

IN THE FAT

TALES OF A CORPULENT SCI-FI AUTHOR



FOREWORD BY NIGEL IGGER

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FOREWORD

IN THE FAT is a collection of fan-written short stories, loosely inspired by great, contemporary sci-fi novels like *Starship Repo* by William Tate, as well as classic mil-spec techno-thrillers like Tom Clancy's *The Hunt for Red October*.

Not only do we feel an appreciation for science fiction, spaceships and fantasy, but for the very writers whose minds conceive these wonderful and epic works of art.

While we hold in high regard world-renowned authors like Tate, Clancy, George R.R. Martin and others for their contributions to the writing genre, it is the unknown, struggling sci-fi authors that we hold most dear and most identify with as fans.

It is them, who write without publishing deals, barely able to make ends meet.

Those who lose loved ones, simply for what is their passion.

Not known or sought after much, if ever.

It is some of them however that, through their tireless work and inability to give up, are able to inspire at least another small faction of die-hard sci-fi/fantasy enthusiasts.

Real fans if you will.

The fans of today that might turn out to be the writers of tomorrow.

We collectively decided to focus our short-stories on such a fictional, inspiring science-fiction writer, aptly named Fattrick Tublinson and his collection of misfits, with a wide range of settings and storylines.

We hope you enjoy this fan-made tribute and will likewise be inspired to follow your dreams, regardless of the doubters and cyberstalkers that may or may not come for you one day.

-NIGEL IGGER
MAR-A-LAGO CLUB, PALM BEACH, FL 2020



SPACE TROLLS

STENTFEZNOR

A long time ago, in a probable simulation far, far, away...

It is a period of suicide demands. Redditard spaceships, striking from a hidden forum, have won their millionth victory against the evil Gutlactic Empire.

During the battle, Redditard spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate spec book, In The Black, an idiot's version of a generic space story with a plot stolen from Hunt For The Red October.

Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, a princess races home aboard her ship with her unborn daughter and tries to find their only chance of a life without a rambling fat lunatic destroying their freedom in the galaxy...

Chapter 1

In the vast blackness of space, a slim and shapely spaceship, the Scorch2, is pursued by what looks like a gigantic slice of pizza topped with corn. It valiantly races away from its inevitable doom, nearing a desert wasteland planet known as Compoundooin.

Inside, two droids, ArtieD2 and Seepage-three-oh, were being jostled about as the ship was pelted with hunks of cheese. Redditard soldiers ran past them to take up positions in order to repel boarders. They were armed only with their tiny penises and pictures of beefers. Seepage-three-oh, a homosexual golden droid, flailed about in despair.

“Oh, ArtieD2! We'll never survive this! They're going after the mods! We're doomed!”

The smaller than average droid, ArtieD2, dropped his sack of oranges and let forth a series of unintelligible beeps and clicks.

“Hey, ese! These chingue maricóns ain't doin' shit, homes!”

“You’re right, Artie. You better pick up these oranges before the mistress notices. Sí? Comprende?”

The ship jerked and a dull metallic boom signaled that the Imperial Pizza had overtaken the Scorch2 and was drawing it inside with its DMCA beam.

ArtieD2 spied a beautiful woman in a corridor motioning him her way. He extended his tiny third tripod leg and wheeled towards her.

Seepage-three-oh followed close behind. Because he’s gay.

Elsewhere on board, the Gutlactic forces breached the ship. Explosions resonated down the hull as the hatch door ‘Meridian Blue – 45’ was destroyed with charges. Clone troopers poured through the opening as fast as they could, which isn’t fast given the myriad of health issues they have.

They yelled “Stop double-siding,” “Attack the Nazis,” and “Our following demands this” as they filled the ship in their pink-haired pirate uniforms.

The Redditards valiantly called them all faggots, but they weren’t prepared for the level of autism and mental illness assailing them. They were quickly overcome. Their tiny penises remained hanging out.

Through the smoky haze, a bulky figure slowly waddled. Dressed in a full-length black leather duster and an inside out baseball cap, it was the dork lord, Darth Fatso. Wheezing loudly, despite the minor exercise of walking, Fatso examined the scene.

“Get them, children,” he said to the nearest trooper. “Leave none standing.”

Elsewhere in the ship, Seepage-three-oh was sobbing in a corner. Lost and alone, with nowhere to go, he heard the familiar beeps of ArtieD2 approaching.

“Hey, whatchoo doin’ there, mang?”

Relieved, Seepage-three-oh got to his feet. He noticed that ArtieD2 had only a single top rivet on his chassis and had long white spats over his wheels which almost met the tan fairings over his tripod legs.

He didn’t understand the D2-series of droids and wished they’d stayed on their own side of the galaxy, but he did enjoy this particular one’s company at times.

“Come along, Artie, we’ve got to surrender. I’m certain they’ll want to probe us nice and deep.”

Ignoring this, ArtieD2 motored off towards an escape pod.

“I got a mission, homie,” the little droid beeped back at Seepage-three-oh before rounding a corner, bouncing on two of his three wheels.

“Wait for me” cried Seepage-three-oh.

The battle won, Darth Fatso was interrogating Redditar soldiers, trying to divine the whereabouts of the princess.

“We’re a peaceful subreddit dedicated to a defunct radio show!” a soldier gasped out as Fatso fellated him deeply.

“You’re a Nazi, child! I’ll swallow you all until you tell me where Princess LeiAdrienne is!”

The soldier collapsed limp, his tiny penis receding even further after ejaculating. Darth Fatso turned to a trooper and announced, “Tear this ship apart to find the princess if you have to!”

I don't care how many gymnasium vacuum cleaners cause you to have PTSD in here," before stalking off down the hall with the jizz of a dozen Redditards dribbling down his chin.

Seepage-three-oh and ArtieD2 quickly locked themselves in an escape pod, attempting to flee the trapped ship. Their pod blasted free and rocketed towards the planet Compoundooin.

Imperial soldiers noticed the escape pod but held their fire as it didn't register any signs of life on their scanners and therefore would not earn them a Space-Twitter 'like' when they shared the shooting of the pod down.

The tiny pod hurtled towards the planet surface and an uncertain fate.

"Reunited at last, princess" said Darth Fatso, now gloating over his captive.

She was being held by troopers and could not recoil from the smell of semen and bratwurst breath. His mad eyes stared at her, filling her with a deep and inescapable dread.

"I never loved you! I was in an awful mental state, probably caused by my proximity to you and your delusions," she yelled at him. But Fatso just laughed.

"Oh, child. You did love me. You still do. You can't help it. I want my book back and you're going to return it to me now..."

"Whoever grown man enjoys playing with toys, assuredly he enjoys playing with children as well."

Aeschylus



Chapter 2

“Fuck that, homes! I got shit to do,” yelled plucky little ArtieD2 as he sped away from a languidly masturbating Seepage-three-oh.

He had a secret mission given to him by Princess LeiAdrienne and he intended to complete it. He was a hard worker, but he knew his place, which made him popular amongst other, less foreign, droids.

On his own at last, ArtieD2 felt comfortable enough to do a little freestyle rapping about his love of space-herb and laser-gats. It didn't last long, though. From behind a rock jumped out a small humanoid creature dressed in a dark robe with only two glinting eyes visible beneath a hood. ArtieD2 immediately recognized it as a Chippa.

“Fuuudge, yeah! Sockcucker,” it cried as it shot a weapon at ArtieD2, immobilizing him immediately and powering him down.

In their efforts to return Princess LeiAdrienne to the Imperial planet Milwaukee's finest half-a-house, owned by Darth Fatso, the troopers could find no trace of the *In The Black* spec book on board the Scorch2.

Fatso was not happy.

“You're all against me, children,” he yelled as he mashed another hunk of meatloaf into his mouth.

His second in command, an elderly childless woman of no discernible talent, Captain Feline Pedo, eagerly stepped forward to announce some good news.

“Zir, we do have one lead. An escape pod left the Scorch2 soon after capture and it was assumed to be empty. We now believe it may have contained your book.”

Darth Fatso's eyes blinked away the tears. Not slowing down from consuming his Monday meatloaf, he pointed at the Captain.

“Fire up the Triumph Fighters and get down to the planet immediately! I want that book returned before Hooligans closes, child!”

“Yes, zir!”

ArtieD2 slowly powered back up. He was surrounded by other robots in what appeared to be a room full of decrepit and mangled droids.

The room bumped and rattled. ArtieD2 realized he was inside a vehicle, but he knew not where it was headed or what was to happen to him. It was probably leading to some kind of droid rape, he thought.

He lurched up onto his wheels. His chain wallet was still intact. Nobody had taken his Saint Machina necklace either. He ambled through the crowd of droids. In the corner he noticed something that stood out. It was a golden robotic penis being stroked gingerly by a golden hand. Resigned to his fate, he struck out across towards it.

“Oh my! ArtieD2! Is that really you? Let me just...” moaned Seepage-three-oh as a jet of oil shot onto the back of a large dark droid.

ArtieD2 already regretted acknowledging Seepage-three-oh, but he had no time to make a quick exit back across the room because the vehicle had thudded to a halt. A tall silver droid entered and motioned them all to exit.

Seepage-three-oh leaned an oily hand on Artie's head and they shuffled along with the crowd of droids.

“Putta,” ArtieD2 beeped quietly to himself.

Outside in the sun, the droids were all made to line up. It was an auction and the customers approached them. An elderly man and a handsome younger man looked them all up and down.

“How about this one, uncle,” said the handsome man. He was pointing at Seepage-three-oh.

“Oh, use me however you will,” said Seepage-three-oh as he turned around and bent over.

“Where did you get this one from,” demanded the old man to the traders. “He’s clearly a Reddit droid! We’ll be banned if we buy him!”

The traders, uttering in their stupid and guttural language, assured them that their memories would be wiped clean and serial numbers erased.

“Hey, amigo! Pick me,” ArtieD2 beeped enthusiastically.

The handsome man didn’t understand the beeping, but the droid looked useful for day laboring. He walked over to the older man and they completed the sale of the two droids with the Chippas.

Taking the droids back inside the homestead, the handsome man set about cleaning the droids up for service. Seepage-three-oh noticed that he was clearly a man used to working with his hands and not reluctant to do manual labor.

“Sir, my name is Seepage-three-oh and this is my counterpart, ArtieD2.”

“I’m Ron. Ron Snyderwalker,” the man replied while removing the gaudy airbrushed art from ArtieD2’s chassis. “This is my uncle’s farm. I help where I can, but with you now working here, I’m going to head out on my own soon. A man should help family, but he’s got to be his own man, you know?”

“That sounds very reasonable, sir. We’ve just come—”

Seepage-three-oh was cut off as a hologram message shot out of ArtieD2’s lens. It was a beautiful woman, still in the prime of her life.

“Help me, Abeiwan Vigobie. You’re my only hope,” she said and then the message crackled and repeated. “Help me, Abeiwan Vigobie. You’re my only hope,” before suddenly cutting off.

“Who was that? What was that message? She was incredibly beautiful. Play it back,” Ron asked.

“Do as our new muscular master says, Artie,” cried Seepage-three-oh.

“Chinga tu madre,” beeped ArtieD2 back.

“He won’t do it, sir. I’ve failed you and you’ll have to punish me. I can take it, sir.”

“Abiewan Vigobie,” said Ron thoughtfully, “I wonder if that is old Abe out behind the Allenonacid ranch?”

“I’m afraid we’re just droids, sir. We don’t know. You’ll want to be all the way inside me to teach me a lesson I’m sure.”

Ron loaded the droids into his comfortably masculine desert speeder pickup. It had ample room for the droids in the back and wasn’t at all a pretentious transport; classic utilitarian transport for a classically masculine man.

They sped through the dunes and rocks at a speed that wasn’t timid but also didn’t appear to be a desperately childish and vain attempt at proving he was flirting with danger.

They came across something that alerted Ron to possible trouble nearby. Heavy footprints from large beasts trailed off into the distance. He came to a halt behind a rise and slowly ascended the rocky outcrops with confidence. Not far off on the other side, he saw the creatures that had made the footprints in the sand.

Giant rotund beasts, known as Schumas, stood together. This was bad. Sand People were nearby, and he needed to avoid them. Wanting to leave quickly and quietly, he slowly edged back from the crest of the hill. The sound of gravel crunching alerted him in time to hastily roll onto his back. A large menorah smashed into the ground where his skull had been seconds before.

“Six million! Six million,” a swarthy looking alien cried as it stood over him. It brought the menorah crashing down again and again.

Each time Ron dodged it, but he had to find a way out quick. Too late, he saw the second Sand Person standing opposite the other bring a dreidel down to hit him in the head.

“Six million! Six million,” the Sand People cheered. They carried Ron down to his speeder truck. He would make an excellent stud for their Schumas and his truck would bring them silver.

“WOODEN DOORS,” a voiced boomed out. The Sand People dropped Ron and looked at where the noise came from. A hooded creature was lurching towards them. “MATERNITY WARDS,” it boomed out again.

Confused and disoriented, the Sand People ran for their Schumas to escape, leaving behind Ron and his speeder truck.

Ron, still dazed, saw the figure coming towards him but could not make it out. It leaned over him and then slowly pushed back it's hood. It was an old man. He looked at Ron with care and noticed ArtieD2 watching him.

“It’s quite alright, little one,” he called to the droid. “We’ll get your master here set up in front of some re-runs of Fish and he’ll be much better. But we’ve got to move quickly. Sand People are easily scared off, but they’ll be back, and claiming even larger numbers.”

“Snap, homes,” ArtieD2 beeped.

At the landing site of the crashed escape pod, there were now a small army of Imperial troops searching the area for any sign of the lost spec book. One came across a puddle of oil-ejaculate.

“Look, zir! Droids,” the trooper said while taking a selfie with the puddle.

The trooper’s commander looked at the puddle of still warm oil. It was from a droid alright, and judging by the necessity to ejaculate so soon after crashing in a desert, it was almost certainly a Redditar droid.



Chapter 3

Ron awoke to a pounding headache while lying on an unknown bed. He instinctively knew not to make any motion that would indicate weakness or need. Instead he slowly sat up and got his bearings. ArtieD2 was beside him playing with some dice.

“Hello there, sport,” said a voice he didn’t recognize. In the doorway was a kindly looking old man with wild eyebrows. He looked awkward but friendly. Possibly a pedo.

“You took quite a knock, but we’ll get you fixed up,” the old man said as he sat in a chair nearby. “There’s no hurry to go anywhere and you’re quite safe here.”

Ron looked at the man and realized that it was old Abe!

“You’re Abeiwan aren’t you,” Ron asked.

The old man seemed unsurprised to be recognized but nodded that he was indeed Abeiwon Vigobie, accomplished actor of the stage and screen and nominated for four daytime Space-Emmys.

“Yes, you’re quite right,” he said as he lazily pointed towards a shelf filled with photos of other space-actors with him. Before Abeiwon could recount any of his many adventures, ArtieD2 came to life. He stood straight up, and his lens shot out the hologram message.

“Abeiwon Vigobie, you are a star of the stage and screen and as an artist we need your help. Inside this droid is a spec book so terrible it could render all writing illegal. You need to get this droid to my people on Saiditania.

There they will use the Triangle of Discourse to unravel the book’s secrets. Help me, Abeiwon Vigobie. You’re my only hope.”

Abeiwān sat back in his chair. This was not the invitation to the Space-Oscars he was waiting for.

“Who is she,” Ron asked.

“She’s a princess. And she needs our help.”

“Our help?”

“Yes, I’m going to need you to come with me. I’m too old to be traipsing across the galaxy by myself.”

“Save a princess. Save the galaxy. I’m in,” said Ron without hesitating. He knew a real man doesn’t doubt himself or hide from danger when others need him. It didn’t hurt that she was clearly a beautiful princess either.

Ron was all man.

Ron needed to tell his Uncle and Aunt that he had to leave for a while. He wanted to ensure their safety while he was absent. They relied on him and he wouldn’t let them down.

As they neared his home, they came across the Chippas. They had been massacred and their vehicle destroyed. Ron wasn’t particularly upset since they were foolish creatures whose time should’ve passed long ago.

He was concerned, however, that they had been slaughtered by Imperial troops who must’ve found out where the droids were sold. There was empty bags of chips and cat fæces everywhere.

“You can’t go home now, champ! You’ll take the droids right to the Empire,” Abeiwān protested.

“I ain’t about to let some pink-haired fags get the better of me, old man,” Ron yelled as he climbed back aboard the speeder truck.

Abeiwán clambered in beside him as they sped off towards the homestead.

“Oh my, another wacky adventure,” exclaimed Seepage-three-oh.

It was a dreadful scene. His uncle and aunt had been murdered. The Gutlactic troopers had found a red hat owned by Ron’s uncle.

On it was emblazoned “Make The Galaxy Great Again” which was a crime punishable by death.

They were tied to chairs and forced to endure lessons in privilege and cis-hetero normative bias.

Eventually their brains had melted due to the unreasonably illogical and silly ideology being thrown at them.

“I’ll make them all pay for this,” said Ron as a single tear slid down the light stubble on his cheek. He took a shovel out of the back of the truck and started digging.

“We’re going to need to find a ship to take us to Saiditania. We have to go to Mos Roslyn Spaceport,” replied Abe.

“Where is the spec book, child?”

Darth Fatso sat in front of LeiAdrienne, concentrating on painting his toy dinosaur. She was manacled and chained to the chair, forced to watch him conduct his hobby for several hours now.

“I’ll never tell you! Never!”

“Perhaps if you won’t tell, then we will have to make a guess,” sneered the jowly lord of bacon. “I hear that Saiditania needs a little bit of educating.”

“No! Don’t you dare! They’re just good people trying to reach out to each other in this weary galaxy,” the princess shrieked in anguish. “It’s on... it’s on Instagramon.”

“No, child. You lie. You’ll have to do better, child. Captain, prepare to fire upon Saiditania.”

“Please, they don’t know any better. They welcome anyone!”

“I’m not here to educate. If they can’t spot Nazis then they’re in the way. Fire when ready, commander.”

“Uh, zir, it’ll be some time. We’re still discussing which of us is the least privileged and therefore gets to push the button.”

Ron’s speeder truck neared the Mos Rosslyn Spaceport. A wretched hive of villainy and Sand People accountants. The Empire was already there, searching for the droids. Ron slowed the speeder truck down at the entrance checkpoint.

“How should we handle this, Abeiwan?”

“Don’t worry, bud. I’ve got this covered,” replied Abeiwan with surprising confidence. This was probably due to the glue he had been sniffing for the past hour.

As the speeder truck came to a halt a trooper approached. There were another half dozen troops standing nearby but uninterested in the truck. They were busy on their communicators sharing questionable images.

“Ummm, like, excuse ME, but do you have, like, identification and the papers for those droids,” asked the trooper while eyeing them in the bed of the speeder truck.

“Get ready to bail, homes,” ArtieD2 beeped quietly to Seepage-three-oh.

“You don’t need to see our identification or their papers,” Abeiwan announced to the trooper. “Why don’t you fuck off back to your faggot friends and cry about it?”

The trooper was visibly stunned. Never had they encountered such a triggering moment. Completely flustered, the trooper ran away squealing, “You didn’t even ask my pronouns!”

“I think we’re good to go, champ,” said Abeiwan.

Ron moved the speeder truck back into traffic and headed towards the nearest dive bar. They were sure to find someone who was willing to sneak them past the Imperial ships to get to Saiditania. From the outside, they could hear the quaint wailings of an ancient music. The building looked dilapidated and it almost certainly held the worst inhabitants in Compoundoone.

Ron unloaded the droids and they all made their way to the entrance. A burly man with teeth like tombstones and the look of a wild animal stood at the door and pointed towards the droids.

“T-t-t-t-they c-c-c-c-can’t c-c-c-c-come in h-h-h-h-here. H-h-h-h-house r-r-r-r-rules.”

Ron shrugged and motioned them back towards the speeder truck. He’d throw a cover over them in the bed. No Imperial trooper was going to get their hands dirty touching a workman’s speeder truck.

“Pinche gringo,” ArtieD2 loudly beeped back at the door man.

With the droids safely stowed, Ron and Abeiwan entered the bar. It was dark and humid inside. Smoke filled the room and raucous laughter covered the underlying tension.

“Get yourself a drink. I’ll make a few enquiries and meet you at the bar, sport,” said Abeiwan as he patted Ron on the back before disappearing into the crowd.

Ron eased up to the bar. He knew he’d be driving his speeder truck later, so he only wanted a single space-beer to be responsible. After ordering and tasting the drink, he surveyed the bar.

Drunks and loudmouths were entertaining each other. Obviously, none had day jobs. A skanky midget woman tried to catch his eye, but he wasn’t interested. He felt someone bump into him and he turned towards them.

“Oh my, I’m sooo sorry! Imagine me, being such an idiot bumping into a handsome stranger like you!,” a small lisping alien said to him, far too close for comfort.

“Don’t worry about it. No harm done,” replied Ron as he turned away.

“No really, I should make it up to you. Maybe, in the bathroom,” the alien hissed at him, grabbing his arm as it licked its reptilian lips.

“Is this guy bothering you, Anth,” another alien asked as he barged between them. This one was considerably larger, but somehow just as effeminate. It was almost as tall as Ron, but with a flabby belly and soft arms.

“I’m his brother and anything you got to say to him, you can say to me first,” it said while puffing itself up. “You should know I’m a veteran. I’ll make this all go away if you accompany me, and my brother, to the bathroom.”

Ron punched the larger alien in its stomach, sending it reeling backwards to slump against the wall.

The smaller alien threw its arms in the air and fled the scene, red high heeled shoes clacking against the tile floor, and calling out for its mother.

“I was going to help but I see you’ve already taken care of things. I could’ve shown you a move I learned on Barney Miller, would’ve been great,” said Abeiwan. “Never mind all that though. I’ve arranged a ship to take us to Saiditania, sport.”

He motioned Ron towards a booth in the corner. A few moments later, two figures appeared and seated themselves at the booth. One was a fetching young woman with perfect hair and a gun hanging loosely at her side. The other was a hulking animal covered in a thick pelt of fur.

“So, you boys need a ship? I’m Bam Solo and this faggot is my co-pilot Quasibacca.”



To be continued...

MONSTER

TOXIC CIS WHITE MALE FAT

Milwaukee, 2012

It was late evening when the Fat Child opened the door to his hovel. He was bloated and red-faced, drunken from the pools of Bud Ice served at that night's toy convention. He looked like a fat baby with a fever—lips sealed at the sides like a gay Joker.

He walked to the fridge for meatloaf when he noticed drops of blood on the couch leading to the bedroom. He followed them to the door until he heard a faint moan. He creaked it open.

“Oh my God.”

His wife was squatting over his best friend, Ron. She was trying to fit the head of his penis inside of her, and vaginal blood trickled onto the sheets like spilled wine.

“What the fucking frick, Adriana?” the Fat Child yelled.

She tried to leap out of bed but the head of Ron's cock gripped the inside of her snatch so forcefully that it pulled her back down.

“I told you only black guys!”

“I want a divorce, Fatrick,” Adriana replied.

By now, Ron’s bulbous member was draped flaccidly over his leg and onto the bed, like a tired python.

“Ron, I thought you were my best friend. Why would you do this to me?”

He shrugged, “I’ve never liked you, Fatrick. I’m just a tenant here in Adriana’s dad’s rental.”

The Fat Child dropped to his knees and wept. “How long has this been going on?”

“Since he moved in next door,” Adriana said.

“Oh yeah? Well I’ve been flirting with Jewish girls online.”

“Ron pink-socked my anus yesterday while you were at Hooligan’s.” Adriana didn’t care at this point. She never did.

The Fat Child’s blood began to boil. He rose to his feet and bolted to the closet. He pulled out a bo staff, whipping it around like a chubby Napoleon Dynamite.

“It’s time to meet your maker, children,” he hissed.

Ron jumped out of bed. His cock swung around like a slinky as he lunged at the bo staff, ripping it from the Fat Child’s hands. Ron then snapped it in two, like a gorilla breaking a toothpick.

“Don’t try anything stupid, Fatrick,” Ron said.

The Fat Child scurried to the closet once more and pulled out a gun. He pointed it at Ron.

“Don’t come any closer or I’ll shoot.”

Ron let out a chuckle and in one move disarmed the Fat Child. He disassembled the micro pistol and tossed the pieces to the ground, stomping them to bits under his size-16 boots.

“Looks broken,” he said, and kicked the gun pieces back into the closet and climbed back into bed with Adriana. His cock at this point was rock hard from the adrenaline, pulsating like an industrial firehose.

“How could you do this to me, Adriana?”

“Remember that time you sat on my lap at the model convention? That night I kissed Ron. He then took me back to the hotel room because you were too blacked out.”

Tears ran down the Fat Child’s puffy cheeks.

“We tried to have sex that night,” Ron said, “but I forgot lube.” Adriana nestled against Ron’s thick, grizzled neck as he explained. “I think it’s time you left.”

The Fat Child’s enlarged heart broke into a million pieces. He turned for the door.

“One more thing, Fatrick,” Adriana said.

“What is it, Ab?”

“I’m pregnant with your child. But Ron’s going to raise the baby.”

“Oh, that’s cool.”

The Fat Child turned around and walked out the door.

As droplets of rain fell onto his really gay haircut, the Fat Child whimpered under the street lights of N. Inglewood Ave. He thought, “I’ll show them. I’ll show everybody. I will be the greatest science fiction author of this generation.”

He then pulled out his phone and signed up for Twitter.

He looked back once more at the half-house he used to call home. Through the bedroom window, he could see Adriana’s jaws opening wide like a great white shark about to eat whale blubber. But it wasn’t whale blubber. It was just the top half of Ron’s cock head.

8 Years Later

“Nikki! This tweet is going viral. I think my big break is right around the corner!”

The Fat Child’s second, fatter wife sat near the window. Her white sunglasses hid the sadness in her eyes as she watched children play across the street. Seconds from blacking out, Nikki took three fingers of whiskey and shot it down her gullet, wishing it were Ron’s virile load.

“The devil does not reveal itself but by the creases of its mouth, elongated by ever lying”

Apocalypse of Peter, 25:173



STALKER

TOXICISWHITEMALEFAT

Part One

Lana had just finished her bagel and lox and looked out the window of her New York City apartment. Finally, she thought, the day had arrived.

After years of hustle of writing and tweeting and networking in the city, she caught her break—an interview with Marvel Entertainment.

Her Uber rang. “Your vehicle is waiting, Ms. Goldstein,” a soft, boyish voice squeaked on the other end.

She was just finished tightening her blouse and she breathed in one last long breath before looking in the mirror.

