like a slinky toy, and darted over to the window, and shut the curtains. He took a look at Tanya, and saw that her chest still seemed to be moving. Upon closer inspection, he could see that she was still breathing. He glanced over at the telephone, and thought about calling 911. Maybe her life could still be spared. He was in deep thought, but he was also in some kind of psychotic trance.**

**He trotted down the hall, taking another fast glance at the telephone, and he seriously considered calling an ambulance to save her life. But there was a stronger urge within in him. An urge that he tried to get out of his system, but an insane urge that could not be put to rest. He could not understand why he was doing what he was doing. Was it all the murder magazines, along with the violence, and death he had witnessed in the media, and feature films. Was it the fact that his own parents died violently? He wasn't sure, but he did know one thing, he had to finish the job.**

**After visiting the drawyer, by the stove in the kitchen, and opening the drawyer, he made his way back into the living room, and gouged Tanyas' throat apart with a butcher knife. It was a big knife, with an eight inch handle, and a fourteen inch brooding blade. Now she was dead. There was no breathing, no pulse, and her face was as pale as pale could be. Clyde Butterworth had just committed his first brutal murder.**



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Colby Marciano never expected to find himself in Mexico. He had received the call from a distraught Jimmy, who owned Paradise and he told Marciano that he needed the "best damn private detective in the United States to get him out of a jam."

Marciano had told Jimmy that without his help, his resort was going to go under. Marciano did not like the idea of travelling out of the country to take on a new assignment, and at first he balked at the offer Jimmy had made to him. At that time only 28 people had suddenly disappeared from in and around the resort over a ten month period, and the story, although it caught a little attention in the media, was not too big of a deal at that time.

Marciano had told Jimmy that he had commitments to his wife, and three kids, and that he did not want to take on an assignment out of the state of California. Jimmy then hired another detective, but the detective, after eight months on the job, was coming up with no leads. By this time the numbers had swelled to 386 missing tourists in Paradise. Jimmy out of desperation, called Marciano back, and begged him to sign on to the case. Marciano told him that he would think about it for a few days, and get back to him. Then the call came from Marciano, he told Jimmy that he would take the first plane out of Los Angeles, and be in Mexico, as soon as he could.

The deal was worth big dollars, but that was not the only factor that had changed Marciano's mind. Marciano who was well in tune, with the news, and had decided that he had to get involved. He knew that if anyone could stop the kidnappings, and get to the bottom of what was happening, it would be him. He was a Hero in Vietnam, and in the Persian Gulf war, and had built up one of the most successful Private investigation firms in the United States. He took on cases that other investigators turned down, including this assignment.

After being rejected the first time by Marciano, Jimmy had contacted over 300 private investigation firms, and all had turned him down, with the exception of one, and the P.I. that was sent from that one firm, was spending more time getting drunk, and bedding women, than he was on the case.

Marciano contacted the general in charge of the Mexican Army. He had told the general that he was going to need at least 100 heavily armed soldiers for the task at hand. Within one hour there were 300 Mexican troops stationed five minutes away, from the future war zone. Marciano did not want the action to begin, until he was 100% sure that the information he had received was true. As soon as he gave the word, forty helicopters would transport 300 Mexican troops into the tiny village of Elsolodereo.

Marciano, would then put on his U.S soldiers uniform, and the Mexican Army would provide Marciano with guns, and other weaponry, and he would lead the way. The eighty or so people of Elsolodereo did not know it yet, but their town was going to be more than just fodder, for the evening news.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Bramble watched as the hooker finished up the job of cleaning up Kempts' blood off of the floor. He then walked over to Kempt, and booted him in the mouth, knocking two of his teeth out in the process. Kempt could feel the pain shoot right through his head, it was worse than a migraine headache. With two teeth being booted out of his face, came a gush of blood.

"There is more for you to lick up over here lady"

Bramble pulled a gadget out of his pocket. It looked like a remote control for opening a garage door. He pushed in on a yellow button, and suddenly the wall, swung wide open. Behind the wall was a metal slide which was even with the marble floor. The slide was not much different than one would see at their neighborhood playground.

"Before you clean up the blood on the floor, drag him to the slide, and push him down it." Bramble ordered.

Bramble watched with the curiosity of a child at play, as Kempt was dragged, and pushed down the twenty foot slide. The eagerless hooker then began licking Kempts' blood up, off of the floor. Bramble watched her sexy exposed legs, as she performed her duty for him.

Kempt slid head first down the straight long slide. As he slid, his face took a beating on the slide. The top layer of the skin on his nose, and forehead scraped the surface of the slide, and the friction tore some of skin off. Once he hit bottom, a man who appeared half dead, began untying the ropes, that binded Kempt.

"What the fucks' going on here." Kempt said, as his eyes scanned a pile of dead bodies in a 12 by 12 foot space.

"I will tell you of our fate in a minute. Just let me get these ropes off of you." The man replied.

While the man untied Kempt, Kempt started counting the pile of nude corpses in his view. He counted five and underneath those five, there were more humans, but they were only bones now. The room reeked of death. The smell was sickening. Kempt turned the other way, and as he did, he saw even more dead corpses, and human bones.

He then looked high up at the ceiling, which seemed level with the top of the slide. There were four cameras in each of the corners. He then scanned the room some more, and saw a window that he figured was five by five feet. Outside the window, there was water. The water was lit up by what appeared to be highly powerful underwater lights.

As he focused in closer on the water outside the window, he saw something fairly large moving through the water. He wasn't sure what it might be, but he thought about his first impression of Brambles' estate, when he had originally saw a viscious mote surrounding the place. Maybe there really was crocodiles, sharks, pirannia, and who knows what else in the water...

The gaunt faced, half dead man spoke again. "He's a madman, we will end

up like all the rest. You will die here, just like I." He said, as he continued to unwind the rope off of Kempt.

"He's going to videotape us doing deplorable things to each other, that I'd rather not describe at this time."

The uncheerful man smelled like death. He had not washed in one hundred and fifty-two days since his incarceration. Kempt stayed silent, as the hermit like man continued his spiel.

"He sells his tapes of sex, torture, and mutilation to rich businessmen all over the world. He will make us do unspeakable acts with each other. He is sick in the head, yet this is the only life I now know. I have gotten used to it."

Kempt could hear faint sounds, coming from up above. As he listened with great intent, he realized that Bramble, was having sex with the hooker. If there was any chance of escape it would be now.

"Listen buddy, I think he's fuckin' a whore up there. Do you want to escape with me?"

