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

Editors Note:

Just to let you know, this is the most hardcore issue to date. There is necrophilia, rape, murder, torture and a lot of offensive, yet colorful language. Please beware.

Repeat: **If you are easily offended, just put it down. I don't have a gun to your head. No one is forcing you to read this. Yet.**

I do not participate in or condone the conduct of the characters in this book, even though I created their personalities, fetishes and all of the choices they make.

If you are offended by words such as: fag, retard, asshole, fuck, or any of its derivatives, shit, dick, cock, vagina, pussy, or cunt, one of these words probably describes you. I think everyone just needs to loosen up a bit. Words will not hurt you, but the characters contained within probably will. Well, that is if they weren't completely fictional.

Anyway...

Dedwin Hedon

American Bullshit, Part 2

The United States of America is plagued by its government. We currently live in a regime that has lied to us numerous times, started two wars, allowed the wrongful termination of the attorney's of the government, let thousands of our citizens die, and still no one will say anything about kicking him out of office, or at least hold a hearing to accuse him of these things in a court of law. Yet, our last President got a blowjob from some fat chick he wasn't married to, and that shit sent the country into a fucking uproar.

Then, all I hear from people is a bunch of worthless excuses. "He only has so many days in office, then we can pick a new leader," just a bunch of bullshit to make sure everyone can just remain lazy, because no one wants to do anything to make it better. For God's sake, 30% of you morons who voted for this asshole still can't admit your mistake. I'm not going to lie, when he was first elected, I would have voted for him, but I wasn't old enough to do so, and I was brainwashed by a group of Conservative Christians at that point in my life, and I wasn't making decisions based on what I thought was right but what others told me was right.

This seems to happen a lot in our society. People listen too much to the "issues" and the differences between eh parties, rather than just listening to what the candidate himself says. Issues such as the war, abortion, gay marriage and gun control aren't the only important things in this country. Just because the candidate agrees with you on a moral and spiritual issues does not mean that he will be a good leader. For an example, GWB did not have a single company that he was in charge of that came out of the red while he was making decisions as far as the profits go. Why in the fuck would anyone allow him to run their country? Because he says he loves Jesus, hates the killing of babies (but doesn't mind the killing of 18 year olds thousands of miles from their home and family), doesn't want fags to get married or adopt, doesn't want people to cure disease and injuries with stem cell research and says he loves America. If he loves America so fucking much, why has he taken away so many of the freedoms that are what America is about and defines us as a unique country? Why is there illegal wire tapping of American citizens happening? Why do we have secret holding facilities off American soil? Why are the American people standing for this?

America started off as a country that didn't want the government, so far away men, interfering with the everyday lives of its citizens, yet today, the government tries to

control everything that happens on a daily basis, and the citizens don't care. Our government has grown every term of presidency, larger and larger, until it is preventing its own citizens from enjoying their lives.

People don't say how upset they are about this though, they make excuses that they have nothing to worry about because they aren't doing anything wrong and they won't get in trouble for doing what they should. Yeah, sure, tell that to the dozens of people on death row that are acquitted every year because we finally found out they were innocent after all, even though they had to spend many years in prison for someone to figure this out. Tell that to the people who are minding their own business and because someone calls an anonymous tip line and says they're a terrorist, they get to spend a few months in Guantanamo Bay, getting tortured. How would you like to go to Gitmo, or one of the other secret facilities and be tortured for the next few years, beaten, raped, starved and questioned until they finally figure out you aren't a terrorist and let you go? Would you still say than that you have nothing to worry about? How would you react every time you saw a man in fatigues or a black suit? Would you still say that the United States government isn't overstepping its boundaries?

In the times of Washington, Madison, Adams and Jefferson, the people who ran the government were constantly trying to make sure the citizens were happy because they knew if the people got angry, they could remove them from office. A few weeks ago in an interview, someone made comment to Dick Cheney that approval was at a low point of the past six and a half years. Cheney said, "It's really not that important." Do you see how we've slipped? **The government isn't afraid of the citizens anymore. They think they have the power, when in fact, we do!**

How much more of this are we going to stand for? It's been a long time since there was a revolt that caused a revolution. We need to put that fear back in those government assholes, they work for us, and they don't own us.

Smeenk

Both of his hands were stretched apart and pierced by large metal spikes that were imbedded in the cold, cement wall. As blood dripped from his wrists and elbows, he tried to breathe in. It was horribly hard to take even a single breath considering this chest had been cut open and both of his lungs were exposed to the dank air.

His eyes darted back and forth from corner to corner of the small room. He was looking for something, anything, except the dark emptiness of the cell that enclosed him.

His tongue had been removed long ago which made it terribly difficult to scream. Not that it would matter no one would ever find him, even if he could verbally express his agony. The tongue was hidden from sight along with other parts of his frail, human flesh. His penis, testicles, fingers, toes, ears, and nipples all kept his tongue company in a small box below his dangling torso.

The door to the cell suddenly opened and in walked a stupid looking, stumpy man. He walked up to the victim, put his hands on his abdomen and ran them down the inside of his thighs, all the way to the ground. He stooped over and lifted the box in his fat, filthy hands. He opened it carefully as a child at Christmas and smiled. Lifting an ear

from the box, he turned it between his sausage like fingers observing the texture of the size of his beautiful prize.

After a few moments of this, he grew tired of looking at it and shoved the ear into his fat mouth. As he began to chew, his cheeks and chin jiggled slightly.

The hanging man began to vomit as he watched his appendage being mashed between the teeth of the obese man. The puke dribbled down his chin, dropping onto his chest and down his blood stained right leg.

Once the man had finished his snack, he closed the box and carefully set it back in its spot on the dirty floor. He turned and exited the room, his fat flesh shaking with every awkward little step that he took.