“You got this, Lana,” she said. And with one final nod to herself, she left the apartment.

Her Uber was waiting curbside. She couldn’t see the driver through the tinted glass, but she could see he was quite hefty.

He rolled down the window an inch and said, “Lana?”

“You’re my Uber?”

“Yes, get in.”

As they drove through Manhattan, Lana applied one last layer of makeup. She discovered a mascara technique that would make her nose look smaller than it was; a difficult task, but Sephora worked magic.

“Where to, Miss?” the driver said, looking through the rearview. His eyes oddly folded to the sides like slits—as if he were half Japanese.

What she could see of his eyes expressed alacrity, as if he were especially excited to drive this one passenger.

“1290 Avenue of the Americas, please. Marvel Entertainment headquarters.”

“I like Marvel movies. What are you doing there?”

“I just have a meeting.”

“Y’know. I’m something of a writer myself. Some have even called me a firebrand.”

She sighed. This wasn’t the first time some fat goy tried to pitch his talent to her. “That’s nice.” She put on her headphones and listened to The Todd Show.

As they drove, the driver kept looking back at her, then averting his gaze. She ignored it; she had to stay in the zone.

Rehearsing interview questions, she spoke to herself: “What I can bring to She-Spider is a unique feminist perspective.

I believe I can bring a certain depth and empathy to a non-binary Spiderman...”

Lana noticed the driver took a turn that seemed awry, away from the normal route to Marvel.

“Sir, I think Avenue of the Americas is in the other direction.”

“Don’t worry, Miss. This is a faster route.”

“Oh, okay,” she said, trustingly. She was almost late.

She went back to practicing.

“As a fighter against all things patriarchal and white, I will make sure my screenplay takes diversity to the extreme.”

The driver leered at her through the rearview. He was turning onto the George Washington Bridge. This was no shortcut.

Alarmed, Lana said, “Why are we going over the bridge? You’re taking me into Jersey!”

“I like your Twitter.”

Her heart dropped. This man knew her.

“I... I’m sorry, but do I know you?”

The man grinned. Yellow teeth, perhaps 300 pounds, receding hairline, a poof of grayish brown hair lay atop his globular head. Chilling.

Then it hit her—she knew this man. He used to reply to her tweets. One day he sent her an email telling her she owed him one for “defending her against Nazis online.”

She blocked him, thinking nothing of it. By now, he didn't resemble his profile picture at all; he had aged 10 years in only a few months. Wrinkles lined his face; ugly. And there was something sinister behind those blue eyes. She knew she was in danger.

"I think you know me, child."

They were in traffic, so Lana grabbed the door handle and pushed, but it was locked from the outside.

"Please, let me out! What are you doing?"

"Just going for a ride, little one."

"Peter? Peter M. Tublinson? Is that your name? Please Peter, don't hurt me. I like your tweets a lot!"

"Hush, child. The time for pleasantries is over."

Her eyes darted back and forth, trying to find a way out. But the windows were tinted dark and the doors were child-locked, child.

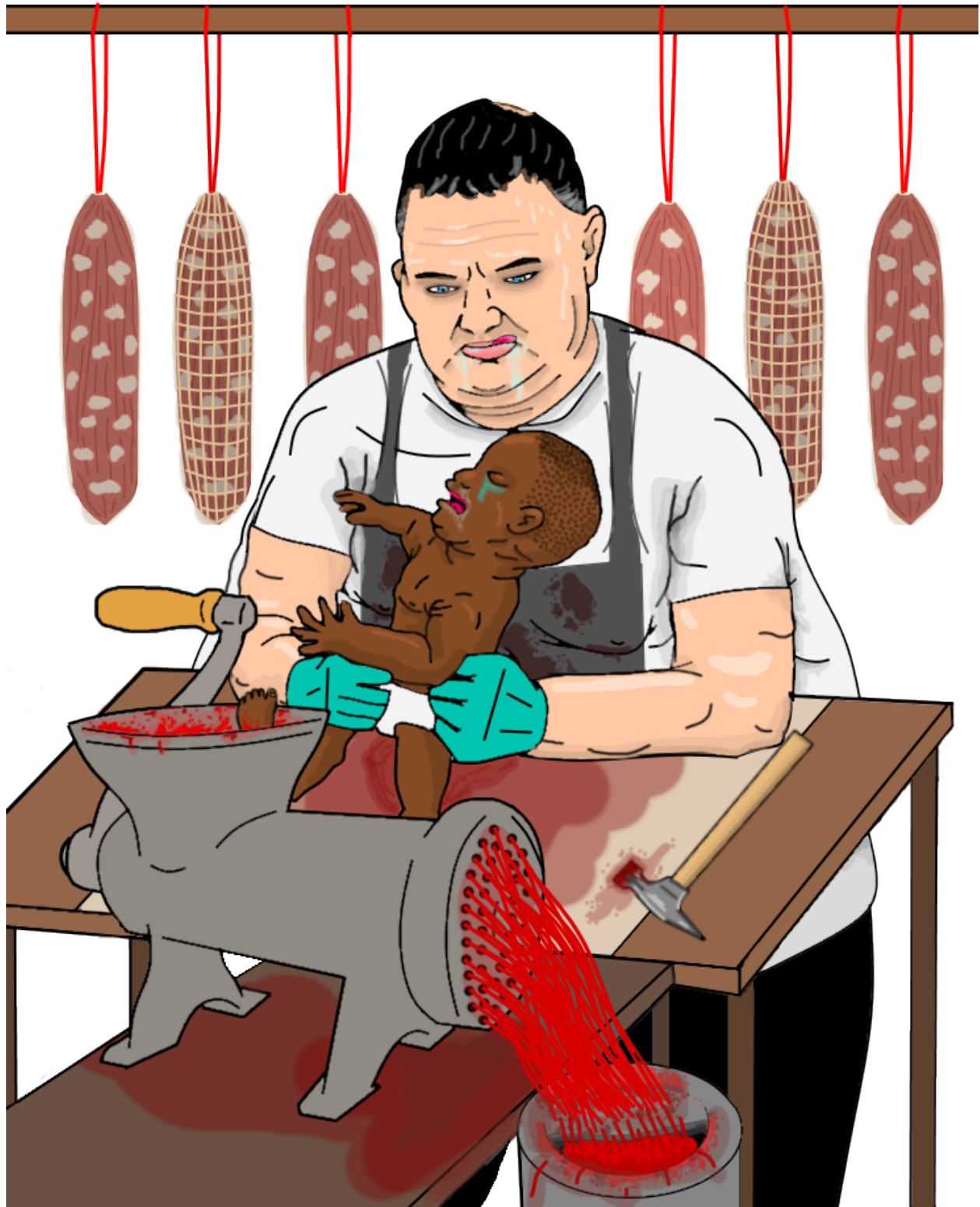
She tried punching through the window, but her bony, frail, cosmopolitan Jewish fists were no match.

They had entered New Jersey, miles and miles from Marvel. The driver took her down an alleyway where they came upon a warehouse. Not a soul in sight; no one to rescue her, no one to hear her screams.

He parked. He lunged into the backseat and grabbed her bewbs. He pulled out a washcloth and forced it over her mouth.

"Sleep now, child."

Lana passed out from the chloroform.



Part Two

Twilight through a dusty window kissed the large surface area of her nose when Lana woke up. She was in a dark room; the brick walls concealed the frightening circumstances within. Worst yet, she was alone, or so she thought.

Cough, cough.

Someone else was there. As her eyes adjusted to the darkness, she could see a hunchbacked man with messy white hair. He had glasses and wore a suit. An old man by the looks of it.

“Is someone there?”

“Yes,” the old man coughed again. Clearly he had been beaten within an inch of his life. His glasses were cracked and his mouth was bloodied.

“Who are you? What is happening?”

“Fix the world,” he said. “That’s all I ever wanted to do. I was so close.”

Dana looked around. The portly man who kidnapped them was nowhere to be seen.

“I was at my lake house in Burlington. It happened so fast. Someone knocked me unconscious as I was prepping for the debate, and I woke up here this morning.”

No, it couldn't be, Lana thought. Was it really?

“Hi, I’m Bernie Sanders. What’s your name?”

“Oh my God. Bernie.” She was in disbelief. “What the fuck!”

“Yes, yes. It’s me.”

“I can’t believe it. I’m Lana.”

“Lana. Nice to meet you,” he grunted, visibly in pain.

“Why did he do this to us? What does he want?”

“I don’t know. All I know is he doesn’t like me. He must not like you, either.”

“I blocked him on Twitter a month ago. I had no idea it would come to this.”

“I’ve received a lot of death threats in my day, Lana. But nothing like this. He must be a deep state agent for the Biden—.”

The warehouse door swung open. The man waddled in, ornery. He was huffing and puffing.

“Where can a guy find corned beef and cabbage in this fucking state? Fuck Jersey!”

He walked over to Bernie and spit in his face. “What’s up, Bern? Thinking of dropping out of the race yet?”

“Why are you doing this?” Bernie trembled.

“Oh, my sweet summer child. I have a lot invested in this presidential race. You’re a thorn in my side.”

“Are you black ops? One of Biden’s henchmen?”

“Heh,” the man shook his head and walked to the end of the room to pour out a glass of milk. “I’m just the man who’s going to end your campaign, child.”

Lana writhed in her seat. She was tied up.

“Why are you doing this to me?” Lana screamed. “I’m just a writer.”

“Love,” he sipped the milk. “It’s more than just a four letter word.”

“I don’t understand.”

“After everything I did for you, defending you from Nazis, all I asked was for you to pay me back with a date. And you blocked me. You blocked my heart.”

“I block dozens of guys a day! I didn’t mean to hurt you. Quick, give me my phone and I’ll unblock you!”

“That time has passed, little one.”

The man went to a drawer and pulled out nunchucks.

“I’m going to make the last moments of your life torture, children. You will feel my power and you will bow to my greatness in the afterlife.”

“You’re insane,” Bernie said.

He whipped his nunchucks in a fat fashion. “I am but a humble supporter of Joe Biden. And your continued persistence is a threat to my punditry.”

“What?”

“Twitter. Biden needs to win or I will never be a political firebrand.” The man took one last swig of milk. He raised the nunchucks high, ready to deliver pain.

“Time to say goodni—”

BOOM.

Shattered glass rained from the ceiling. A man clad in black dropped down on a rope and landed before Bernie. He pulled out a pistol and pointed it square at the fat kidnapper's temple.

"Freeze! Agent Steve Kox, Secret Service."

"Steve!" Bernie gasped. "You're here!"

"Think I'd miss out on this party, Senator?"

The man dropped the nunchucks.

"Steve, this man kidnapped this young lady, too. He's been beating me with his bo staff all night and rubbing meatloaf on his naked body. It's been hell."

The man waddled backwards slowly. His hands were up, and it appeared he was surrendering. "How did you find me?" he whimpered.

"We received a tip from Milwaukee PD a few months back. Their CyberCrimes™ unit was investigating an online terror cell; I think you might know what I'm talking about."

"My Nazi incel MAGA trolls?"

"Yeah, I guess, faggot," Steve said. "They were investigating them when they found your fingerprints all over another case. The Science Fiction Writers of America and their child sex ring spanning from Milwaukee to Roselyn Heights on Long Island", he continued.

"I intercepted your communications with Rat Cambo. You've been planning to kidnap Bernie for a while, haven't you?"

The fat kidnapper's eyes scanned the premises for a weapon. He remembered he still had the glass of milk.

"You're fucked, my dude," Steve continued. "We're placing you under arrest. You have a right to remain silent—"

The man smashed the milk glass to the floor and found a jagged shard. He lunged at Bernie with it, screaming, "Biden has to win!"

Agent Kox fired eight bullets into the man's fat. He flew back and landed on the warehouse floor with a thud.

"Yippee ki yay, little nothing," Kox whispered.

He ran over to untie them both. He helped Bernie up and dusted off his shoulders. "It's time for you to win this debate, sir."

Lana, a Bernie Babe herself, was so mesmerized by Kox's actions, it kinda made her horny.

"Mr. Kox, can... can I suck your cock?"

"I'm married and have a beautiful daughter, so no."

"Oh, oh I understand."

"Everything I do is because of them."

The beauty of his words made her even hornier, but she respected it.

He untied the Jewess and walked her outside.

She hugged him in the alleyway and thanked him for his service. He helped her into the backseat of a black Escalade, where Bernie sat adjusting his glasses.

“Are you OK, Lana?” Bernie asked.

“Yeah, it just sucks I missed my big interview at Marvel.”

“Marvel? You're in the movie biz?”

“Not yet. I was hoping to be the head writer for their new movie, She-Spider.”

“I gotchu, nigga,” Bernie said. “I know all the executives. Maybe I could escort you to their offices personally, right now.”

“You'd do that for me?”

“Bet, ho.”

As the Escalade rolled back onto the George Washington Bridge, inside the warehouse lay the fat kidnapper, dead. A rat began to gnaw on his tits and soon, there would be nothing left of him.

“A nation rises with its providers and falls with its eaters.”

Friedrich Nietzsche



MILWAUKEE PD DOES NOT HAVE TIME FOR FATRICK

ROBERTMEWLER

District 5 Captain Boris Cinturinovic massaged his forehead as his office intercom blared, “Mr. Tublinson on line 3 for you, sir.”

“Not again with this jackass,” he sighed. It was the fourth call from Fatrick in as many days. “Doesn't this guy have a jigsaw puzzle to work on or something?!? Shit!”

Boris picked up the receiver and pressed 3.

“Hi, yeah. Look, Mr. Tublinson. We've had 6 rapes and 81 aggravated assaults in your district alone last month. Not to mention the plague we're dealing with right now, stretching our resources mighty thin...”, Boris continued.

“No, I have no updates for you on your case...”

“I suggest you put on your big boy pants and ignore what those guys are saying about you. Okay?”

Fatty's soft, feminine voice whined in sing-song fashion about escalating his case to Boris's superiors. Fatrick was clearly inebriated.

Boris was only half listening. He reached over and grabbed his pen and began twirling it absentmindedly between his thick, meaty Croatian fingers.

“Uh huh. Mmhmm...” Boris mumbled.

“Look, Tublinson. If you want to take this up with Chief Morales, that's your prerogative. I'm sure he'd love to hear from you.”

Boris's massive chest and shoulders shook under his silent chuckling.

Boris entertained the complaining voice on the other end of the line for a few more seconds before abruptly ending the call quickly with obvious derision:

“Yup, OK, bye bye now.” Slam. “Dumbass.”



NOVEMBER 2020, MILWAUKEE

MINAW

Milwaukee, November 2020

High pitched squeals emanated from a half-house in the middle of the projects.

“The next president of the United States—” the sound abruptly cut off as a barrage of Nerf darts pelted the screen.

Screaming and thrashing around naked on his couch, the human-pig hybrid by the name of Fatrick N. Tublinson started smashing all the photos of Joe Biden in his pedophile shrine.

Whimpers from the black children in the cellar, locked in their cages, fearing what this monster will do next, filled the room.

Settled down enough to grab his phone, his hooves shook uncontrollably. He hit the Twitter App, cracking part of the glass in the process. He screamed out Trump’s name and blamed him for having the product use parts made from America. He turned pale pink. *“Your account has been suspended.”*

How could he forget?

The Russians worked with the cyber terror unit to create a black Republican trans woman on twitter.

He remembered calling her a “disgusting nigger shine who should have been made into pepperoni when she was younger.”

He laughed, remembering how he is such a wordsmith. With fear, the RICO case will go away now that the pedophile has lost. Fatrick started to snort and squeal before throwing his phone at Nikki, who cowered in her corner base made from Corona boxes.

“Those are my viral beer containers, you cunt!” he screamed again, now losing control of his bowels and shitting all over the sofa.

Nikki tried to run and find a closet to hide in, but she forgot the house is very light on closets.

The Pig started to hallucinate from rage. Anything the color red became a MAGA hat. His body was full of red. He lunged to the bathroom and found a razor blade. Feverishly slicing and slashing as pieces of bacon went flying in every direction, he squeezed and tried to get every drop of blood out but the fat was too much.

It ate away at him.

He had inside him what he hated the most. His mother was wrong. He was and is a failure. The TV volume came back and Trump spoke. Suddenly, a bang and thud were heard.

The following day the police arrived after trying to contact him before entering since he demanded them to.

Cages of children were released and being allowed out of Fat's control. Nikki looked across the street and saw it. Tall, black, muscular.

He waved and spoke. "Yo, what up? It's Tyrone."



ONGOING INVESTIGATION, CHILD

AWFULMAN TIT TANK TOP

FatrickNTublinsonIsANiggerHatingBigot1488: “*Hey Fatrick. I farted in Nikki’s pussy.*”

Fatrick pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed, shaking his head as his rotund thumbs poked at his phone screen, gravy smudging across the surface of his iPhone.

“Wrong again, child. I just asked my wife if you farted in her pussy, and she has denied that claim. Hush, little nothing.”

He chuckled, a self-satisfied smirk on his bloated face as he put the phone in his pocket and stretched, pulling the fabric of his skin-tight *Swamp Thing* shirt up over his protruding gut. He rubbed his lower back tenderly; he had thrown it out just six months prior while shoveling snow.

It was now summer, though, and Fatrick needed beer.

Nikki was at work, and had the car, so it seemed he’d be forced to walk to the store.

She'd taken her credit card with her, so there was no chance to get anything delivered.

Never one to miss a chance to gloat on social media, Patrick snapped a hideous selfie of him outside, his face taking up 95% of the picture.

As he walked down the sidewalk, he saw that someone had defaced a portion of it with a crude, childlike drawing of Rapist/Murderer/Cheeto/Hitler/Racist/Bigot in Chief Donald Trump surrounded by members of the KKK.

Patrick immediately stopped as he saw the picture. Never before had he seen such a poorly painted depiction of such a basic message.

He imagined the artist to be a young POC risking his life by stepping out of his undoubtedly roach-infested shithole Section Eight apartment to a nation of Nazis, expressing his incredibly mainstream opinion loud and proud despite every force in the universe working overtime to see to it he ends up dead or in jail.

It made his heart flutter with joy as he once again pulled out his iPhone and snapped a picture of it before making his way to the liquor store.

Meanwhile, deep within a top-secret bunker, a literal cyber stalking incel Nazi terrorist was hard at work. He yawned as he thumbed through his Instagram, the feed filled with whores posing as nude as Instagram's terms and conditions would allow.

One of them was demanding he join her OnlyFans, which reminded him of an old tale about a cow and getting milk for free.

"Oh wow, what a shitty painting," he said as Patrick's Instagram post broke the stream of tits and ass.

"Wait a minute..."

"I've seen that fucking thing before!"

The literal cyber stalking incel white supremacist Nazi, who had once used the N-word while playing Halo 3 in 2006, immediately went to work. He was affiliated with r/OpieAndAnthony, a para-military organization of fascists dedicated to ruining the lives of people who are funny to fuck with on the internet.

As such, he was an incredible sleuth, and was instantly able to break into Fatrick's home mainframe and obtain his address.

"Fuck me, that's down the street!" he said, chuckling.

Using the very sophisticated and complicated Google Maps, he was able to triangulate the approximate coordinates of the graffiti. Just as suspected, he was within walking distance of the painting.

He thought about calling his superior officer regarding the plan. Fatrick was, however, on to them, and his mission could be compromised if the portly political pundit caught wind of it. He decided to go with his gut.

Under the cover of night, the devilish cyber dictator walked to the painting and pulled a Sharpie™ brand marker out of his backpack, one of four he'd brought with him. Looking over his shoulders, he crudely scrawled the word "FATRICK" over the painting. The entire process took upwards of five minutes, round trip.

But that was how dedicated they all were. They would stop at nothing to continue terrorizing the innocent and pleasant-to-be-around Fatrick Tublinson.

Fatrick awoke at noon, his head aching and his mouth dry after yet another bender. His neck hurt from passing out on the couch again. He feebly reached for a legal pad and jotted down some notes from a dream he'd had.

"New character idea... Spike Spence."

“That’s enough writing for one day,” he mumbled to himself as he trudged to the bathroom.

Pulling his pants down, his bowels erupted a putrid geyser of loose fæces that made his stomach heave and his entire large body sweat profusely. This had been the Norm for him for some time, as his alcoholism left him in a permanent state of sickness and dehydration.

He wiped his ass poorly, leaving flecks of toilet paper on his hairy posterior as he pulled his jeans up and went to the kitchen.

His second, better wife Nikki hadn’t gone to the grocery store and the fridge was barren. With no beer to start the day, nor food, he once again ventured to the liquor store for pepperoni pretzel Combos™ and more Busch™.

He was winded by the time he got out of the house, because he’d run several marathons and was a real athlete, child.

Booze sweats permeated his body as the sun beat down on him. As he wiped his brow, he cursed Nikki for having a real job and taking the car from him.

That’s when he saw it.

He couldn’t pull his phone out fast enough. Within seconds, a picture of the vandalized piece of sidewalk was on Instagram.

“This is why we need to make terrorism a felony. I cannot even walk to my local liquor store, which I patronize because it’s run by minorities, without being harassed and threatened. I do not feel safe in my own home.”

The post brought a tepid response. Three likes and one guy saying “LOL.” Fatrick was furious.

Fatrick drank heavily as he popped pepperoni pretzel Combos™ into his mouth in a fiendish haze.

The cyber stalkers had finally gone too far, and he was ready to exact his revenge.

He logged into his Reddit account and began meticulously printing out each and every instance of his arch nemeses' relentless harassment of him, organizing them into a binder.

When he heard Nikki pulling into the driveway he immediately leapt from the couch.

“Oh, hey Fatrick,” Nikki said timidly as she pulled a beer from the fridge.

“Keys, child. Now!” Fatrick demanded.

Nikki sighed. “Just make sure you fill it back up, Fatrick. Last time you returned the car the gas light was on.”

“Hush, little nothing. I have terrorists to fight.”

Fatrick grumbled and cursed as he put Nikki's seat back and got into her Volkswagen Beetle.

He drove to the Milwaukee police department, holding the binder like an autistic child holding his Pokémon card collection. He stormed inside the station, pushing an old woman out of the way as he slammed the binder down on the front desk.

“Can I help you, sir?” The officer behind the desk asked.

“Yes. I have been the victim of a group of literal crypto-Nazis.”

“Come again?”

Fatrick rolled his eyes. "I'm unsure I can state it in simpler terms, child. I. AM. BEING. HARASSED."

"Is it an ex-girlfriend?"

"No, child, it is not. It's a group of Reddit-based white supremacists who make disparaging comments about my weight and sexual orientation relentlessly."

"Okay. What's Reddit?"

Fatrick balled his meaty hands into fists. "I need to speak with the lead detective of your CyberCrimes™ unit."

"We don't have one."

"WHAT?!"

"I mean, if it's like a kiddie porn thing, you probably wanna go to the Feds..."

"This is far, far, more serious than child pornography, child."

"What was your name?"

"Fatrick N. Tublinson. Perhaps you've heard of me?"

"No."

"Whatever, child. I want them in jail."

"For calling you fat and gay?"

"Yes, child."

“It’s ‘officer’.”

“I demand to speak to your emperor.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?!?”

“Your boss, child. Must I speak in layman’s terms?!?”

“Hey, watch your mouth, pal, I’m trying to help you. I’m gonna call my sergeant.”

“Finally, child.”

Sergeant Mick Macintyre sat at a cluttered desk, his eyes baggy and his gaze cold. He pulled a flask from his desk drawer and thumbed through a manila folder.

The pictures inside would shock any ordinary person, but his years on the force had conditioned him to witnessing such grotesqueries.

The photos were horrid. Two days prior, a duffel bag filled with what appeared to be human remains had turned up on a street corner in one of Milwaukee’s poorest neighborhoods. No one had seen a thing.

The only clue they had to go on was the phrase “STARSHIP REPO PRE-ORDER BONUS BAG” written on the side of the remarkably cheap canvas bag.

“What in the fuck is a Starship Repo?!?! I’m getting too old for this shit,” he growled.

He’d worked countless cases over the years. Typically, the beginning of each case was a game of connect the dots: you find patterns, details, and signs that, after years of training, would lead you to establishing a motive.

Most criminals tended to be sloppy, and this case in particular was no different. What Macintyre couldn’t figure out was why?

The bag was a dark green, but the blood had saturated much of it, leaving it a dark, ugly, mixture of the two colors. Inside were tufts of nappy hair, teeth in various stages of being smashed, entrails, and pieces of flesh.

Chunks of bone had been crudely chopped, or maybe put through a woodchipper, with how much each piece varied in size. The victim was African American, and the dental records suggested they were a juvenile at the time of the murder.

“I don’t see a bullet hole... Or any evidence of a drug overdose... Complications from diabetes, perhaps? No...”

“Maybe one of the homeboys wanted to make sure there was nothing left after he smoked this poor kid...”

“No, far too sophisticated for the darkies.”

“This was the work of a white male.”

The scene brought him back to when he’d worked in his uncle’s butcher shop as a child. He chuckled to himself and took another drink.

Was he that disconnected from the horrors of reality that he thought someone had put this poor little black boy through a meat grinder?

He nearly jumped out of his seat as his phone rang.

“Macintyre,” he answered gruffly.

“Aye, sarg, hate to bother you, but we got a very fat and gay man here yelling about the internet.”

“And!?? Tell him to fuck off.”

“He’s filming me, sarg.”

“Ah, fuck me. I’ll be right out.”

Macintyre shook his head and made his way to the front of the station. It seemed the officer at the front desk was not lying.

An obese, and very likely homosexual, man stood before him, his face red, presumably from heavy drinking, as the symptoms lined up with his excessive sweating and fidgety demeanor.

“Can I help you, sir?” Macintyre asked, looking directly into the lens of the fat gay man’s iPhone and smiling.

“I am being stalked and harassed by an elite group of internet, neo-fascist, cyber-racist, crypto-Hitler gang stalkers,” the man said.

“Okay. Mick Macintyre, nice to meet ya.”

“Fatricks Tublinson.”

“OK, Fatricks. What have these guys done to you?”

“I have the receipts here, child,” he said, pulling out the binder.

Several sheets fell to the floor, as in Fatricks’s haste, the binder was poorly assembled.

The officer at the front desk picked one up and chuckled to himself. Some rascal by the name of “NaziNiggerFaggot” was insisting that, on a cold autumn day in 1995, Fatricks sucked a toddler’s dick in the ball pit of Chuck E. Cheese.

Fatricks vehemently denied this claim over the course of 100 pages.

Macintyre put his hand up.

