

# 665.9

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## Dedwin Hedon

Warning: This zine contains explicit content.  
No one under 18 should read anything that is in this work

Editors Note:

I started this zine as a way to put together a bunch of stories and essays that I have no other way to put into print. In the future, you may see some writings from others around me that use a mixture of horror, science fiction, mood, and crime as a way to express their feelings on society or to give you a picture of the inside of their mind.

As this zine comes together and in future issues, you will see the evolution of my writing, from the time I was thirteen and began to write my insane ideas down, to now, ten years later as I write and attempt to publish professionally.

I hope you enjoy what I have put together, then again, if you don't I don't give a flying fuck.

All material is my original work. All are fiction, no matter what it says inside the actual dialogue or narration of the story.

Once again I remind you, if you are under the age of 18, easily offended, or don't like reading about sex, violence, hatred towards religion and society in general, bad language or anything else you can think of that offends you (if you don't see it in here, email me at [dedwinhedon@gmail.com](mailto:dedwinhedon@gmail.com) and I'll include it in the next one), don't even read this last line. You've been warned.

Dedwin Hedon



## **Morality Bullshit**

In this country, we have terrible moral values. The origins of these terrible values can be traced back to the first people to immigrate to this country, the Pilgrim. See, the pilgrims were super conservative bastards. If you recall the stories, these assholes were the same that started Salem, Massachusetts, the community of the most famous American witch trials, where, just like in the Inquisition, hundreds of innocent people were killed. Do you see how this reflects directly on society today? You can turn on the television and see a PG-13 movie where the hero kills a hundred bad guys, but the moment a pair of breasts shows up, they edit it out. **Violence is completely fine with American media standards, but sex, the act that creates human life is taboo.** If you could answer a question for me, how is that sane? It makes no sense that the act of giving life to another being is censored, and the act of taking a human life away is embraced. In Europe the exact opposite is true, violent acts are limited to cartoonish, slapstick violence, while there is nudity with almost no disapproval from anyone. The ones who did disapprove of this form of lifestyle left centuries before to come here to America. A country where you could be free to live whatever life you so desire, unless your choice is to practice witchcraft, show a boob on TV, or use swear words in publicly available media.

Do you realize that the biggest crackdown of the FCC (Fuck Conservative Christians) came during the most violent of the American sports, football, a game which causes irrecoverable damage to some (at this point, the NFL and it's players commission [the AARP for ex-NFLer's] are working on talks for better care to be given to the former players who are now suffering) and the whole sport is basically just fighting with a ball on the field? Janet Jackson's nipple flashed on the screen for a split second and all of a sudden, live TV and public expression were ripped away for fear that someone may be offended. MTV lost its contract to hold the Super Bowl halftime shows and since then we've had such great entertainers like Aerosmith (formerly addicted to heroin, which kills a lot more people than bush shots do), Paul McCartney (an ex-Beatle who had serious drug problems of his own), the Rolling Stones (whose music is just basically fucking with instruments), and Prince (who humps the shit out of his guitar on stage and gave us such classics as Darling Nikki and Dirty Mind), not to mention any other artist from generations past that needs to make a buck. Which doesn't really make sense to me because, just simply for the fact that Justin Timberlake was involved, the uppers acted like it was completely the fault of this generations performer. If I recall correctly, Janet Jackson hasn't released anything with historical significance since the 80's! How is this incident completely the fault of this

current entertainment parade? It has really been two decades since she released her first album.

We also have morality issues with the whole adoption/abortion argument. Before I get into this I just want to reference an argument that I had with my mother on the subject. I said gay couples should be able to adopt if they want to. She said, "If god had wanted gay men to have kids, he would have made it so that they could conceive, but he didn't." So I posed the question, well, if god wanted women who are barren to have kids, he wouldn't have fucked up their reproductive organs, so we shouldn't let them adopt either. She didn't like that argument. Back to the lecture at hand, we don't want infant children killed before they take their first breath, we would rather them leave their birth family and go off to a foster home, where the "parents" are just in it for the government check most of the time and don't give a shit about the kid.

Instead of having an abortion, a young woman is tricked into suffering through nine months of carrying a child, the horrendous experience of labor, then the grief of giving up the baby she just spent the better part of a year with. The people who are against the practice of abortion try to say that it completely changed the psyche of a young woman. They won't say that adoption causes similar mental issues, even

though a good number of women go through the better part of their adult lives trying to reconnect with the baby they had to give up years before.

But what of the girl who knows she can't care for a baby, gives birth and is filled with such love that she decides to keep the baby instead. She knows she can't take care of it, but wants to anyway, which usually ends with a negative result. If she would have just been given an abortion though, she never would have been put in the position to make a bad decision in the first place.

Another thing that makes me leery of the whole adoption point of view, is the people who say that there are plenty of couples who can't have babies and they want to adopt, so why not let them love the baby? That would be a good point, if those same couples didn't go overseas and adopt a baby. We're bringing in other unwanted children, while we have kids given up for adoption sitting in foster homes until they're old enough to leave.

Why is it always the people who are up in arms about being persecuted for their beliefs, who try to stop others from having the ability to believe and practice what they want? The Christians love to complain that they have rights just like everyone else, which is true, but they try to use their

rights to infringe on other people's rights. If you don't like sex, bad language, or abortion, don't surround yourself with those things. Just because you hate something doesn't mean the rest of the world should hate it too. I'm getting sick and tired of religion controlling this country.