When the door closed, he was totally alone again. The darkness seemed to hold him in place and it was his only companion in the isolated chamber. God only knew how long he would be in there alone and it was kind of hard to sing without a tongue.

As the man walked back down the halls, his bare feet tracked fat, sloppy, bloody footprints the whole way down. A man in a suit and tie walked past him and the footprints reminded him of the night before.

His movements were smooth and fluid as he entered the Master bedroom of his twelfth story apartment. Two of the most beautiful women you have ever seen were lying naked on his bed. He untied the belt to the robe he was wearing and dropped the cashmere, hand-made bathrobe to the white, carpeted floor. He wore a pair of boxer briefs and his ripped figure seemed to glimmer in the glow of the florescent lights that hung above his bed. He leaned over and joined the two women on the queen sized bed. White sheets were spread evenly on the mattress.

He began to feel up the girls breasts and play with their nipples. He turned to the girl on his right and kissed her passionately on her soft, pink lips. She placed her tongue in his mouth and rolled it over his oversized molars.

He pulled his face away from hers and licked down her chin, onto her neck, and slowly moved down to her large breasts. He slowly bit around her nipples and rubbed his face up and down her cleavage. As he did this, he rubbed his hands up and down her thighs and as he reached the top, he gently put two of his fingers into her cunt and began to finger her like a pro.

After she began to moan, he pulled out and turned to the other girl. He leaned down and placed warm sloppy kisses on her thighs and the lower region of her stomach. He moved down her abdomen and licked at her swollen snatch. He placed

his whole face in her lap and began to eat her out. She moaned as he placed his tongue in her vag and rubbed his nose against her clitoris.

His warm tongue was welcomed with open legs to her beautiful pussy. Her lips kissed him back as he pushed his face firmly against her delicate flower. Her moans made him feel in power.

After a few more moments, he pulled his face out and laid with his back against the bed. The first woman climbed on top of him and pressed her ass right up against his face. The other rose up and sat on his cock. Both women, now facing each other began to kiss passionately and massage each other's breasts. As they ran their hands over the others body, they felt his tongue or dick penetrating them.

As he licked asshole, he reached with his left hand over to the nightstand and opened the second drawer from the top. Inside laid a Bible, a pound of marijuana, and a long serrated knife. It was twelve inches long and had a handle made of elephant tusk. He lifted it up and ran it down the small of her back, careful not to cut her. He slowly lifted it up her back and moved it to the side of her face. He pressed the blade sharply against her throat and pulled it across.

As the blood trickled down her large chest, he placed two fingers inside of the wound, dousing them in blood. He pulled his fingers from the hole and pushed the girl to the side. He placed his fingers to the others lips and she licked the tips of his fingers.

She opened her eyes and looked down. Before she could scream, he stabbed her in the throat with the blade.

As he walked out of the room, he tracked bloody footprints that would take him hours to clean, across the beautiful, white carpet.

The man continued to walk down the hall and looked down at the card in his hand. Room six. He turned and looked at the door in front of him. A large red six was painted on the top of the frame. He turned the knob and walked in, turning on the lights.

A man and woman were on the bed and when the lights clicked on, they turned to see who was at their door.

He looked down, turned the card and saw that it was actually a nine. He lifted his hand in apology, turned the lights off and exited the room.

The woman and man shrugged and went back to fucking. The woman laid on the bed as her partner jack hammered away. As he fucked the whore, she screamed in pain. What she didn't

know was that two days later, on her way home, she would be cornered and raped in an alley.

She was walking home from the mansion and had a strange feeling as if someone was following her. A man in a black hooded sweatshirt had been walking behind her for about ten minutes now, only a few yards back.

She quickly turned into the next alley and ran as fast as humanly possible wearing six inch high heels. She kept looking behind her and noticed that he was holding her coat.

She screamed as he grabbed her hair and swung her towards the wall on her left side. Her head snapped straight as a fracture was opened in her skull. He pinned her up against the wall and bunched her skirt up around her waist, running his hands over her stocking covered thighs and placing them on her ass cheeks.

He then placed his rock hard member inside of her swollen, badly abused from the night of work, lips. As she cried in pain, the tears made her mascara run down her cheeks, creating little black lines. She tried with everything she had to push him away, but because of her head injury and the position she was in, she couldn't get any leverage.

When he finished fucking, he dropped her to the ground and wiped the come from his dick onto her blonde hair. He patted

her bleeding head, brushed his hand down the side of her face, turned, then walked away.

After he had finally finished fucking her, no thanks to the guy who busted in on them, he stood, dropped two hundred dollars on the dresser and left the room.

As he moved down the hall, he noticed the fineness of the architecture and art that seemed to destroy the atmosphere of the home. The place was used for sex and grotesque torture, not sixteenth century gothic architecture and van Gogh.

As he walked past the next corridor, a man stepped out in front of him. He ran right into the large, broad-shouldered *homo sapien* and both almost tumbled to the floor. The larger man turned, pulled out a knife and stabbed the other in the face.

He tackled him to the floor and continued to stab him, mutilating his attractive looking face. No scream even erupted from him, the attacker was so quick.

As the blood dripped from the jagged knife, he stood, dusted himself off, straightened his robe and then walked on as if nothing had ever happened.

About an hour later, a woman with bleached blonde hair and bright red lips walked down the same hallway. It was the

woman that the corpse had just finished fucking. She suddenly stopped and looked down at the body laying at her feet. She didn't recognize the man, as his entire face was no more than thirty stab wounds. She lifted his arm up with the tip of her shoe and then dropped it back to the floor.

She stooped down beside the corpse of the man she couldn't recognize and put her finger into one of the holes in his face. She pulled it out and licked the tip of her fingernail. She smiled, realizing that the coppery taste in her mouth was blood and put her face down to lick more.