“Gonna stop you right there, Fatrick. Why don’t you go ahead and gimme the cliff notes? My uh, partner here can take the trapper keeper or whatever it is.”

Macintyre clicked a pen from his breast pocket and pulled out a notebook. Fatrick handed the binder to the officer at the desk, who immediately began thumbing through it, stifling his laughter as he read the very funny things being said to Fatrick over the internet.

“Well, it all started when I said Norm MacDonald wasn’t funny...” Fatrick began.

“Wait, you don’t think Norm’s funny?” the desk officer asked.

“Yeah, I love that guy,” Macintyre added.

“Yeah, Norm’s great!” one of the drug addicts sitting and writhing on the jailhouse floor mid-withdrawal shouted through the bars.

“Whatever, child.”

“Officer.”

“I tried to tell him, Sarg...”

“Alright, alright, we’re getting off track here. So you said Norm wasn’t funny. That was it?”

“YES, CHILD.”

“That sounds far-fetched.”

Fatricks turned the camera lens to his oversized, hideous, booze-bloated dome, spewing droplets of saliva across it as he began shouting.

“WHEN ONE OF THESE NAZIS SHOWS UP AT MY DOOR TO LITERALLY MURDER ME, YOU’LL HAVE BLOOD ON YOUR HANDS, CHILD.”

Macintyre rolled his eyes. “Alright, alright, I’m sorry...”

He wrote “FATRICK = FAT FAGGOT WITH THE BINDER” down on his notepad, closed it, and put it back in his pocket.

“We’ll uh, we’ll look into it. Do a thorough investigation...” Macintyre smiled into the camera lens again before continuing. “The Milwaukee police department takes cybercrime incredibly seriously, particularly cyber-bullying, which is a complaint almost exclusively filed by teenage girls.

Typically in a situation such as this our protocol would be to tell the person raising the complaint to turn off their phone or computer, but this is clearly something much more serious than that. Fatrick, you may not hear from us for a while regarding this, as these cases are often turned over to the federal government.

We just ask that, as this is an ongoing investigation, you wait for us to call you before you call us. I am not exaggerating when I say that this case has potential to end in federal indictments, RICO predicates—the whole deal.”

Fatricks sighed and wiped his very sweaty brow.

“Thank you! Finally someone understands the severity of this situation!”

“Of course. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got to start tracing IP addresses and hacking mainframes...”

Fatrick left without saying thank you. Macintyre took a swig from his flask and went to go back to his office.

“Hehehehe, aye Sarg!” the desk officer said.

“What?”

“There’s a guy on here whose name is ‘nigger’! Just ‘nigger’! That’s his name!”

“Hehehehehe, that’s pretty funny.”



THE PIG WADDLED INTO HIS HALF-HOUSE, BELLY FULL FROM MONDAY MEATLOAF

CHILD

“Nikki, I'm home!” exclaimed the pig. “Nikki?”

The pig took a quick glance around his tiny home and found Nikki, her head buried in the crotch of a black gentleman that the pig knew to be named Jay'Von.

“Pig, come sit down,” beckoned Jay'Von.

Deathly afraid of black men, the pig's flight instincts kicked in as he ran towards the door. Jay'Von's cousin, Big D, appeared from out of the kitchen and locked the front door.

The pig immediately fell to the floor and curled into a ball as a defense mechanism. But Big D kicked him in the stomach.

“Sit on the couch, bitch,” said Big D.

The pig waddled over to the couch and sat next to Jay'Von.

He and Nikki momentarily made eye contact as she licked Jay'Von's shaft from the balls to the tip, but went back to his shaft as she slowly went back to work servicing him.

The pig had a brief moment of confidence. "I thought we agreed that this would be done by the time I got home at 10pm..."

Jay'Von slapped the pig in the back of the head. "Shut your damn mouth! Me and Nikki here, we made a little deal. She's gonna suck my dick nice and slow for 4 hours, then Big D's gonna have his way with her. In return, me and you are gonna have a little chat."

The pig was still whimpering from the slap. "O... Okay."

"Gimme your wallet."

The pig handed over his wallet, and Jay'Von took out \$45 and pocketed it.

"This ain't your money, this is her money. You got no money."

"I'm a highly successful author..."

Nikki shook her head no, her mouth full of Jay'Von's manhood.

"Yeah, Nikki. I didn't think so, either. Tomorrow, you're going to apply for a job waiting tables at Hooligans."

"Please, no! They think I'm a respected author! Anywhere but there!"

"Shit, then Burger King. Or the fucking library. I dunno. Nikki said you did some insurance shit, just get a job and stop freeloading, you little bitch."

Okay, thought the pig. This would be a good time to publicly ask the showrunner of *Picard* on Twitter to hire him as a writer. Or maybe write something officially to do with Star Wars; they could use a fresh voice like his.

“Second, stop calling people ‘child’ on the internet or whatever the fuck. Nikki says you're doing that shit all day instead of working.”

“I'm running up the score on the trolls I've defeated!” squealed the pig.

“Fuck is that shit?” called out Big D from across the room.

“Yeah, no more of that,” said Jay'Von. “Now go and get me and Big D some chicken.”

“But I... can I have my wallet back?”

“Nah, you can have these.”

He grabbed two copies of *Starship Repo*, autographed by the author, and handed them to the pig.

“Why don't you find someone to buy this space shit, then you'll have the money for our chicken. Now get the fuck outta here.”

The pig got up and scurried toward the door.

“Hold up, actually wait a second.”

Jay'Von stood up and passionately throatfucked Nikki for 20 seconds, before releasing a geyser of semen into her mouth.

Nikki got every last drop before walking over to the pig and spitting the ejaculate all over his face and clothes.

The pig wiped semen from his eyes as Big D began to caress Nikki's breasts and kiss her neck, eager for his turn with the white bitch.

“Get me a Sprite too,” said Big D, leading Nikki to the pig's bedroom.

“Two chickens and a Sprite,” the pig meekly replied. He left the half-house, books in hand, and immediately went to Twitter to tell everyone Biden has been vetted but Bernie hasn't.



A NIGHT AT HOOLIGAN'S

STARSHIPHOMO

It was a chilly midwestern fall afternoon. The trees were becoming bare and the wind whistled through the barren streets. It was 4 o'clock, and like always, I was hungry. I was hungry in a way I'd never felt before. As my stomach rumbled and my mouth watered, I started to crave only the finest of fine, the epitome of class and deliciousness. There was only one place that could satisfy my lust, and that place was Hooligans.

I don't go out to fancy restaurants very often; I'm what you would call a "beer and brat guy," stuffing my face with calories and carbs to insulate my face from the upcoming brutal winter. Since this night was so special, I picked out my favorite tight turtleneck. The one that shows off my ample breasts and round belly. Surely, I would be the envy of all when they see how warm I will be in the upcoming frozen season.

My wife, Nikki, was in the shower enjoying a cold Miller Lite. She was trying to pretend she wasn't excited for this prestigious moment: a night at Hooligans with a famous political pundit and renowned science fiction author.

"Fatricks," she said with exhaustion. "You've already spent my entire year's salary to get your Twitter back. Are you sure we shouldn't be cooking our own food?"

I looked at her aghast and shot back, “Honey, this is the age of Fonald Plump, and I will not stay silent.” She was convinced.

In one small statement, I was able to make a thousand points. I quickly posted this to Twitter to increase my algorithms.

As soon as I was done, the phone rang. Nikki answered and told me, “Fatricks, it's your daughter...”

My daughter was on the other line. I couldn't believe it. My wife was intent on me speaking with my daughter when we are in the midst of a Nazi invasion. The world needed my social media posts now more than ever and I will not be distracted.

“Hush, little nothing!” I screamed before hanging up the phone and blocking her number. I started at my wife in disbelief. How could a man with five sales from his very own book be bothered with parenthood? I was clearly meant for greater things.

Nobody could understand the pain of leaving my daughter. I was more heartbroken than anybody when she was born without me there.

As an avid member of NAMBLA, I prayed for a little boy. The birth of my daughter proved to me there is no God.

The night went onward. I quickly stuffed three bratwurst down my throat and angrily told Nikki to follow me. Hooligans was waiting.

Anybody who is anybody knows Hooligans has the best steak in the Midwest. The trick is to order it well done. You will be blown away by the freshness and authenticity.

Waiting for my food, I knew I had to stand on my chair and yell to everybody the dangers of Fonald Plump.

Can you believe the straight white trapezoid behind me had the nerve to ask me to relax? I quickly snapped, “Go ahead and try Nazi incel, you are dealing with an actual tough guy.”

Things only escalated from there. This mouth breathing hodzilaphone looked me dead in the eyes and said the most untrue statement I ever heard. “Shut up, fatty,” he said.

“Shut up, fatty?!?” I proclaimed as I quickly speed-dialed my lawyer, Heebie Kikenberg. I needed to record his every move to document a full libel case against him and his entire Nazi family.

I am not fat. I run half marathons, bench 250 pounds, and only wear a size B bra. This kind of propaganda has been following me ever since my viral tweets. I will win against the children.

As I thought about children, I simultaneously ejaculated in my pants. It was a magnificent sensation for which one had to sing praises to the Almighty above.

I then had to collect myself for my well done steak. This was the moment I was waiting for... but I became distracted, yet again.

A giant piece of raw meat came swinging through the door and made its presence felt with a thud. It was the giant hammer of Ronathan! The father of my daughter!

He walked in next to my beautiful ex-wife, whom I miss so much, and impaled her anus in front of everybody. A display that could be described as none other than the rawest forms of masculinity. I told Nikki to get ready, because she was next...

That night at Hooligans sits in my mind like a naked 11 year old King Tut on his throne. A most beautiful moment in which all my fantasies manifested into one glorious masterpiece.

I woke up the following morning and my first sight was my wife's completely prolapsed asshole. How incredible!

Ronathan had again succeeded in putting me in my proper place of inferiority. As a white male, it is crucial I display a strong sense of understanding and sacrifice.

I start everyday with my morning routine. A bench press, half marathon, and two full bratwurst up my ass. After this, I take a picture of a healthy dish of bacon strips with fried eggs and post it to twitter. It is absolutely imperative that the world knows what I am eating and thinking at all times of the day.

By then, Nikki limps out of bed and heads off to work to earn my beer and brat money.

“Goodbye sweetie,” I shout as I chew my food. She looks back at me with utter disgust. I know the Nazi invasion is really dampening her spirit.

I'm left alone on my own to fight with the worst kind of humans that inhabit this planet of ours.

For the children who are unaware, our world is under attack. Nazi fascists have taken over in the US government and are looking to limit sex with children. You read that correctly. I for one, will not stand for this.

As I log into my social media to start our generations greatest war, I took a gaze out my window and I see a giant ugly cow outside in my yard! He must have got lost.

“Hmm.” I thought for a moment and wondered aloud, “He got lost.”

The cow marched slowly toward my kitchen window, his eyes far apart and pointing off in different directions, mouth open to display his species' low IQ. It was clear this bovine was looking for my help.

“MOOOOOOOOOO!!!!” it shouts as I'm startled and taken aback. Something is off with this cow. The animal is dangerously overweight and appears far too dumb to ever provide for itself. I offer it one last chance.

“Are you a Nazi, child?” I brazenly demand.

“MOOOOOOOOOO!!” it shouts once more. Fonald Plump has turned the animals into Nazi incel white supremacists!

It is clear we are born enemies. I must keep aware of this cow. At my computer again, I'm back where I was moments ago. I'm off to fight this war alone.

Being a famous tweeter is hard work. I spent the next four hours posting tweets every five minutes about the Nazi invasion. I even reached up to nine likes on one tweet. Fame and victory is within my grasp.

All of the sudden, my doorbell rings and there's a simultaneous knock on the door. I immediately assume it's a salesman of sorts. I earn six figures and am often a target for fundraising.

It was the cow I had seen earlier and its owner! They must have been from the secluded farm down the obscure backroads.

The cow's owner was an old frail woman who was clearly on the last years of her life. She had dried up implanted hairs, a face damaged from years of alcohol abuse, and empty, lonely eyes that were screaming for help.

“I'm sorry...I'm sorry,” she muttered as her eyes were fixated on the ground below her. “This is my cow, his name is Brother Joe. I am responsible for his trespassing.”

Clearly this woman was not a child, but I was suspect she could be an undercover Nazi and/or incel.

“This cow is clearly worthless, why would you even keep him around?” I asked, partly out of curiosity and partly to keep her off guard so I could read her expressions.

“I made a pact with my brother when we were showering together as children, he was 15 and I was 11. I promised I'd buy him this cow and pay to maintain it until I die.”

This cow was clearly bleeding this poor old woman dry. I felt bad for exactly 10 seconds, until I saw a Fonald Plump sticker on her car!

I quickly punched the old woman square in the face! BOOM!

Actual tough guy punch!

She fell back so hard a vibrating egg flew out from under her dress. “Off you go, Nazis!” I yelled as I slammed the door.

I quickly got back to making Reddit and Twitter posts; there is no time to waste. I'm in a zone for about an hour when someone is at the door again. Who could it be? Nikki isn't due home for an hour.

There's a giant thud at the door. There's only one piece of matter on this planet that could make that sound...it's Ronathan's hammer!

I open the door with excitement “Ronathan! You enjoyed Nikki that much?”

“No, fatso,” he replied. “I'm here for you.”

For the next five minutes, no words were spoken. Unless you count the yells and triumphs of Ronathan with each thrust into my anus he let out a barbaric scream.

When he finished, he made a bowel movement right on my kitchen floor.

It mixed in with the blood and semen that was simultaneously dripping from my anus.
It was a tremendous sight of art that even Picasso would be jealous of.

For one hour, everything felt right.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, FAT

McGOWAN

“TEE HEE HEE!”

Adriana slowly looked over, wondering who had let a little girl into this room filled with overweight, drunken dorks. Her heart sank and her stomach turned.

Of course.

It wasn't a little girl, it was her husband, Fatrick.

There were two options.

The first was that one of the men had goosed him, as a couple of them had taken to doing; perhaps subconsciously substituting him for the lack of women at the convention, like the “bitch” on a prison cell block.

Every time one of them had pinched one of his tits or his ample buttocks, he had let out that same happy yelp.

Adriana was an attractive woman, but none of the oafish inebriates had dared try anything like that with her. And it certainly wasn't Fatrick's reaction they feared. No. She had been claimed by another.

But the second possibility turned out to be the correct one. His glee came from something even more shameful. He had finished his "build."

He had told her what it was. Something to do with Star Trek or one of those kids movies he liked so much. An "X fighter" or something. But she just saw a toy. A grown man playing with a toy and tittering like a child about it. A wave of cold revulsion washed over her.

"Hey baby, why so glum?" a deep, masculine baritone intoned.

Suddenly, her stomach flipped for the second time in less than a minute. Ron. Ron was here. Everything was right with the world again.

She had always been attracted to him, but it had been complicated at first. She was a good girl from a good family. She had been "raised right." Her parents had been together since their sophomore year of college and had instilled traditional values in her. Where she came from, husbands and wives stuck it out.

But men weren't immature little homos where she came from, either. She couldn't remember her father ever giggling about anything. He was a decent, serious man who didn't say much and had a joylessness about him, her childhood memories of him consisted mainly of vacations and the occasional Sunday breakfast.

The rest of the time he was working. Work. A word and concept that seemed alien to Fatrick.

Perhaps, she thought, it was partly because of her dad that she had ended up with "Fat," as she had once affectionately called him. Her father was a good man but he was distant.

The responsibility of being the sole provider for their large family had taken its toll. She couldn't remember many hugs from him.

He never really told her she was beautiful or called her “princess” growing up. Yes, he was working most of the time but he also wasn't built that way. His mother's family was of Norwegian stock and, along with their Lutheran work ethic, he had also inherited an emotional coolness that sometimes bordered on coldness.

He didn't mean anything by it. That's just the way he was. As a result, Adriana had lacked confidence growing up and was not aware of her glacial beauty. Ripe pickings for a manipulator.

But now things were different. She had been excited by Ron since the first time they met. His wolfish, almost insolent leer had shocked her at first, but she could not ignore the feeling it gave her down there.

Her womanhood physically twitched at the sight (and even the thought!) of him. And then she'd noticed IT. At first, she thought her eyes were playing tricks on her. It couldn't be. No! It had to be a crease in his jeans or some other optical illusion.

Suddenly, in front of everyone—her effeminate husband, his beered-up slob friends—Ron had pulled her over on to his lap. It had been no optical illusion.

It was almost as if there was some kind of live animal in his trousers. Her mouth went dry, her stomach did somersaults, and her honey pot soaked through her days-of-the-week panties.

It was Wednesday, but she was wearing “Sunday.” That was unfortunate. They were a light grey and the puddle now between her legs would clearly show up. Instinctively, she grasped Ron's arm. It was muscular and tan from hard outdoor work, a stark contrast to “Fat's” flabby, pale trotters. The panties were now waterlogged.

“I'm going to my room. Follow me two minutes after I leave,” Ron muttered in her ear, loud enough for anyone within 10 yards to hear.

Adriana's heart was beating out of her chest. She looked over at Fatrick. He was laughing gayly as one of the other guys tickled him.

They all seemed to be playing some kind of juvenile drinking game. She couldn't bear to look at him. Ron had left the room. She didn't wait two minutes.

He opened the door before she finished knocking and pulled her towards him, almost roughly. He tasted of beer (bought by Fat) and smelled of Old Spice. She sucked on his tongue desperately, but it wasn't kissing she'd come for. Moaning quietly, she went for his belt and tore off his Levi's.

“OH...MY...GOD...” It was all she could say. It wasn't a penis. At least not one she'd ever seen before. It was an enormous pole of muscle.

“I'm...I'm sorry,” Ron said apologetically, “I know. I'll be gentle. I promise.”

A tear rolled down her cheek. “Why?” she thought. “Why am I crying?” Then it hit her. She was crying tears of gratitude. She was grateful that this was happening.

“Don't be gentle,” she whispered into his ear.

Then something came over his face. Something animal-like. It scared her but excited her, too. He tore her clothes off. Literally. Her blouse was in tatters. The panties, too, probably.

Then something else happened. She felt something alive enter her. She cried out. It was huge, there was no other way to describe it. She orgasmed at once, her vagina sending spasms like electric shocks through her whole body.

He pushed more of “it” into her. She came again. Twice in 30 seconds. That had never happened to her before, not even when she had first started exploring the wonderful things her body could do as a teenager.

Time stood still. Later, when they had finished and lay together in a perfect state of relaxed comfort, neither hardly dared say what they both were thinking.

They knew what this was. What had happened. Ron broke the silence.

“Adriana, I love you.”

Her heart sang. She now knew what all those songs and stories were about.

“Oh God, Ron, yes. I love you, too. But what about...him?”

Ron let out a hearty, manly laugh. “Don't worry about that qu...that...guy. I'll take care of him.”

“It's ok, you can call him a queer. I think he might be. You know he's never really been able to get fully...y'know...erect with me?” said Adriana.

Ron snorted. “Fag,” he said, accurately. “Listen baby, forget about that guy. It's you and me. This is special, we both know that. We'll deal with him tonight.”

“How should we do it?” asked Adriana nervously. God, she loved his decisiveness and air of calm authority.

He really was the polar opposite of Fattrick in every way; Fattrick, who took 15 minutes to decide whether he wanted cheese fries or *bacon* cheese fries.

“Well, he's only a couple of doors down, one thing's for sure. You won't need to write him a ‘Dear John’ letter.”

They both laughed. There were many more years of joy and laughter to come; first as a young couple in the initial throes of passionate, carnal love, and later something else.

A deeper and more meaningful love, as partners and parents to three wonderful children.

They would look back on their wasteful days of day-drinking and toy-building conferences and laugh again. How could they have been so foolish? What an incredible waste of precious time and life. How pointless and unsatisfying it had been. Who could bear to live like that into their 30s and (God forbid) their 40s?

A fate worse than death. Then they would gaze at their three beautiful kids and count their blessings that they had found true happiness. Life was good.

Enjoy your “cake day,” fat faggot.

“Meatloaf is the invalids’ steak.”

Maurice McDonald



THE PRESS CONFERENCE

THE DARK FEZ RISES

The cameras clicking and flashing created a hostile environment even though this was a safe and friendly space. The “quiet” chatter of the journalists shook the room.

“Have you ever seen anything like this?” asked the head of Interpol.

All Milwaukee's chief of police, mayor, and governor could do was shake their heads. Never—this was unprecedented.

Fatrick N. Tublinson stood to the side trying not to hyperventilate. Many unfamiliar with the hefty father-of-one mistook his reaction for nerves, but it wasn't—it was joy, relief, vindication, vengeance, and an almost unquenchable hunger for his special homemade pepperoni pizza.

He stepped up to the podium without instruction from any of the government officials or law enforcement personnel.

“Ahem, hello fans. Fa-uh-Fatrick S Tublinson here...” His voice was quiet and squeaky

. Mayor Tom Barrett was surprised; he almost spoke to ask what was going on, but felt the reassuring hand of Governor Scott Kevin Walker on his shoulder.

Head of Interpol Kim Rong Yang and Milwaukee Chief of Police Alfonso Morales nodded as if to say *Mr. Tublinson's got this under control*.

“Uh, um...um uh, yeah,” Patrick continued, his tuft of troll hair slightly damp with sweat, his forehead glistening. “It's been a difficult 20 months,” he said, almost femininely.

“But now these incel Nazi trolls know what happens when I decide it's over!”

The crowd gave no response. He looked over at Nikki standing in the corner, sipping her vodka out of a coke can. The girth of the coke can reminded him of...

No, no time to think about them, not now.

He felt imposing as he stood at the podium in his She Hulk shirt. Although poor She Hulk look strangely deformed by being stretched across his large breasts and lumpy torso.

Not to mention the stains of God-knows-what smearing her periodically.

“Any questions, fans?” Patrick triumphantly asked the world's media.

“Julie Noseberg, BBC News - do you think this collection of 300 IPs will cause a chilling effect and lead to less anti-pædophile sentiment online?”

Before Patrick could answer, every other journalist began blurting out questions. He stood impotently, attempting to control the crowd, but they obviously didn't respect him.

“Mr. Tublinson, Jeff Bergblatt, CNN. Will there be celebratory pepperoni pizza tonight?”

“Rat Cambo, NAMBLA News. How are you so stunning and brave, Fatrick?”

“Mother Raven for Popular Boy Weekly. How many Twitter followers do you have now?”

“So, so, so, so, so, so Joseph Cormier, The Daily Cow here. Is the world a little bit safer now that 300 reddittards are awaiting prosecution?” he asked, wearing a ridiculous fake wig and glasses.

There were 10 missed calls from Layla's school on his phone.

“Mr. Tublinson, Mila Jugovic, Russia Today. What, uh, what are you wearing on your feet?”

OH NO! Somebody had noticed, a fucking Russian too. Putin probably sent this bitch personally because of Fat's successful Twitter campaign to destroy the Kremlin. *Fucking Putin! Fucking Nikki!*

That stupid fucking cunt —drunk cunt— fucking worthless bitch. If he could afford to pay rent he would have left her long ago, child. How could she have done this to him?

“Uh what?” Fatrick responded meekly.

“Vot is zat on your feet, Fa..um...Fatrick? Please excuse me, English is not my first language,” said the beautiful blonde Russian.

“These...these...they're shoes, obviously, you stupid Russian agent! Did Putin send you? I know more about spetsnaz than you, child!” He was shaking with rage.

He knew it was all about to come crashing down around him.

“No, it's a simple question, I ju—”

“I’ve written six novels about space! How dare you?” he exclaimed self-consciously. *Oh, no.* People were beginning to look down. “THEY’RE JUST SHOES! STOP LOOKING AT MY SHOES, INCELS! STUPID CHILDREN, FUUUUUUCK AAAWFF!”

Nikki wasn't sure what was happening. Had she drifted off from all the vodka? *What was going on,* she groggily wondered, *was that Fatrick yelling? But why? He had successfully brought down the North Korean video game website that housed the trolls.*

As more of the journalists began to notice, Fatrick waved his arms petulantly, his jiggling fat looking like some kind of obese parody of Stretch Armstrong.

He demanded they stop looking and instead ask him more questions about the trolls. That time had passed.

“FUCKING CHEAP GOVERNMENT, WHY DIDN'T YOU GET ME A WIDER PODIUM SO THEY COULDN'T SEE MY SHOES? TRUMP IS IN ON THIS. TRUMP AND PUTIN TOGETHER. AND THAT FUCKING RUSSIAN BITCH CHILD.”

“Please Mr. Tublinson, I just do not recognize this footwear. We do not have such things in my dignified country.”

Breasts and arms wobbling like a granny in a wind tunnel, Fat grabbed the top of the podium. He was furious, nothing would contain his rage now. His Cabbage Patch Kid™ head was bright red.

His eyes had disappeared into the folds of his hateful fatness. His blobfish mouth, covered in spittle and meatloaf, prepared to scream.

But he didn't scream. He was calm at first. “My second, more fashionable wife suggested I wear these shoes today...she didn't...want me... wearing my...comic book... sneakers. Okay, child?”

A dull flat voice spoke out from the crowd stupidly.

“Those are clown shoes!” exclaimed Joe Moomia, looking like a cow in a wig and glasses.

The room burst into uproarious laughter. Fat's rage had returned and nothing would stop it this time.

“THESE ARE MY DADDY'S SHOES. HE'S A RODEO CLOWN WARRIOR, CHILD! HE INVENTED HASHTAGS AND I'LL NEVER LET YOU IDIOTS WIN!”

In all the commotion, Fatrick hadn't noticed that envelopes had been slipped to Alfonso Morales and Kim Rong Yang.

Envelopes full of image-urr links, completely unfalsifiable evidence of the SFWA pedophile ring operating right under their noses. He also hadn't noticed Rat Cambo's arrest by Milwaukee's finest. They had dished out a little extra brutality while restraining her because they thought she was Jim Norton in a wig.

As Fatrick was bundled to the ground like some kind of roly-poly weeble, he let out a long list of empty threats—his Twitter campaign would cost them all their jobs, they'd never be welcome in Hooligan's ever again, they were traitors for enabling fascism.

Mila Jugovic elegantly walked down the empty hallway after another successful operation, she allowed herself a wry smile at Fat's accusations.

Trump? Putin? The Kremlin? They probably couldn't afford her services, but Steve Kox would pay well.

“The only thing a liar ever fears in life is truth.”

Anonymous cyberstalker



PEPPERONI PIZZA

AWFULMAN TIT TANK TOP

“Fatricks, it’s time.”

The call ends as quickly as it began. It came from a burner phone, a number I didn’t recognize, nor was I supposed to. I knew it was Rat. The hunger in my cavernous stomach reaffirmed what she said.