For instance, with the adoption issue, right now in this country, there are 120,000 children waiting to be adopted. That's a big number. Should we continue adding names to that list until we have to open up state run orphanages again? What's even stranger than that figure is the fact that four-fifths of the states in this country still don't allow gays to adopt. The Christians want their kids to be put up for adoption rather than be aborted, yet these same religious nut bags don't want the only people who are willing to fight for rights to have the privilege of adopting a child. And even in states where there is legal adoption by gay couples, many Roman Catholic dioceses have stopped their adoption services all together.

Focus on the Family, a Christian organization that supplies its rhetoric through children's entertainment, is also against the whole gay adoption issue. Their vice president, Bill Maier says in a Time Magazine article (July 16, 2007, "Gay Family Values"), "I don't see any shortage of



heterosexual parents willing to adopt.” Well, Mr. Smarty Pants, if that were true, would we have over a hundred thousand kids sitting in foster homes and in our facilities for the storage of said children? Most of the arguments that these conservatives give for this debate always seems to be full of holes and mindless chatter.

If anyone else tried some of the terrible arguments the religious right used, they would never get away with it. But Christian's can just make up any old shit they want, fake statistics and all sorts of other shit that proves their side, and no one calls them out on that shit.

The conservatives in this country have rules the way everyone else thinks, feels, and acts for far too long. So what if they don't want to see sex, that's like me saying that I don't want to see anymore bags of Cool ranch Doritos, so they should be outlawed except if you pay twice the price for it and they come packaged in a brown bag so that I can't see the label. Is that fair to the people who like Cool Ranch Doritos?

I do what to pose the question again; don't we have freedom in this country? It seems like you would need to be able to make decisions by ourselves without other people trying to protect us.

This brings me to another morality issue in this country, the drug issue. Since the time of Reagan, we have been at war with drugs. The strange thing to me about this war on drugs is that there are no effective ways that we are trying to reform any of the addicts who are caught, but we just punish them for something they can't help. Being addicted to heroin and getting busted with it should not have the same penalty of stealing a car. A thief can go to prison, sit there for a few years, decide not to go back to the same life and upon release, change his ways. An addict will think about his love every single day, and with the way our prisons are run today, I'm sure that there are drugs available at some of the facilities, some of the time. So, even if he is in prison, he still may have access to narcotics and there is no one to educate them on the dangers and try to break the addiction. Then, he is released and goes right back to the drugs.

I don't see what the big problem is with drugs in this country anyway. Why do we spend so much money and time to put people in jail when they are only hurting themselves, so what if society looks bad, we should be worried about the individual.

In Canada, they actually have house designated by the government that provide dangerous drugs to those addicted, give them rehab options and also give them a safe environment to do the drugs, so they aren't out on the street robbing people and jeopardizing everyone's safety.

Anyone who's watched the History Channel knows that original drug laws were made to actually be strictly for minorities. Only blacks, Mexicans, or Asians were not allowed to have drugs. In fact, the most addictive, dangerous, and powerful of all drugs, heroin, cocaine, and morphine were once praised as medical marvels.

Other drugs such as hash and marijuana were never used as medicine, usually don't harm the body and show no signs of addiction in longtime users. These drugs though are still listed as illegal. Why is that? The reason is, because those in this country who don't like the effects of narcotics and think that anyone else who likes them is in the wrong.

We live in a country though that allows its citizens to find alcohol, a drug that has terrible effects on the liver, kidneys and pancreas, but we can't smoke a joint or else we are breaking the law. I've actually heard a not so funny story of a woman who was arrested after her nineteenth DUI and only received three years in prison, yet someone busted

with a bag of coke can go to jail for life with a chance of parole after twenty years! That's the kind of fucked up legal system and morality that we deal with in this country.

If I remember correctly, there was a time in this country where alcohol was illegal to produce, distribute or consume. They made it illegal because it was causing too many problems in society, addiction to it, domestic violence, organized crime, it was a bad thing and it was outlawed. Then a few years later, they legalized alcohol again within a few decades, drugs were on the shit list.

Cocaine was originally condemned because people thought that any black man who used cocaine would just bust out and rape any white woman he saw. Marijuana was originally hated on for two reasons, one because people thought Mexicans were using it to rape white women and the government started a smear campaign against it to try and tell parents it would turn their kids into murders. Opium (the derivative of heroin and morphine, and also very useful for smoking all by itself), was originally attacked because the country thought Chinese men on the west coast were luring white women into opium dens, getting them to smoke and selling them into slavery in other lands. As you can clearly see, most of the major drugs that were used in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, and even today by some, were all outlawed because people were afraid of the minorities harming poor little white women. I'm not

saying that any of the three reasons didn't happen, I'm sure one or two did, most hate and prejudice is formed by a grain of truth, but other things don't get outlawed because one or two people got in trouble. For instance, religion causes people to invent weird belief systems, trick people out of their money and sometimes hurt others, or themselves, but we haven't done away with spiritual beliefs.

Pedophilia is another strange occurrence in this country, for instance, the issue with the Catholic Church and it's priests. You can't even really talk about it anymore without someone being up in arms that it isn't a reflection on all Catholic's, it was only some of them. Yet, these are the same people who think that everyone who smokes weed is a jobless, dumbfuck who lives at home with their parents and has no respect for anything. So they can make judgments on whoever they want, for whatever reason they want, but don't want people to think of them in a negative light because of that others have done.

What is it going to take to change the back-ass-wards nature of American morality? The destruction of religion? The intelligence to know that showing destruction is more detrimental than the act of creation? A nuclear attack? I don't know.