The pale face of a man destined to die, replied in a deathly whisper. "If we try to escape, he will make it much worse on us."

"Listen, if you ever wanted to be free again, this is your chance, he is up there loaded drunk, screwing a street slut. We can climb back up this slide, and maybe be spared our lives."

"No! I prefer to just die here. I don't even have enough strength to make it quarter way up the slide."

The eyes of the man were dull, and Kempt could sense that this man, had no hope left in him.

"And if you make a run for it, and get caught, he will be much harsher on me. I will not let you try to escape without warning him. I have not eaten anything other than uncooked human flesh off of these dead bodies, for as long as I can remember. If you start up that slide I will yell to him. I need to have some cooked human flesh. When we worship him, we always get a great reward... ho,ho,he,heee I will tell him. I will tell him. He, hee, heee, he, heeeeee, ha, ha heeeeeeee ha, ha, ha. I will tell on you. Heeeeeeee, haaaaa, ah, ahhhh, heeeee, he, he, ha, ha...."

Kempt knew that the pale man wearing only a pair of old yellowing underwear, had already lost his marbles, from his confinement, and other depravities. Also, for the first time he could see defecation. It was all over his arm. He had slid right into it, at the bottom of the slide. He started to wipe it off onto the underbelly of the slide.

"I guess you're right. It is better to stay here. If he catches us, it will be a whole lot worse." Kempt said, knowing he was lying to the man who looked 100 years old, with long greying hair, and a beard to die for. Kempt

reasoned.

**“Precisely, and he will make us be as one, oh sex, it will be lots of fun. I haven’t had anyone for a long time. Then we can eat cooked human flesh, as a reward from him, him, him, our precious one that we worship.”**

The man Kempt was looking at, had obviously been brainwashed, by Bramble. Kempt did not consider the man to be human. He thought of him as more of a creature.

Kempt knew, he did not have much time. However he knew that he had some time. Bramble was an old man, and that on top of his liquor intake, would most likely stunt Brambles’ ejaculation with the hooker. As the thoughts of free flight danced in Kempts’ head, he observed the ancient looking being walking with crippled legs (obviously from his starvation, torture, dampness, and sickening circumstances) towards a dead body. Kempt could not tell if it was a dead man or woman, but it looked more like a dead child. The sight was uncanny, and Kempt felt as if he was in a bad nightmare. The skin, and bones of a man, was kneeling down, and eating directly from the body. He was eating what appeared to be the calf.

**“You my as well get used to it. Come on over, and have a piece.”**

Kempt could stomach alot of various sights, but this was beyond anything he had ever witnessed. While the disease ridden man ate human flesh. Kempt, who was now fully untied, leaped at him. Kempt grabbed the man by the throat with his right hand, and covered the mans’ mouth with his other hand, to muffle the cries. Kempt choked the man to death, and gently put him down, atop all the other dead humans. It did not take long. The man was extremely weak, and Kempt was actually very surprised... very, very surprised to kill his first human being in so quick a time.

For good measure, Kempt Climbed to the top of the pile of dead bodies, and with his foot, he stomped, and stomped upon the mans’ neck until he was satisfied that the windpipe of the man was good, and crushed.

Kempt then used all the strength in his arms to pull himself up the slide. We are talkin’ as much strength as he could possibly muster. He strived, and strived. He was a man on a mission. He not only wanted to escape, he wanted to murder Bramble with a vengeance. He had a great reason now, he thought. Before, it was just for the sake of theft, and the thrill of begining his murder spree. Now he had a real reason, just like the insane fucker that was going to tattle tale on him. He had a mission, and that mission was to see Brambles’ blood all over his blood thirsty knuckles.

After much struggle he made it to the top of the slide. He put his head over the top edge of the slide, so that he could try to locate Bramble. His eyes adjusted to the light, and as they adjusted he could see Bramble. He had the hooker in a doggie position, with the gun to her head. She was stripped of all her clothes, and Kempt knew it was time to make his move on Bramble.

Kempt pulled himself up all the way, and darted off of the slide like a daredevil. Bramble was about ten feet away. While kempt flew through the air, he was like Carl Williams in the long jump. He dove on top of Bramble, and the gun dribbled out of Brambles’ hands. Bramble, and Kempt struggled. Bramble somehow managed to manuver his way, with all he had, and pinned Kempt to the marble floor. Bramble was now on top of Kempt,

and he was mashing his fists into Kempts' face.

The hooker screamed nervously, as Bramble continued to bash Kempts' face in. Then she grabbed the gun, as it was beside her feet. She then aimed, and pulled the trigger. She hit Kempts' arm with the first bullet. Kempt continued to struggle for his life. She fired another shot, and hit Bramble in the lower back. Bramble then ceased his assault of Kempt. He flipped over in agonizing pain. Kempt was then helped to his feet by the nervous hooker.

Kempt, in as much pain as he was, booted Bramble in the teeth. He booted, and booted, as tooth after tooth fell out of Brambles' mouth. The blood was pouring out of Brambles' mouth, just like maple syrup.

"Get some rope." He said to the hooker. She looked at him trembling, as she was in pure shock, at the entire ordeal.

"I said, get some fuckin' rope."

The hooker gave Kempt the gun, and as she did she realized that she could be making a fatal error. She moved quickly behind the bar to get more rope. She looked, and could see no rope behind the bar.

"There is no more rope here." She said in a frantic rage.

"Look around." Kempt told her, with a wry look on his lips. "No, I have a better idea. Go over to the slide, and fetch some rope."

The hooker walked over to the slide. "What do you mean, there's no rope here?"

"Slide down there now, and get the rope he had me tied up with, or I swear to God, I'll blow your fuckin brains out, right here, and now."

She could smell the aroma of death, as she approached the slide. "Please no. Please no."

"Slide down there, and climb back up. Everything will be o.k"

She put one foot up on the slide. She felt like a child again, as she positioned herself on the slide. She knew that this was no child's game, like when she was a kid. This was no laughing matter. She had to do as she was told, or face the extreme consequences.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Tears filled Mack Stewart's eyes, as he put down the sacred document of Isham. Through teary green eyes he could see his girlfriend Melissa in the distance. There were two men in shaggy brown robes standing beside her. One man poured some kind of thick liquid across her face, while the other man seemed to bless her nude body. She was laying down on her back. It appeared to Mack that some kind of weird and sinister ritual was taking place. He could hear chants, and words being uttered. He could not understand what was being said, but somehow he knew what was going to take place.