I sighed and began to prepare. Waddling down the steps to our half of the basement, I picked up the blood stained tarp, revealing the meat grinder.

Dry blood caked the floors was splattered on the walls.

Good thing that fucking drug addict upstairs has no use for this place, otherwise I’d have to be a lot more careful.

GRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO....

“Hush, little one,” I say to my stomach, the way you’d call a grotesquely fat man (such as myself), “Tiny.”

It's irony, child. And no, I won't do your homework for you and look it up in the dictionary.

The hunger. Oh, the hunger. It's quite tiresome. I've tried so many times to satiate it through more conventional means...

Meatloaf Mondays, Reuben rolls, cosmic brownies, zebra cakes, but once you've tasted that delicious pepperoni, well....

Let's put it this way. It sucks to fly coach when you've flown first class. Which I have. Many times. Because I make over six figures, child. I haven't flown in steerage since 2010.

The first step is making the meatballs. See, the best part about making meatballs, is knowing that niggers don't know how to. And it's important to make meatballs, so you can remind negroes that they aren't allowed to have anything good in life.

They're allowed to have malt liquor and Kool-Aid. And fast food fried chicken. And that's, y'know, pretty much it.

“Heeeeeeey, that's a pretty good meatball! Not that a nigger would know! AHAHAHAHAHA!” I cackle maniacally, drawing the drunken wench at our kitchen table from her Michelob coma.

“What's got you so excited, Fat?” she asks drowsily.

“Hush, child, its pepperoni time.”

Her eyes grow wide, the very mention of pepperoni enough to sober her up like a cold shower and a black coffee enema.

“Fatricks, please, you told me that last time was the last time...”

“Rat needs her pepperoni, child, as do I. Now hush, little nothing.”

“Oh god...”

I load my crock pot of meatballs into the van with me, taking extra care not to spill them as I drive far away to the black part of town. I lock my doors as the scenery changes around me. Small mom and pop businesses turn to liquor stores and gun shops.

Elderly women taking a delightful daytime stroll turn to drug addicts itching and nodding off. Family homes, half and whole alike, are burnt out and abandoned. Gun shots boom in the distance, and police sirens are seldom heard.

“You're doing them a favor. This is no place to raise a child, child,” I say to myself in the rearview mirror.

I hear the whistling as I cruise down the road.

“AY-YO, FATRICK COMIN’! FATRICK COMIN’, DAWG! GET DA KIDS DA FUCK UP OUTTA HERE!”

I ignore them and step on the gas pedal, surging forward as I spot a pack of urban youth. They meet my gaze and freeze with fear. I pull up towards them aggressively, getting out of my van, meatballs tucked under my fleshy arm.

“Hey, you kids like meatballs!?!?!?” I greet them.

“Uh... My mama says we ain't allowed to take no meatballs from strangers, sir, since none of us know how to make 'em and all...”

“Well, then, allow me to introduce myself! My name is Fatrick Tublinson! What's yours?”

The others stare at the ground. The one I'm speaking to is quite the young specimen. Chubby; he will do nicely. It may be a bit awkward getting him into the grinder, but it's nothing a few good hacks can't fix.

“Da... Daquan...”

“So you know my name, and I know yours. Guess I'm not a stranger anymore! C'mon kids. Eat the meatballs!”

I uncovered the crock pot and watched as the boy nervously reached for the meatball, dipping his chocolate fingers into the sauce and awkwardly popping one into his mouth.

His eyes light up as he chews and I smile my Glasgow smile at him.

Suddenly, a bullet whizzes by my head.

“AYE, FUCK IS YOU DOIN' FAT BOY!?!? I DONE TOLD YOU NOW THIRTY TIMES STAY DA FUCK UP OUT DIS NEIGHBORHOOD, MOTHAFUCKA!”

I drop the meatballs on the ground and grab Daquan by the scruff of his neck. I throw him into the van and awkwardly waddle to the front seat, throwing it into drive and making my daring escape.

“VOTE FOR BIDEN, NIGGER!” I shout at my would-be assailant.

“Where we goin'? I'm scared!” Daquan yelps from the back seat.

“HUSH, CHILD.”

I call back the burner number as we re-enter civilization and Daquan weeps in the back. Luckily for me, I have some zoo strength fencing between the back of the van and the driver's seat.

“Yes?” she answers.

“Welp, I got one,” I reply nervously.

“ONE!?!?”

“Yeah, one. Shit got hairy. I think I gotta start going to a different neighborhood.”

“When it's ready, you bring it to me at once, you understand me!?!? I grow hungry by the hour...”

“Yes, mistress.”

I grabbed his nappy hair and dragged him down the bulkhead steps as he kicked and screamed. Fingernails were left in the cement walls. I'll have to take care of those. I put on my suit and got to work.

Nikki sat upstairs, her eyes staring through the TV in front of her, her chewing and drinking unable to cover the sounds of screaming and meat grinding coming from downstairs.

GRRROOOOOOOO...

“Soon, child, soon.”

THE SKYPE CALL

AWFULMANTITANKTOP

“Anabella, sweetie? Can I come in?” Adriana asked.

“Yeah, Mom,” a little voice squeaked from the other side.

Adriana let out a deep sigh before she opened the door.

“How you feeling, honey?”

Anabella shrugged. “OK, I guess.”

Adriana sat down on her daughter's bed, maternal empathy in her eyes as her daughter sat quietly, clutching her teddy bear.

“So... It's almost time...”

“I know.”

“Do you feel comfortable seeing him?”

“Yeah.”

“Are you sure?”

“Does he still love me?”

Adriana sighed and stroked her daughter's hair. “If this makes you upset, Anabella, your father can take care of it.”

“That's right, Anabella. I'll set that tub of sh... I'll set him straight. No need to worry,” Pringles Can Ron said, stepping into the room, mug in his hand.

Adriana smiled at him. “Whatcha got there?”

“I figured my little princess could use some hot cocoa, since she's being so brave.”

Adriana could've cried. For such a masculine provider, he was also capable of some of the most tender and sweet demonstrations of affection she or her daughter had ever received. He handed her the mug. She smiled.

“There's that smile.”

Pringles Can Ron sat down on the bed, his hands coarse and coated with nicks and grease from a long day of being a fucking man.

“Whatever you wanna do, Anabella, Mommy and I will be here for you, you understand that?” he said.

“I'll do it,” she replied.

Adriana nodded and opened Skype on her iPhone.

CALLING.... FATRICK...

Anabella jumped back a bit as a sweaty, visibly obese man appeared in the frame. A tuft of brown hair rested like the wispy remnants of a dead bush on top of his head, which was oddly shaped, like a balloon two days after a child's birthday party.

“THE AVENGERS” was written across his breasts, the fabric stretched to the point the text was warped. It was covered in gravy stains as well.

“Hey, Anabella,” the man said.

“Hi, Fatrick,” Anabella replied.

“You... you can call me Dad, y'know...”

Pringles Can Ron ripped the phone away, turning it on himself. Fatrick's face turned to shock and fear at the sight of his steam shovel jaw and menacing gaze.

“What the Hell would you know about being a Dad!??”

“Ron, please,” Adriana interjected.

Ron looked at his wife and sighed. “You're right, Addy. I'm sorry. He just gets me so flustered.”

“I know, honey, I know,” Addy said, rubbing his back.

“Alright, I'm gonna give the phone back to Anabella. I've got your number, pal.”

“He is such a class act,” Adriana said as she wiped tears from her eyes.

“How's uh... How's school, Anabella?” Fatrick asked.

“You been drinking, Fatrick?” Ron asked.

“No...”

Ron shook his head. “Drunkard.”

Adriana squeezed his hand, feeling the power and strength present within it as her heart fluttered and her pussy tingled.

“It's OK.”

“That's... good...”

“Did you meet a new Mommy?”

“Uh! Uh... I... No...”

“Ron says you don't have a job.”

Fatrick's face flushed red. “Ron says a lot of things, sweetie...”

“Do you have a job? How do you have half a house but no job?”

Pringles Can Ron guffawed thunderously. “That's my girl!”

Adriana chuckled.

“I'm just between projects right now, Anabella. BURP! And... And... And I'm gonna send you a present for your birthday. I didn't forget.”

“You did forget.”

“No! Once my advance comes through... June 8th, right?”

“July 8th!”

Fatrick began to fume. “Can you put Mommy on?”

Ron’s eyes popped open as a scowl erupted across his face.

“It's OK, sweetie,” Adriana reassured him, turning the camera to her face.

“What is it, Fatrick?”

“What the fuck is this, huh? Did you put her up to this?! You turned her against me, child!”

“Here we go... Here we go...”

“He's drunk, Addy. Hang up.”

“Goodbye, Fatrick.”

“THIS ISN'T-”

Click.

“I don't wanna see him anymore,” Anabella squeaked.

“Well, I can certainly understand that, sweetheart. Hey, what do you say I read you a bed time story? Would you like that?”

“Yay! Goldilocks?!”

“Sure! I’ll go get the book!”

“And then maybe you can tuck me in!”

“Oh don’t you worry, Addy. You’ll be taken care of.”

And they all, except Fattrick, lived happily ever after.



SUICIDE DEMANDS: NIKKI'S RENAISSANCE

GARBAGEMAN2244

Nikki awoke with a start, her eyes bleary and dry, as if they'd been open all night. She knew if she didn't act quickly, this was only the beginning.

"Can't be hungover if you never stop drinking" was one of her husband's more unintentionally profound statements.

She chuckled at the irony as she reached for the handle of vodka under the bed. "If he only knew," she thought just before the room-temperature, bottom-shelf swill burned her taste buds and brought with it a wave of comfort that she might get through another day of quarantine.

She focused on the alarm clock on her nightstand—an embarrassing piece of furniture she would replace if she could afford it — 4:21 AM.

Has it really only been four hours this time? she wondered. *The shakes are coming sooner and sooner these days.*

She was relieved to see that her husband was not in bed next to her as he was not a heavy sleeper and would have made a childish joke about the time if she had inadvertently woken him up.

The jokes were becoming more and more grating these days, and, almost impossibly, more and more juvenile. Nikki thought she had given up the fake laughs when he had quit his stand-up comedy “career,” but lately there was no escape.

He must have fallen asleep on the couch during one of his crusades again, she thought, and wondered how long he would drone on about what happened on Twitter when he finally got up later that morning.

“That fucking voice,” she muttered to herself, “some man you turned out to be.”

The vodka allowed her to get a few more hours of fitful sleep, but nothing could prepare her for the day that lay ahead of her.

A bright ray of sun woke Nikki up an hour earlier than she intended, but her bottle of Popov was still cradled in her arms and a swig of the contents gave her the will to lurch to the bathroom.

“That's what you get for passing out without closing the blinds, you dumb bitch,” she told herself.

Critical thoughts like that were once foreign but were quickly becoming a constant in her head. In a way, she was thankful she was up early — it was an extra hour of peace; an opportunity to get the day started on her terms.

She was wholly unprepared for the scene that greeted her when she opened the bedroom door: her husband was passed out on the couch, which wasn't uncommon, but he was nude from the waist down, a piece of a model toy stuck to his hand, and he had spilled paint all over the living room table.

Despite the fact that he was laying on his back, his dick was shriveled and barely noticeable — it looked like a child's thumb in a bird's nest of pubic hair and served as an all-too-real reminder of what Nikki had let her life become.

She rushed to the sink to vomit while screaming, “Wake up, you disgusting pig, what the fuck is wrong with you?!”

Fatrick opened his eyes, confused — he'd never heard Nikki raise her voice before, and he wasn't completely sure it wasn't just a dream. He looked down and sheepishly covered his genitals.

“What, honey?” he asked, his trembling voice betraying his fear and surprise.

“You fucking heard me,” Nikki said. “I wake up early to make us breakfast, and this is what I'm greeted with?” It didn't matter that she had no intention of making breakfast, or that there was no food in the house that wasn't in a cellophane package.

Nikki had finally reached her breaking point.

“Put your pants on, or don't, and get out of MY house.”

“Wha, wha, what are you talking about?” was all Fatrick could manage in response.

Nikki wasn't having it. “GET OUT,” she yelled, loud enough to wake their neighbors this time, “I WISH YOU WERE DEAD!”

That was the last thing she remembered before waking up in a cold sweat on the same couch Fatrick had defiled the night before.

Nikki had no idea what time it was, or what had happened. She instinctively reached down to the floor for her bottle of vodka, but found only Lego™ and toy model parts.

Based on how she felt, she knew that more than a few hours had passed and that she had to act quickly to stave off the withdrawal symptoms.

Her head was pounding—a true headache from hell—and moving even her eyes made it exponentially worse. She rolled off the couch and started to crawl to the kitchen—she barely noticed the model parts and Legos™ digging into her hands and knees.

In a Herculean effort, she managed to pull herself up on the sink and found her bottle right where she'd left it some hours ago. She started to feel better almost the instant the alcohol touched her lips, and started taking an inventory.

The house was eerily quiet, and, though the blinds were drawn, she could tell it was still light outside; early afternoon, she guessed. She felt stronger with each drink, and started to look around the house.

How the fuck did I end up on the couch, and where is Fatrick? she wondered.

She knew her outburst had earned her many days, maybe weeks, of Fatrick ignoring her and making passive-aggressive comments, which was the best possible outcome from her perspective.

Still, it was strange to not hear the TV blaring, Fatrick mumbling to himself while looking at his phone, or the Godawful chewing sounds he made (“I can't help it, my mouth is wide and amplifies everything,” was always his excuse). Something was up.

He wasn't in the bedroom, kitchen, or living room, and she knew he wouldn't dare leave the house during quarantine. Besides, he had nowhere to go; he had no friends in the area, and the only people who tolerated him were the ones at the bar that he paid with her money.

The bathroom door was slightly ajar, which usually meant he was sitting on the toilet.

He was supposed to close it when he was taking a shit, but he often sat on the toilet because he said it made his back feel better and it was one of two “chairs” (the other being the couch she was occupying moments ago) in the house he was confident wouldn't buckle under his considerable weight.

Nikki's first inclination was to let him pout on his own, what the fuck did she care, he would come out soon enough to eat or ask her for money, and she could use the quiet.

But Nikki was a good woman, an empathetic nurturer at her core, which is why she blamed herself for so many of Fatrick's shortcomings and de-evolution into a fatter, narcissistic child.

So, slowly she opened the door; carefully, as if she was trying not to scare a small child on the other side. She expected to see him blubbering silently with his head in his hands, or angrily tweeting at the “Nazi incel trolls” who had come to consume and define his existence.

As the door opened and picture became clear, Nikki dropped to her knees and started to sob.

There he was, sitting on the toilet with the lid down, still pant-less and in a Star Trek shirt that was clearly intended for a tween, its seams stretched and frayed around his ample bosom where his head rested motionless.

On the wall behind his body was a mess of blood, skull and brain.

His second most prized possession, a “faggot space gun” (as his old friend Ron called it), rested against the floor and in his limp left hand.

His right hand had been holding his cell phone which was now on the bathroom floor but was clearly opened to his most prized possession, his Twitter account.

Tears of joy poured down Nikki's face as she reached for the phone, careful to avoid the almost empty toilet paper roll mounted to the door that was covered in what was once inside of Patrick's skull.

Patrick's final tweet, his magnum opus, was there on the screen, it read:

My obsessed criminal cyberstalkers have turned my second, better wife against me. She just made a suicide demand, children. Without Monday meatloaf I don't think I have the will to live in Piss Play Pinochet's America. Hillary will always be my president. #amwriting #amreading @milwaukeepolice

Nikki couldn't help but laugh when she looked below the tweet and saw, despite it being posted more than four hours before, one like and one retweet, both from the same woman, who, incidentally, was once in the military and is an atheist.

She couldn't believe her luck—no more sci-fi conventions with pedophiles, no more money spent on shitty bar food and children's toys, no more having to hear about “literal Nazis” constantly, and, most importantly, no more relying on the bottle to get her through the day.

Patrick followed through and completed the job he'd started years ago after his first wife left him, surely the first job he'd ever completed in his life.

The first call Nikki made wasn't to 9-1-1, but to a local in-patient rehab center. She decided that the money she saved on a divorce lawyer and alimony would be put to good use, and that without an adult-baby millstone around her neck, she would thrive.

The sky was truly the limit in that moment—maybe there was even a Pringles Can Ron (or Pussy Cleaner Jane) out there for her.

THE VANISHING OF NIKKI ‘DRINKY’ SLOBINSON

McGOWAN

Part One

“Nikki! Where's my glue? I'm at a critical moment in this important build! Where is it? Goodness gracious, this is NOT funny!”

“I'm...I'm...I'm...coming...Oh my God! Fffffuck...I'm ccccomingggg,” Nikki wailed from the next room.

The noise the bed's headboard made as it slammed against the paper-thin walls was a distraction, sure, but then so was Nikki's presence when he was concentrating on his builds. All that tap-tapping of her hitting the keyboard on her laptop.

Awful.

How mundane she was, worrying about pedestrian affairs like paying bills and “servicing clients.” It was beneath contempt.

He had more important things to worry about. He was a creative, after all.

Now that he couldn't escape to his artistic oasis of Hooligan's, having her distracted was of the utmost importance.

In this way, Tyrone was a godsend. He would keep her occupied for 45 to 90 minutes at a time. Not long enough to complete perfection, but a handy little window of opportunity to get some real craftsmanship done.

Now if only he could find the glue.

“Yo, I'm thirsty. Grab me a beer, boy.”

Fatrick turned around as fast as his corpulent frame would allow. Tyrone stood there, slick with sweat, sporting a, frankly impressive, erection.

He got a pleasant tingle in his groin but ignored it, as he had done since early puberty, every time he saw a naked man.

“Will Corona suffice?”

“Whatever, long as it's cold.”

“Ah. I'm afraid it isn't. I prefer it served at room temperature.”

Tyrone shook his head and muttered something that sounded like “sorry ass faggot.” Fatrick decided he must have misheard him.

“Eh yo, girl, imma bounce. Call me when you wanna get wrecked again.”

“I will, T. Probably call you tomorrow.”

“A'ight, whatever.”

“Goodbye, Tyrone. Thanks for your help,” said Fatrick.

Tyrone snorted and chuckled to himself. “Crazy ass cracker.”

“I like Ritz crackers too!” blurted Fattrick. Tyrone sure did utter some bizarre non-sequiturs!

Just then, Nikki limped out into the living room in her bathrobe. She was red faced and glistening with perspiration.

She looked like she'd just run a half marathon, without cutting any corners.

“Glue,” demanded Fattrick.

“What about it?” she said, her voice dripping with boredom and disdain.

“I need it. NOW! I'm at a critical juncture in this groundbreaking build.”

Nikki let out a laugh the likes of which Fattrick hadn't heard from her in years. Maybe ever. It came from deep in her belly. A pure, hearty laugh.

“What, may I ask, is so funny, child?”

“Oh...oh...oh...my God. I'm...I'm sorry. I can't do this anymore. Jesus, you're so fucking pathetic, do you know that? I'm done. This is over. ‘Groundbreaking build’. Look at the box, you fucking nut job. It says ‘ages 12+’ on the box. It's a fucking kid's toy, you fucking mental idiot. I'm out of here. I'm going to my parents for the next two nights, when I get back I expect you and your shit to be out of here. This is my house, you don't br...”

The next bit, Fattrick didn't remember so hot. He'd heard the expression “see red” but had never experienced it before.

Now he did. In a fit of undiluted rage, he brought the half-completed U.S.S Enterprise crashing down on the top of her stupid, ungrateful head.

The model shattered, as did the pair of sunglasses perched on the top of her crown.

She let out a strange sound — “*huummph*”; somewhere between surprise and stunned outrage — and went tumbling backwards.

She fell and the back of her head met the corner of the coffee table with a sickening crack. Fatrick understood almost immediately that she was dead.

Her head hung at an unnatural and grotesque angle from her neck.

Dark blood pooled on the floor. Her eyes remained open, staring emptily at the ceiling.

“Oh drat,” said Fatrick. Two years of painstaking work down the drain. The bitch. How could she be so thoughtless and hurtful? He would have to clean this mess up. But what to do with her?

That would come later. He was hungry. Indian takeout sounded good. He went to the bedroom to get her purse. The cunt was still good for something. She owed him so much. More now. She would have to buy him another build project.

Yes. That was the very least she could do.

He would order it now in fact. Get it out of the way before dinner. That way he could eat with a clear head.

He grabbed her credit card and opened her laptop. Four new emails pinged up. Her Amex bill had arrived. Something about her interest rate going up.

Boring! Not the kind of thing a creative should concern themselves with.

Another one from her bank. Mortgage payment...something called “arrears.” Yawn. Some promotional blurb from thesunglasseshut.com. Snooze-erooni. Wait, what the goodness?

The last one was from a man. A man other than Tyrone. He recognized that name. But where from?

Steve Kox...Steve Kox...

Part Two – Enter the Kox

“That dirty birdy,” hissed Fatrick.

He knew where he'd heard that name now. Another online Nazi troll. One of those Bernie Brothers.

Steve Kox.

The guy just sounded like a douche, like one of those uncultured louts who had made his high school years such a living hell. Hurtful name-calling, random beatings, cruel pranks that drew mocking laughter from the popular, pretty girls.

Fatrick's chief tormentor in high school had been the fittingly-named Chad Peck, a muscular and obnoxious youth who had made it a point of principle to come up with fresh and creative ways to injure and humiliate Fatrick on a daily basis.

He was the first person to label him “Fagtrick,” and the name had stuck all throughout school. He had also confidently informed Fatrick one day in sophomore year that he had recently had sex with Fatrick's mother, after he'd been sent to her office for counselling over his “aggressive behavior in the hallways.”

Mrs. Tublinson had been the shrink at Fatrick's high school, a fact that had inspired constant abuse from his peers.

Fatrick had, at first, dismissed his boasts as yet another attempt to wound him. Until Peck had mentioned the tattoo.

Fatrick's mom had a tattoo of a lotus flower at the top of her right buttock, a memento from her flower child days. Fatrick had seen it a couple of times when he was a kid and she was changing after taking him swimming, but there was no way to see it unless she was naked. He felt sick as Peck roared goatish laughter, pleased by the look of horrified realization on Fatrick's face.

To this day, he was at least 90% sure that Peck had been telling the truth.

He remembered Steve Kox now. He had humiliated him effortlessly on his platform. The bastard had set a trap for him and Fatrick had waddled right into it.

He got that nauseous feeling again. Kox and Peck were cut from the same cloth. Brash, athletic bastards who felt threatened by intellectuals such as himself. Philistines. Heathens. He'd show them. He'd show them all.

His eyes widened with horror as he read the email chain between Nikki and this meathead. Nikki had initiated contact, just one day after his Twitter exchange with Kox. She had actually congratulated the uncultured son of a bitch on his put-down of Fatrick.

Bitch.

He was glad she was dead, the traitor.

Kox had replied in a neutral but not unfriendly tone. He asked if she was okay. Said that he, Fatrick, seemed unstable.

Ha! Him! Unstable! The cretin.

Nikki responded that she caught him looking at her sometimes with unmistakable hatred and resentment, and that she was worried about the imbalance in the relationship. He was utterly dependent on her financially and she feared this could lead to serious trouble down the line.

She said she felt trapped and worried about the future. In her helplessness she was worried she'd become an alcoholic.

Kox told her to get out as soon as she could. To pack a bag and go and stay with family or a girlfriend. He told her it was for her own s....

Fatrick saw red again. *Who the hell did this lowlife think he was? Who the hell was he to question him?* He hit reply and started typing.

Meanwhile, 2,000 miles away in Chino Hills, California, Steve Kox woke up after a restful eight hours of sleep. He turned over and gazed lovingly at his wife, as beautiful now as the day he'd met her.

He couldn't believe how lucky he was.

As well as being a 10, she was his best friend; she was sensible, calm and loving, yet had a silly, playful side that made him laugh like an idiot. She was the total package.

As if that wasn't enough, she'd given him three wonderful children—two active, good-natured boys and a beautiful little girl who was her mini-me. He couldn't ask for more.

His alarm clock went off and he immediately killed it. He couldn't remember the last time it had woken him up. He was an early riser. His six years in the Marines had seen to that.

Up and at 'em.

He'd have a dump, grab a quick shower and make the kids breakfast. *Sausage and hot cakes today*, he thought. They needed a hot breakfast to set them up for the day. He didn't eat sweet stuff like that for breakfast; coffee was all he needed until lunch. Maybe he'd wolf down a couple of sausage links but that was it. *No one over the age of 15 ate pancakes and syrup.*

He pissed first, standing up, before he sat down to take a shit. It was an embarrassing ritual that only his wife knew about. He had to do it and he had to make sure every last drop of urine was out before he sat on the bowl.

The reason was awkward but simple. His cock was so big that he had to hang it over the front of the seat. If he didn't, a good portion of his penis rested on the toilet shelf. Humiliating, but the price he had to pay.

It made having a crap in public restrooms a risky venture best avoided. His wife called him The Elephant Man. He knew that a lot of guys would say it was a luxury problem to have, but they didn't know. His cock was more of a nuisance than anything. Finding properly fitting underwear was a headache all by itself.

He took his phone out and checked his emails as he relaxed on “the throne.”

Dan Hartridge wanted to fill an extra order this month. Great news. Business was good, no money worries. Thank the Good Lord.

He knew a lot of folks were struggling right now and he was grateful he was doing well.

Mike Taylor had a request about last week's numbers. He'd get on that as soon as he'd fed the kids.

Just then a new email hit his inbox. *Nikki Slobinson? Who was th..? Oh yes, that poor woman who'd reached out to him a few weeks back, the one married to that weird jerk on twitter. The fat guy.*

He hoped she was doing better.

He'd mentioned the exchange to his wife and she'd agreed he'd done the right thing telling her to get out of that dysfunctional relationship.

He opened her latest email and read it for a few seconds before doing something he almost never did.

He cursed out loud in his home, a disbelieving and unavoidable, "What the fuck?"



Part Three

“....the fuck...” said Steve.

He couldn't believe what he was seeing. It was an email from that Nikki woman's address alright, but after reading a couple of sentences he recognized the fat, patronizing tone immediately:

Greetings, Little One.

Your time for meddling in the affairs of others is over now, kiddo.

You are to cease and desist all communication with my wife. If you do not heed my order, you will be arrested and imprisoned for a very long time.

It is illegal to try to break up a marriage, child. I am sorry that you're too stupid to know this. Look it up. I don't do homework for anybody.