**Hell**

Ron drove down the long stretch of highway singing along with the radio. It was the middle of the night and with the windows down the cool night air kept him wide awake on the long drive home from a long week with his high school friends. He'd been in the car for hours and he still had a couple left until he would arrive at his apartment on the edge of town. The music was loud, almost enough to make a normal person's ears bleed, but Ron had been to his fair share of concerts and loud things didn't really bother him.

"Hey."

"What the fuck?" Ron said, jumping so hard he almost swerved off the road.

"Calm down man, it's just me."

Now sitting in the front seat of the truck with him was his friend Nate. Nate had died when the two were seniors, five years earlier.

"Holy shit man. You're dead."

"Yeah, I get that a lot."

"What?"

"Nothing."

Even though he had died while they were younger, Nate had aged just like Ron had and he looked like he too was twenty-three.

"What are you doing here?"

"Just came back to check out the scene, I wondered what you were up to and if you were still banging Jacqui."

"That was once man, never, ever again."

"Yeah, well that's still too much when it's your best friends girl."

"Come on man, it was one time and if you remember correctly I came to you the very next day and told you about it and apologized."

"Yeah, I do remember. It happened right before you murdered me."

"It was an accident."

"You threw me from a bridge to my death."

"I didn't throw you. I pushed you. Besides, you punched me in the face first."

"You fucked the love of my life. The girl I was going to marry after graduation. I had every right to punch you. On second thought, I should have thrown you from that bridge."



"I didn't throw you!"

The two went silent. Ron continued to drive the truck as Nate turned his head and looked out the side window. The quiet lasted only a moment more.

"When did they put that mall in?"

"Last year."

"Wasn't that where the high school was?"

"Yeah. They moved it down two blocks."

"Weird."

"You need a light," Ron asked, pulling a lighter out of his jacket pocket, noticing the unlit cigarette Nate had been holding since he had arrived.

"Nope. Can't smoke it."

"No smoking in Hell, huh?"

"There is no Hell, no Heaven, no God, no Devil all of that shit is made up to make people feel good about themselves."

"Wow. That's what I always thought."

"Basically after we die, we are punished according to our vices. If you remember correctly, I've been smoking since I was twelve. First one of our friends to smoke."

"Yeah, first one to die too."

"Real funny asshole. Anyway, because of that, I must carry a cigarette around for all of eternity, but I can never smoke it. Go ahead and try to light it."

Nate popped the cigarette between his lips. Ron raised the lighter to it and placed the flame to the tip. After a few second he pulled it away and surprisingly, it was still white.

"Wow, give me that."

Ron snatched the smoke from him and placed it into his mouth. He lifted the lighter and ignited it, sending flames up around the papery end of the cigarette. he took a deep drag and the tobacco began to burn. As it did, a fresh one appeared in Nate's hand.

"Wow."

"You said that once."

"So what about drinking? You were a pretty heavy drinker in high school."

"I could kick back a couple of brews, but nothing compared to some of those sorry fucks on the other side."

"So, what's their punishment?"

"From what I understand, alcoholics have to drink as much as they would drink on a daily basis on earth. The thing is, none of them get drunk. Their brains still long for it, the alcoholism is still a part of them, but it never gets into their bloodstream."

"No way."

"Way, and with the way you love pussy, I would stop, or shit at least slow down."

"Why, what do they do to you?"

"You don't want to know, but trust me on this one, it's something you don't want to experience."

"So, what'd you really come back for?"

"You are in danger," Nate said in a creepy voice from a horror movie, his eyes rolling into the back of his head.

"Holy shit!"

"No, I'm just fucking with you."

"Asshole."

"You're sweet. No, I just came back to visit. You know, see what you've been up to. Or up in, depending on how you look at it."

"Bullshit."

"Really. As the dead, we have the ability to pass between your world and ours. Most of us don't, just because of how much fun it is on the other side. You wouldn't believe the pussy I'm drowning in over there man. Remember that girl from Columbine? The Christian one who drew the picture of the rose with thirteen drops of blood coming from the stem? The same number of kids that died that day."

"Yeah, what about her?"

"She came back as a freak. I fucked her a few days ago. She was in this leather cat-suit. Hair all curly and sexy. You wouldn't believe what that bitch did. She is hot as Hell."

"That's wrong on so many levels."

"What?"

"Well, for one she's dead."

"So, I'm dead too. It's like a black guy calling his friend 'nigga' or a cancer patient making a crack about an inoperable tumor."

"Whatever, it's still wrong. She died in one of the most heinous events in American, no world history. That's the equivalent of you banging one of the Jews killed by Hitler."

"I've had at least two dozen of them."

"Such a sick bastard."

"I learned from the best."

"Thanks."

"What? No, not you. I was talking about my pops. That dude'll fuck anything."

"Nate, your dad died when you were five."

"Yeah, but I met up with him on the other side. He's one funny fucker, I'll tell you that."

"Sounds cool."

"He is. So, I'm dead serious, what have you been doing?"

"Same thing I did when you were alive."

"Drink and wish that the girls in town looked like the ones on TV."

"Yep."

"You need to die man. Seriously, most women come back as horny ass bitches."

"So, only your vices affect you? So we could still drink and I could still smoke?"

"How many packs are you up to a day?"

"Two."

"No smoking for you either."

"Damn." He sat quietly for a few minutes. "Alright, so how do we do this?"

"Don't know. A fall like mine wouldn't kill most. I was going face first and I thought it would just hurt my head, maybe a concussion or something. Until that car hit me as soon as the ground broke my fall."

"Ouch."