When she was twelve, her and her mother were making cookies one Saturday. While they were in the oven, the cookies not the girl and her mother, a noise was heard in the living room. They went to see if the dog had knocked something over, but to their surprise, a man was sitting on the couch.

He stood when the mother and child entered the room and removed his hat. He slapped the mother before she could speak and lifted her little girl into his arms. He put her on the couch and told her that if she moved, he would kill her.

He then dropped to the floor on top of her mother and pushed up the sun dress she was wearing and pulled her granny panties around her ankles. He kissed her chest and then

placed his member inside of her. He ripped away at her while her daughter watched her mother being raped.

When it was finally over, he pulled out a knife and slashed her throat, then was gone as quickly as he had come (cum). The smell of burning baked goods filled the house as the smoke detectors blared. That was about the time she got her taste for blood.

After a few minutes, of licking his blood from the floor, she stood and continued on her way down the hall. She left the body for the next weary traveler going to the Celestial City of Sex. She turned when she got to room number nine and opened the large door. Inside was the man who had barged in on her with her previous client. She dropped her clothes and closed the door. The only sound that came from the room was a long, blood curling scream.

The scream was only heard by one other person outside the room. A young woman was walking down the hall wrapped up tight in her robe. She travelled through many different corridors, passing various hall ways and doors with blood smeared all over them, as that was what the numbers were written in. Eventually, she arrived at the room she had been too many a time.

The door was plain white with no handle, only a small key hole. She lifted the key from the chain on her neck and

stuck it into the little hole. She gave it a twist and the door popped open, just a crack.

She walked in, closing the door and locking it behind her. She walked down the long set of stairs in front of her. The cement was hard below her bare feet. She walked quickly, but carefully. Even though she had walked down these steps hundreds of times before, they still put fear in her heart because of the dim lighting and their narrowness.

When she reached the bottom, she turned left, then right, and finally reached her destination. In front of her was a complete dungeon. Many women were chained to the walls being whipped, beaten, or fucked with pricks and/or various sized dildos.

When she entered the room, no one looked up or even noticed her presence in the cell. She walked over to a set of wooden stocks and removed her clothes. A large man came over and lifted the wooden bar for her. She placed her head and wrists in the appropriate holes and he dropped the bar, locking it in place.

The man walked up behind her beautiful ass and gave it a little pat. He walked back to the wall and pulled a whip from the hoop. He tightened the leather loop around his palm and raised it high above his head.

As he snapped it down quickly towards her bare ass, she let out a sharp yelp as the whip tore her skin, sending pain all through her body. He continued to do this as she screamed for mercy with every breath her lungs could muster.

After her whipping, he came up behind her and tenderly felt the cuts all over her ass and thighs. She winced as he felt up the wounds and fingered her shaved cunt. Now that her fun had ended, it was time for his to begin.

He pulled his pants down and began to rub his cock on her ass cheeks and up the crack. She knew it was coming. Every time she visited this place, he always put his dick in her ass. Suddenly she felt it stop and she braced herself for the pain that was about to come. With one hard thrust, he was inside.

As he pumped away at her hole, her moans turned to orgasmic squeals. It had been a long time since she had been fucked this good.

After both had come, he unlocked her, she dressed without a word, and left in the same manner she had come. On the long trip up the cement stairs, her foot, covered with sweat, come, and blood, slipped and sent her sprawling onto the stairs. She broke her neck and fractured her skull.

She knew that she would die down there because no one ever left. The others who were down there, resided in the cell

and she was the only visitor they got. As she laid there suffering, her life really didn't flash before her eyes. She already knew all of the things she had done. Most of her time was spend fucking, being tortured and crying. She hoped that she died before the rats got to her.

On the opposite side of the hall, across from the right door, two women were on the bed in an all red room, fucking. The one on the bottom, being fucked, was crying as the other fucked her tight virgin pussy with a large strap-on dildo. They had both been coming to the large house for awhile, and had noticed each other, but this was the first time they had ever hooked up.

The woman on top was a diehard lesbian. When she was just a child, her father would molest her. When she turned seven, he was fed up with her mouth and hands, so he fucked her.

She bled and screamed a lot, but she didn't want to anger him, so she never told anyone. No though, she hated all men. That was the reason she wanted to fuck her virgin playmate. That way she would have the power.

The other girl, as we mentioned before, was still a virgin. She had never felt a man's touch because she was raise in a Christian home. She was always taught that sex was dirty and you shouldn't do it until you were married and then only to make babies. She hadn't until now.

All of the other times she had come to the house she just participated in oral and now that her cherry was being popped, she realized she never wanted to do it again.

She kept telling her lover to stop because of how bad it hurt, but she kept reassuring her that it would be okay. Because of her crying and blubbering, the other finally pulled out. Just when the former virgin thought it was over, the dyke shoved the rubber cock into her ass. Her screams changed from mild discomfort to full on anguish and agony. But after awhile, she started to enjoy it. Around the corner from their room, a man was walking down the hallway. A black backpack was on his shoulder. No one knew what he kept inside of the bag, or why the girls he requested, which he always researched fully, from birth to the present, were always found mutilated. No one really cared though, "to each his own," and "participate at your own risk" were the mottos of the sick house.

He used the same room every time for the demented game he played. The door was always locked from the inside and the only way to enter was by pass code. Only him the maid, and the girl sent to the room knew that code. And one of them was murdered each time. Anyone who did not belong was kept out.

When he reached his room, he knocked twice, entered the code and when the door opened, stepped inside.

When the door closed behind him, he immediately set to work. He dropped the bag on the floor and told the girl to strip. It was quite easy for her to do this as all she wore was a bra and panty set.