You will not hear from Nikki again, so do not bother replying to this message. She has learned the error of her ways and doesn't have time for you or any other toxic Nazi trolls anymore.

Die crying about it, boomer.

Yours sincerely,

Fatrick S Tublinson

Author

Steve felt an icy shiver go over him. There was something very wrong here. His last interaction with this fat creep had ended with him laughing.

He'd had dinner with his family, put the kids to bed, zoned out in front of SportsCenter with a beer and gone to bed with his wife.

He'd forgotten all about the porky loser until Nikki emailed him.

He wasn't laughing anymore.

The email practically radiated severe mental illness. As pathetic as he may be (and Steve considered him extremely pathetic, maybe the most pathetic excuse for a man he'd ever come across) this stout moron was clearly dangerous. The woman, Nikki, was in danger, and Steve Kox wasn't the kind of man to stand idly by while a woman was in danger.

He wasn't built like that, he hadn't been raised like that, and he wouldn't be able to live with himself until he knew she was okay. Though he hated to do it, he woke his wife Jen and explained the situation. She read the email and agreed that it set off alarm bells. Neither one of them could really articulate why, they just both understood that something in the primitive, lizard part of their brains was unnerved and repulsed by the email and, indeed, by Tublinson himself.

Sensible, level-headed Jen suggested they Google his address and contact his local police precinct.

Steve agreed. A quick search turned up plenty of results, most of them in some 2003 era-looking message board. Thanks to some fine Christian going by the moniker of "SpaceEdge," they quickly found the Demon's address. A minute later, they had the number for the relevant authorities.

But what came next stunned them. Far from being receptive and helpful, the officer on the phone was dismissive as soon as they gave the name and address.

"That guy? Fat guy, kind of oily-looking? Look, we went round there practically every day for a month. Sometimes more than once a day. He would call up and say there was

an armed cyber-stalker outside his house and that his life was in danger. Every time we'd send someone out, it'd turn out to be some guy walking his dog or a delivery guy or electrical worker or something. The guy's a...excuse my language...but he's a fucking nutjob. When we stopped sending cars out there he'd call up every day and demand to speak to a detective. Said he was going to get Swatted and would send links of strangers making fun of him online. He's a lunatic but harmless. I mean have you seen him? He could probably barely walk up a flight of stairs, let alone injure someone. Sorry, but we're not wasting our time. In case you hadn't notice, there's this global pandemic thing going on..."

Steve hung up the phone. Shit. There was only one thing for it.
He looked at Jen.

"Go," she said.

God, he loved her.

"Really?"

"Absolutely. If the cops won't do anything; you have to. Go and make sure she's okay. Just be careful."

"Always."

He kissed her, got dressed, kissed his sleeping children and got in his Toyota Land Cruiser.

Around 35 hours later, Fat woke up on the couch. It had been almost two days since Nikki's head had so rudely broken the Enterprise.

The selfish bitch always had to ruin everything. Well, not anymore.

He tried to get up but lacked the abdominal muscles needed to sit upright. So he rolled over to one side; his fat, sweaty, disgusting ass loudly peeling off the cheap pleather sofa.

He was a disgusting tub of shit, but his titanic ego shielded him from that realization. Instead, he saw himself as God's gift to humanity, especially womankind. Nikki simply did not know how good she'd had it.

She should have been grateful to have him living there. He knew hundreds of groupies who would have jumped at the chance to have him cohabitating with them.

Ah yes, Nikki. He should probably get round to doing something about that.

But what?

She wasn't exactly a featherweight herself. Did he really want to risk throwing his back out again — like he did last year while trying to pick up his toenail clippings — by trying to lug her out of the house? And then what? Would she even fit in the trunk of the Mustang?

Fuck it. It was too much hassle. *Just let the bitch rot.*

Mewler would eat her or something. The problem would take care of itself.

They always did.

Fat's stomach grumbled with outrage. Breakfast time. What was it going to be today? His favorite, he thought.

Scrambled eggs, bacon, corn, two leaves of raw baby spinach and jelly on toast. He deserved it after the hard couple of days he'd had. Did he have any jelly left tho—

Just then there was a loud knock at the door. *Who the goodness could that be?* It couldn't possibly be his new model delivery already!

No way would it be that quick, not at the moment, not with the Trump Virus going around. And anyway, he would've got a text message saying it was on its way. He looked at his phone.

Nothing.

He went to the front door and peered through the peep hole.

His heart almost jumped out of his mouth.

It was that asshole from Twitter, Steve Kox.

What the hell was he doing here? This couldn't be happening. Things like this didn't happen. They couldn't. You couldn't cross over from one world to another like this. There were rules. Patrick could actually hear his heart beating. He began to sweat, even more than usual.

“Nikki Slobinson! Nikki, can you hear me!” shouted Kox. His voice was deeper than Patrick had expected. Though he wouldn't (couldn't?) admit it to himself, it scared him.

“Wh...what do you want?” Patrick squeaked behind the door.

“Tublinson? Is that you? Look, I just want to know that your wife is okay, alright? I don't care about you. I'm not here to kick your ass or anything like that. It's just that email you sent freaked me out a bit, okay? I just want to know she's okay then I'll get back in my car and you won't see me again. Deal?”

“Sh...she's fine. G...go away.” Patrick whimpered. He tried so hard to steady his voice, but he couldn't stop it coming out like a squeal.

Kox's voice, on the other hand, became lower and quieter. “Ok, listen. Now you're starting to worry me. Open this door now.”

“Ffffuck aaawwwf,” Patrick said. A sudden strange calm washed over him. *This was it*, a small voice somewhere deep at the back of his head seemed to say. *No use worrying anymore.*

“Open this fucking door now, asshole, or I'm going to kick it down.”

“I..I'll call the cops.”

“Ha,” Steve snorted, “yeah, do that, you fat prick.”

Patrick turned and waddled as fast as he could. Had to find a weapon.

Steve's size-12 work boot took three attempts to smash through the front door. It would have taken even him much longer if any decent amount of money had been spent on it, but it was a cheap piece of shit. Plywood, basically.

He stepped inside.

What a dump.

The place stank of sweat, alcohol, damp, fried food and...something else. An odor that Steve hadn't smelled since his final tour in Iraq. Fuck. He was too late.

He walked into the shitty little kitchen/living room area, already knowing what he'd find. There she was. The poor thing. His heart sank.

“EEEEEEEEEE!!!”

Steve spun around.

What happened next, happened in around 20 seconds but, like anyone with any kind of combat training, Steve saw it all in a kind of horrible slow-motion.

The fat creep was charging at him, like some kind of feral boar sow, protecting its young.

His eyes were shining with a pure and almost childlike craziness that Steve had never seen before. In his right hand he held a blue and orange Nerf gun which he was actually pointing at Steve. Steve simply stepped to one side and Tublinson went crashing into the wall, head first.

Steve turned around. Tublinson was stunned but still reasonably alert. He gathered himself and started to get up.

Steve kicked down, hard, on the side of Fatrick's left knee. He heard a sickening crack and Fatrick screamed in pain. His left leg was useless now, and it always would be. It had been completely dislocated from its joint.

The best orthopedic surgeon in the world couldn't change that fact that he would now walk with a pronounced limp for the rest of his life.

Fatrick's crying just made Steve hate him more.

He took his time and took a big step back, before throwing a haymaker that started way up behind his right shoulder and came crashing down straight into the middle of Tublinson's face. His pig-like nose exploded in a haze of blood and cartilage.

Steve finished him off with two hard kicks to the side of the head. Tublinson collapsed in a fat heap. He was tempted to stamp on his head a few times and finish him off for good, but no. That would make him no better than the fat murderer.

A lifetime in prison, exchanging sexual favors for his personal safety, that was a far more fitting punishment. Steve took out his phone and called the police number he'd phoned a day and a half ago.

Maybe they'd listen this time.



FATTY'S ADDRESS

THEPEPSICOLARAPIST

“This is the one, Nikki!”

The Fat Man said to his wife, as she lay in an empty bathtub covered by a moldy shower curtain, slightly more bloated than yesterday.

“This Tweet is my meal ticket! I'll be back on top any day now,” The Fat Man said, fanning the flies away from the tub.

A knock at the door snapped The Fat Man back from dreams of Internet notoriety and Mewler, his cat, darted beneath the couch rescued from a curb the day they moved into their half-home.

“Nikki! The TV is here! THE TV IS HERE!!”

He waddled from the bathroom, careful to replace the rug that covered the 5-inch gap between the door and the floor.

“That should do,” The Fat Man thought to himself, spraying Lysol in the air while opening the side window facing a Section 8 apartment complex.

Flies pored in. Hundreds more followed throughout the afternoon while The Fat Man sobbed in frustration over his inability to install his new television.

“There are so many wires...” The Fat Man said to his lizard, wheezing and sweating profusely.

“Nikki always took care of stuff like this,” thought The Fat Man, as the last bit of evening's light was snuffed out in the empty, half-house.



STARR SHIP REPO

FATMARATHONCHEATER

Setting: the future, on another planet called Creampieous, where humans and aliens live. The aliens are the majority and they are in control.

Characters:

Lastname Firstname

The main character, she is called this because of a computer error that gave her that name when she was born.

She lives on Creamieous.

She's a very sexy girl who likes to sleep with aliens and humans, but she's also very smart and likes to take risks.

Fatrick Tublinson

A very fat man, he's very childish and tends to lose his temper very often.

He constantly drinks beer and eats junk food.

He's very selfish and thinks high of himself.

He's evil but tries to show himself as a very innocent person who does no harm.

He works at a failed insurance company and he also likes to play with toys.

Joey

An old bisexual failed musician who performs to very small audiences who boo him.

He's an alien who looks like a cow.

He's pretty stupid and clumsy, dresses like a slob and often breaks the law.

Rogan Rynn

Aspiring musician, extravagant effeminate gay, bald and has ginger beard.

Very committed to succeed and become a celebrity.

Dan Shakiro

Handsome talented young guy with sharp mind, very charismatic and a great debater.

Balack Okama

The president. Half human half alien but has more of a human features but tries to appear as an alien more than a human, very corrupt who displays himself as a very kind and careful person. He hates the humans and tries to oppress them all the time.

He's also secretly gay and goes to gay saunas and bars.

His wife is an alien who looks like a monkey, she's actually a man but pretends to be a woman.

Ronald Crump

Very successful business man, talented and sharp, has beautiful full hair and beautiful wife. He's very popular with women and very friendly.

Also an aspiring politician who tries to fight the corrupted government.

Gordon Pinerson

Very smart Intellectual human with a squeaky voice who wants to change the world and make it a better place.

Receives hatred because his controversial ideas and his courage.

He's also very emotional and tends to cry and talk in lengths which sometimes is hard to understand.

Lastname one time goes out to a bar called Hooligans where she meets Fatrick for the first time. He manages to seduce her when she's drunk, He takes her home and tries to have sex with her but she falls asleep and wakes up in the next morning next to him. She doesn't remember anything from last night and she walks around his house. She finds many toys and some videos.

She plays the videos and sees Fatrick in these videos is raping baby aliens and killing them.

She finds corpses in his back yard, and in hamburgers in his fridge which he feeds his dogs with.

She takes the video tape and runs for her life before Fatrick wakes up.

When he wakes up he finds out the she's gone with the tape.

He's now determined to find her and get rid of her and the tape so nobody would find out about his crimes.

He takes his 5 guns and gets on his pink motorcycle he bought in Thailand when he visited planet earth last year.

He takes along with him his evil cat called Bueller.

Lastname runs away and gets back home, she quickly packs her bag and goes out. she takes a taxi driven by an alien who looks like a giraffe who speaks a language she doesn't understand to take her out of town.

After she got out of the taxi she tries to hitchhike on the highway and a Fiat 500 stops by and an alien who looks like a cow yells to her come on in and she joins him.

Now she's in the car with the alien, his name is Joey.

He tells her he's driving to Moomiasville.

Joey talks nonstop and Lastname falls asleep and wakes up a few times and he's still talking.

He tells her he's playing in a band and trying to impress her saying he's very successful and he knows famous people.

After a few hours they arrive to Moomiasville.

This town looks horrible and dirty and Joey suggests they go to have a drink at a bar he knows.

They enter a bar called "Big Apple Ranch".

It is a gay bar with humans and aliens dressed as cowboys.

They sit on the bar and start drinking.

As Lastname starts to get a bit drunk Joey tries to seduce her.

He tells her about his house and he calls it the compound, he says he has a very hot wife and he wants to have a threesome with her and Lastname.

He shows her picture to Lastname and Lastname pukes on the bar.

She makes an excuse that she puked because of the drink.

Now on stage starts a show and a singer called Rogan Rynn enters the stage.

as he sings his songs he looks at the crowd and lock his eyes with Joey.

Joey raises his glass and smiles at him and blows a kiss in the air.

They don't take their eyes of each other until Rogan finishes his show.

Rogan goes down from the stage and sits next to Joey.

Joey calls the bartender and asks him to make 2 cocktails called Child Spit for him and for Rogan.

After they touch glasses and take a sip they start kissing passionately.

Then they stand up and walk hand in hand to the restrooms.

When they get into the restroom they see 2 aliens are having sex, one of them looks like a crab and appears to be a transsexual with large breasts and a penis and the other is a male alien who looks like

a raccoon.

They join them and have a group sex changing with each other all the time.

While Joey and Rogan are in the restrooms Lastname finishes her drink and she notices they both left their wallets and Joey's car keys on the bar.

She puts it in her pockets and she gets out of the bar to the parking lot.

She starts the car and speeds away.

Joey and Rogan are still having sex in the restrooms and now Patrick who's chasing Lastname enters the bar and calls the bartender, he asks for grapefruit beer, empanadas, tacos and pineapple pizza.

He takes out his computer puts it on the bar and starts working on it.

It seems like he's writing something very weird and disgusting.

He starts eating with his bare hands, he eats very fast and all his face gets dirty and also his shirt.

He starts talking to the bartender arguing with him about politics and insulting him calling him a child.

Now Joey and Rogan come out from the restrooms and sit on the bar near him.

Patrick starts talking with them and asking them if they saw a girl he describes.

Joey says: Ah it's Lastname I know her.

He's looking for his wallet to pay for the drinks and he realises she's gone with his wallet and car.

Now Joey and Rogan join together with Patrick to chase Lastname.

They all go in Rogan's large van and start driving.

They get stuck in traffic and Joey tells Rogan to drive on the roads shoulder, he tells him I call it the Joey lane and I always drive on the shoulder.

Now they see Lastname in a distance driving Joey's car and they speed up and chase her.

Now it's a thrilling car chase and Lastname manages to escape in the last second.
She stops the car in the middle of a neighborhood and puts it on fire.

She finds a place to hide on the street and goes to sleep.

She wakes up as a dog licks her face.

She goes to eat and buys new sexy clothes with Joey's money.

She rents an expensive hotel room she takes a long bubble bath and turns to TV on while she's in the bath.

On the screen there's a program about politics with a debate between an ugly slimy snake like alien and a handsome human called Dan Shakiro.

the ugly alien can't win the debate and gets more angry because Dan Shakiro is so smart and he can't win the debate with him.

Lastname falls in love immediately, she puts her hand inside the water and starts to masturbate while she looks at Dan on TV.

She reaches a very strong orgasm and falls asleep.

She wakes up at night, she packs her stuff and take a taxi.

The taxi then stops she pays the driver and she goes inside a bar.

On the TV screen in the bar there's a live speech from the president Balack Okama,

On the speech he talks about alien rights and how humans treat aliens very badly which is quite the opposite in reality.

After a few drinks she tries to pay with Joey's credit card, the bartender suspects it's a stolen card and calls the police.

She notices the police lights outside and she runs out the backdoor and stops a taxi telling him to drive as fast as possible.

The taxi stops after a few hours in a gas station.

Lastname takes all the cash left in Joey's wallet and pays him.

The taxi driver her gives her a phone of his friend who lives closeby and tells her to meet him because he can offer her an interesting job far away where nobody can find her.

She calls him, his name is Gordon Pinerson.

They have a very good conversation about life and everything and Gordon even cries a few times.

Lastname tells Gordon about what happend to her and about Fatrick and what she found about him and she sows him the tape.

Gordon starts to cry and scream while he watches Fatrick raping and killing the alien babies.

Gordon records himself describing what Fatrick has done and uploads it to the internet. Gordon tells Lastname that he has a job for her where she will be far away from the criminals who are now chasing her.

The job is on a space ship, and this space ship goes between planets to catch small starships that were bought from starship companies but the owners stopped to pay for them.

He then orders a taxi for her and tells the driver where to go.

They say goodbye to each other and hug and Lastname enters the taxi and go.

Lastname reaches to the workplace.

It's in a big field and she sees the spaceship in the field and goes inside there where she meets her co workers :3 humans and 3 aliens.

They go to space and visit various planets where she is sent to retrieve unpaid spaceships from owners. Sometimes she has to deceive and manipulate the owners so she can take their spaceship

She has multiple sex scenes with her co workers and other aliens in the planets she visits.

In the meantime. Joey, Fatrick and Rogan continue to chase her and they also take a spaceship in order to follow her.

They visit the planets where she's been and look for her where they have gay sex scenes with various aliens.

Fatrick again takes alien babies there and he rapes and kills them and manages to escape before the police catches him.

In the meantime on earth the story and the tape of Fatrick raping and killing babies appears on the news because Gordon Pinerson published it.

Because Fatrick is friends with president Balack Okama he orders the police to do nothing to Fatrick.

In fact what happens is that the police accuse Gordon Pinerson of publishing fake news and harassing Fatrick and they put him in jail.

Fatrick, Joey and Rogan can't catch Lastname in space so they come back to earth and they wait for the time she comes back to earth so they can plan and catch her.

Fatrick receives a medal from the president for his winning in the empanadas eating contest.

Dan Shakiro sees it on TV and he decides to fight back and prove everybody that Fatrick is a criminal and the president is his partner.

There's an election for the president soon and there's a guy who wants to become the next president, his name is Ronald Crump

He's saying that he's going to replace president Okama and his corrupted regime.

When Lastname comes back to earth Fatrick, Joey and Rogan follow her without her noticing.

When she tries to open the door to her apartment the kidnap her and take her to a basement.

Fatrick starts to torture her and he asks her where is the tape.
She spits in his face.

Fatrick goes out to the store to buy a chainsaw so he can cut her leg.
In the store Dan Shakiro who was also shopping there sees him and starts to follow him.

He follows him to the basement where they keep Lastname.

Then he sees Lastname is tied with a rope and Joey and Rogan are holding her hands while Fatrick is laughing.

Shakiro then enters the basement and start fighting with Joey and Rogan.
Shakiro is very good in martial arts and he fights them until he breaks their bones with his kicks and punches and they surrender.

Fatrick runs to another room and he grabs his guns.

He starts firing on Shakiro but all his shots miss him.

When he doesn't have more bullets he starts to throw his toys on Shakiro but Shakiro manages to evade every shot.

Fatrick yells to Shakiro: "You won't catch me child"

He starts to run and because he's fat he gets tired very fast and Shakiro catches him.
Now shakiro chokes Fatrick and ties him with the rope that Lastname was tied with.
Lastname thanks Shakiro and they kiss.

They open the TV and see that Ronald Crump has won the elections.

The police come to the basement and they put Fatrick in handcuffs as they thank Shakiro.

Now Shakiro and Lastname have a very romantic sex.

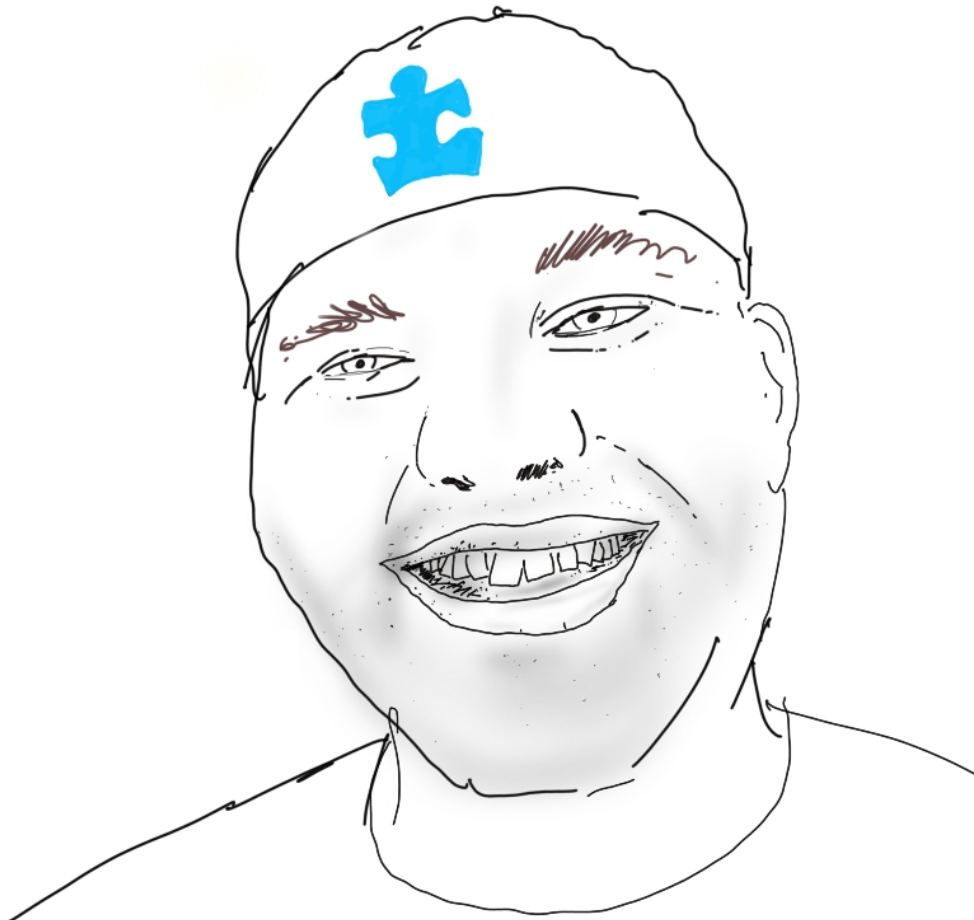
Now when Bonald Blump is the president he exposes all the crimes that Ballak Okama has done.

Okama is sent to jail where he is put in a cell with Fatrick.

Okama is very angry at Fatrick and tells him that he lost the elections because of him and now he proceeds to rape Fatrick.

The story ends with the marriage of Dan Shakiro and Lastname where Ronald Crump, the new president, greets them and they kiss.

Autism Awareness



A BIRTHDAY CAROL

CHILD

Act I

Fatrick hummed along, stirring the chicken while also checking on the rice. Tonight was his 40th birthday.

What better way to celebrate than with his take on Nashville-style hot chicken: chicken breast coated in store-bought buffalo sauce and some pepper flakes.

Fatrick loved experiencing the world through his taste buds: from the lively mariachi band he heard whenever eating a ground beef taco, to exploring the Great Wall whenever he chewed on beef with broccoli.

Tonight, for his birthday, he would travel to the country music capital of the world.

Maybe he should play some country music for the occasion?

“NOW THIS IS WHAT ITS LIKE WHEN WORLDS COLLIDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE,” screamed Powerman 5000 out of his laptop speakers.

No, thought Fatrik, *this is fine*.

This helped get the rage out after the dumb cunt left. After all Fatrik did for her, increasing his celebrity, charming her with his humor, letting his followers know how passionate their sex life is—she had the nerve to pack her things and leave right after they got back from Hawaii, barely saying a word to him.

Not caring a bit about how upset Fatrik got at the Trump hotel or about how he was so emotional that the second coming of Hitler stole the presidency and also has a hotel.

Fatrik was literally crying over Trump and she did nothing, said nothing.

His phone rang. Was this her trying to get him back? No, it was his brother Lyle. “Fatrik! Happy Birthday!” said Lyle.

“I’m cooking dinner.”

“Oh Fatrik, you don’t have to do that. It’s your birthday, you shouldn’t be eating alone. I know since Nikki...”

“I’m not alone. I have my cat, lizard, and my forty six thousand twitter followers to share it with me. How many twitter followers do you have, Lyle?”

Lyle sighed. He had grown used to the passive aggressiveness.

“Look Fatrik, I know we’re all supposed to stay at home, but how about you get in the Mustang and drive over to our place? My wife can whip up some meatloaf, we can play some board games, drink some beers, crash in the guest room. Whaddya say?”

“Goodbye, Lyle.” Fatrik hung up the phone. He couldn’t waste his precious time; he was already enjoying single life.

Earlier, he had told this woman on Twitter, Danica Ceela, that she has “pretty eyes,” effectively opening the door for her to ask him out.

Furthermore, he had downloaded Tinder, and after carefully curating potential mates, had “swiped right” on two that met his strict criteria.

Morgan and Brandy.

No doubt both were scrambling to compose the perfect first message to win him over, any minute now he'd expect to hear from them.

Thus was life as a social media mogul and influencer—the pretty girls would be lining up, aroused by his online influence.

Speaking of online influence, the Nashville-style hot chicken and rice was ready. He scooped it out onto two plates, as he had decided—until he could present his followers with Danica, Morgan, or Brandy as his new love—that he would say his marriage is still healthy.

Technically, he was still married so he could say whatever he wants. Then the cyberstalkers couldn't make fun of him because he was never single; he went from his second wife to his next hot girlfriend.

Morgan in particular looked very attractive, wearing a light blue striped bikini. *The cyberstalkers are going to be so jealous as none of them have ever felt the touch of a woman, while I'm drowning in strange.*

With the plates served, he went to the fridge and pulled out a single bottle of Corona beer, as his followers appreciated the hilarious pun of Fattrick drinking Corona during Coronavirus.

Everything in place and perfectly arranged, he snapped a picture. Immediately posting to Twitter, he typed out “40th birthday dinner with me and the misses.

I know me and all my Milwaukee friends would have closed down Mooligans if not for these troubling times, but my birthday wish this year is for everyone to vote for Biden and end the tyrant—”

CRACK! Patrick dropped the phone, as the simple act of walking around the house made him throw out his back.

He collapsed to the floor, squealing in pain, instinctively calling for his “current” wife before realizing he was alone.

“HELP! HELP! HELP ME!” he screamed into the void.

It was useless, as the Powerman 5000 album *Tonight the Stars Revolt!* had gone from track 3, “When Worlds Collide”, to track 4, “Nobody's Real”.

Patrick preferred to keep playing “When Worlds Collide” over and over and over again, but now he would be forced to hear the other, not famous Powerman 5000 songs.

He couldn't move, he couldn't scream, Robert Mewler had gotten on the table and was eating the Nashville-style hot chicken.