"You've got to find the perfect way to do it. Something quick, no strangulation or knife wounds. My roommate over there got shot in the belly in Korea, said it took him close to six hours to die. Pain was unbearable, not to mention the roaches that were around that he was too weak to swat at."

"Nasty shit. You could shoot me in the head!"

"Sorry, dead can't harm the living. Believe me, I'd love to, you cock sucking sonovabitch, but we can only enter this world, not effect anything in it."

"I think this bi-polar chick may have left some of her pills in here. Check the glove box."

Nate stared at him for a moment.

"What? She had a fantastic ass."

Nate shook his head and opened the glove compartment. He found the pills rather quickly.

"Nope. These are antidepressants. You'll be really, really, happy. Not dead."

"I got it. We'll go to the point."

"Making out with a dead guy isn't going to kill you. And you called me sick."

"No, I'm going to drive over."

"Cool."

Ron made a left, then a quick right.

"I know a shortcut."

"Any good bands anymore?" asked Nate.

"Same recycled horse shit as before. How about you? Any good music on the other side?"

"Sure, Cobain's released nine albums on the other side. Hendrix released a couple, but they weren't as good because he didn't have the drugs. Vices, you know."

Ron nodded. "How about TuPac? He releases CD's now that he's dead more often than he did when he was alive."

"I know. They come from the other side. Some guy made a mint recording the Pac music and passing it along to living record exec's."

"Really? Why hasn't anyone else done that? I'd love to hear some new Nirvana stuff."

"No you wouldn't. Most of the songs and lyrics only apply to the dead. No one on earth would understand any of it. TuPac on the other hand was so obsessed with saving the world while he was alive, that he carried it on to the other side."

"Oh, how about movies? Do you guys have any films down there?"

"Kind of."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, it's hard. We have so many actors, directors, and producers, on the other side, but they are still as obsessed with money as they were on earth. Because we have no form of currency on the other side, they refuse to work. So all we have is college art films that are okay, but hard to understand because of how cryptic they are. Most are really boring, so not many people see them and because of that, most people only release their films once every couple years."



"Bummer."

"Did you really just say that?"

Ron pulled up to the edge of the cliff.

"Are you sure this will do it?"

"It's a seven hundred foot drop. The highest cliff in the state. Yes, I'm sure it will kill me."

"Great. Let's go."

Ron backed the car up about fifty yards and turned up the radio.

"Ready?" asked Ron.

"Ready."

Ron put the car in gear and hit the gas. As they sped towards the edge of the cliff, he turned to Nate.

"I truly didn't mean to kill you. We were best friends man and I was just trying to stop you from beating the shit out of me."

"I know man." The car cleared the edge of the cliff and flew out about twenty feet. "I have a confession to make too."

"What's that?"

"I lied."

## **I'm About to Lose My Frickin' Mind**

I'm about to lose my frickin' mind. Why? Lots of reasons. One is the phone that constantly rings in my ear. Taunting me, smirking and laughing, asking me if I feel lucky like fucking Clint Eastwood. What a name, Eastwood. I wonder if his dick rises with the sun. If the cards fall in my favor, it's an answering machine, or the ringing just stops. If my skies are dark, someone who had no prior knowledge of my humble existence lifts the receiver and gets the surprise of his or her life as I begin my shit. Most say no, not caring whether or not my children starve to death and I end up in the streets. Why should they? I might as well be a Jehovah's Witness and pester them with my lies. Maybe they would be more willing to participate if I told them I had the ability to cure all diseases. I don't think they would believe me, so I may have to choke them through the telephone.

If only there was a way for me to find the path to opportunity. We know it isn't America, with these pretty, shiny new laws with the cute names being passed to revoke our freedom. Europe is out. Most of their countries have a facade of a monarchy or a president like us. China is poor. Japan is crowded with Americans, the middle east is crazy as fuck, and Russia is desolate. I'd rather go to Africa, but if you stay for too long, crazy overwhelming forces of white people show up and destroy your culture. If Mexico wasn't

full of Mexicans, it would be paradise.

For the most part, books on tape are not forms of entertainment, but sleeping AIDS. Sleeping AIDS waits in your bed and sneaks up on your sex organs when they least expect it. There is a very frightening experience with said illness, but telling you would take more time than it's worth, so I'll spare you the gory details and just say I died.

Gaining recognition after death is the easiest way to not become a pompous, yuppie asshole. I'm sure most of you are saying that money would never turn you into that person but you are lying to yourself. Everyone who gets wealthy is taken over with greed, and just because you adopt a little foreign child, or hand your money over to charity does not mean you aren't greedy, it means you have a good PR person.

Without our passions, we would just be celebrities.

I long to place her panties on my face and smell their sweet scent as she rubs them against my nose and mouth. Please don't hit me anymore, I'll be a good boy, I promise.

It's surprising to me that I've already reached a page and a half. This is the most I've written in a month and a half and it feels really good. Sex and drugs have taken over most of my free time. I only long to serve a woman. Kissing her

in all the right places, touching her gently (sometimes) and holding her tight, feeling her breasts heaving with that irregular bleeding. I mean breathing. I haven't physically seen her bleed, but I'm sure she does, because she is a woman.

When the world ends, no one will notice because we are all too concerned with where we came from and where we are going one day. I personally don't give a shit. I'd rather spend my time being alive now than worrying about the beginning and the end. I guess one day I will find out about the end when it happens, and if I'm right or wrong, I will not care, because I am dead.

People always ask me why I allow my shoes to get scuffed up and dirty. My only reply is that the head is more important than the feet and my brain should receive more funds and attention than my shoes. People don't understand this because they are too concerned with the way they look when they should actually care about how they think.