When she was naked, he looked her up and down, turning her this way and that. After he was finally content with her appearance, he threw her on the bed.

The man kicked off his shoes and dropped his pants to the floor. He then removed his shirt to reveal a slew of tribal tattoos. Both of his nipples were pierced, as well as the head of his cock.

The ink on his body was extremely frightening. His chest and upper arms were covered in a slew of tribal writing and symbols. They were not like other tattoos either. They had been sadistically applied to his skin by carving his flesh with a knife and rubbing ink into his bleeding wounds. It was horrendous.

She stared up at him with a look of sheer and utter horror. As he straddled her, she tried with every ounce of her strength to break free from his grasp. He slapped her as she struggled.

Once she stopped moving around like a maniac, he pulled a large knife from the bag and raised it high above his head.

When she saw the blade, she opened her mouth to scream for help, but he put his hand over her mouth.

He leaned in close to her left ear and whispered, "Please my dear, you must be absolutely quit for this to work properly."

She nodded her head in agreement, but the tears continued to flow from her eyes and roll down her soft, pink cheeks.

He raised the knife again, closed his eyes, mumbled something she did not understand, and finally plunged the sharpened blade into her beautiful face.

When the blade hit her chest, her eyes opened wide and turned black. A wisp of smoke came out of her mouth and the man sucked it into his. He blinked and his eyes began to fill with the same inky, black substance. He gently coughed.

He pulled the knife from her chest and lifted her right breast in his hand. He placed the blade just below her nipple and with one quick motion, sliced it from her corpse.

Leaning his face down, he placed his mouth around her other areola. He bit firmly, pulled it to his tongue and began to chew the delicate piece of flesh slowly.

Once he finished chewing, he spun from the bed and lifted the bag he had carried in with him. Inside was a large box

with many of the same symbols that were on his chest carved into it.

He lifted the lid and placed the nipple into the box. Dozens more were inside to keep it company. Some were pierced; others were from black, white and Asian women. Some had been fat, others thin, but all had that special something he was looking for.

After closing the box and placing it back inside of the bag, he took his place on the bed once again and lifted the knife. He straddled her and began to fuck her limp, blood soaked body.

As he pumped away at the corpse, he ran the knife all over her skin, carving lines and slicing chunks of flesh from her beautiful skin.

After his orgasm, he wiped his cock clean on the fine silk sheets, put on his clothes, lifted the bag to his shoulder once again and walked from the room, leaving her mutilated corpse for the maid to clean up.

It wasn't until two hours later that the maid arrived on the scene of the murder. She was seventy-four years old, five foot one, about two hundred and forty pounds and balding. It's hard to believe, but fifty-seven years ago, she started coming here. She was in love with sex. And she never had the same partner twice.

Men would come from other countries just to fuck her because of her experience and level of eroticism.

As she aged and began to lose her sex appeal, she decided that it was time to hang up the garter belt, and since this was the only home she had ever known, she wanted to be there for the remainder of her life. So she stumbled into the role of *defacto* cleaning lady.

When she entered the room, she was surprised, usually the carnage was more spread out. There was none on the ceiling, or the walls, or the floor, it appeared as though he had kept it on the bed for the first time ever.

She went to work wrapping the body for disposal, which the method of choice was usually cremation, then changed the sheets. The smell of the room and the sight were enough to make anyone vomit, but she had seen worse.

For example, after a willing torture victim had expired, she went into his cell to clean and the walls were covered in blood, shit and come. There was a box under where he hung on the wall that held his digits and facial features. That had really disgusted her.

As she continued down the hall with the cart full of cleaning supplies, she dropped the bra that belonged to the girl who was murdered a couple of hour before.

A man who was walking towards her bent down, picked it up and handed it to her. She smiled softly at his kindness and he winked back. He loved older women.

He continued his walk down the hall, turned around as he passed her to check out that sagging, wrinkled, nasty ass and entered a room three doors down from where she had just cleaned.

He left the room three hours later after making love to a set of ninety year old twins. He had a lot of things to do, being the mayor of the city. He turned the corner and almost ran into a large, burly man who was walking towards him. The same man who had stabbed the other earlier in the evening.

He wanted to stab the man, now that he had spent the last hour and a half in the bathroom with explosive diarrhea, but couldn't because the man hadn't caused him any bodily harm. The last man had given him a nasty bruise on his shoulder. Bastard.

When he hadn't showed up, the girl who he was to be with left, destined to get her cherry popped that night. She stumbled into the room of a lesbian and ended up with not only a bloody pussy, but an injured anus.

When the burly man found she was not in the room, he was thrown into a fit of rage and tore down the halls, opening dozens of doors until he finally found her. She was sitting

on the bed crying as the lesbian consoled her. As he closed the door a man in a hurry rushed past.

He was on his way to a room. The man was possibly the most disgusting of all those who came to the house. He loved every type of bondage and humiliation, sex in any way, having his body mutilated and watching other enjoy the same torture. Tonight though, he only had one desire.

Sex.

He just wanted to have sex with a woman. It had been so long. Nothing fancy, not with an amputee or a midget, or with a hairy bear, just a woman, on her back, and him slamming into her over and over again.

I know, it's sick.

Jefferson Village

Have you ever raped a housewife? They're definitely my favorite breed of women to commit disgusting, sexually deviant acts against. They scream the most, but don't put up a fight. Apparently they like it. At least that's what I think anyway.

Well, enough about that. Yes, I'm a rapist, but that's not what I'm going to talk to you about today. Inside of this cold shell is a man who enjoys life. I love to play with puppies, help older persons cross the street, and frolic in a flower filled garden barefoot. I adore the feeling that I get from the mud squishing between my toes. I'm fucking fabulous. I make love to men, I rape and abuse women.