His body was covered in mud, and the pain he was feeling was excruciating. He began peeling the dry mud off, with his swollen right hand. The pain intensified, and shot through his body, like a heavy jolt of electricity. He screamed to the top of his lungs. Melissa swung her head in the direction of Mack's shrieking. The two robed men also took a look at Mack. One of the robed men motioned to the other with a facial gesture. With that gesture the other man walked towards Mack.

The man walking towards Mack had a blank stare. His his acne adorned face was enough to make someone barf at first sight. His maniacal eyes could light up a million dark nights. The candles all around danced off of the muddy caves high robust ceiling, and grotesque walls. Mack could see some kind of purplish green colored slime in various areas of the dwelling, it was an utter hellhole.

"Where the fuck am I?" Mack pleaded, as he watched the man walking towards him.

"Gonish, itta, emed adae morta innis satan amahkka noritta Isham." The robed man uttered in his deep evil voice.

Mack had just finished reading about Isham on Earth, and as much as he wanted to wish this whole scene away as a mere figment of his startled imagination, he realized that what was happening was real. None of this could ever be conceived within his mind. Even in dream states he had never experienced such uncanny horror. Even his nightmares were more of the Alice in Wonderland type of trips. This was reality, and it really was happening, Mack thought to himself.

The gaunt man in the ancient dust filled robe grabbed Mack's right arm. Mack let out another thundering scream. The man dragged Mack closer to the proceedings. Now Mack had a front row seat, so to speak. As he lay down in awful pain, and horrifying shock, he watched as his girlfriend Melissa disrobed the two men, and began having enjoyable sex with both. Was she drugged up or brainwashed? Mack tried searching for the answers, but he could not decide what the hell was happening. All he knew was that it was happening, and that he wished he and Melissa would have stayed in Cape Breton Island, instead of coming to Mexico.

Mack was now hearing more weird language at a very close range now, as the two men chanted in unison.

"Inish asha Isham Isham shantas seena kwashha miskeen asha asha asha"

His memory was not wiped out, like the document said it would be. He could still remember all of the loving moments he and Melissa shared. He could still remember Tanya, the daughter of his beautiful lover. He hoped that Tanya, while back in Canada would not worry too much about him and her mother, as both experienced the eerie ways of Isham on Earth. He held Tanya deep within his prayers. Little did he know, that Tanya had been murdered in cold blood by Clyde Butterworth, and that Butterworth was now on a killing spree, destroying the lives of everyone Mack, Melissa, and Tanya knew, one by one, as they visited the doomed residence.

Even if he did know about the blood spilling back home in Cape Breton, and that his home was turning into an Amityville horror of sorts, he had far greater worries to contend with now. He continued searching, and searching for answers, but there were so many more questions than answers. With the biggest question being how he was going to get himself, and Melissa out of this windfall. He was finding it difficult to properly adjust his eyes, as he painstakingly watched the woman he loved being sexually exploited and explored.

Melissa pleurably moaned and groaned as the two men had their way with her...

They kept talking in some unknown language he had never heard before, and he knew they were certainly not speaking spanish, chinese, or any other language practiced on earth.

"Inish Isham, Inish ish, ish ishisha ish ish..."

... All of a sudden there was a great light scanning the walls of the massive decaying cave. It was not a lantern, as far as Mack could tell, nor was it torch. The light seemed to be searching. Was it searching for Mack, and his girlfriend? Could there be hope, where all hope is lost? Could there be a bright future, where the future seems bleak?

Mack could hear voices, and they were speaking english. Maybe after all he was going to be saved, along with Melissa. As he tried in vain to listen to the words being spoken, he noticed the two men had put their robes on, and had taken up arms. They were both carrying machine guns. One of the men opened up fire on Mack, while the other pumped bullets into Melissa. Both were instantly dead, without anymore suffering.

A nude line of hundreds began filing one by one into the Churchenite. Behind the bare naked humans were eighteen more robed men with enough fire power to wipe out a small town. They motioned and pushed people towards the walls of the cave. They then mowed every last one of them down with powerful bullets at close range.

Marciano, and a small team of Mexico's finest military men entered the Churchenite, about an hour after the slaughter of innocent humans had taken place. What they saw was not for any human eyes ever to see. They would have made it quicker to the scene if it were not for the bundles of barbed wire they had to cut through to finally get to the end of the tunnel.

Marciano wondered if he and his slew of men could have staved off the horror. There were dead men in robes covered in blood, and guts. There were men, women, children, and even babies... dead... while the candles flickered.

"Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha. You'll all die," a voice from somewhere roared. With

**that came the pulling of a pin, and then another pin, and another...**

**Hand grenades were falling all around Marciano and his men. Explosions ripped through the Churchenite. Marciano along with his small army of men were blown to smithereens. The high priest was the only life form left standing. He wore a darker brown robe than the rest of his men.**

**He doused himself with gasoline...**

**He then walked at a snail pace towards the closest candle, as if taking in the entire scene. Then, all of a sudden without pausing, he reached out and clenched the burning candle. The wax dripped as he pulled the rather large candle towards himself...**

**The high priest was the last person alive in this cavern of horrors, and he was burned to death in a matter of seconds, along with all known transcripts of Isham on Earth.**



## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The hooker slid all the way down the slide, until she hit rock bottom. She was the only one alive in the horrible pit. She smelled the dead bodies amongst her, and tried desperately not to throw up her last two meals, while viewing the macabre situation. Her trying did little good. She barfed every particle of food and drink in her stomach. Then alas, she found the rope.

She clawed her way back up the slide, and made it to the trap door, with the rope in tow.

"I've got the rope", she murmured, while out of breath.

"Great, now tie Brambles' ankles, and wrists", Kempt ordered.

When Bramble was fully tied up, as Kempt commanded, the hooker gave the well that's done, what's next look.

"Fire that old bastard down into the pit, where he belongs, and make sure he goes head first."

The hooker followed Kempts' directions, all the while, she wondered why she could be so stupid to hand over the gun to Kempt in the first place.

Bramble let out a shivering moan, as he quickly entered the dark hole that he had so long ago created.

The hooker was not in the mood for sex, however, at gun point she succumbed to all Kempts peculiar desires. When he was done with her, he choked the life out of her, with her own hair. He then carried her to the slide. Then he pushed her to her final resting place. With a very steady aim Kempt proceeded to riddle Bramble with bullets, until he was sure that the tied up man was dead. Kempt left the estate in a battered state, however he did have a renewed sense of energy, and a pocket full of loot.

From the Bramble estate, to the southern states, and back and forth, east, and west throughout America, Kempt snuffed out as many lives as he could... and here he was now, in a town named FATE, adding more to his list of carnage... or so he thought.