I once broke my neck when two Mexican boys brought me to the back of a small hotel and beat me into submission. They robbed me of my wallet, full of only condoms, then laughed at me because of my passive nature and refusal to fight back. Then they called me *Jesus Christos*, stripped me naked and nailed me to the side of a barn to pay for my inability

to ball up and stop them from hurting me and pirating my belongings.

Two days later, I was finally removed from the barn and taken to a hospital, where my rescuer dropped me off, then left. Inside the crudely set up medical facility, I was placed in an area with other injured Americans. When the doctors saw my wounds, they immediately began to assume that it was stigmata. I explained that I was robbed and the hoodlums had done this to me, but they didn't understand, so they began to worship me, begging for blessings. I was brought gifts, food and other objects as sacrifices, but then they started to bring sick children and animals to me, asking me to bless them so that they might become well. After none of them got better and two died, they accused me of being a fraud and threw me into Mexican prison, the worst place on earth.

I spent the next year and two months in there, my hands now infected from the filth and rats that were locked in my cage with me. My hands and feet swelled to twice their size and I was called a freak. The worst of it was the other inmates used my hands as pillows. Then I dropped the soap. It seemed odd to me too that hands as big as mine couldn't hold onto something. It was awful because when I picked it up off the floor, the bar was covered in pubic hair and I had to wash

them off before I could finish my shower.

After escaping and fleeing to the U.S. I was shunned by my own people also and so I went into the woods where I became a Sasquatch.

Most of this is bullshit.

As the large ship sailed by, our captain decided it would be best to just leave the old, highlighted material at its final resting place, for there was no need for fantastical adventures at this moment.

Nothing is ever too amazing to be shot in the fucking head and left in the back of a Honda Civic for six months before the owners of the grocery store parking lot complains and the police come and find it tied with duct tape and dead

## **The Ballad of Edwin and Jeanine (Part 1)**

I was fucking her. In, out, in, out, I thrust repeatedly. She's moaning. Screaming is actually a better term for the sounds coming out of her mouth. I've never seen her like this before. She was scratching my back, moaning in orgasmic delight and begging, no demanding me to do more. I try, I put it down so hard that it seems like I'm going to burst right through her back. She arches herself skyward and pulls me close to her. The position is awkward, especially on my dick which is now bent at a weird angle. I love fucking her like this, her sweet sweat dripping down onto the sheets, both of us in so much ecstasy. My hands run down her back pulling her towards me and caressing her ass. Her ass has always been my favorite part. The way it juts out from her back just enough to make you get on your knees and beg for it. She comes as I do and we both fall to the bed staring deeply into each other's eyes.

I walked from the room into the bath and took a piss. I could see the come dripping from it and into the toilet. Grabbing a washcloth, I wiped the juices from my member and threw it into the hamper. I was hungry, famished you might say, and I decided to go downstairs. The lights were off in the living room, which was nothing unusual, but I was glad. Her mother knows I'm there, but I try not to show my presence in the lower portion of the house unless absolutely necessary.



Getting food for my fat ass was hardly an absolute necessity. God knows I go to that fridge at least five times a day, sometimes more, and I work eight hours a day just like every other red blooded American male. I just like food. Not as much as I like pussy though.

I started down the stairs, confident that I could grab a sandwich quickly and retreat back to the upper level in a timely fashion. I could feel the delicious turkey between my teeth already, its buttery goodness making the hunger pangs stop in their tracks. I would ask Jeanine if she wanted something, but she always said no so I just quit asking. Politeness is something that is completely necessary.

When I rounded the last step and looked into the semi-dark living room, I say semi because the street lights shining between the blades of the blinds gives the room a slightly illuminated glow, I noticed her mother sitting on the couch, staring in my direction. I found this odd that she would be up at this hour and also because she always has the television on and it wasn't. Mabel loved soap operas and with the invention of a whole network solely devoted to daytime dramas she was happy as a pig in shit. I never understood why women loved those shows so much. The acting is shitty, the story is shitty and the characters have no personality or reason to be alive. Sounds kind of like a bad Asian movie to me, but most of the women I know wouldn't watch that unless

it had that guy from Grey's Anatomy in it.

"Sorry Mabel, I didn't know you were still up," I said, moving quickly into the kitchen that sat adjacent to the dining room. "I just wanted something to eat. Had a long day, you know?" It always made me nervous to have sex with Jeanine when her mother was still in the living room. With all the noise we were making, I was sure she heard the sounds and I think it's kind of embarrassing when that happens.

She gave no reply.

I made my sandwich quickly, slapping a spoonful of real mayonnaise onto the bread and smoothing it out before placing two pieces of sliced turkey on there as well, and placing everything back in the fridge. As I grabbed a plate and cut the sandwich in half, I heard a sound of scratching from the living room. Mabel owns no pets, so I didn't know what could be making the noise. I had never heard anything like that before in the house and I certainly didn't want to meet it by the sound of its claws. Grabbing the plate, I headed back into the living room. The kitchen was more illuminated than in there, so it took me a moment for my eyes to adjust back to the level of perception they were just at. It seems I didn't want that to happen, because what I saw next will stay in my head until I die.

Mabel was seated on the couch, exactly how she had been before and I walked by her quickly, upset at myself that I had disturbed her. When I reached the stairs though, the scratching sound returned, so I turned and asked, "Do you her that too?"

Mabel didn't respond again, but when my eyes adjusted to the darkness she was seated in, I noticed her head was facing the kitchen now. I walked back over to her to see what was wrong, with her. I've never seen her fall asleep in the living room, especially at nine o'clock at night.