I live in Manhattan in a studio apartment with my partner Emory. See, he even has a gay name. He doesn't know about my tendencies to rape women because he would think I was cheating on him. Which I'm not. I feel no sexual desire towards these women I violate, I just love holding a struggling woman in my arms and thinking about all of the things she fears.

Most of these women beg me not to kill them. What the fuck do they think I am a fucking psychopath? I wouldn't kill

them. That's crazy. Besides, I don't think I could handle that. Murder is sick and twisted, rape is just the beautiful act of sex with an unwilling partner. It's great.

I know I said I wasn't going to talk about rape, but what made you think you could trust me, I'm a fucking rapist. Besides, it's really very funny. I've raped dozens of women, all different, all from different places, but I've noticed, women whose names begin with a vowel scream a lot louder than those that start with consonants. Now there are exceptions, but nine out of ten times, it's true. I remember this one named Alicia, she was screaming so loudly, I had to tape a dirty sock in her mouth to keep her from screaming.

There have been so many fantastic rapes, breaking into people's homes, holding a woman down, sometimes when her husband is unconscious. It always amazes me how macho straight guys are, always talking about how they can beat up fags and how weak and simple homosexuals are. Then I come into their home and beat them to within an inch of their lives before taking advantage of their women. A guy once even had an eighteen year old daughter too, so I got both his wife and his kid in one fell swoop. Did them both on the same bed. It was funny listening to them cry, both

while I was taking advantage of them and when I was next to them fucking their mother/daughter. It was the best one I think I've ever done. The hardest part was tying them up. See daddy wasn't home, he was actually on a business trip and they were left home alone. I crept in the back door while mom was in the tub. The daughter was in her bedroom, listening to music and I slowly entered, taking care not to disturb her. I tied her up first, making sure to strip her naked in the struggle. She was more concerned with trying to push me off of her and yelling for her mother, but she had that Fall Out Boy up pretty fucking loud. In fact, her mother didn't even know I was in the house until the bathroom door hit the tile and I was dragging her from the tub by her hair.

The room was full of stuffed animals, and completely decked out in pink. If you asked me, it looked kind of gosh because she had these light pink curtains with hot pink bedding. Terrible. I think that's why I hit her a few times while I was on top of her. Broke her fucking nose. Her blood wasn't pink, so I'm pretty sure she'll need some new sheets because that would clash even more, what with all those stains.

Always make sure to dump bleach inside of there, you know, their woman area and on anything that you come on. That way, they can't match up the DNA.

I think I'll hit the club tonight, I really feel like dancing. Remember, if you ever move to a little place called Jefferson Village, make sure to lock your doors, board up the windows and never, ever leave your wife home alone. Seacrest, out.

Screenplay

The following is pretty fucking disturbing. The back story on this is weird and I don't like talking about it, but let's just say a friend sent me this shit.

This is a transcript of the video that he sent with a note saying it was true.

I have edited out a lot of the dull spaces. The video was over three hours long, with a lot of crying and staring at the camera. I kind of wish he had written this down instead of making the video, but it would have spoiled the end. I will notate all of the areas edited out and sum it up for you.

INT. ROOM, SOMEWHERE, VERY DIMLY LIT.

The only thing in the camera view is a chair. There is a light somewhere to the rear right of the chair, illuminating half of it. A naked MAN enters the frame and sits in the chair. His face is shadowed, the only parts that are visible are half of his nose and his mouth. He reaches behind the chair and lifts a belt which he loops around his chest, right below his armpits and tightens it.

MAN

I'm not ready. My mind is,
but my body isn't. I must say
that I am completely fed up
with living. This is Hell.
Life is Hell. All you
Christians, Jews, Muslims,
and anyone else who believes
that bullshit, this life we
are living in is Heaven or
Hell. Mine is a Hell.

At this point he pauses and cries for a half an hour.
It is the longest he doesn't say or do anything
productive in the video. He just sits there and cries.

MAN

All of this bullshit in
society has just pushed me to
the edge. I have to work
everyday at a shit job, just
to afford what are called

luxuries, but are really just
out there to keep us stupid.
To keep us from paying
attention to what is really
going on.

He then goes on to explain how all of the world's
leaders are secretly in this together to keep us from
know about a secret space crane. The crane is on
another planet and it goes out into space, to just
above earth and suspends us where we sit in the
universe. There are a lot of mathematical equations
that he throws out there and a lot of references but
since I saw it, I only found one website that actually
talked about it, and within a week it had been taken
down and replaced with a site for people to put up
stupid home videos. He mentions the website. This rant
goes on for an hour. I have left all of the details
out because well, because I don't want to get killed.

MAN

You all just don't
understand. You just want to
be stupid and happy. Once you

watch this, none of you will be alive anymore. That's why I'm doing this, because it doesn't matter what I say, I'm already dead inside. Death is not just a stage of the life cycle, it can also be a mindset. When you're dead or dying, you know it inside. I had a friend who once told me, not three days before he died that he knew his life was over. He ended up getting hit by a bus. For those three days he seemed like a completely different person. He didn't really hang around anyone, he just...(long crying sequence)...acted dead.

I hurts. It hurts to know you're already dead. You wish that you could be just like everyone else. The body

starts to breakdown and your
mind just disappears. I
haven't seen or heard from it
in months. It's taken me all
this time to come to terms
with this.

I'm not going to say any
goodbyes because I'm already
gone. I might as well be
buried in the ground, but I
should be there soon.

He takes out a long knife from somewhere off-screen
and holds it up.

MAN

This is my chariot of fire.
My cross. My Mount Sinai. My
curtain call.

He holds the knife to his throat and with one quick
movements, slices his throat. He is still for a
moments, then the blood begins to flow. He twitches a
few times in the chair and then is still. The belt

holds him upright in the chair, letting the audience watch the blood trickle down his chest. The tape doesn't stop there, it just keeps going until it runs out.