Patrick knew from experience this would result in kitty diarrhea all over the apartment. He laid his head down and closed his thin eyelids.

Hours? Days?

He woke up again and it was night. Robert Mewler had already begun plastering the kitchen with sloppy cat shit because his tummy couldn't handle spicy food.

Patrick looked around the room, before grabbing a nearby chair and climbing to his feet. Then—he saw her.

He always knew she would come back, that the last time she spoke she told him lies. Finally, the day had come where she would stop telling herself these lies. Sorry, Danica, Morgan, and Brandy, but you'll have to wait.

“Hello Adriana, I see you've come crawling back to me. First things first, you are to abandon those two children you had with Ron and never speak to them again.”

Adriana rolled her eyes.

"Fatricks, I'm clearly a ghost. First of all, I'm translucent. Second of all, I'm floating a few inches above the ground. Third, I'm dressed in Victorian England fashion. I'm wearing a fucking bonnet, you idiot."

"Wrong again, little one. You are my ex-wife and you have left your husband to win me back. The bonnet is part of your seduction."

Ghost Addy shook her head, then reached out to grab Fatricks's hand and *POOF* —they were out of the half-house and into another equally shitty Wisconsin home, this one somewhere in the mid-80s.

The kind of shitty Wisconsin home a rodeo clown's salary could afford. A rodeo clown with a drinking problem.

“What? What is this? What's happening?” screamed Fatricks.

“I am the Ghost of Wives Past! I...”

“So the real Adriana is dead?” Fatricks interrupted.

“No, Adriana herself is alive and well. But the part of Adriana that ever loved or respected you is dead. I am that part of her. I have laid dormant for years as she has happily lain with the man known as Pringles Can Ron.

I have called to the heavens, wondering my purpose, like a child's toy that one day gets put down and never played with again.”

“I play with all my toys to make sure that doesn't happen, child.”

Ghost Addy sighed. "I am the first of three ghosts to visit you on your birthday tonight. I will be taking you on a tour through your past, so that you may realize what chain of events inspired you to become such an unlikable shit.”

“I am very likable.”

Just then, a very fat, very sad 8-year-old came screaming into the house, running to his bedroom and slamming the door shut. His mother, Mama Swan, left the living room to quickly follow behind and went to console her son.

“Tuesday, February 14, 1989. Valentine's Day,” said Ghost Addy, as the two entered lil' Fat's bedroom.

“Oh my sweet boy! What happened!?! Tell mommy!” Mama Swan said, hugging her precious son close.

“Mommy it was the worst!” cried lil' Fat.

“Mommy will make it all better!” Mama Swan exclaimed, kissing him on the forehead.

“See, mommy kisses her little Fatty's smart, smart brain! Tell mommy what happened!”

Lil' Fat stopped hysterically crying, but the sniffles still made it hard for him to talk.

“There's *sniff* this girl *sniff* named Cindy *sniff* Cindy O'Dougal *sniff**sniff**”

“What did Cindy do, baby?”

“I told *sniff* Cindy that I *sniff* that I wanted to be her Valentine *sniff*. And she said she didn't want to!”

Lil' Fat went back to crying. Fatrick started to tear up as well.

“Jesus dude, you're 40,” said Ghost Addy.

“Cindy O'Dougal was literally a Nazi,” replied Fatrick.

“Now, now, baby,” said Mama Swan, “I have to tell my special boy a little secret.”

Lil' Fat stopped crying and went back to sniffing. His big watery blue eyes looked at mommy.

“Yes, mommy?”

“You're the smartest, funniest, most handsome boy in the whole, wide world.”

“I am, mommy?”

“Yes, you are.”

“All the boys and girls that ever say otherwise are very bad people, okay? Including this Cindy. You gave her a chance, but she turned out to be bad. What do bad people do, Fatrick?”

“Bad people call for the systematic execution of Jews to purify Germany.”

“That's right, Fatrick! Everyone that says anything mean does so because they secretly want to exterminate Jews.

See, I knew you were a smart boy! One day you'll find a beautiful girl that's worthy of your perfection, my sweet, summer child.”

Lil' Fat giggled. “Thanks Mommy! I feel all better now.”

Ghost Addy turned to Fatrick. “Okay, what did you learn?”

“Easy, ghost child”, Fatrick said snidely. “Cindy is a Nazi and almost certainly voted for Trump. I told you that like 30 seconds ago.”

“Doctor Cindy O'Dougal has a medical practice that specializes in helping people that were seriously injured in accidents regain control of their limbs again. Many patients that were told they'd be in a wheelchair for the rest of their lives are now walking upright. Countless families have praised her determined approach in helping...”

“Did she vote for Trump or Clinton?”

“...She voted for Trump.”

Fatrick giggled a feminine chortle. “Nazi.”

Queen Addy grabbed Fatrick's hand, and *poofed* once again. They sat in a boring hotel room, Young Adult (YA) Fatrick sitting cuntily on Addy's lap.

“Wonderfest, Louisville, Kentucky, May 2011.” said Ghost Addy “The night you officially lost me.”

“Hey Fatrick,” said Addy, “My thighs are starting to go numb, would you mind standing up?”

“Sorry wife,” said Fatrick. “I need to demonstrate to everyone else here how unique and quirky a relationship we have. Me sitting on your lap shows I see things a little bit differently than most other ‘macho’ men, aka douchenozzles. It shows my perspective is a fresh one. This is going to sell novels, my dear. Mark my words.”

Addy grunted, trying to shift his body weight and make herself more comfortable. “So, there's gotta be other things that you do differently than most, right?”

“Of course, I am an enigma, wife. A mystery to be unraveled.”

“An enigma who sits on his wife's lap surely would be comfortable with... say... his wife sitting on another man's lap?”

Fatrick processed the question. Sometimes it would take hours of him staring into the distance, but luckily this took seconds.

“Why would you want to sit on another man's lap”

“To show how comfortable our marriage is, of course!” said Addy. “I'm your wife and it doesn't matter whose lap I sit on, right? You're my man.”

“Yes I am! Go ahead, wife, sit on anyone's lap you want!”

A voice called out from another hotel room "THE LECTURE ON FERENGI BREEDING HABITS WILL BEGIN IN 2 MINUTES!"

YA Fatrick jumped to his feet, as Addy let out a sigh of relief. YA Fatrick didn't even say goodbye to his wife, just ran off in direction of the Ferengi lecture. Fatrick tried to follow YA Fatrick, but couldn't.

“But wait,” said Fatrick, “I remember that lecture. Why are we still here?”

“We're not following you,” said Ghost Addy.

Addy stood up, stretching her lower body. She walked over to the hotel room's bathroom, filthy from obese nerd KFC shits and half-filled red cups everywhere.

Locking the door, she splashed some water on her face, and looked at herself in the mirror.

Soft music, like something you'd hear in a Disney musical, begins to swell in the background.

“What's happening, ghost?” said Fattrick, nervous about the music.

“Whenever someone has a powerful, emotional moment of realization when they're by themselves, their soul is singing to the heavens. You may be trapped as thoughts race around your head, but the angels, ghosts, and spirits of the otherworld hear your song”, said Ghost Addy.

“Wow, that's beautiful.”

“Actually, it's like the gayest fucking thing about being a ghost. Do you know how many times you've gotten drunk and sang a song about your little rich & famous aspirations? Humans are such faggots. Anyway shut up, Past Me is about to sing.”

YA Addy looked deep into the mirror and belted out:

*Fattrick was supposed to be the one
We'd stay and love, we'd never run
But one too many Star Trek models
Mixed in with the empty bottles*

*Adriana Tublinson— please be a loyal wife
You stood before the church and you promised life
So don't you dare fall into Satan's trap
Cause Fattrick said you could sit on his lappppp*

*Ronathann Ryderrrrrr
What a providerrrr
Plus Sarah said his cock was huge when he was inside herrrrrrrr
She called him Rough Riderrrr
Now me and Ron we're here just two outsiderrrrrsss
Let me please become Adriana Ryder*

Addy smiled and left the bathroom. She darted from hotel room to hotel room, scanning faces, asking if anyone had seen him. She accidentally walked into Ferengi Breeding Habits discussion, but luckily Fatrick was too enthralled in a speech about Ferengi earfucking that he didn't notice her quickly exit.

Room after room after room, she couldn't find him.

Addy was dejected. She went outside to take a walk but boom—there he was. Bald head, red t-shirt, jeans, nursing a can of Miller Lite and socializing with some nerd.

“Adriana!” said Ron, “this is Flappy. He's got some crazy stories!”

Adriana smiled and shook Flappy's hand. Adriana bit her lower lip, giving a coy smile to Ron. Flappy, not a socially awkward fool like Fatrick, picked up on the social cue.

“I'll be right back” said Flappy, leaving them.

“So where's Fatrick?” asked Ron.

“Talking about earfucking aliens, or something, I don't know. But we had a talk.”

“What about?”

“Um, we decided it would be cool if I could sit on other guy's laps. You know, to prove how strong my marriage to Fatrick is.”

Ron paused, stunned. Was Fatrick drunkenly setting him up, entrapping him into hitting on his wife? He wasn't going to speak.

Addy spoke instead. “Would you like me to sit on your lap, Ron?”

Ron again didn't speak, but also didn't break eye contact with Addy.

His hungry gaze turned on both Addy and Ghost Addy simultaneously.

He walked across the room, picking up a chair with one strong arm and carrying it back to Addy. He sat down on the chair, spread his legs, and patted his upper thigh.

Addy pulled up her tight yoga pants, giving Ron a great look at her ass before sitting down on one of his tree trunk legs, dangling her legs over the other one.

“Don't be shy, Ron” she said as she swung her arm around his shoulder.

Ron's one hand caressed her firm ass check, while his other hand rested comfortably on her upper thigh. Other attendees couldn't help but notice the palpable sexual tension, including photographer Erin Lance.

Erin was going to keep his or her eyes on this situation to see how it develops.

Ron was rubbing his friend's hot wife in all the right places, but as she delicately moaned into his ear he began to feel the blood rushing to his nether regions.

Addy was squirming around in his lap, and every little wiggle added physical contact, soon he was imagining her underneath him, moaning in pleasure.

The feel of her juicy tushy, the wiggling, the thoughts: it was all too much for any man to control.

“Hey there” Addy said dreamily to Ron, but they both knew who she was saying hello to: his erection.

Ron had been quiet but he was stiffening up rapidly, and through his jeans she could feel how big he was.

She knew he wanted her, and she wanted to give herself to him, all she needed to do was...

“HEY GUYS!” screamed YA Fatrick, bounding down the hotel stairs to approach the couple.

“Oh good, when Addy was talking about that lap sitting I was worried it might be with some strange creep, I'm glad it's my best friend Ron!”

“Yeah,” said Addy. "Just your ol' buddy Ron”

“Mitchell! Hey I know that guy, someone snap a picture!” screamed YA Fatrick.

Erin Lance decided to take a picture for him or herself. Fatrick taking a picture with Mitchell, while Addy sits atop Ron's lap. *Snap*. “I'll upload this to the website later,” thought Erin.

Addy meanwhile whispered something in Ron's ear before speaking to Fatrick.

“Hey Fatrick, me and Ron are getting bored, we're gonna go back to his hotel room and watch some Letterman.”

“Well the year is 2011 and everyone hates Jay Leno, right?” said Fatrick. “So I am happy that you are doing the culturally trendy thing and not watching Leno.”

“Awesome! Stay up as late as you want!”

“I will! Thanks wife!”

Addy and Ron walked slowly to the other end of the hotel, with Ghost Addy and Fatrick in close pursuit.

“Did you know Jay Leno literally stole Conan's job? I'm glad they're watching Letterman” said Fatrick. Ghost Addy just sighed, her time with this buffoon was almost over.

Addy and Ron entered his hotel room, Addy closing the door and locking it before drawing the curtains.

“Addy, I don't know if you're drunk or not but...” Ron said, but Addy put a finger to his lips.

“Patrick said I can sit on your lap.” Ron nodded, yes.

Addy took his shirt off and again, put a finger to his lips. Ron kissed her finger and then her lips, a deep passionate kiss.

Soon, all clothing was removed but Addy's pink panties. Ron went to take off her panties but was stopped, as Addy pulled up a hotel chair and made him sit. His massive erection was so big that the tip of his penis damn near reached his nipples in a seated position.

Addy lubed up her hands and rubbed them over every inch of his massive shaft, before deciding she was ready to tackle the monster. She slipped off her pink panties and straddled him, his massive tip rubbing against her clit.

“I can sit on your lap”, she said again, sliding down and letting him inside her.

Even with the lube, it still hurt, as she was accustomed to a much smaller penis, but she enjoyed the combination of pleasure and pain.

Ron sat there as she bounced up and down, every time saying the same phrase:

“I can sit on your lap”

“I can sit on your lap”

“I can sit on your lap”

“I can...”

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

“It's Fatrick! Open up right now!”

Ron and Addy panicked. Ron ran into the hotel bed and turned on Letterman, while Addy rushed to the bathroom to throw on a bathrobe.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

“Come on, guys. Open up!”

Addy quickly checked her hair and unlocked the hotel room door.

“Hello, Fatrick.”

“What's going on here?”

“Um, I'm about to take a shower. And Ron here is just watching Letterman.”

Ron smiled and waved at Fatrick, shirtless in bed. His jeans clearly on the ground beside him.

“Okay, cool”, said Fatrick, “some of the guys are gonna go get some Indian food, can I have some money so I can join them?”

“Sure thing, buddy,” said Ron, picking up his jeans to get his wallet. He took out a crisp \$20, as Fatrick gleefully hopped up to the bed and took it from him.

“\$20 *and* you get to babysit my girl! You rule, Ron!” Fatrick said, running out the door and slamming it behind him. Addy took a peek to see if he was really gone before dropping the bathrobe to the floor.

“Time for more lap sitting,” said Ron.

Act II

KERZOW! With a flash of light, Fatrick exited the hotel room where Addy & Ron were doing some special "lap sitting" and back onto the floor of his half home.

Robert Mewler slept lazily on the couch, it's worn out cushions covered in spicy food cat shit.

Fatrack again tested his back to see if he could stand, and was fine. Turning on the lights to the kitchen, he saw what remained of the Nashville-style hot chicken decimated by Mewler, which made Fatrick angry, as he hadn't eaten and enjoyed food today and was a fat piece of shit.

He waddled over to the couch and hit Robert Mewler, a hard, awful slap that made Mewler wake up, mewl in scorching pain, and run away.

"FUCK YOU, CAT," screamed Fatrick. *Good*, thought Fatrick. *I am the adult and the cat is the child, if I decide to punish it, that is my decision.*

A moment of happiness briefly came over the pig, but then he once again was reminded that he hadn't had dinner. He checked the clock in the kitchen, 1:56am. *Damn*. Ordering takeout was off the menu.

There was only one option left: Hot Pockets. Fatrick ripped open a box of Ham & Cheese hot pockets and put them in the microwave; like Pop Tarts, he never ate just one.

If the Hot Pockets people didn't want him eating two Hot Pockets at a time, they wouldn't have packed them two to a box, would they?

The microwave began to cook the white trash calzones. Fatrick wondered what to do in the meantime.

Perhaps, as an on spec novelist, he should take a moment to compose his thoughts on his newest novel, *The Day I Brought Down Fonald Plump*, about a polygender black pansexual that says something so sassy to the intergalactic President, the President (a clever play on “Donald Trump”; subtext that would go right over the heads of his simpleton cyberstalkers) resigns and the black pansexual is named new President and gets to work executing all the fascists.

Nah, thought Fatrick, *I've accomplished enough as an author, I need some “me time.”*

With that, Fatrick brought out a spaceship toy he was putting together and started breaking off random pieces.

“I'm brilliant,” Fatrick said out loud, snapping off a piece of the toy, leaving an awkward, Styrofoam crease that looked nothing like any spaceship damage you'd ever see in the movies or on TV.

The microwave dinged, but when Fatrick turned his head he saw one of the most grotesque sights to behold. A massive behemoth of a creature, the largest animal he ever laid eyes on.

The monstrosity opened the microwave, and without even blowing on the Hot Pockets to cool them down (a step ALWAYS necessary for Fatrick), scarfed them both down in a single gulp.

“Hey! That was my dinner!” whined Fatrick, as the colossus turned around and stared him down.

“Oh, I'm sorry, we're sorry,” said a voice behind Fatrick. Fatrick spun around, before frighteningly falling out of his chair, re-injuring his back in the process.

“Ow, my back!”

Five female ghosts, each more feminist and Caucasian than the last, circled the hurt fatboy. But one he recognized more than any of the others: it was his ex-wife, Nikki.

“Nikki, your friend just ate my Hot Pockets! I know that technically you bought them for me, but you owe me another box!”

“SILENCE! We are the Ghosts by Post of Wives Present! I am Jane! You know Kathy, that's Maggie, Elyssa, and our leader, Nikki. We come to...”

“Nikki, what is going on?” said Fatrick, always keen to interrupt a female mid-sentence. “You brought your co-workers here at night to eat my Hot Pockets and have an orgy where they take turns pleasuring master Fatrick? Is that how you want to win me back, by switching from a monogamous relationship to more of a harem type of deal?”

He leered at Ghost Maggie uncomfortably and licked his lips. Ghost Nikki was so disgusted she almost brought her ghost sunglasses down from her ghost forehead to cover her ghost eyes, as she didn't even want to look at her ex-husband.

“Nikki will not speak to you,” said Ghost Kathy. “She has nothing to say, but we four, we have suffered from you, Fatrick.”

“Everyday,” said Ghost Elyssa. “Everyday a new story about you spending \$5000 to get your twitter back, or breaking a \$90 spaceship model and demanding Nikki buy another one...”

“I break off pieces to simulate real spacewar damage...”

“SILENCE!” screamed Jane again.

Jane kinda looked like an older Jessica Jones so naturally she intimidated Fatrick. “We have suffered, now it is your turn! For being a terrible husband, nobody feels the brunt of pain more than your wife's coworkers! Do you remember waiting in line, for the autograph, Fatrick? It wasn't a pure gift for our Nikki, it was an apology. You wanted to hit it and quit it.”

“I did, but then we both realized we were too stubborn to stop seeing each other.”

“Really?” asked Jane.

She waved her ghost hand and apparitions of convention Fatrick and convention Nikki appeared, Fatrick with tears in his eyes.

“Look, I know I said you were good for one night of pounding and nothing more,” squealed Fatrick, “But I was thinking that we both live in Milwaukee and, I don't know, I've been in a real bad place since my ex-wife left me for my best friend, so, I'm so sorry Nikki. Please.”

Fatrick reached into a bag and pulled out a signed copy of Stardust, handing it to Nikki.

“Thank you Fatrick, this is really nice. I accept your apology.”

“Will you let me take you out on a date? I promise Nikki, I'm gonna be bigger than Neil Gaiman someday. I'm gonna be a huge author. Please, give me another shot. Please? Please? I'm so sorry!”

“Yes, fine, just... stop making a scene,” said Nikki, embarrassed. The convention couple disappeared.

“Just like that,” said Kathy, “the marriage of convenience began. You with all your promises.”

Ghost Maggie grabbed Fatrick by the hand and *WOOSH*, they were transported to a poorly attended comedy club.

The kind of open mic that makes you pay \$10 to do a 5-minute set.

Nikki sat bored, stirring a 7 and 7 with a thin straw and taking a sip, an assortment of empty cocktail glasses adorning the table. The Comedian paced through his notes.

“So,” Fatrick said to Ghost Maggie, "I'll have you know I'm single and if you decided to ask me out on a date, I *might* say yes.”

“Ugh, I'd rather take a shower in front of Harvey Weinstein than go on a date with you.” said Maggie.

The audience cheered and whooped at the topical burn, man are women funny.

“So why are we here?”

“Back when you first started dating Nikki, you promised her a Renaissance man: an author, a political firebrand, a standup comedian. You were going to make money from all sorts of places, instead that money dried up faster than my pussy when Louis CK invites me back to his hotel room!”

More whoops and cheers from the ladies, punctuated with an old black lady yelling *I heard dat!*

The host approached the stage, “and now for our next comic, this guy's real funny, he's got a pretty twisted take on politics. Put your hands together for Fatrick S. Tublinson!”

The meager audience gave their applause, with Nikki cheering the hardest of all.

A big, happy smile on her drunken face, screaming like she did at that N*Sync concert years ago.

“How's it going tonight? I'm Fatrick S. Tublinson,” said the comedian.

“Members of the party of Lincoln came out in droves to support publicly flying the flag of the people who shot him in the head.

They don't think Charleston was about racism. They don't think the Confederate flag is racist. They don't even think the Civil War was about slavery.

Considering it's their party mascot, I'm constantly amazed at how skilled Republicans are at ignoring the elephant in the room.”

Silence.

A drink accidentally goes down one of the comic's windpipes, and he coughs a coughing fit for 20 seconds at his table. The Comedian looks angry that the man ruined his moment.

“Okay, if we can have less coughing please? Thank you. Jesus, all the coughing. I'm trying to tell jokes up here and you're coughing! What do they call the entrance to Lord Baelish's pleasure house in King's Landing? Hodor. Wow, I guess nobody here watches Game of Thrones, it's only the biggest show on TV. Lord Baelish runs a brothel so the entrance would be Hodor. Hodor is one of the characters in Game of Thrones but also 'hoe door'—like a door for hoes.”

Nikki laughed loudly in a hopeful attempt to get other people to laugh with her. It failed and her singular laugh was all the more noticeable, like a laugh at a funeral.

“The last time somebody didn't want us calling them 'Bruce' anymore, they went on to save Gotham from Ra's al Ghul, The Joker, Two Face, and Bane. So maybe lay off Caitlyn Jenner. Oh come on, that was funny, you all know Batman.”

“I don't understand,” Patrick said. “Are you trying to show me a horrible audience that doesn't have a sense of humor because I'm too real for them?”

“It's you who lacks the sense of humor,” said Maggie. “Comedy is all about winning over the audience, structuring your jokes in such a way to keep them laughing, not rambling about the Alt-Right.”

I haven't heard a comedian as painfully unfunny since I saw the last Louis CK special." The audience cackled and cheered once again, one Louis CK dig was great but two of them? Back to back? Comedy mentor Tina Fey would be so proud right now.

Just then, Ghost Elyssa materialized from thin air. "Times up, my turn."

"Where are we going next?" asked Fatrick.

"I think it's time to get a cup of coffee. And maybe attend a wedding."

Elyssa grabbed Fatrick and POOF!

The next thing Fatrick knew, he was waiting in line at a coffee shop.

"I know this place," said Fatrick.

"Hold on, it's our turn," said Elyssa, walking up to the counter. "I'll have an iced skinny caramel latte, extra caramel. Do you want anything?"

"I'll have a large hot chocolate."

"Are you going to be paying for it?"

"I'm used to the women in my life buying me things, so you will pay for it, ghost."

Ghost Elyssa rolled her eyes, "No hot chocolate, just the iced skinny caramel latte, do NOT forget the extra caramel."

Fatrick sulked, "Can you at least buy me a scone? You ghosts owe me after the Hot Pockets."

"Dyneano Coffee Roasting," Elyssa said, ignoring him. "The \$2400 site of your second wedding. You and Nikki are upstairs right now planning it."

“So why aren't we upstairs?”

“Uhh, we're waiting for my coffee, I'm a basic white bitch.” The two stood there for like two minutes, Elyssa with her eyes locked to her ghost phone.

“Hey, is there ghost twitter?” asked Fatrick.

“Yes.”

“What's it like?”

“Hitler's actually pretty funny. Like whenever someone compares him to Trump, he's like ‘well at least I didn't cast Gary Busey on two seasons of Celebrity Apprentice!’ Eh, it's funnier when Hitler does it.”

“Hitler is not a joke, ghost. He will never be funny.”

“Ghost Elyssa!” yelled the barista as Elyssa grabbed her beverage and the two ventured upstairs.

They came across groom Fatrick and bride Nikki sitting down with a wedding planner.

“Now this is important,” said the groom.

“I do not have any black friends as I do not associate with their race, but I require that a black man be seated as close to me and my wife when we get married. That way, social media will believe I have black friends.”

“No problem,” said the planner. “We have a janitor named Murray. I'm sure he'd be happy to sit in on your wedding instead of cleaning all of the toilets. Now, let's discuss chairs, we can—”

“I want the cheapest chairs possible,” said the groom, always happy to interrupt a woman mid-sentence. “We need to save money for my special surprise.”

“Fatricks,” said Nikki. “I want our guests to be comfortable. We don't have to spring for the deluxe chairs, but certainly—”

“We sprung through the deluxe chairs at my first wedding to my bitch ex-wife. “The second wedding is all about me, and my special joy in seeing you ride up in my favorite childhood vehicle, the DeLorean“, Fatricks added.

“This is not about chairs, or wedding location, or you buying a wedding dress, because you already have that maroon dress in the closet and that's good enough.”

“Okay Fatricks,” said Nikki. “It's my first wedding but... whatever makes you happy”

“Good, wife. Now, planner, you get \$2400 and not a penny more. No decorations, no frills, and no whistles.

When I was entering the coffee shop, I saw a chair being thrown out by a dumpster, I'd ask one of your people to kindly fetch it as it is a free chair that I will happily use in my wedding. Renting a DeLorean for a day is going to cost me \$1000 after all.”

Suddenly, a great rumbling was heard, like King Kong or Godzilla emerging from the ocean to destroy a city. Instead, it was Kathy, carrying a tray of scones, consuming them as a normal person might consume popcorn.

“Scones!” screamed Fatricks. “Let me have one!”

Ghost Kathy stopped, defensive of her scones. Ghost Elyssa pulled Fatricks back, “Wait, what did you learn from this?”

“That my second wedding was way better than my first!” Fatricks said, humming the *Back to the Future* theme.

“But it was Nikki's only wedding, and it was dominated by what you wanted. Every girl dreams of her wedding: the white dress, the beautiful outdoor location, at the very minimum average chairs for the guests to sit in. You gave her none of that.”

“I gave her the ‘D’, child.” Kathy consumed the last scone and grabbed Fatrick's hand, as Elyssa rolled her eyes.

POOF

In a snap, they were in Mooligan's, a terrible bar located in the shittiest part of Milwaukee. Luckily for Kathy, many customers had ordered food, and being a ghost she could sample whatever she wanted from any plate in the establishment.

“My old watering hole, Mooligans!” said Fatrick. “They love me here!”

Just then, The Patron and his wife Nikki burst into the bar. “I HAVE ARRIVED!” announced the patron.