"I am not alive Kempt," The women in the saloon said.

The bartender hopped to his feet. "I'm not alive either."

"Me either," another voice rang out.

All of a sudden everyone in the bar was telling Kempt that they were not alive.

"Have your way with her Kempt."

"Ya Kempt, have your way with her, cause after you're done, ha, ha, ha, well, you'll see."

Kempt decided that his brain was playing mind games with his conscience,

and subconsciousness. This was just too bizarre. He embraced Lila, and began kissing. He was having his way with her, when suddenly her tongue leaped down his throat, and into his stomach. He could not breathe. Her tongue swirled, and banged off of the insides of various intestines, before it burst through his belly button area. From deep within his body, her gigantic tentacle tongue sliced its way back through him. It re-entered, and re-routed its way along the original path it took... finally slithering its way back into her mouth.

**"Welcome to FATE Kempt."** She said, while blood and intestine slime dripped from out of her mouth.

**"Ya, welcome to FATE."**

Kempt figured that he must be having a nightmare. He could hear his own shrieking, and see his very own bloody burst open stomach, along with his intestines hanging out of his mouth. In nightmares he never felt pain, or witnessed himself dying like this...

Kempt to this day continues to be tortured, and killed, tortured and killed. The amount of times he has been through the cycle is countless, and he will continue through the never ending labyrinth forever.

Kempt will die more times than he'll ever recall, and he'll be brought back to life, more times than he will ever care to know, only to be mutilated, and drained of all blood... again, and again. Over, and over again, for eternity, he will suffer.

The torture will go on and on, even after the world comes to an end during the upcoming nuclear war.

Clyde Butterworth searched the house for jewelry and money. The body count had been getting out of hand, and he secretly hoped that nobody else would knock on the door to see if Tanya was home, or to come to the door and inquire about her mother and Mack. He enjoyed the thrill of the killing spree he was on, but, now he wanted money.

In Tanyas' mothers' room he spotted a silvery-blue chest with a lock on it. With a sledge hammer he fetched from the basement, the lock was easily broken. Inside the rectangular chest, was what appeared to be a diary.

Clyde was not in the mood for reading, but somehow he was drawn into opening the diary to gawk at its contents. He wiped a thick layer of dust off of the cover, and peeked at the beginning page of writing. With his eager eyes, he began to read a weird story scrawled in fading ink.

## **THE DAY THEY HANGED MY BEST FRIEND JIMMY**

My heart pounded the day the executioner put the thick ugly rope around Jimmys' neck. It was an awful sight to behold. As I watched in utter horror, the crowd around me threw stones at him. I was the only one in the eager crowd of towns people who cared for Jimmy. I cared dearly for my friend of only a few short years.

The sinister man of evil death wore a black hood, with only two holes exposed, for his loathing maniacal eyes. I just knew the man who hid behind the mask relished horror, and violence. No ordinary human could have, or would have, been up to the task at hand. As he checked the rope, to make good and sure, that it was properly looped around Jimmys' throat, I

had visions of attacking the man, and saving Jimmy from ultimate destruction.

As the last rites were read to my best friend, I could feel the adrenaline flowing crazily, through my tortured veins. The visions were not just mere fantasy; they were real. I was going to save Jimmy from the hangman's vile noose. I had my handgun ready, and I waited, and waited for just the right moment, to make my move. I had heard tales of the old American West, where just at the precise time, the doomed individual was saved by a friend, or group. I had a plan, and in my heart, I knew, that if anyone was to save Jimmy, that it would be I. No other person, in the crowd of thousands, was about to do, what I was going to do.

Jimmy's hopes were as dim, as a silent dead horsefly at night. Only I could spare his life, and if I died trying, then so be it...

We grew up together. We used to throw stones across the water. We would skip stones, until our hands were weak. We used to make bets; who could skip a stone through the waves, and make it glide the furthest. Jimmy had a low I.Q. His intelligence was much lesser than mine. He was deaf, and dumb, as they called it in those days. I was the only one who hung around little Jimmy. His parents abandoned him when he was eight, and how I came to meet him was at a home for delinquent boys, and our friendship was now ending the way it had begun... with stones. Some of the stones were of horrendous size, and at times, I feared the mob of peasants were going to kill him before I could make my heroic move, to spare his life.

Jimmy had no reason to be at the home for delinquent boys, other than the fact that his parents could no longer control him. He stayed out late at nights, as his mother had stated such in a letter she sent to Mr Burl, the head of the home for bad boys.

I had read the letter, and it was very saddening. We were in the home because we were bad apples. We were thieves. We were vandalizers of store properties. We hated society. We deserved to be there, but not Jimmy. He was a good kid.

I myself was in the home because I had put another child my age in the hospital. I was 12 when I was sent to the home, for putting Keagan Mills in a coma. I would have been in deeper trouble had he died, when I had hit him over, and over again with a baseball bat, but fortunately he lived. The last I heard, he is still in a coma, on a life support system, as his extremely wealthy family awaits his miraculous awakening. If the Mills family had been poor, it is a definite possibility, that I would have faced murder charges.

Anyhow, my point is that Jimmy was not like us guys. He was sent to the home because his family did not want him. The letter that came, was the final time, that Jimmy had heard from his mother and father. She had sent a family photo, and Mr. Burl had showed Jimmy. Mr. Burl tried to explain that his family wanted him no more, and he had told me in confidence, that he figured Jimmy did not understand. He had asked me to try to explain it to Jimmy. I had asked him for the letter, and photo of the family, and assured him that I could get through to Jimmy.

Jimmy, and I had our own gestures and sign language. For some reason, Jimmy understood me, as he understood no other person. I brought the letter to Jimmy, along with the picture. I cut Jimmy out of the picture, with a pair of sharp scissors, and I burnt the photo of the rest of his family. As the picture burned into flames, Jimmy wept. I then lit the letter on fire, and both Jimmy and I watched it burn to a crisp. I went back to Mr. Burl and

told him that Jimmy now understood the situation.

As time went on, Jimmy began to realize that I was his best friend, and he mine. While in the home for bad boys, I had showed Jimmy pictures of naked women, (that I had taken out of Mr. Burls' desk) and assured him in our animal type language that I would set him up with a woman when we got out of the home, and went out on our own.

I also showed him a map of Ontario. It took me quite some time to get through to him, but finally I did. With grunting gestures, and finger points on the map, I explained to him that we were going to move to Toronto, as soon as we were released. I growled, and grunted in our peculiar way of communicating, and he had assured me, that he fully understood. I still recall him making a hole with one hand, while sticking the pointing finger of his other hand, in and out, to let me know, that he comprehended doing it with a female.