CUT TO:

STACTIC

A Conversation Concerning God

The following dialogue has taken place over the past few years between myself and many people in Christianity. Some have been pastors, or teachers, or just plain old Christians.

#1 represents my questions and answers.

#2 represents the answers most commonly given to me.

1: How can you prove the existence of God?

2: The Bible says he is.

1: And why is the Bible true?

2: Because it was written by God.

1: How do you know it was written by God?

2: It says so.

1: So God came down, grabbed a pad and pen, or a stone and chisel and wrote the Bible?

2: No, he wrote it through men.

1: So men wrote it, with God possessing them?

2: No, God guided their brains and hands to write the words.

1: Well, the Koran says it was written by God through men.

2: But that was the devil telling them that he was God. He was lying to them.

1: So he was possessing them?

2: Yes.

1: And what does possessing mean?

2: He took over their mind and body to use it for his will.

1: And how is that different than what God did in the Bible?

2: Well, God is God, so he can't possess us, he just guides us.

1: So the men who wrote the Bible weren't completely possessed by God, so they could have deviated from what he said and just wrote whatever they wanted to.

2: No, God had control of their body and wrote through them.

1: So, how is that different from possession?

2: Because possession is over the devil and God just guides us, not possess us.

1: So, the devil has special powers that God doesn't have?

2: No. God is all powerful and he can do anything.

1: Then why can't he possess people?

2: Because the very term possess has a negative connotation.

1: But God commanded the Israelites to kill the babies of their enemies by throwing them from cliffs and he would laugh about it. That sounds pretty negative to me.

2: But because God did it, that makes it righteous.

1: What makes God completely righteous?

2: He is God.

1: But where are these rules of God written?

2: The Bible.

1: But didn't God write the Bible?

2: Yes.

1: So God wrote a book describing himself and all of his powers?

2: Yes.

1: And God says anything he does is righteous?

2: Yes.

1: So we are righteous?

2: God can make us righteous.

1: But God already made us, that is why we are here right now, so doesn't that mean I'm already righteous?

2: No we need God to help us become righteous.

1: So, how can God be righteous if he created something that wasn't righteous?

2: We were righteous until the snake gave Adam and Eve the apple in the Garden of Eden. Now we must work so that God will make us righteous again.

1: But how can you prove that?

2: The Bible tells us that's what happened. And because we do bad things.

1: How do you measure what is bad?

2: Well, the Bible say that murder is wrong.

1: Well, God murders in the Bible.

2: But it is righteous.

1: So, when God does something, no matter what, he is righteous, but if we do it, we are bad, no matter what?

2: Yes.

1: That makes no sense.

2: God works in mysterious ways.

1: So what makes God righteous?

2: He is perfect.

1: What is the basis for his perfection? What does the Bible say makes God perfect?

2: He is God.

1: So, just based on the name of God, he is perfect, therefore he is righteous, therefore he is God.

2: Yes.

1: That's circular reasoning.

2: That's what the Bible says.

1: The Bible also says that you should drop everything including burying your dead loved ones. Jesus even tells a man at one point, "Let the dead bury their own dead." but

in the Old Testament, in Deuteronomy it says that God buried Moses. So, but proxy, if we should let the dead bury their own dead, that makes God dead, right?

2: No, Jesus was saying the dead in spirit, the ones who don't know Jesus is the Messiah should continue on about their lives, but the ones who it has been revealed to should only worry about that.

1: So, God is spiritually dead. He doesn't know Jesus was the Messiah.

2: No, Jesus was God's son. Of course God knew.

1: But how do we know Jesus is the Messiah and the son of God?

2: The Bible says so.

1: So, God told us who his son was and how to pick him out of a crowd.

2: No, Jesus came and said he was God's son.

1: So has David Koresh and a slew of other people that have subsequently been killed because they claim to be God's son, just as Jesus was.

2: But the Bible says that Jesus is God's son.

1: Okay, anyone could write a book that says any old crazy homeless man is the son of God because he said he was, then claim, in that same book, that God wrote it through him. If God were to take over his whole body though, what would

happen to him? Where does his mind go when God takes him over?

2: When God has control you would be in a sleep like state. Just like in prayer, when God is speaking to you.

1: Then how do you know it was God that did it?

2: Because he tells you and you know who he is.

1: But earlier you said that the devil could possess you and tell you that he was God and take over your body. So he can lie, then how do you really know its God?

2: Well, God tells you it's him.

1: Okay, this isn't going anywhere, why did Jesus come to earth?

2: He came to die and save us from our sins.

1: So he died and that saves us from our sins?

2: He died and rose from the dead.

1: How do you know he rose from the dead?

2: The Bible says so.

1: Does anything else in history ever say that it happened?

2: Not that specifically, but the Jewish Historian Josephus, who was a strict Jew and didn't follow Jesus wrote about him.

1: If I recall correctly, Josephus mentions over twenty men named Jesus during that time. Isn't it possible that all of the stories in the Bible are a collection taken from many

sources and all the act's and teachings may not have been done and said by the same man?

2: No, Josephus mentions Jesus of Nazareth specifically and says he truly was the son of God.

1: Another mention of Jesus, the brother of James, says that he is the so-called Messiah. Why would Josephus have said that he was a "so-called" Messiah, and then said he truly was the son of God?

2: Well, sometimes people have a change of heart and could have written hat about Jesus, then found out something different and put that down.

1: Okay, then why if he found out the truth about Jesus, did he then never mention anything about him being the Messiah again? It seems like very other person in history who found out that Jesus was the son of God immediately ran out and told everyone they knew about him, they didn't just go on with their lives as if nothing happened.