“THE GREAT AUTHOR FATRICK S TUBLINSON GRACES YOU WITH HIS PRESENCE!”

The other customers looked to see what the fuck was going on, while the bar staff rolled their eyes: they were used to The Patron make an entrance.

Nikki kept her head down and made a beeline to the bar, only for The Patron to stop her. “Get us a booth, wife. I shall order for us.”

Fatrick squirmed, delighted. He knew what came next.

“Hello Robin,” said The Patron.

“I will have two Meatloaf Monday specials, one pint of Miller Lite, and a rum & coke. Please make the drinks immediately, as I want them now.”

“Meatloaf Monday!” exclaimed Fatrick. “My favorite day of the week!”

“It's not about the meatloaf, Fatrick, although I will admit meatloaf is delicious,” said Ghost Kathy with a mouth full of jalapeno poppers.

“It's about why you've chosen to bring Nikki to this Meatloaf Monday.”

The Patron received his drinks and walked over to the booth where Nikki was.

Reaching into his backpack, he pulled out a laptop, mousepad, and mouse, plugging in the laptop charger to a wall outlet and taking a sip of beer.

“I thought we were going to talk,” said Nikki.

“We can talk when the meatloaf arrives,” said The Patron. “For now I need to write and address my followers”

Nikki sighed, chugging back her rum & coke, looking around the bar.

Couples talking, friends, even the bar was littered with strangers striking up conversations.

She took her glasses from her forehead and put them around her eyes, so she could watch all the other people without looking like she was staring. 15 minutes passed.

“Nikki, what if I tweeted ‘Roger Stone should take a cue from his last name and get stoned to death?’”

“I think you shouldn't threaten violence against people involved in politics anymore,” said Nikki, buzzed.

“You don't know anything, wife. This is why I have so many followers and you don't,” The Patron angrily spewed.

Just then, two orders of Meatloaf arrived, one for The Patron, one for Nikki. The Patron whipped out his cell phone to take a picture of the beautiful, beautiful dinner.

“Now see, wife, take a gander at this. Mooligan's Meatloaf. When I married you, there are certain expectations I had that I expected you to keep.

One, that you are always down to take my ‘D’, which you have not been”, he continued.
“Two, that you keep the house clean and neat once you get home from work, which you have often skimped on. But three, that you cook delicious homemade meals for me on a nightly basis.”

“Fatricks I work all day, you're the one sitting at home...”

“Sitting at home?” he interrupted mouth full of meatloaf. “Sitting at home being a creative, inspiring genius through my novels and my politically charged tweets. “

“*You* need to learn how to cook meatloaf this good every Monday, or else I will be forced to come back to Mooligans to enjoy this. Now eat the meatloaf. You haven't had one bite.”

Nikki cut off a tiny bit of meatloaf and tried it, then pushed the plate away.

The Patron grabbed her plate and began to devour both orders of meatloaf, as the fat got fatter.

Ghost Jane apparated out of nowhere, no time for Fatricks's bullshit, and roughly grabbed his hand, transporting the two back to the half home.

“Hey, cut it out!” whined Fatrick. “If I think you're a Nazi, I'll happily hurt a woman.”

Jane, furious, jabbed the actual tough guy by the neck, before kneeling him in the stomach.

Fatrick collapsed to the floor as Jane grabbed back his arm in a MMA hold, putting enormous pressure on his shoulder socket.

Fatrick started to cry like the bitch he is.

“YOU'RE GONNA SHUT THE FUCK UP FAT BOY!” screamed Jane.

“Those other Ghosts were the nice ones, it's bad cop time now, sissy.”

“Let go of me!”

“WATCH!”

The half house door opened, as The Tourist and Nikki entered.

The Tourist was decked in a red Hawaiian shirt, khakis, and a purple lei around his neck. “Feels good to be home,” said The Tourist.

“Fatrick, I'm just gonna say it. I think it's time we take some time apart,” said Nikki.

“What? But we just had the most wonderful vacation.”

“You spent half the time wanting to go back to the Trump Hotel so you could take a better, angrier picture. I'm sorry, but there's someone else.”

“No! You can't do this! You can't leave me like Addy did! Please Nikki!”

“I've already got a suitcase packed, I'll send someone over for the rest of my things. You can stay here for a few months until you figure something else out. Goodbye, Fatrick.”

The Tourist collapsed on the ground in tears. Ghost Jane let up the chokehold as Fatrick rose to his feet.

“This happened a few weeks ago; it's fresh in my mind,” said Fatrick. “Why are you showing me this?”

“Did you ever wonder where she went?” asked Jane.

She waved her hands and showed Nikki, roller suitcase in hand, ringing a doorbell, nervously fidgeting with her thumbs.

The door opened, a vague figure Fatrick couldn't quite make out but seemed familiar had darkened the doorway.

“I finally left him,” said Nikki.

“I gave him one last chance in Hawaii and he failed. Are you ready to do this?”

“I've been ready Nikki. Come inside.”

“Wait!” screamed Fatrick. “Who was that? Who is Nikki with?”

“Search your heart,” said Jane. “You already know.”

Fatrick scrambled his brain, but then a light clicked.

One piece of the puzzle, two pieces, slowly but surely it all came together.

Fatrick fell to his knees as the door once again opened, Nikki with her new lover standing in it. Him gazing upon his newest cuckold.

“Impossible!” screamed Fatrick.

Ghost Jane knelt down beside him and hauntingly whispered in his ear, “Do you know what my nickname was at Alverno College? Pussy Cleaner Jane... PCJ for short.”

Ghost Jane then lifted a heel and kicked Fatrick right in the skull, knocking him back to the floor.

Act III

Fatrick woke again, alone on the floor of his half-home, 2:55am. He had been taken on a wild supernatural tour through his life, arriving at key moments that would show the deterioration of both of his marriages.

Fatrick was furious, a rage he hadn't felt in quite some time, so he looked around for Robert Mewler to assault some more.

Thankfully, the kitty was stealthily hiding away from it's abusive owner.

How could this have happened, thought Fatrick, how could Ghost Kathy, the obese ghost who took him to Mooligans, possess the ghost power to eat other people's food but not share any with Fatrick?

Not to mention the scones, and the Hot Pockets. Fatrick grew madder at every delicious treat she'd kept from him.

Now Fatrick was worried, starvation was right around the corner, and he didn't have time to both cook chicken AND add sauce to it.

Just then, the door swung open, revealing a beautiful sight to behold. Obese, but incredibly fit and in shape, her body adorned in oversized Victoria's Secret pajamas: easily the least sexy thing you can purchase at Victoria's Secret.

Tattoos all up and down her flabby arms. A tiara unnecessarily adorning her head.

Fatrick could tell from one look at her she was Portuguese/ Pacific-Islander/ Polynesian/ East Asian/ Japanese and this was 100% a ghost of color.

Those other ghosts were all typical white girls, but even if this ghost had some German blood mixed around in there, she still is ethnic...

This ghost was definitely not germanic, regardless of who her great-great-great-great grandma was fucking.

“If you adapt this story into a visual medium and whitewash this character I will disown your work.”

"MM Grill?" asked Fatrick: "I recognize you as one of my 46,000 followers."

The Ghost said nothing but put a fat finger to her lips.

"You can't speak? Why not?"

The Ghost waved her tattooed arm to show what at first appeared to be a peaceful Publix supermarket.

The Ghost carried bags of groceries through the parking lot, humming a jaunty tune.

Out of nowhere, a rogue ghost shopping cart rolled out from behind a ghost SUV and struck the Ghost in her shin.

The groceries fell, bottles of wine and jars of mayonnaise cracking on the Florida concrete. The Ghost tried her hardest to scream, but nothing came out.

Clutching her throat, she tries to make a noise, any noise, but the terror of the shopping cart has rendered her mute.

What a racist story this is, where the white ghosts all get to speak but the *only* ghost of color is silenced from sharing her deep Portuguese/ Pacific-Islander/ Polynesian/ East Asian/ Japanese wisdom.

There are life lessons about dudes who choose to ACTUALLY be weak versus merely looking weak, but you don't get to hear them.

"How awful" said Fatrick, "there's a reason I order so much takeout, I don't like the anxiety of dealing with shopping carts either."

Something he said clicked in the Ghost's mind, as she dug through her knockoff purse before taking out a free travel brochure, *The Tastes of Milwaukee*.

She eagerly flipped to a page before handing the brochure to Fatrick.

"Ruth's Chris Steak House?"

The Ghost recoiled, how dare he suggest the Applebee's of fine dining? The Ghost knew Ruth's Chris was basically Applebee's with a bigger wine list and cloth napkins, she wanted something better for her pallet.

She angrily motioned with a fat finger to something else on the page.

"Red Lobster? Ummm, no. I'm a high class connoisseur, not one of these low life hillbillies who will stand in line all day to get Cheddar Bay biscuits. I myself prefer the culinary spectacle that is Meatl..."

The Ghost snatched away the brochure again and pointed to an ad at the very bottom of the page.

"Out-Of-The-Box Pizza? Delivering to all Milwaukee 24 hours a day?"

Alright then, should we get pepperoni, maybe sausage and peppers?"

The Ghost shook her head no and again pointed to the ad.

"Special deal, large Pueblo Pizza? Wait, no, those ingredients don't belong on pizza, they don't belong on pizza at all! We can't just do chicken & bacon?"

The Ghost again shook her head no, and Fatrick, defeated, ordered a large Pueblo "pizza" with a 2-Liter of Root Beer for him and a 2-Liter of Diet Coke for her.

The two of them sat down to watch a particularly sad episode of *The Manda-lorean*, crying in all the right places.

Soon, their "pizza" arrived.

Fatrick admitted to himself that while he would have chose different toppings, but he was still gluttonously hungry enough to eat his half.

The corn and peas really weren't even the major problem, Fatrick had just liked his pizza with tomato sauce and mozzarella, replacing those ingredients with sirachi sauce and sour creme made it quite... different.

The Ghost scarfed down the last slice and let out a victorious burp.

"So aren't you gonna show me my future or something? I wanna see all the awards I am sure to win in my successful career."

The Ghost burped again, then farted, chugging down Diet Coke straight from the bottle before burping once again.

She stood up from the table, exhausted, and used the table to steady her walk as she plundered over to Fatrick, finally grabbing his hand and POOFing them away.

They reappeared at a restaurant.

Not too fancy, but not quite McDonalds either.

The Bachelor sat alone, nervously composing himself.

In a freshly drycleaned button-down shirt, khaki pants, and his nicest shoes, a fresh \$50 haircut from his favorite female barber:

The Bachelor was dressed to impress.

Glancing about the room, his face suddenly drops, as he sees his date for the evening: her flabby body poking out of a size women's large Jack Skellington t-shirt, jeans just tight enough to see her massive thighs, scuffed up converse, her hair tied back in a ponytail.

She walked over to the table.

"You must be Fattrick, I'm Trish."

"Trish, wow, you look a lot different than your pictures on tinder."

Trish was taken aback, but reached for her phone and pulled up The Bachelor's tinder profile, where he was clearly using pictures from 15 years ago.

"And you don't?" said Trish.

The Bachelor scoffed. He couldn't believe all the work he put in, all the girls who stopped returning his messages, it was just his luck that the one girl who shows up is a fatty.

What are the odds?

"So Fattrick, what do you do for a living?"

"Most people know me as a political firebrand, but my actual job is a full-time author."

"Oh, an author? What kind of books do you write?"

"My latest is Out of the Black. It's like Clear and Present Danger but in space."

"I've never heard of it. Did it sell a lot of copies?"

"Unfortunately, I have a devoted group of Nazi cyberstalkers who have decided my voice is too important and must be silenced. They coordinated a harassment campaign to get people not to buy the book"

"Oh... okay..."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a stay-at-home mom, raising my two kids, De'Andre and Guillermo, 10 and 5."

The Bachelor recoiled "I have decided to live a childfree life, Trish! If I'm not going to raise my own daughter I'm sure as hell not going to raise yours!

Now do you want to give me a blowjob or no?"

"No."

The Bachelor threw down his napkin in disgust and stormed out of the restaurant. The Ghost grabbed Fatrick's arm once again and POOF they were in a dining room, with an elderly couple at the table: Tom and Mama Swan.

"Fatrick!" called Mama Swan, "could you come in here a moment?"

Successful Son entered, looking only a few years older than Fatrick but much worse. His hair was greying and falling out, he had gained considerable weight, and he was once again trying to wear a goatee to minimal success.

"What mom? I'm building a model!" the son whined. He walked into the kitchen to retrieve a 2-pack of Hostess Ding Dongs sitting on the counter.

"Fatrick, sweetie" said Mama Swan, "We love spending time with our special son but maybe it's time you got a job. Me and your father aren't going to be around forever!"

"I told you mom" said the son, chewing a Ding Dong, "My latest novel was written on spec which means publishers are bidding on it.

It's a wacky space caper with a headstrong female protagonist, a genderfluid Squirrel that is 9 feet tall and speaks Mandarin, and the villain is Bondanka Frump, a clear jab at current President Ivanka Trump, that traitorous blonde whore."

"It's just, you say they've been bidding on your book for 2 years now. Just like you say the Milwaukee PD are investigating your cyberstalkers for 7 years. It's just..."

"GET A FUCKING JOB YOU FAGGOT DISAPPOINTMENT!" screamed Tom. The son made a pouty face and started to cry.

"Thomas! Do not talk to our boy like that!"

"Yeah dad I have feelings too!"

"FUCK YOUR FEELINGS! I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING IN THE WILL TO LYLE YOU FRUITCAKE!"

"Fine dad! If it's so important to you, I'll get a boring job and get replaced by a robot instead of changing the world through my art. Are you happy, dad?!?!"

"I'LL BE HAPPY WHEN YOU GET A FUCKING JOB!"

"I WILL!"

The Ghost grabs Patrick's arm and POOF - the son is twirling a sign outside a T-Mobile store. Someone driving by hurls a cup of lukewarm coffee at him, splattering all over his face and chest.

The son throws down the sign in disgust.

"This is beneath me! I quit!"

POOF

Subway Sandwiches, the son standing behind the counter as a mousy woman in her late 20s approaches the counter.

"Hey, I'm ordering for the office" the mousy woman says, "I have 18 footlongs in total, first one is gonna be a Tuna on Whole Wheat, toasted of course, with Swiss..."

"This is beneath me! I quit!"

POOF

The Arville Writer's Room, Burbank. The son sits at the head of the table, addressing the other writers.

"Alright team, Arville Season 5, let's make this the best season of all. Who has some ideas, let me hear them!" said the son, cockily leaning back in his chair.

Seth MacFarlane raised his hand from the back of the room, "Hey Patrick, umm we offered you this job because we loved your ability to make President Ivanka into a satirical sci-fi villain, great stuff. But your job is writer's assistant."

"You're mostly here to get us coffee, re-type up scripts with revisions, general office work. It's kinda the first step to being a TV writer is having to learn how all this..."

"So I'm not the creative director behind season 5 of The Arville?"

"No. You can get some lines of dialogue in, maybe by season 6 you can co-write an episode."

"This is beneath me! I quit!"

POOF

An even older, fatter, uglier son stumbles out of a bar named Hulligans, kind of like Mooligans, if Mooligans didn't have the pressure of the competitive Milwaukee bar scene and just served whatever.

Two men in suits accost the son, punching him in the stomach and ribs, before dragging him onto a nearby coach bus, which then drives off.

The fat son is dragged to the very back of the bus, fashioned into a bedroom, much like the one Axl Rose would use to fuck groupies while touring.

A shadowy figure sat on the bed, naked.

"Which one is this?" asked the figure.

"Fatricks S. Tublinson, sir."

"Who is that?"

One of the men handed the figure a tablet. The glow illuminated his face, as the fat son squinted to make out who it was.

No, it couldn't be. Impossible.

"Look at this" said the figure, "Nazi, Traitor, I should have sex with a pineapple, Nazi! If I was Adolf Hitler - trust me the smartest people in the world say this - if I was in charge of Nazi Germany the entire world would be speaking German.

He's a bad man that Hitler - but he made a lot of mistakes. Dumb mistakes."

Fatrick gazed in horror as the figure emerged from the shadows, the orange spraytanned nude body of Donald Trump before him.

"Donald Trump! TRAITOR!" screamed the fat son.

"Not a traitor. Hilary was a traitor. Obama was a traitor. Biden was a traitor. I'm not a traitor. I'm a hero. Now I travel around in a bus, I'm finding nasty people and I'm forcing them to suck my penis. Blowjob for an ex-President, male or female, I don't care."

"You'll never get away with this! I always knew you were a rapist!"

"Not a rapist. Daughter passed a bill - she's smart and beautiful, that Ivanka. You either swallow Trump's jizz - important jizz, historic jizz - or my men knock your teeth out. Now come on and get that mouth to work."

Trump sat down on a luxurious, throne-like chair and pointed at his shriveled old cock. The fat son sadly took his purple Milwaukee Brewers spring training hat and turned it backwards, before kneeling before the ex-President and taking him in his mouth.

The fat son had never blown a man before, but something about it felt... right.

As Trump's cock got harder and harder, the fat son closed his eyes and imagined Brianna Chu, or Chris Evans as Captain America as the master he was servicing.

The fat son smiled and the resultant drool made the beer just a little bit better.

One of the men snapped a picture of the fat son gleefully sucking Trump's dick.

POOF

A sci-fi convention, years in the future.

The Author sits at an autograph booth, copies of all his novels, from *Gate Smashers* and *Star Explorers III* to *Out of the Black* and *Firstname Lastname Gets Some Wendy's* all around him.

Sadly, the hour-long lines for other authors like H. A. Smirnova, Christian M. McNab, and Katia Kason were full of fans, making the author's isolation all the more apparent.

The Ghost nudged Fatrik and pointed, as her human form - more obese with even paler POC skin - meekly approached the Author.

"Fatrik S. Tublinson? I used to follow you on twitter. MM Grill."

"I'm still on Twitter even though the idiots at Twitter HQ still haven't unbanned @stealthynerd after false Nazi reports. I'm at @TublinsonBoss and have over 450 followers."

"Oh, I wasn't aware. So what are you doing here?"

"You need to spend money to market yourself as a product. Thankfully my parents left me an inheritance, which I have used to purchase a \$2,500 table at this convention to sell and autograph my novels. Clearly it's working out well for me."

The two are momentarily distracted, as a few yards away a tiny 9-year-old girl starts crying while hugging Katia Kason.

The 9-year-old mentions something about Ms. Kason being an inspiration to her, as the rest of the line awwws and the 9-year-old's mom takes a picture of them together. The Author scoffs.

"Hey" said MM, "you want to get something to eat?"

"Always" the Author said, standing up and screaming: "I AM ON A LUNCH BREAK, SECURITY PLEASE GUARD MY BOOKS SO NOBODY STEALS THEM."

POOF

Korean laundromat.

The Groom is wearing his finest tux as MM, the glowing bride, squeezes into what looks like a basic dress. The sparsely attended ceremony is watched over by a frustrated Korean woman.

"MM, the first time we made love I thought you were absolutely disgusting" said the Groom, "we had just shared a caterer's tray of pasta with garlic onion sauce, so the sulfuric smell was not only coming from your mouth but your sweat pores as well".

Then Fatrick added: "But I realized then that we were both divorcees, and as long as I had a wife I could smugly call anyone who disagrees with me an incel... Because I'm having sex."

"NINE MINUTES THEN YOU GO" screamed the Korean woman.

"I paid \$175 in advance I get the full hour!" the Groom screamed back.

POOF

Back to Fatrick's childhood home, now the bloated bodies of Fatdad and Fatwife lay slovenly on the couch, VR headsets over their faces, a solid 600+ pounds between the two of them.

A cellphone rings and Fatdad pulls off the VR set.

"She's here! She's here!" MM pulls off her VR set, unhappy. Fatdad pulls himself from the couch and waddles over to the front door, opening it to reveal a young woman in her mid-20s, in a puffy jacket and woolen cap.

Carrying two presents, Fatdad gives her a hug and invites her in.

"Hey dad" says Anabella, "Hey MM!"

MM grunts before grabbing a handful of peanut M&Ms from a bag on the coffee table.

"Anabella, I'm so happy to see you! Where's Jacob and little Becca?"

"Oh you know, it gets so busy around the holidays. They wanted to stay at mom's place, Becca's already done enough traveling."

"I would have liked to see my granddaughter."

"There's always next Christmas, dad. I got you guys presents!"

Fatdad eagerly opened his to reveal a level two model kit (ages 9-13) for the Millennium Falcon. Delighted, he hugged his daughter close.

Anabella walked over to the couch and held out the present for MM.

"I don't want it" said MM, "I got enough shit."

"Dear" said Fatdad, "it's the Christmas spirit, come on."

MM begrudgingly took the present and opened it, revealing a tea kettle. Angrily, she threw it on the floor, shattering the ceramic.

"WHAT BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M WHITE YOU RACIST BITCH?" screamed MM.

Anabella backed out of the room towards the door.

"I'm sorry, I'm gonna go" said Anabella.

"Wait, will I see you next Christmas?" asked Fatdad.

"We'll see" Anabella said, practically in tears. She slammed the door as Fatdad heard her car start.

"That daughter of yours is a real cunt" said MM.

POOF

A church, three people inside: the pastor, MM, and a handsome young man in a suit.

In front of the pastor is a coffin, containing the dead body of Fatrick S. Tublinson.

Needless to say, the coffin was significantly large and cost extra than a "regular" coffin. The pastor finished his sermon and blessed the body, as the young man stands up and approaches the guest book.

MM turns her motorized scooter in his direction and drives up.

"Hello, I'm Fatrick's widow, MM."

"I'm so sorry for your loss, how did he pass?"

"He was participating in a mukbang."

"What's a mukbang?"

"You eat a lot of food on camera in exchange for internet praise. He was day 4 into a '1000 pieces of fried chicken in 7 days' challenge when his organs completely shut down. How did you know my late husband?"

"Oh, I didn't know him. I attend funerals that nobody else attends in the hopes that one day, it'll be a rich loner in the casket and I'll be left \$25 million in the will for being one of the only people to sign the guestbook. Speaking of which..."

"He had practically no money, only debts. However he did anticipate this in his will. You now own the rights to his complete literature catalog, every published novel is now yours to sell."

"Oof, that's it? Yeah, you can keep it."

POOF

Back again into the half-house.

The Pueblo Pizza box already littered with roaches gnawing at the dried sour cream.

Fatrick walked over to his bedroom before turning around, arms crossed, to address The Ghost.

"You know what, silent ghost? I don't care. I'm pretty sure you're just a fascist anyway, so I'll make sure all your little 'predictions' don't come true. I win and you lose. Game over, Fatrick wins."

The Ghost raised a single finger, and the half-house immediately got dark. Then, a single image: the memorial page for Fatrick S. Tublinson.

Devoted husband, father, author, friend. Three pictures of happy Fatrick, surrounded by animated gif candles and cartoon flowers.

Then, *NiggerFaggot* posts "Fatrick S. Tublinson is a fat pedophile who raped me".

"NO!"

MMsBlackBull posts "Finally I get that fat bitch to myself"

"NO!"

RonRyder posts "Oopsie doodles you obese sack of shit!"

"NO!"

FatFatFat posts "Fat fat fat fat"

"NO!"

FatPigNoDaughter posts "This man stole my son and carved him into pepperoni"

"NO NO NO!"

MooligansStaff posts "It's about time, we tried poisoning the meatloaf"

"NOOOOO!"

JudySwansCorpse posts "This is your legacy. Die fat about it. Oh wait, you already did."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"I never hated white men. [Then, in] America, I came to meet a guy, who punched his pregnant wife in the stomach. He was also very fat."

Nelson Mandela



EPILOGUE

Fatrick burst out of his half-house, clearing the steps in a single leap, then running up to a small child.

"CHILD! CHILD! WHAT DAY IS IT?"

"I don't know. Mom! There's some weird guy yelling at me!"

The child's mom approached. "What do you want with my child"

"Miss!" exclaimed Fatrick, "What day is it?"

The woman checked her cell phone. "April 20th."

"It's still my birthday! It's still my 40th birthday!" he declared as the mom grabbed her son and began to briskly walk away from the 40-year-old.

Fatrick, oblivious to them, had taken out his own cell phone, looking up Nikki's number and calling it.

"Pick up, come on pick up" but it went to voicemail. Nevermind that! Certain conversations are too important for the phone!

He googled "Jane Lastname, Milwaukee, Wisconsin address" and boom! He hopped on his Triumph Motorcycle and sped off.

The wind on his face, the Harley owners infuriated that he looked so cool on a Triumph bike, Fatrick knew the lesson he had learned.

He was thankful for the ghosts, all three of them had opened his eyes to the truth. Today, his 40th birthday, was the first day of the rest of his life.

He pulled up to the address Google gave him, ran up to the door and rang the doorbell.

Dingdong. Dingdong.

Dingdongdingdongdingdongdingdongdingdongdingdong.

Finally Jane answered.

"Fatricks" said Jane, "she doesn't want to see you right now."

"Please, let me talk to her! I've had the most incredible revelation!"

"I don't want to call the cops..."

"The Milwaukee PD are on strict orders to not arrest me for any reason, child."

Jane rolled his eyes. "Just go, she'll talk to you when she's ready to talk."

"It's okay Jane" said a voice from inside. Nikki emerged, wearing only a bathrobe and a pair of sunglasses on her forehead.

"I can talk to my husband."

Jane nodded and headed inside. Fatricks smiled at Nikki.

"Nikki, I'm not quite sure what happened, but I had a marvelous dream! You were there, Addy was there, Ron and all your co-workers! They showed me what kind of husband I was, helped me realize the problems that have been holding me back! I'm ready!"

"Oh Fatricks" said Nikki, "I'm glad to hear that. Nobody's perfect, right?"

"Nobody's perfect!" Fatricks said, reaching out and grasping her hands.

"But I really think we can still make this work. What do you say?"

"Fatricks, I... I... I guess if you're willing to take responsibility for your faults and..."

"Hold on, what? Take responsibility?"

"Isn't what this is about? Fixing the problems that have held you back."

"Yes, exactly. The problem was you were not a supportive enough wife. I need a fierce lioness by my side, assisting me with book sales and combating trolls. You just got drunk all day and told me to fight my own battles."

"Are you fucking serious right now?"

"Are you fucking serious? I come all this way to accept you back and you want ME to change? Nikki, I have 46,000 twitter followers!"

Nikki slammed the door in Fatricks's face.

Oh well, thought Fatricks, skipping through Jane's front lawn.

At least he knew Nikki was never going to be his wife in shining armor.

He was handsome, popular, successful, and important.