He always snickered and smiled, when he moved his left hand finger in and out of the opening in his right hand, and like a squeaking spider monkey, I would giggle back at him.

It was my 16th birthday, when I was finally released into regular society. There were no more curfews, or rules, except the rules of the bigger world. It was June 17th, 1923, when they let me go out on my own. The idea was, that I would get a job, and as soon as I was on my feet, I would let Mr. Burl know, and he would release Jimmy into my sole custody. I went to Toronto, and found it easy to land a job. However, I also found it easy to drown my sorrows in a bottle of whisky.

My first job was at a factory making knives. I found I could make more money stealing knives, and selling them on the street, than slaving over a machine for 14 hours. Increasingly, I was late for work, and wasn't showing up most of the time, as I was on a constant drunk. So finally the boss fired me.

I sent Mr. Burl a forged letter, from a fake company, letting him know that I was working, when in actuality, I was not. I was breaking into homes and taking everything that I could possibly get my hands on. I was also robbing stores, with a gun, and mask. Mr. Burl sent a letter back, asking me to come to Sudbury to pick Jimmy up. I stole a car, out of a downtown parking lot, and was on my way.

Jimmy was glad to see me, and I, glad to see him. We were overjoyed to see each other. For 8 long years we were together everyday at the home, and it had been many months since we had barked, grunted, or made animalistic noises at each other.

Little Jimmy even made the sex sign I had showed him, using both of his hands. He snarled, smiled, and burped, and laughed like a circus clown, when he made the sex sign. He knew his best friend in the whole world was going to get him a woman, as soon as we both made it to Toronto.

Mr. Burl asked about the car, and I had told him my job could afford me a loan at the bank, and that the car although expensive, would be paid off soon. Jimmy and I drove off into the sunset, as Mr. Burl waved goodbye. Mr. Burl appeared to be relieved to get rid of little Jimmy, and I am quite positive that he was more than overjoyed to see what other kids called "the dumb-dumb" leave.

We made it to Toronto in fifteen days, after we left Sudbury. The trip could have been done in less time, however, I was robbing stores of all their cash, on the way to Toronto. When we made it to my rundown room, I told Jimmy that this was his home, as well as mine. Jimmy liked it very much, and he

never once complained about sleeping on the rat infested floor. It became tough at times, fending for ourselves, but I had taught Jimmy how to catch rats in a trap, skin them, and eat them.

I never ate a long tailed creature in my life, but Jimmy ate all kinds. He actually liked them. I also taught him to go to the park, and feed pigeons, and then nab them really fast, and fire them in a bag. Jimmy learned how to skin, and cook pigeons, as well. He learned so well how to fend for himself, that he was bringing home cats, and dogs. Soon he was even cooking up cockroach stew. He enjoyed the food that I introduced him too, and found it hard to believe that I did not have the same taste as him when it came to eating. Poor little Jimmy, if he had only known, that I just could not afford to feed him, especially with my drinking, and drug habit.

One day while I was looking at a dirty magazine, Jimmy informed me of my promise to get him a girl. He became overly angry at me that day, and had slept in the alleyway below our window for three days. I would open the old wooden window, and yell in our special language to come back up to the dingy, small room, and he would give me the thumbs up sign, which meant no. After three days in the bitter frozen cold, and sleeping only on a bed of ice, he half heartedly returned. I assured him that I would get him a beautiful female soon, just like in the photographs.

He bothered me, and bothered me for months. I was blowing all my money on liquor, and opium, and my promise, though genuine, was never granted. everytime I looked at him, and thought about paying for a prostitute, I thought about my own needs for opium, and liquor, and the girls I was screwing, would not touch Jimmy, no matter how much I pleaded with them. They told me he was not a handsome man, and that his face was ugly, and that he smelled like a sewer dweller. I tended to agree with the females, but I did try to persuade them, more than enough times, as we had sex under, as well as above the covers, so that Jimmy could at least watch, and see how it was done.

Jimmy bothered me, for what seemed forever, with his prick in the pussy hand gestures. It was begining to eat at my conscience. It was becoming a living nightmare for me. I even began to loathe the promise I had made to him. However, a promise is a promise, and after months, and months of ongoing nagging, I finally gave in. I knew that the time had arrived for me to fulfill the promise I had made to him, so many years previous.

I still remember the day I decided to get little Jimmy a female to love, and cherish. I was in a drunken, and opium state of mind, Jimmy had come to me with a mud splattered girlie magazine, and grunted that he wanted one, while wildly making his hand jestures. The burden I carried everyday had to cease. I could not stand the snorting noises, and hand gestures anymore. It was all too much for me, and if I did not get him a women, I would have had to sign myself into the nuthouse. I had to get the baby... a candy, so to speak, or it would whine forever, within the confines of my hallucinigenetic brain.

I had no money left on me, but I came up with a splendid idea. Jimmy, and I would go out of town, in the stolen car, and I would find him a women. We went to the town of New Market, which was north of Toronto, and not much of a distance away, and I lured a beauty queen into the car for Jimmy. She was 19 years old, and liked the idea of going for a drive in the car.

I told her I owned the car, and that my parents were very well to do. When she asked me my age I lied, and told her I was 21, as I did look 21, even

though I had just turned 18.

I told her that Jimmy was my younger brother, and that I would pay her some money to take him for a walk, as I was terribly tired. I told her that Jimmy really liked the woods, and wanted to go hiking, but I just was too tired to bring him on a venture into the woods. Despite the lies, and bullshit, this hot blonde, with perfect teeth, and a perfect body to match, fell for the ploy. I'm not sure if she was a dumb blonde, or just a stupid one, however, I do know that she was a very naive one.

We drove to a wooded area in New Market. It was a lonely, rocky road. I pulled over to the side of the road, and it wasn't long after the dust settled, that I pretended to be dozing off. The kind 19 year old, started into the woods with Jimmy. There was still daylight, even though the sun was starting to slip away from the horizon. I watched through the corner of my wicked eye, as she lead Jimmy into the bushes.