2: But Josephus couldn't have done that. He was a historian and he had a job to do to preserve the history of the Jewish people.

1: Okay, Paul, the apostle who wrote most of the Old Testament was a Pharisee, then one day, on the road to Damascus, he was converted to Christianity and left everything he knew to go preach the word of Christ. Matthew

was a tax collector, Mark was a lawyer, Luke was a physician, all of these men left the lives they had and went to preach the word of Christ. A doctor in a time like that is probably more important than a historian who we know from historical accounts plagiarized and over exaggerated his stories.

2: Yes, all those people did give up their lives to Christ, but there were a lot of other people who knew he was the son of God and did nothing.

1: Okay, well, if Jesus died on the cross, came back to life and then went to heaven, how is that saving us?

2: Well, the Bible says that one day he will come back to collect us and take us to heaven with him.

1: Sure it does, but the Bible also said that even some of the people alive at that point in time would see the second coming of Christ. That was two thousand years ago, no one has ever live two thousand years.

2: He was speaking about us, reading his words in the Bible.

1: People have been looking to the sky and saying that the end of the world was coming since before Christ. What makes you think it will ever happen?

2: The Bible says he will come back and take all of his followers to heaven with him.

1: Where does it say that?

2: In the Bible.

1: Where in the Bible?

2: Well Matthew speaks about the Rapture happening.

1: Yeah, twinkling of an eye, thief in the night.

2: Yes, he will come that fast and no one will know what is happening.

1: What will happen after that?

2: Well, that's when the Tribulation will happen.

1: What's that?

2: That is when Christ will take the believers to heaven and the people on earth will be under the control of the Anti-Christ.

1: Where does it talk about all this happening?

2: In the Book of Revelations. And in Daniel in the Old Testament.

1: And both of these books talk about the same things?

2: Well, we know they talk about the same things, but they don't tell exactly what will happen.

1: So, you took two books and put all of the things together and made up a story about what will happen in the End of Days?

2: No, most of Revelation and Daniel is written in a sort of code. You have to decipher the code to find out what is

going to happen. There are a lot of symbols out in the books and visions that tell us what will happen.

1: So, if there are symbols in there, how do we know what they mean?

2: They were written so further study of the Bible and God would reveal them to you.

1: Well, if God is God and he wrote a book to tell us about his character and how we can be made righteous by him, then why did he write it in code with a bunch of symbols, why didn't he just write exactly what would happen so that way we would know exactly what happens and we wouldn't have to guess?

2: Because God is too perfect for us to be able to define him and know everything about his word.

1: Well, if you can't perfectly define God and the Bible doesn't give you the complete picture of who God is, then how do you know he's perfect?

2: Because the Bible says so.

1: But you just said that the Bible is written in code and symbols so that extensive studies of it will reveal the true character of God. If it is written in a code, then don't we just have to guess what it actually means?

2: Well, over the centuries we have had to experiment with exactly what it says, so that we will have the complete story.

1: Do we have the complete story now?

2: Yes, we know exactly what will happen in the End Times.

1: So when will it happen?

2: Soon.

1: What does soon mean?

2: Well, it is clear by what the Bible says about when it will happen. It says that in the End of Days, brother will fight against brother, there will be wars, natural disasters and it will be a horrible place to live.

1: So frequency of wars, and the devastating effects of natural disasters are what makes this the end times.

2: Yes.

1: Okay, well, for years there have been wars, almost since the beginning of time and you can blame almost 75% of those wars on how man views his God and the God's of others. So, would that be a self fulfilling prophesy then because we are causing these wars over God to try and bring God back? As far as natural disasters are concerned, natural disasters have been happening for years. In fact, there is no proof that natural disasters are much worse now than they were in the past because there are now 6 billion

people on the planet, the most in human history. If you believe what the Bible says then you believe that the only parts of the world that were inhabited in the time of the Bible were the Middle East, slightly into Asia and The Northern section of Africa. As populations increased, then people started spreading out. So, there could have been horrible hurricanes and terrible tornados in what is now the United States and no one knew about it because no one was over here. It just seems like Natural disasters are getting worse because population is up. If a hurricane hit Florida in the early 1700's, of course a lot of people wouldn't die because a lot of people weren't there. Now when it hits, because there is a large population there, now it seems horribly devastating.

2: But it also says the world will get more violent with brother against brother.

1: Yeah, it does, but let's use the same principle of the last argument. If there are 1 million people on earth and one thousand of them are murderers, then that would be one percent of the population is a murderer. If you have 6 billion people on the planet, and you have six hundred thousand people committing murder, then that is still one percent, but it seems like a lot more because population increased. Also, in ancient times, word of mouth was the

only way of getting news. A loved one could die and you wouldn't know for a month. Now with the news and cell phones, the internet and the such, something can happen one second and you can have it the next second on your phone or computer. We have an instant gratification society so we can learn about all the horrible things much faster so it looks like the world is more violent.

2: But Christians are being persecuted for their beliefs all over the world right now. When the End Times comes, that's what the Bible says will happen.

1: Where are Christians being persecuted?

2: All over the world.

1: Can you give me a specific place? All over the world is kind of hard to believe seeing that America is a nation founded by Christians which always elects a Christian leader and the Christians make all the decisions. Most of Europe is the same way, people say that Islam is taking over in Europe but the real factors are that there are about 25% of the population Muslim. The only place where anything happens against Christians is in Communist countries like China and Korea, but they persecute all religions that don't worship the leader of the country, so it isn't just Christians getting attacked there.

2: Christians are persecuted by Muslims in the Middle East.

1: Yep, and Muslims are persecuted by Christians in America and by Jews in the Middle East and all three of those religions just spend their time fucking with each other and no one just sits back and says, "Why are we fighting over God? If God is God, can't he defend himself?"