"Mabel," I said as I approached, "are you alright? Wake up Mabel; you know it isn't good to sleep like that, with your back and all." I reached out and put my hand on her shoulder as I said this and she started coughing loudly.

This I found quite odd, that being the only sound she had made then entire time I was down there, so I patted her back a few times, but the coughing grew even worse.

As it continued to increase in its ferocity, I took my hand off of her shoulder and her body slumped down onto the couch, as if she had no control over her muscles at all, although I barely put any pressure on her.

Looking at the area where she was seated closely, I saw movement. It looked like the fabric of the couch was moving

in waves like the ocean. I moved my face closer to the surface and realized that it wasn't the couch moving, but millions of centipedes, spiders and other insects writhing around as if they were in agony.

I jumped back in fright after I realized what it was and this caused Mabel's body to fall from the couch and land face down. I could see now that the insects were all over her body, crawling in and out of her flesh through holes that looked rotten. The sight wasn't the only thing that was astoundingly disgusting, but the smell that wafted up into my nostrils made me want to vomit, and I did just that. Only a forensic chemist could have told you how long her body had been sitting out on that couch.

I took off up the stairs, thinking that I needed to wake Jeanine. How could Mabel be dead, she was just alive and well only an hour before when she brought us dinner? I could think of no explanation for a completely healthy woman to now be a rotting corpse after just a few short hours.

"Jeanine!" I shouted, trying to get her attention quickly.

"Jeanine, we have a big problem. Get up."

"What is it? I already gave you some, let me sleep."

"There's something wrong with your mother."

"What?"

"I just went down to get a sandwich and she was sitting on the couch in the dark. I didn't think she would do that, so I went to investigate and her body was covered with insects, crawling in and out of her flesh."

"What?"

"Come and see."

In a sleepy daze, Jeanine stood from the bed and walked with me to the stairs. We both started down the stairs.

When we reached the living room, we walked over to the couch and looked around. Mabel's body wasn't on the floor anymore and the couch was no longer crawling with bugs.

"She was right here. I swear she was."

"Yeah, well, I may be young, but I don't get scared anymore. Grow up, you jerk!"

"I swear. You have to believe me. She was right there on the couch and when I touched her, she fell off and I saw the bugs. It looked horrible. See, I even threw up right over there." I pointed to the spot on the carpet where I had vomited. Jeanine looked down, then back at my face before shaking her head and turning around.

I looked down and the floor and saw that there was no vomit on the carpet. I could still taste the remains in my mouth as I swallowed, but it was clearly missing from the scene.

Jeanine walked up the stairs and went back to bed. I began searching, frantically looking around the house trying to find something that could make me seem a little less insane. There was nothing. I looked again with the same result. It wasn't until an hour later that I gave up and went to the bedroom. Jeanine was already asleep and my bread was now hard and inedible. I wasn't really hungry anymore anyway.

The next morning I woke up at about ten. I was glad it was Saturday and I didn't have to grace my shitty job with my presence. I work as an investment banker for a company that you probably already know the name of. In order to spare you the boring details that go along with said job, I will just say that in the five years I've worked for said company, I've made a lot of money for the company and the only thing I have received in return, aside from the meager paycheck that crosses my desk every two weeks is a chronic migraine.

As I got out of bed and lit a cigarette, I walked into the bathroom to relieve the morning wood that so frequently plagued me. After relieving myself, I got undressed from the night clothes that I usually wore to bed and jumped into the shower. The warm water running over my head made me forget

all of the shit that had happened the previous night. Actually, to tell you the complete truth, I didn't even remember it before that. Soon though, that would be my only wish, to forget.

When I finished my shower and began to towel off, I noticed that there was a note on the mirror from Jeanine. It wasn't often that she left a note for me, so when she did it was exciting. It read: *Edwin, Mother and I went to the mall for some early Christmas shopping. I will be back later on. Call me if you need anything. Jeanine. P.S. Please bring the Christmas decorations down from the attic. They should be right up front. P.S.S. I want to fuck you again when I get home.*

Ah, Christmas, I thought, the season I hate the most. Don't get me wrong, I don't hate Jesus or the supposed birthday we gave him or anything, it's just that the fake cheer and love of all men gets to me. Seriously though, I have never met one person, religious or secular that gives a shit about anyone but themselves, so we make holiday's that reflect those attributes, then ignore them just the same. I can't stand hypocrisy, even if it is only once a year.

When I was done in the bathroom, brushing my teeth, washing my face, you know, the works, I went right into the attic to get the Christmas boxes down before College football kicked

off. There wasn't that much stuff to bring down, but I didn't want to be rushed and hurt myself accidentally.

The attic's single opening was above the stairway that led upstairs. I pulled the handle that was on the set of folding stairs and lowered it towards me. The creaking of the noisy, hardly used wood was enough to drive anyone batty. It only took me a moment to unfold the stairs, but it was such a tedious job that I was ready to stop then.

Once the stairs were down, I started my slow trek to the attic. The stairs were old and I lived in fear every time I went up and down them that this time they would falter. I don't think that's a very irrational fear either because the statistics show that most accidents occur in the home, usually in places you are most familiar with. Luckily for me, the stairs did not fall, but I still had at least one more trip up them and two more trips down.

The attic of the house was crowded with years of forgotten toys, old clothes, seasonal decorations, Christmas being the only ones used in the last ten years, and more miscellaneous junk than a bag ladies shopping cart. Most of the garbage wasn't useful anymore, but it was loved too much to just give it away to the Goodwill, or have a yard sale. I went to turn on the light, but as I pulled the cord that would illuminate the room, the glass shattered, scaring the living shit out of



me. I laughed at myself for this, knowing that there was nothing up there that would hurt me, unless of course a Christmas tree had the ability to eat humans. There was a large bay window on the front of the house that would illuminate this hardly used room perfectly.