There was a trail, that went around a mucky swamp, and I could hear the girl giggling, as she invited him to follow her through the labyrinth of twisted tree branches, sky high green grass, and other obstacles in their path. When they were out of view, I jumped out of the car, and started following them. I finally made it up to them, and as they came into view, I heard the terrible screams of the girl. Jimmy was tearing her clothes off, as I had taught him. It was a lonely wooded area where the perverse could take place, without anyone hearing the hideous screams, of the girl. Soon he was fondling her, as I had instructed him, while she tried to slither away from his huge monster size frame. For his age little Jimmy, as we called him for fun, was a big boy. He was 6 feet 8 inches in height, and weighed 455 pounds. It was a horrible scene on the one hand, and a pathetic scene on the other.

I watched, and watched as little Jimmy raped, and abused the girl. I had wished it would have never come down to this, but little Jimmy was always pestering me, and I just did not have the money to get him a prostitute. Then he did something that he should not have done. He put both his giant sized hands around her neck, and began strangling her. I hurried towards both of them, and when I made it to them, I tried to take his monster sized hands off of her neck, by grabbing his elbows. It was impossible to stop Jimmy. I watched his unsightly sharp fingernails pierce her skin. like a lion claws its' prey. The blood squirted from ten different holes in her neck. I knew, in my heart of hearts, that the mutilated, and mangled girl was ready to die, even though a few nerves still twitched in her legs. She never stood a chance of surviving the pure brute force of Jimmys' frightening, fierce, and all of a sudden, grotesque personality.

Whatever prompted him to murder her, I'll never know. He had always been a gentle giant. Indeed he killed animals, but he was always such a good hearted fellow towards other human beings. As I remember Jimmy starting to skin her with his knife, I quiver to the bone. It was a dreadful, sickening scene, that has haunted me for a lifetime.

I pointed towards the road, and Jimmy grunted through his massive hairy nostrils in his bulging nose. He knew that I would meet him at the car. As I approached the car, I noticed a police vehicle in the nearby distance. I hoped beyond hope, that they would pass by, as they came towards my parked Ford. However, my luck had finally come to an abrupt, and bygone conclusion. The cops stopped, and both officers got out of their car. They asked me for my license, and registration. I had niether, and I knew the jig was up.

It was almost dark now, and the cooing of owls could be heard, on the shadow filled road. The summertime crickets could also be heard, as well as the relaxing slurping sounds of a nearby brook. I can also still recall the frogs groaning, from the bog. It was a strange sensation to know that Jimmy was in the woods, and the cops were in the vicinity, of an extremely horrific slaying. I prayed that they would take me away, before they saw Jimmy emerge all blood drenched.

Then, out of what seemed to be the definite vibrations of hell, I could hear Jimmy screaming horribly. It was a strange scream, but never the less, a loud scream of triumph, and slaughter. Again, and again, the earsplitting hellish echo overwhelmed nature's pleasant sounds. The noises did not seem to be coming from Jimmy's lungs, but rather from the innermost insides of a possessed demon. Was Satan within Jimmy's soul? I'll never know, but it was surely something I had never heard in any of our primitive conversations, or rituals.

Both police officers turned on their flashlights, and aimed their lights towards the woods. What we all saw that day, is almost beyond words. Jimmy was walking out of the woods with the nude, dead body, of the girl, and smiling a pleasant smile. I am not sure if my heart rate increased, or decreased, but I know I almost fainted...

Her entire skin had been removed, and was later retrieved amongst the branches, of the highest trees. There were pieces of skin, and flesh so far up in the trees, that two of the many men who risked their lives for the endeavour, were found at the trunk of the wicked trees dead. Both had somehow stumbled from the highest branches, and were found sporting many injuries, and awful lacerations.

I was charged, and found guilty of stealing a car, and sent to prison for 4 months. Jimmy was tried for murder, and sentenced to hang...

As I watched the noose tighten upon little Jimmy's neck, I said a prayer for him that rainy, cold, and windy day in New Market Ontario. 1926 is numerous memories away from today, but I can still see the reality of it all within my mind. I was frozen with grief, and inner turmoil.

I grasped the gun which was hidden in my jacket pocket, but for whatever reason, which I am ashamed to admit, but still without words to explain, I could not force myself to try and save him from certain death. I wanted to save him from the devil's grasp. I desperately wanted to save him from the clutches of hell, but I just stood there, feeling like an invisible man.

The defence had tried everything to save little Jimmy's life. All appeals failed. The entire trial, and everything, was totally exhausting to go through, as I was a star witness for the crown. I still remember telling the court how little Jimmy said he had to go take a pee in the woods, and how I was horrified to see him coming out of the woods, with the murdered girl, who I had never seen before.

I even told the court the story about why we were going to New Market, which was to look for work on a potatoe farm. I told the court everything they wanted to know, and answered all questions, to the best of my ability. Worst of all, it was me who convinced the judge that Jimmy was sane enough to face a trial, as long as he had me translating for him...

Geez, as much as I hated too, I even fired muddy stones at little Jimmy, before they hung him to his death, just to make sure that the maddening crowds would not harm me...

It was revolting, as well as haunting to see him hang there by an executioner's knot, with a broken neck. It was even more haunting to join in

with the vibrant crowd, and spit in his pale dead face, while his eyes  
seemed to swell far out of their sockets...

...And as I sit here writing almost forty years after the extinction of my  
best friend Jimmy, I await my own piece of twisted thick rope. The chair is  
waiting for me to stand on, the noose is tied just right... for me to gently put  
around my neck now...

...I hear unheard symphonies of disorder,  
And fragments of musical imagination,  
As well as...

Twisting melody chords of contagion,  
Dramitically forging their way through,  
Like shrieking whistles of steamships,  
Bubbling forever,  
In a prehistorical stew...

The trumpets, pianos, and saxaphones,  
Remind me of days once gone,  
To be back communicating with Jimmy,  
Is where I drastically belong...

Although these sounds,  
Are hopelessly just cries,  
Of ancient sorrows,  
Within my imaginative taciturn mind,  
There are real sounds louder than thunder,  
In this mental institution...

Here amongst the futile shrieking,  
Of this slum I call home,  
Inside of this insane aysylum,  
With billions of secrets untold,

There is plenty of unrest...

...And too many peculiar activities,  
And sombre rituals to even begin mentioning,

As I prepare to die...

Without self protest,  
I begin to stand,  
As I write these final words,  
My limelight future is ready to unfold...

It is time to see little Jimmy again, in the afterlife...  
it is time to apologize to little Jimmy...  
I must stop writing now,  
And proceed to my death...

The rope is waiting for my neck to arrive...