2: But that's persecution.

1: You're right, the same way that Christians persecute Muslims. In the Middle East, everyone is born Muslim and a few people defect from it and go to Christianity. If they do, their family tries to kill them or they ostracize them, sending them away. But if your child grew up and decided to be a Muslim, would you accept them and still let them come to your house and try to teach you about Islam and things like that?

2: No, I would still love them, but I wouldn't respect their religious beliefs.

1: Okay, so you, as a Christian, persecute just as many people as the Muslims do, but because you think you're right, you don't think its persecution.

2: We don't persecute, we try to teach others the correct way.

1: So, telling gays they're going to Hell, killing abortion doctors and complaining about nudity and foul language of TV isn't persecuting those people.

2: No, we are a society that should be devoted to God. We have many things going on in this country that are against God's plan for us.

1: So, God's plan is take away people's rights?

2: No, God wants us to have the freedom to make our own choices, but there are consequences for that.

1: So those consequences are being forced to listen to a bunch of people tell you how bad you are, instead of just getting to make the choices and see if anything bad does happen to you after you die.

2: After you die it is too late to change your mind. We are trying to keep people from making the bad decisions while they are alive so they don't go to hell. God doesn't want anyone to go to hell.

1: So why does he send people there?

2: He doesn't you send yourself there.

1: So why does he punish us for our human nature? He created us, how can he punish us for how he created us?

2: He created us perfect, because of Adam and Eve's mistake, we became sinful.

1: Doesn't God know everything?

2: Yes.

1: So, he created us as perfect, knew we would disobey him and become the way we are today, yet he still created us

anyway, so therefore, he wants us to be sinful. If not, he wouldn't have created us, knowing that we would fall away from him.

2: That is why he sent Jesus to die for us.

1: So he wanted Jesus to die all along, he just needed a reason to have his own son killed, so he created us, knowing we would sin so that he could send his son to die for our sins. Sounds kind of odd to me.

2: He didn't make us sin, the devil tempted us and we accepted the temptation and became sinful.

1: Well, how did the devil come about?

2: He was once an angel named Lucifer who fell away from God because he thought he was better than God. Now he works against God trying to take his most prized creation, humanity, away from him.

1: How did angels come about?

2: God created them.

1: Okay, so God created the angels, knowing that some of them would fall away from him and work to destroy the human race one day, so he created the human race anyway, even though he knew that the devil would try to take us away from him? Sounds like when someone starts a rumor about someone else, just to cause drama because they have nothing better to do.

2: God created us because he needed a companion.

1: Didn't he have the angels at this point?

2: Yes but angels don't have free will.

1: Then how did Lucifer rebel against God if he didn't have free will? If he didn't have the power to make a choice that was against what God wanted him to do, which is what free will is defined as, then God purposefully created him, knowing that he would fall away and become the devil. So, God's plan all along for Lucifer was to have him become evil, to tempt the human race and make us fall away from God, thus he could send us to Hell to be punished for it. Is that righteous?

2: Yes, because God did it.

1: Whatever.

I'm About to Lose my Frickin' Mind

By proxy, Eve would have been the hottest woman in the world. For instance, because she was the only woman, she could have had a uni-brow, one leg, an overbite and the worst body hair in the world, and she still would have been the sexiest woman on the planet. After all, there were no other women to compare her to, so it wasn't like in the present when every woman you see can automatically be compared to another, hotter woman.

My penis fell off.

Everyone out there today, just grab your ass and scream with delight because Jose, the man who used to rent the apartment above me has finally moved out. No more loud mariachi music in the middle of the night, no giant piles of people pouring from his house daily, no more cockroaches. He is finally gone and the only thing that makes me happier is that he is dead. Yeah, he moved into a cemetery, because that's where they put dead people. I know, the phrase has finally moved out I kind of misleading because it seems like he moved to somewhere else, but he technically did. He moved to Hell.

Chivalry is more than dead. I know what you ladies out there are saying, but men still hold the door open for me and pull out my chair. Yeah, they do, but the reason isn't to be polite. See, when a man holds a door for a woman to walk through before him, he is doing it for one, maybe both of the following reasons. The first reason is that he is making sure there are no booby traps. If he goes in first and there's a tripwire that is connected to a bomb or whatnot, then he may be killed, so him sending you in first is to make sure that he doesn't bite the big one walking through the door. The other reason is to look at your ass. Seriously, men like to check out women's asses. The easiest way to do this without triggering their instinct to the fact that you are looking at their ass is to open a door for them and as they pass through, glance at it. This makes sure the ass is as perfect as possible to look at because an ass looks a lot different when walking than when it is standing still.

Ishtar, the Babylonian goddess who Easter is named for received numerous child sacrifices in ancient times. Crazy, huh?

If you haven't noticed yet, it is that time of year when all the sexy women, and some of the not so sexy ones, begin

to break out the swimwear and the short skirts to show off that skin. They are going to be looking for a mate but do not give in! Giving them babies is what they want. They want you to knock them up so that they can control you for the rest of your life. Any woman who gets pregnant by a guy, even if he has fifteen other kids with fourteen other women will try to take over that guy's life. I've seen it happen many times. They want to know where you're going, who you're with, if it's a good influence. Fuck that shit.

My advice, wear a condom. Fuck it, wear a trash bag. Or put it in her mouth or her butt. Neither of these places can conceive a child and if it does, she's not a real person, she's some sort of alien or demon. In that case, try to get me some space metal/Satan's autograph.

End Note:

Well, there you go, issue 3. Was it everything you expected? Does that mean good or bad? Anyway, I don't think I'm going to do another one, so I can't really write see you next time here.

I'm just lazy, so, whatever.

Dedwin Hedon