Just for your edification, I always wondered why they didn't use this attic as a makeshift sitting room, what with the beautiful woodwork, the giant window and the way Mabel treats her living room and the furniture she keeps in it. I remember one time that I had accidentally sat on the couch that she called her "decorative Davenport," and she flipped out on me. I just don't understand why old people love their belongings so damn much.

I looked for the cord that would draw the thick, heavy curtain back from the wall, but I didn't see it. I had seen the cord before, actually the last time I was in the attic, so I knew it existed, but there was no plausible explanation for why it should be missing. As far as I know, I'm the only one who has been up here in the last decade. That's when I heard it.

I turned around and the attic I was standing in was no longer that which I had entered. All the boxes were gone and the room was clean. It seemed as if the floor had just been polished. I turned my head to the far wall and was shocked

not to find the trash that had been there only moments before. Now, replacing the junk was a row belts, hammers and other miscellaneous tools. I began to walk around, looking at the few pieces of furniture now in the room. There was an easy chair in one corner and what looked like a wooden desk in the other. The thing I found odd about the desk though, was that it had leather straps coming from each leg and there were no books inside.

Then there was a sound. It wasn't like the scratching from the night before. This was a stomping. The sound got closer, coming up the stairs to the attic right at me. I quickly dove behind the easy chair in the corner and peeked out to see a big, burly man stomping up the stairs with a little girl, no older than thirteen in tow. He held her wrist tight and she was crying loudly, trying to break his grasp.

As I watched, the man took the young girl, tore off the nightgown she was wearing and strapped her ankles to the legs of the desk. Then he bent her over and did the same to her arms on the other legs. Once she was sufficiently tied down, he went about his business. First he caressed her ass, which to tell you the truth I found kind of weird, then he sat in the chair that I was hiding behind. The desk was positioned so that while he was sitting in the chair he had a perfect view of her ass high up in the air. After a few more moments of relaxation, he walked casually over to the wall and pulled

down a thick leather belt. I watched as he tested its durability, pulling the leather between his hands and making the material crack each time he did it. The little girl was blubbering, and it was clear that she was frightened of this man because I knew she was speaking English, but I couldn't make out a single word she was saying. She squirmed back and forth, trying to break free from the grasp of the tough leather that held her to the desk. She begged him to stop, telling him that she would be good. I assumed he was her father because she kept calling him daddy, but you know what they say about assuming.

Once he was satisfied with his choice, he turned back to his daughter and walked right up behind her. The girl was still screaming her head off, but by the throbbing erection that I could clearly see pointing out of his pants, it seemed as though it excited him more than it pissed him off. As I continued to watch, the burly man pulled back the belt and cracked it across her rear end.

The girl's whimpers turned to a full fledged scream of anguish as he continued to pull the belt up and crack it down across her ass. He was swinging with the ferocity of someone trying to kill a million flies as quickly as possible, slapping the coarse leather belt across her bottom. He hit her almost twenty times in the course of a minute and it

proved to me that this was a sadistic man.

I couldn't take it anymore, so I stood very quietly from my hiding spot, crept up behind him and lunged forward. Instead of landing on the man's back, I was now standing against the wall, in front of him and the little girl. I could now see the look on the girls face as she cried and screamed for mercy.

When he'd had enough of his torture, the burly man took the belt back to its spot and wiped the sweat off of his brow. The little girl was still in shock and I could tell by the way she was biting her lip that her ass still stung. What happened next surprised even me as I watched the man pulled his pants off and walked up behind the little girl.

He waited a moment behind her, patting her little behind and rubbing her barely formed hips up and down, as she struggled to escape the grasp of this man. It was clear to me that she knew what was going to happen, possibly from previous experience and didn't want it to happen again.

This act of pure evil lasted for twenty minutes as he did things so horrible, they can't even be described to you without them pouring through my mind again. When he was finished, he walked back to the chair.

He sat down and crossed his legs, his dick still wet and

sticking up from his crotch. I leered at him, wishing that he could see the look of disgust on my face. This sick freak had just beaten and raped his daughter.

After resting for about ten more minutes, the man stood, pulled his pants up around his belly and walked to the door. Before leaving, he turned to her, and said, "See you in a few hours. Don't let the rats bite." Then he turned off the lights and closed the door.

I stood in the attic I was familiar with again, stacked with boxes and smelling of moth balls. I searched for any trace of the man or the girl in the room and found none. I wasn't sure if any of that was true, or if the years of drug abuse had finally caught up with me, but I knew one thing, I was sick.

As quickly as I could, I removed the Christmas boxes from the dusty attic and took them to the living room where last night I had seen my first fucked up image. Today was officially number two.

Hours later, Jeanine returned from the store with her mother Mabel and came upstairs. She was wearing a beautiful sweater and skirt that matched, that I had bought her months ago when sweaters were still on sale. Being the man I am, I tore off the sale tag and gave it to her with the original price still on it, hoping to get some brownie points.

As I envisioned my dear Jeanine, Mabel came into the room and said, "Thought I was dead, huh?"

Jokingly I said, "Only in my wildest dreams, Mabel." She didn't laugh. "So, did you ladies have a nice time?"