Goodbye wicked world



**Signed Wendalas Morton  
August 19th, 1966 2:05am**

**Butterworth continued to read the next story**

### **THE BUS DRIVER**

**The friendly bus driver let off his second last passenger. He flashed a smile, and wished The departing passenger a good night. Then he shut the front doors, with the flick of a switch. He pressed his foot on the gas pedal, and proceeded on his route.**

**He glanced in the mirror, as he had been doing all night. She was pretty he thought. Her dark hair was teased, and long. He could see the upper part of her large breasts. Her breasts would be easy to get at, he thought. All he would have to do, was tug at her top with his eager hand, and "WHAMMO," her chest**

**would be there for him to fondle. He then would proceed to take the rest of her clothes off. He would be in control, in the same way that he was in control of the bus.**

**The pretty twenty-two year old woman looked out the back right side window. She could only see darkness. She thought about her storied life. Soon her life would change for the better, she surmised. The fifty-three year old bus driver had other plans. His ideas centered around brutal rape and murder.**

**"We've got a few more hours left before we reach our destination," the driver lamented"**

**"Oh, it will be so good to get home," she replied.**

**The driver hesitated a moment. His eyes stared at the beautiful woman, as she walked towards the front of the bus.**

**"So, do you live in Nuevo Laredo?" The driver asked, while the young lady took a seat across from him at the front of the bus.**

**"Well I used to," she said with a sigh. "I've been living in Juarez for the past nine years."**

**"Hey, my father was born in that place." The driver chuckled.**

**The lady smirked, and said nothing more. There was silence for the longest time...**

**The bus driver thought about his chances. He wondered if he really had to rape her. Maybe she liked him. Maybe he would have his way through persuasion. He noticed that she was not wearing a wedding ring.**

**"So, do you have a boyfriend?"**

**She looked at him with a grin on her face. "No," she said.**

**The driver began to forget about his balding grey hair, and ugly looks.**

Maybe this pretty beauty queen would give in to his overwhelming charm. He thought about his unappealing wife back home. Maybe he and this hot lady could have a future.

"So, what's your name honey?"

"Maria Lopez."

"Maria Lopez... I have a sister named Maria" the driver blurted.

"And your name?"

The driver paused for a moment, and thought about lying. Then decided to tell the truth. "My name is Ramon Vasquez."

"So, Ramon... Do you want to fuck me."

Ramon could not believe his ears. "Can you run that by me again. He belted out, in shock.

"I think you heard me the first time." She snapped.

The drivers heart immediately began pounding harder than ever before.

"I'll blow you for ten dollars, and fuck you for fifteen...and if you want around the world, it will be twenty." She said, pulling her top down to expose her awesome breasts, with sand dollar sized nipples.

The driver almost went off the road, when he saw her nakedness. He could not believe it. He had often heard other drivers talk about banging a money hungry lady in the back of the bus, but it had never ever happened to him.

"Why don't you pull over to the side of the road and we'll get it on, " Maria ranted.

The driver did just that...

Soon, mouths were touching mouths. Hands were touching private areas, and in minutes the driver was fully drained and satisfied.

"Well honey, you got your monies worth. It's time to fork over the twenty bucks."

"Ha, ha, ha" the driver laughed. "I aint' paying no whore for sex."

He grabbed the women by the scruff of the neck. He then proceeded to drag her towards the door. There was a great struggle but he finally threw her out onto the desolate highway. He put the already running bus in drive and hit the gas. She made it to her feet. She grabbed a black 38 special out of her purse and fired two accurate shots at the buses back tires. The bus skidded. It then rolled. The lady ran towards the bus in the darkness. She made it to the front window of the bus. She aimed her gun at the driver.

**"Get out of the bus you bastard," she shouted.**

**The driver crawled out the open left side front window.**

**"Please no," he pleaded.**

**"Give me all your money now, She insisted.**

**The driver threw her his wallet.**

**" I Just want to let you know before you die that I was going to rob and kill you all along, you ugly bastard. I just never figured it would happen this way."**

**The driver begged for his life."Please no, I have a wife, kids, and family."**

**The young lady of the night opened fire. The first bullet went through the drivers eye socket. After he fell, she put three more bullets into his skull. When she was through with the bloodshed, she began walking down the highway, with her thumb out, looking for her next opportunity to rob and kill.**

**Clyde Butterworth continued to read on...**

#### **THE SECT**

**My uttermost thoughts bring me back to a place of hatred... of death. I've awoken from this evil crimson dream. A dream I can only call a nightmare. It is something I shall never forget. This dream of dreams, is more sickening than the pale faces of one hundred or more avalanche victims.**

**I see the rotting corpses of death and decay. I see the swarming maggots. I see the vultures eating. The cannibals of this insane mindbreaker, devour my conscience.**

**Where am I?**

**Into a void of images I flee.**

**Into darkness, I erupt. This displeasure encompasses my forsaking existence. In fifty blinks of thine eye, veins pulsate...**

**Maybe I need a drink of salt water. Ah, yes- no- no. A fresh drink of the Nile river may be better whatever I need, this thirst must be diminished. Ah, a beautiful full glass of human blood. Now that would indeed take away this present feeling.**

**I remember when they first made me a member of their sect. Oh I remember it well. With giant-like scissors and razor sharp blades, they sliced...**

**As I peer into the decaying mirror, by the ebony school desk, I see- the ugly scars. What I remember most, as they tore out my left lung, was my screeching. I remember the agonizing pain. Oh, the defining torture. Such morbid taste of inhumanity towards inhumanity...**

and no pain killers to annilate the suffering. There they were, eighteen naked women, cooking my left lung over the hot coals. Each held a thin stick. There were eighteen punctures in thy removed lung. I thought I was going to bleed to death, as I watched in utter terror...

I remember waking up and seeing thick string mending the skin, of this horrid operation. It was brutal, but beautiful.

Then they were loving me. Touching me. Feeling me. Licking me...everywhere. These eighteen women were satisfying themselves beyond comprehension. Unbeknowest to me, was that the enemy of this sect was waiting in the brittle shaddows, which cast over the frightening rain jungle.

I could hear the buzzing of killer bees, squeeking of unearthly mosquitos, and the rattling of poisonous snakes. I could see the vines, and laughing monkeys. Colorful birds flew overhead... Then, swords were cutting throats. Blue eyed heads, and brown eyed heads, were bursting into blood. Within moments the eighteen women, who were moments before, loving me, were now dead.

Incredibly, I was still alive.

They spared my life, these sword mongering female warriors. I remember counting thirty in all.

They asked me to write about the history of their sect, versus the other sect that they had destroyed.