"Oh, yes dear," Jeanine said, her dimple beginning to break its way through her cheek. "We window shopped mostly, until I saw this wonderful gift that I know you will love."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a--"

She caught herself. I'm usually really good at getting her to give up her surprises to me early, just by tricking her. She loves to talk about anything, but it seems that this morning she must have had a cup or two of coffee.

"I'm so not telling you."

"I'll give it a week," I said, joking with her now. She knows how bad she is at keeping secrets, and that's why I bust her chops about it all the time. Literally, she is the worst secret keeper of all time.

"This is going to be the best Christmas since we moved in and this time, I will not reveal my secrets to you."

"Speaking of which, how did you guys come across such a nice place? It must have cost you a fortune."

"Not really," said Jeanine. "The guy who was the former owner of this house owed back taxes so they took it away. We bought it cheap."

"Wow. Who was this guy anyway?"

"Don't know. We never met him. All the auctioneer told us was that he was in jail now and wouldn't be out for a long time."

"For tax evasion? That doesn't sound right to me. Are you sure there wasn't something else he did wrong?"

"I told you all I know." She stood there for a moment looking into her purse, possibly for a lighter for her cigarette before she looked back up and said, "Why are you so interested?"

"I just like history, that's all."

As Jeanine turned around, I noticed something on the back of her sweater. Staring on, I watched the spot getting larger and larger until I realized what it was. By the time I was up, blood was gushing down out of the back of her sweater and down her legs.

I grabbed her firmly and began to run my hands over her back.

I put my fingers up the sweater and felt them go into a squishy hole in the small of her back as big around as a softball. When I pulled them back out for observance, I found them covered in blood.

Mabel came over to me and grabbed my finger before shoving them into her mouth and sucking the blood from their tips.

I pulled them away from her quickly and looked at them. There was no blood. Jeanine turned around and looked at me.

"What's wrong, honey?" she asked.

"Nothing. I thought your sweater was torn, but it's not."

Mabel was still standing next to me and starring in disbelief as if I was crazy. I knew I wasn't crazy then and I know now.

I sat back down on the couch and they both went back to what they were doing. Nothing else out of the ordinary happened that day.

Half way through the night, I was stirred from my slumber by another scratching sound, this time from the bathroom adjacent to our bedroom. I went in and turned on the light, closing the door behind me as to not wake Jeanine.

The bath, a spacious full room, having a tub, a shower, and two sinks was very nice. Nothing was moved from its spot, the window was closed, and the scratching wasn't going on after I



entered. I checked the cabinets, pulled back the curtain for the tub and opened the shower door, then I opened the medicine cabinet just to make sure.

Once I was satisfied that there was nothing in the bathroom, when I decided to take a shit. I keep a Penthouse under the stack of queen sized super hero sheets that Jeanine won't acknowledge the existence of, let alone allow me to put on the bed. Good plan, huh?

I removed the magazine, dropped my shorts and sat down on the cold bowl.

I lit a cigarette and began to leaf through the pages quickly, as I did my business.

The smoke curled upwards towards the ceiling and I noticed that even though I had turned on the switch that controls the fan above the toilet, it wasn't on. I hadn't started the deed yet, so I stood up and pulled the step ladder out of the cabinet under the sink so that I could have a look.

I opened the vent up and stuck my head inside, seeing if there was a problem with the motor or something else that made the fan work. As I was looking down the long vent, I saw something dark coming towards me and was quite puzzled by this. The fan was supposed to suck air out, not push it in.

I pulled my head out quickly and tried to close the fan, but

the material started to pour through the holes in the vent. Shit, piss, blood and semen began raining down on my head and filling up the bathroom. The smell was horrific.

After twenty minutes of the constant faucet of human waste, it stopped and I stood in a pool of it up to my ankles. I opened the door quickly, hoping it wouldn't make too big of a mess and hurried back to the bedroom.

"Jeanine!" I said loudly, trying to pull her from her slumber.

"What? I'm sleeping."

"The bathroom. It's flooded with shit."

"What?" she said, pulling her now wide awake body from the bed. "What did you do?"

"Nothing, I swear. Just come look."

Jeanine followed me into the bathroom and as I turned the corner, I braced myself for the mess that would be running down the hall. Surprisingly, there was nothing.

"Where?" asked Jeanine, clearly skeptical.

"It was right here. The whole bathroom was flooded with shit and piss."

"Well, I guess we have some magical cleaning gnomes that make everything better. What's going on with you?"

"With me? What's going on with this house?"

"This is the second night in a row that you've woke me up to see something that doesn't exist. There will not be a third."

She walked by me and went back to bed.

"Baby," I said, walking after her.

She ignored me and climbed into the bed. I followed her.

Suddenly, I didn't feel the need to shit anymore.

The next morning when I woke up, I once again noticed that the women had left me alone. I did my morning activities, shit, shower and shave, and went down stairs to watch the game. I had completely forgotten about the night before and just wanted to relax on my last day off before I headed back to work the next day.

That's when I heard the scratching again. This time it was coming from upstairs, and I ignored it for a moment, but then it got louder and louder until I couldn't take it anymore.

I went up the stairs and looked around. The sound wasn't coming from the second story, but from the attic. I didn't really want to go up there again, not after the sight I had seen the day before, but I had to if I wanted to keep my

sanity (even though the act of going into the attic may rob me of it).

**Conclusion in Issue 2**

**End note:**

Well, that's it for issue 1. I'm proud of you for making it through. I wouldn't have, that's for goddamn sure. Anyway, you can read the conclusion to **The Ballad of Edwin and Jeanine** in issue 2; that is if you read issue 2, I don't know how many of you I have scared away with this one.

Until then, I hope you all-