Here I am, doing just that, while they hunt the jungle for tonights supper. They told me that they would give me tid bits of information as time goes on. This is just the begining of my association with this sect. They told me that tonight, exactly two months after they first saved me from the other sect, that I would begin trying to impregnate them all.

I've been waiting for this moment for a long, long time...

Every day I see them all naked and loving each other. It has almost been unbearable. However, they said that they wanted me to recover from the evil injuries inflicted by the other sect... before the days and days of truth would begin...

Here they come now. I can see them emerging from the thickness of the jungle. I can see the beauty of their bodies. I can see their bare breasts bouncing. They are coming towards me... I think my heart's stopping.

**THERE WAS SILENCE...**

"I think he died peacefully."

"It looks that way."

The witnesses all had different opinions. Some hated the dreaded killer. Others deplored the use of lethal injection as a punishment. Others were in awe as they carted the dead man away.

Some even wondered if the man had any hallucinations as the first stream of poison entered the doomed mans' veins...

Butterworth continued reading, and reading, all the various stories in the diary. He hardly read at all, and he continued to wonder why he was transfixed upon the diary...

Then he came to the final page of the diary. Written on the final page of the

diary was a sonnet by William Shakespeare, in what appeared to be dried human blood. He had heard of Shakespeare before, but had never read any of his works, as he hardly read anything at all anyway...

#### **SONNET 64**

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age,  
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;  
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the Kingdom of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store;  
 When I have seen such interchange of state,  
 Or state itself counfounded to decay,  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,  
 That Time will come and take my love away.  
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose

**William Shakespeare**

...After reading the very weird series of stories in the secret diary, Clyde Butterworth decided that life was just a hopeless mess of tragedies, with a clear path leading to eventual death...

Within moments of closing the diary, he threw his right hand fist into the nearest window. The blood poured, and splattered everywhere. Some of the viens in his shattered arm, right up to the forearm were now exposed, shooting blood in all directions.

While the blood poured all over the place, he took his left hand, and grabbed for a piece of the broken window...

He chose, a very sharpe piece for the grand finale...

He then put the jagged piece of glass in his blood soaked right hand...

As he done this, he cut the skin in his left hand deep, and straight into the bones of his left palm...

He then transfered the dangerously sharp glass weapon to his blood soaked right hand...

More blood spurted, and shot all over him, and everywhere else that it could...

Without further notice, he took the glass in his right hand, and sliced a deep trench into his left wrist, mangling and gouging every vien he could possibly butcher...

The blood was really squirting now...

**He was quickly losing pint after pint of blood from within his system...**

**In his dying state he still managed to run out into the neighborhood street, and bleed to death...**

**Crowds of children who were on their way back to school after lunch viewed the spectacle...**

**All the nosey neighbours gathered around Butterworth as well, to see what all the hoopla was all about...**

**The police soon arrived, and followed the trail of blood into the house, where they discovered human bodies littered throughout the home...**

**Soon detectives were on the scene as well...**

## EPILOUGE

As much as I try, I cannot think of the last time, that I witnessed a beautiful sunset. My mind only focuses on the bad memories, and stange occurrences of my shattered existence. Even when I gawk out the dusty window here, all I see is pain, and misery. If I was to look out that dreaded window now, I know I would see someone dying.

If not being robbed, or murdered, the people below, who dwell on these inner city scum bag streets, are just wasting away. They are like lifeless corpses. They wander around in circles. Their eyes are sunken, and hollow, with a certain yellow sickness, that I cannot readily define. All I can tell you, is that their eyes tell of a billion awful tales of violence, and morbid horror.

I have lived in this three storey rat infested apartment building for twenty-nine years, and for the last twenty-four years, I have not ventured outside my door. I pay the landlord extra money, to bring me my mail, and he slides it under the door for me. I have been receiving a meagre pension since I moved here. In fact, that is the reason, that I did move here. I could not afford to stay up town any longer. My wife of forty years, left me for a rich business man, and with only my own crappy government pension to support myself, I had to give up the expensive apartment we once shared, on the better side of town.

When the grocery store around the corner delivers my order, I open the door up as far as the chain locks will allow. For this reason, I have not tasted a few of my favorite foods, in many years. It is impossible to fit a watermelon through the gap, when I open the door, and I will not buy a quarter of a melon, or any size that will fit through. If I cannot eat the whole watermelon, I prefer to have none at all.

You see, I worry about the bacteria, and unnameable germs, that would come with only a partial watermelon. I know when they slice, and dice watermelons, that they do not wash their hands. Aside from a few small apples, oranges, and potatoes, that are slid through to me, I only eat canned foods. With canned goods I do not have to go through any wierd rituals, as I do with uncanned products. The prayers to God, that last seven days, while the perishables soak in the bathtub, are often to much for one to bear.

I have avoided death long enough to type out the eerie recordings of the prophet... I have no granddaughter, and I am actually a poor man, with no money, or hope of ever being published. Yes I know I lied in the prologue, and said you must have thought I was a rich man with a very lucky granddaughter, but now that I am about to die, it is time to fess up and tell the truth... I apologize for the lies, and I have no time to retype the prologue, as death calls out to me now.

Hopefully after my death, my writings will somehow, someway become published. I give all copyrights to whoever may discover and publish my writings. I have been rejected by publishers all of my life, so hopefully after death, I'll finally be known...

Hundreds of tenticle like creatures are laying their eggs in the confines of my skull. I can feel the eggs hatching...

Soon there will be thousands of tiny black creepy crawlers dancing upside down in my brain... This will turn into millions, and before I know it, billions, of pale black vertebrae will have full control of my mind... The process is

**irreversible. The pain is shooting throughout my temples... Paralyzing me... Soon these tiny black creatures will have devoured my subconscious, then my conscience...**

**They are eating my brain... eating... eating...EATING IT...**

**The grim reaper is crashing through my window...**

**He is here...**

**The unhuman man of death is here...**

**He is full of blood. His sickle is ready to slice me to ribbons, and take me away...**

**I will type two last words, and then it will be time for me to die...**

**T  
H  
E  
END...**



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



**Barry J. Gillis was born in Toronto, Ontario on March 1st, 1965. He was raised in Toronto as well. He was also raised in New Waterford, Cape Breton, as this is where his family is from. He has published four books of poetry, which are currently in the National Library of Canada. He has two low budget 90 minute horror feature films to his credit. One which has a cult following, THINGS, starring porn queen Amber Lynn, and WICKED WORLD, which has just been released. He also has made a rock n' roll C.D entitled AMERICAN JUSTICE. He plans on continuing his creative ventures, and someday plans on writing a love story, believe it or not.**  
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