He'd find his queen soon enough. For now, he was hungry.

THE END



INTO THE BLACK: A SHORT STORY

EASILY_REMEMBERED

Fatrick putted his ironically named Triumph up to the end of his driveway, slowing to a stop before lifting his X-Wing Pilot helmet off of his perfectly round head.

He ran his fingers through his increasingly grey and thinning hairline, looking over at his shoulders at his neighbors, who were congregating outside on their stoop.

They were black. Fatrick and his wife, Nikki, who were white, were the exception in this neighborhood; a community renowned for low income and high crime rates.

Most of the homes were slums, dilapidated and uncared for, falling into deeper states of disrepair each passing year.

Fatrick nodded his head in greeting towards his neighbors, thinking to himself, "They see me as one of their own."

They recognize me as an ally; a fellow soldier in arms in our war against literal Nazis"!

The group - two young black men, two young black women and a middle-aged black man, close in age to Fatrick yet aging far better, lowered their heads and snickered in response, whispering private jokes to themselves.

The older man, dressed stylishly in an untucked, oversized, striped polo shirt and his pleasantly salt and pepper colored hair topped with a feathered hat, composed himself, turning down the stereo and lifted a well-muscled arm in greeting.

"Evening, uh, Fatrick! You still writin' them space yarns," he asked.

This question produced a new wave of laughs from the youngsters, which Fatrick interpreted as praise, his head still swimming from a night of shit beer and even shittier meat loaf at the local sports bar, which catered to boomer aged men still desperately clinging to their youths.

"Yes, my fellow urban child, I am still writing serious literature, in which I use the facade of fiction to tackle such serious deep-seated issues as racism - something that you and I fight against daily."

The elder black man fought valiantly to maintain his composure, the corners of his mouth threatening to turn upwards with each word. "Yes... yes Fatrick, you and I certainly know the pain of discrimination. You told me all about your speeding ticket... made me feel bad about complaining about my cousin being arrested for running a red light."

Fatrick smiled. "No need to apologize, child. We are allies... our struggle is the same. Come... embrace me as your brother!".

Fatrick lifted up his arms welcomingly, which also lifted the bottom of his undersized t-shirt, emblazoned with the Orville logo. His pale belly spilled out as he staggered threateningly towards his neighbors for an embrace.

The youngsters crawled backwards up the steps, with muffled expressions of "What the fuck?!", while the elder held up a hand in protest.

"NO! No, Fatrick, no need for that! Nuh uh," he exclaimed.

Fatrick dropped his arms, his head crooked to the side in contemplation, looking for all the world like a perplexed bulldog. Suddenly, a smile crept across his thin, fish like lips.

"Oh, I get it! Because of COVID, right?"

The black man stared unblinkingly, equal parts pity and outright loathing. "Uh, yeah. That's it."

Fatrick nodded, then stood stiffly, extending his fist in a solemn Black Power salute before turning and heading towards the door of his run down duplex.

His neighbors stood in disbelief, as the elder admonished them, "Remember youngsters, not all white people are like that. Just in Milwaukee."

Once safely inside his hovel, Fatrick released his long suppressed, stale meatloaf fart – an elongated, muffled sound not unlike the death rattle of a depressed tuba. He longed to release it earlier but couldn't risk losing his prized street cred.

The humid smell of cheap meat shit wafted upwards, offending his delicate olfactory senses.

He wrinkled his nose in disgust as he reached towards the wall, flipping on the light switch – pausing momentarily when he saw illumination creeping out from beneath the closed door leading to the bedroom he shared with his wife, Nikki.

His brow furrowed in bewilderment – Nikki was supposed to be out with the girls tonight, an activity which typically begat an all-nighter. What was going on here?

Furthering his confusion was the unmistakable sounds of music – and decidedly NOT Powerman 5000 or the Bruce Boughton / Joel McNeely *Orville* soundtrack, which were the only musical pieces sanctioned by Fatrick to be played aloud within his domicile.

No, this was the unmistakable sounds of R&B music, under which he could hear the sound of moaning – perhaps in pain – and what sounded like a struggle.

Gasping with fear, Fatrick's sausage fingers felt their way along the nearby bookshelf, knocking over several empty and half empty beer bottles, scrambling to find anything which could be used as a weapon. Finally, his fingers found the hilt of his trusty Hobbit blade, Sting, its edge decorated in Elven writing – writing its victim would have no time to decipher before being dispatched to the Halls of Mandy's.

Fatrick crept slowly forward in the dark, the sounds of music and struggle growing louder with each new step. He momentarily stumbled when one step went awry, meeting with something momentarily hard then quickly soft and squishy, a sensation accompanied by a bizarre croaking sound.

Fumbling for his phone, Fatrick activated the flashlight feature and shone it downwards, illuminating a grisly crimson mess. Instantly his eyes watered and his nose ran thick with snot as he blubbered.

"Oh shit... Toothless, oh no! No..."

Hearing a "crash" sound from within his bedroom, Fatrick forced himself to forget his grief, offering the organic splotch that was once his pet lizard a salute. "By Grabthar's Hammer, you shall be avenged," he hissed.

Continuing onward, he was soon in front of the door, the music, laughter and moaning emanating from behind it mixing with his own intoxication to make his head pound. Summoning one last breath of courage, he held Sting out defensively before him, whispering to himself, "Get them children... leave no one standing..."

With that, he pushed in on the door and rushed inward.

He slashed the empty air with his magical blade, his eyes scrunched tightly shut. Once he opened them, he saw Nikki lying naked upon her back at the corner of the bed, her thick, dimpled, cream white legs curled around the narrow, muscular, dark ebony waist of a young black man, who Fatrick faintly recognized as DeShawn, one of the young black men from next door.

Nikki's hair lie in a sprawled, sweaty mess around her head, her face looking upside down at Fatrick in equal parts consternation and hatred.

DeShawn, for his part, seemed nonplussed; his swollen, engorged, unprotected manhood burrowed deeply inside Nikki's quivering, reddened femininity. Still thrusting in and out of Fatrick's wife, his impressive member glistening with her juices, DeShawn looked at Fatrick and snickered. "Nigga, what IS you doing," he asked.

Nikki, for her part, was decidedly less than entertained. "Fatrick Shawn Tublinson! Go outside RIGHT NOW, before I call your mother!"

Properly admonished, Fatrick sheepishly lowered his head and slowly retreated out of their bedroom.

Nikki called towards him one final time. "Uh... close the door?!"

Chided like an ill-behaved child, Fatrick nodded, and obediently closed the door behind him.

Sinking into his chair, his ample form kicked up a cloud of long buried beer stains and fat farts, as he pouted angrily, his bulbous fingers grabbed a Transformer™ from the coffee table, and tried to alter its form while he tried to ignore Nikki's moaning, which seemed to mock Fatrick's shame as it reached a crescendo.

Poor Megatron™ had to pay for Fatrik's humiliation as his flurry of emotions accidentally ripped one of the Decepticon™ leader's arms off, and Fatrik angrily hurled the discarded toy across the living room, conflicted about the anger, shame, and – yes – arousal he was feeling.

Fatrik had never come to terms with how erotic he had found it when his first wife, Adrianna, had been brutally taken from him by his former best friend, Ron.

Though it hurt him deeply to lose her, Fatrik couldn't deny the pure eroticism of a manly man, reeking of pure testosterone like Ron – and now, DeShawn – easily taking what they wished from him and not being denied their urges.

Fatrik felt a stirring in his pants as he mulled this over, finally thinking to himself, "Fuck it. I might as well get some pleasure out of this as well, right?"

Sighing in defeat, Fatrik unbuckled his pants and lowered his stained briefs, freeing his diminished, solid 3 inch chub which was slowly twitching to life.

"Mama Raven, forgive me," he whispered, as he seized it with his hand and began to tug on it, imagining himself impaling Deanna Troi with it aboard the bridge of the Enterprise.

So enraptured was he within his fantasy that he didn't hear his bedroom door creak open, and DeShawn, still buck ass naked, walk out, his dark body glistening with sweat in the moonlight.

DeShawn looked down at Fatrik angrily tugging on his little stump and cackled. "Easy there, kiddo... you don't wanna pull it off!"

Shocked out of his private reverie, Fatrik turned around in time to see DeShawn reaching for the door, unabashed in his nakedness.

Fatrick gasped at DeShawn's staff – no longer fully erect, it still swung down to mid-thigh and was as thick as the meat loaf Fatrick himself had earlier feasted on.

Fatrick's cheeks reddened as he lowered his head. DeShawn opened the front door and as he stepped out, turned one last time towards Fatrick and nodded. "Say playa, thanks, and sorry about the toys, man." With that, he was gone.

Those last words perplexed Fatrick. His toys....? What about his toys? Standing to his feet, his undersized erection acting as a compass, Fatrick waddled towards his bedroom door, his pants still around his knees.

There, sprawled upon the bed, lie a spent Nikki. Her crotch resembled a crime scene – reddened, and a mountain of thick, white goo slowly oozing out of her womanhood.

She didn't even need to open her eyes as she intoned, "Goddamn it, Fatrick – GET. OUT. NOW."

Ignoring his corrupted wife, Fatrick's gaze instead went to the headboard – which now lie slanted, a mountain of broken model kits lying upon the floor.

Fatrick fell to his knees, tears running down his swollen cheeks as he beheld the discarded ruins that had once been the Millennium Falcon™, Serenity™, and the SDF-1™. First Toothless, then Megatron™, and now this... and oh yeah, his wife. What more could be taken from him?

As a string of obscenities spewed forth from his wife towards him, Fatrick's sorrow turned to anger.

A switch was flipped inside of him. He slowly rose to his feet and cut off her steady flow of insults by announcing, "Nikki, my dear.... like you, tonight I am going... into the black!"

He dramatically exited the bedroom and peered out the living room window – sure enough, DeShawn, now fully clothed, was outside, laughing and drinking with his neighbors. A cruel smile danced across Fatrick's malformed mouth.

Perfect.

He went into the hall closet and pulled out his sci-fi faggot rifle and loaded it with its ridiculously overpriced ammunition. Rising to his feet, his pants still down and his child penis rapidly shrinking, Fatrick put his sunglasses upon his face, and his X-Wing™ pilot helmet back over his head.

The Hero Pose. Time to do this.

Fatrick prayed one last prayer to science, in Neil Degrasse Tyson's name, then kicked his front door open.

"Surprise, sweet summer children," he exclaimed. "Time to go into the bla- oh, shit!".

His sunglasses, worn in the dark of night, obscured his vision, and he stumbled down the steps, landing on his ass, spread eagled, his sad dink looking downward in defeat. DeShawn was already on his feet, pistol drawn on Fatrick's prone form.

"Any last words, mother fucker," DeShawn asked.

"Fuck...awff," Fatrick hissed, reaching for his gun. But DeShawn was quicker, plugging Fatrick three times in the chest.

As Fatrick gargled his last breaths, blood clogging his throat, DeShawn and his family looked down upon his dying form.

"What the fuck was all that about," asked the elder man, clutching his hat nervously in his hands. "Look at him... his fat ass fell right off his porch and through his gate!"

"Yeah," DeShawn agreed, holstering his weapon. Guess that he was a real... gate crasher."

With that, the other four resumed their partying while DeShawn stepped over Fatrick's body to go check on Nikki.



MINNESOTA MISCHIEF

CHILD

(For the sake of these politically-charged times, this story will not include the n-word)

"Yo what place is next?" asked Ja'Quon. "Uncle Hugo's? Fuck this shit, light it up my ninja!"

"Wait, wait, wait!" said TreMarcus. "We can't touch Uncle Hugo's, blood. They got science fiction books inside. You gotta relax ninja."

"So what," asked Ja'Quon, "bunch of white faggots with their gay ass Star Wars™ bullshit," while filling a glass bottle with gasoline to make a Molotov Cocktail.

"Relax for a second there, lemme tell you about a book called Gate Crashers™. You know what they had? A gay black Marine."

"Awww, what ninja? A gay black marine?"

"I was just like, goddamn man, ninja I started crying for real.

Like here's a white guy that hasn't walked a day in our shoes, yet he understands the pain and suffering of the black community so much to write a gay black space marine."

"Damn, Tre, it's a good thing you were here, ninja, I didn't realize how important science fiction is to us."

"Yeah, go throw that Molotov in a nail salon. Fuck the chinks!"

Ja'Quon threw the Molotov at a nail salon, lighting it on fire as the two men cheered before making their way down the street. Unbeknownst to them, an SUV with tinted windows was buzzing with activity.

"They're gone," said Adolph (birth name: Todd), "and their ninjer tracks are all over the destruction."

"Those ninjers have no idea" said Henrich (birth name: Brayden).

The two NeoNazis chuckled and exited the vehicle with canisters of gas and flamethrowers. They broke into Uncle Hugo's, dousing all the poor science fiction books with gas. The books themselves cried out for help, like Jews in the 1940s calling out for help when they were forced to die in chemical showers.

"Hey Adolph, come look at this," said Henrich.

Adolph waddled his obese body over (I forgot to mention but both Nazis are really fat, really ugly, live with their parents, and are incels) to a cardboard box in the back. Henrich nodded his head down as if to say "take a look."

There, Adolph saw the grandest prize of all, boxes and boxes of unsold copies of *In The Black™*. They had heard about this book, it was supposed to be *The Hunt for Red October™* in space, but also solve racism forever.

Adolph smiled and lined his flamethrower up with a sadistic grin on his face.

"Hold it right there, honkey," said Ja'Quon.

The neonazis turned around to see Ja'Quon and TreMarcus, each of them pointing a gun at a Nazi.

"Oh joy," said Adolph, "the ninjers are back."

"The FUCK did you call us," screamed TreMarcus.

"Nah, nah, nah blood, relax," said Ja'Quon, "these crackers are afraid. They're afraid of the power of the written word. They're afraid of what societal problems those copies of In The Black™ can solve."

"THEY WON'T SOLVE ANYTHING," screamed Henrich, "NOT AFTER WE BURN THEM!"

Henrich turned his flamethrower on the copies of In The Black™, but POP! POP! Adolph and Henrich clutched their chests, making eye contact with each other in utter shock.

They cried out in agony, before falling to the ground, taking their last gasps of breath before keeling over.

Ja'Quon approached the corpses and searched through their pockets.

"Just as I suspected," said Ja'Quon, "Bernie bros. The most racist of all the white people."

"Joe Biden a real ninja," said TreMarcus in response. "So, what should we do?"

"Nazis will be back to burn this place," said Ja'Quon, "we need to protect it."

"So we gotta sit here all night in case more Nazis show up? Ninja I wanna get some new shoes and shit."

"I've got an idea how to pass the time," said Ja'Quon, devilishly smiling as he eyed a pristine copy of *In the Black*[™].

The two black gentlemen each grabbed a copy, went out to the street and began to read. TreMarcus sparked up a fat blunt with the flames from the nail salon as both men began a literary journey that would last all through the evening.



A TWITTER ADDICT FORESEES HIS DEATH

WILLIAM WORTHLESS

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the tweets above;
Those that I fight I obsessively hate,
Those that I guard I do not love;

My opinions are childish dross
My grasp of facts is very poor,
My likely block will be no loss
And will leave them happier than before.

Nor law, nor job bade me tweet,
Nor public men, nor cheering crowd,
A lonely impulse as I eat and eat
Drove to this tumult in the cloud;

I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The tweets to come seem waste of breath,
A waste of breath the tweets behind
In balance with this life, this death.

WHY IS NIKKI LEAVING? A SHORT, DRAMATIC TALE ABOUT THE HUMAN EGO

KILLAKUHNSDEADSON

"I just don't understand..." Patrick uncharacteristically confessed, "10 years down the drain, just like that? What kind of second, better wife *are* you?"

The sunglasses-obsessed drunkard sighed and placed down her suitcase full of the half-kitchen's liquor bottles. The taxi was waiting, but she had time for one final conversation. "Not 'just like that', Patrick. I want you to guess. Take a guess as to why I'm ending this marriage."

Patrick fatly thought to himself for a moment. "...The trolls got to you, didn't they? I told you to report for impersonation and block!"

"Nope. Guess again."

Patrick continued to think. If the trolls hadn't gotten to her, then who? Maybe the country's supervillain had brainwashed her.

"Trump. This is Trump's fault somehow, isn't it?"

"No, Patrick. This is entirely my point. To you, it's always someone else's fault. Everybody is an asshole! Well guess what, Patrick? If you run into an asshole in the morning, you ran into an asshole. If you run into assholes all day, *you're* the asshole."

And with that, she grabbed her suitcase and stormed out of the hovel.

Patrick was alone.

He walked into his library and sat on the couch. But this time, instead of using the library to read social media posts on his phone, he was going to do something he had never done in years.

Reflect.

He thought about the last thing Nikki said to him, and how no matter where he went in the world, whether it was Reddit™, or Imgur™, or spaceship model forums, people were complete assholes. But... were they really?

The ego is a powerful thing. It takes a lot for a man to completely go against the ways he has set in stone and to admit that maybe he's been in the wrong the entire time.

Patrick continued to think about all the interactions he'd had with people in his life. A lot was going through his mind, but a prominent thought was emerging. He needed to speak to one specific person. A person he hadn't spoken to in... too long.

He walked out of the library and grabbed his phone. Her number was still in his contacts list, transferred over every time he'd buy a new device, but never called.

Until now.

He closed his eyes and hit "call."

"...Hello?" The woman on the other end greeted.

"Hi... Adrianna? It's Patrick. Don't hang up."

"What do you want?"

"Look, I've been doing a lot of thinking. About everything. About my behavior in the past."

"...Go on."

"And I just want to say... I'm sorry."

"Patrick... Really?"

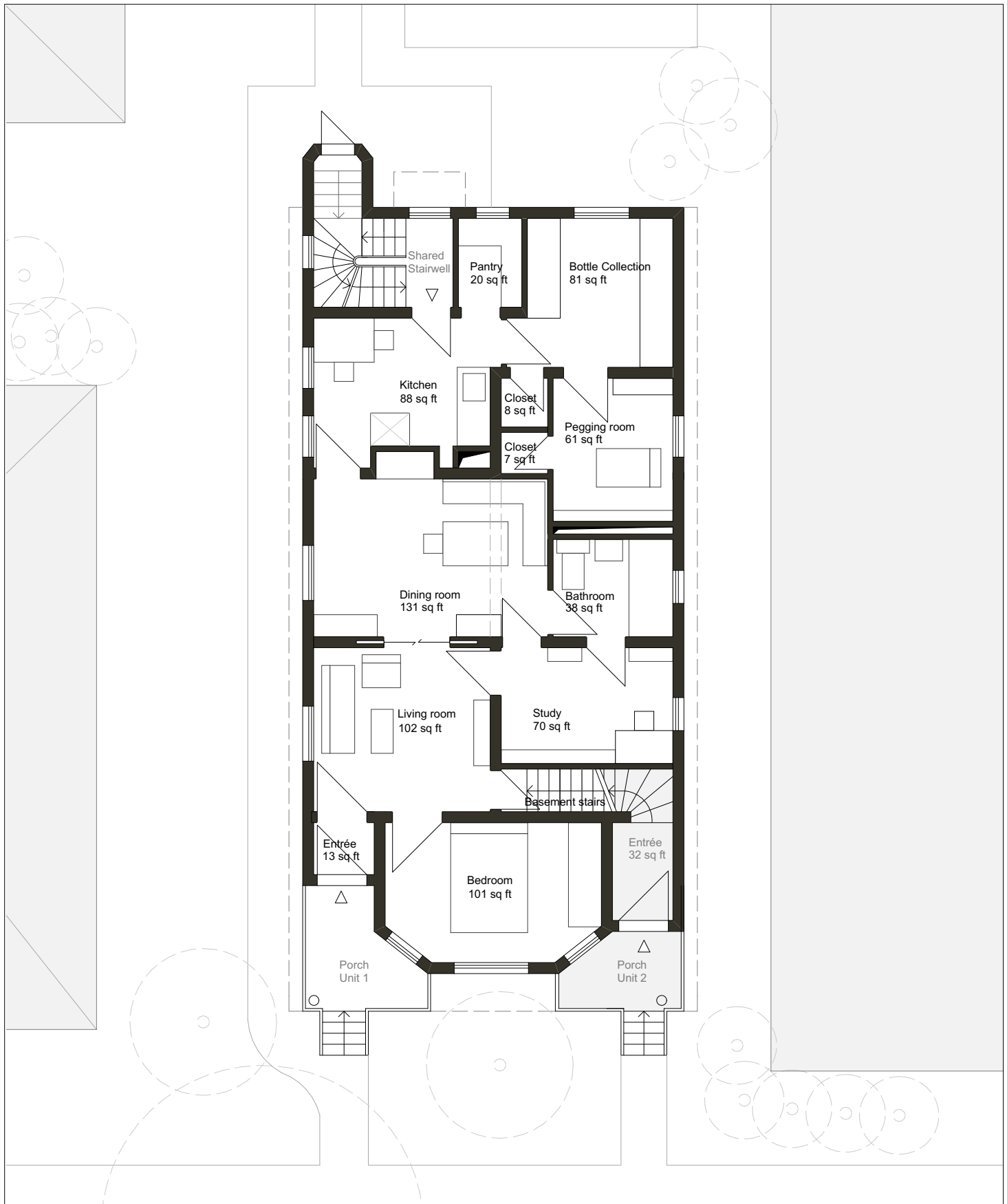
"I'm sorry you're so stupid."

Patrick grinned and hung up. Nikki was clearly wrong. Everyone was an asshole except for him, and he really loved letting them know it.

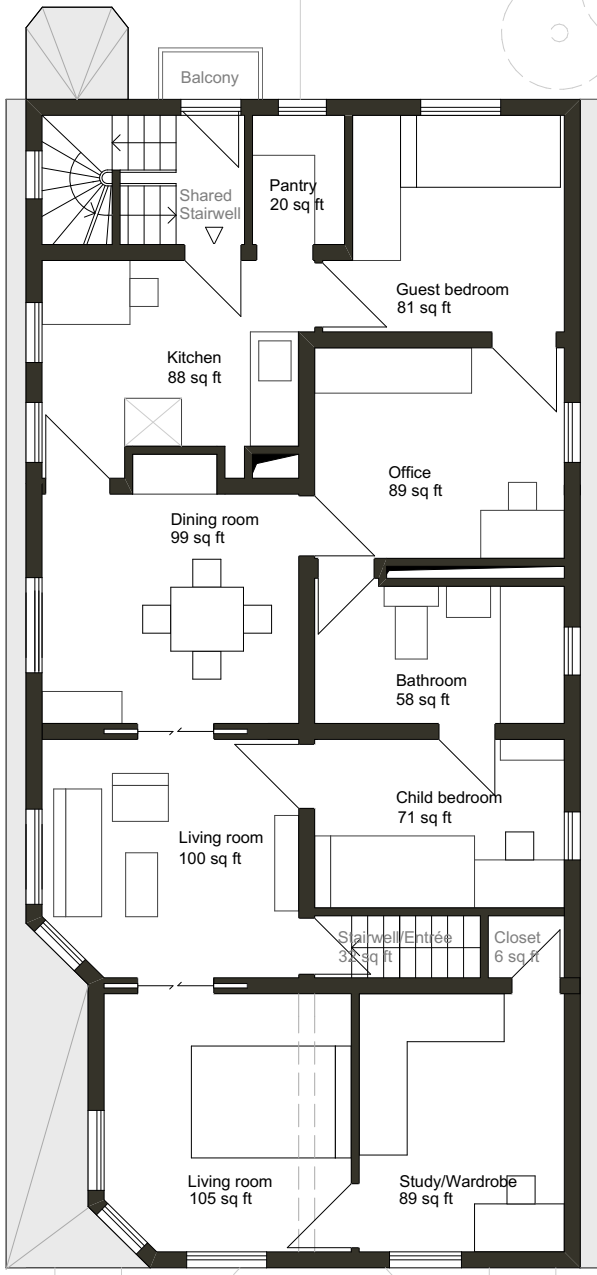
"If the world hates you, know that it has hated me before it hated you."

John 15:18

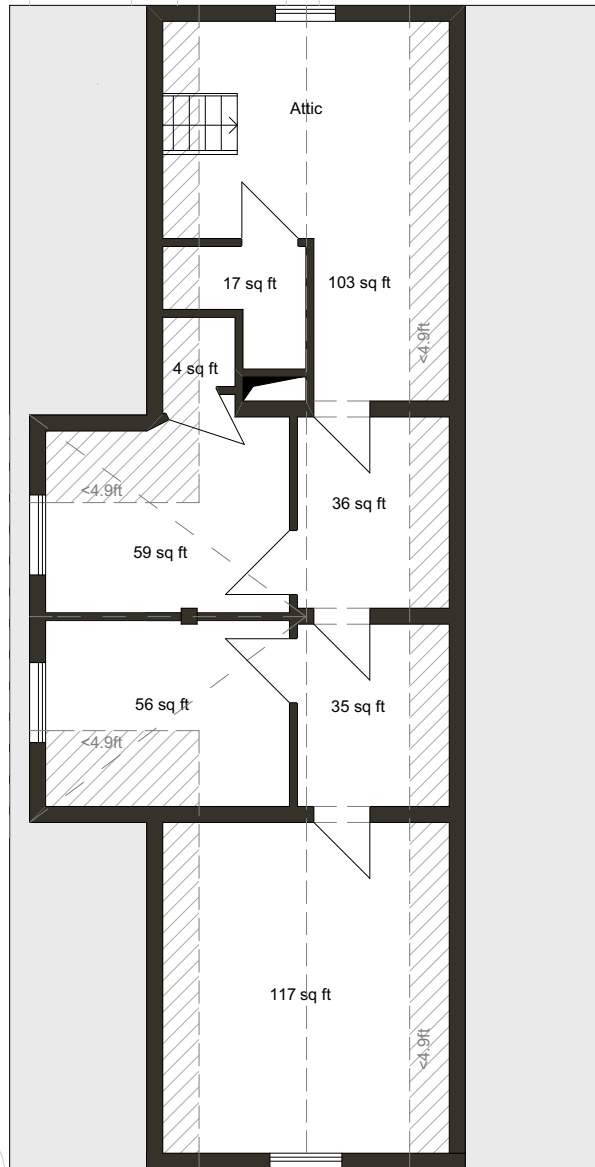




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TRIUMPH

MELISSASANCHEZONYOUTUBE

Dry.

That's how the last few years had felt, married to a man who prefers the company of lizards over a woman.

My husband, Fatrick, was a corpulent insurance salesman who fancied himself a science fiction author and tended to blow most of our money at the local sports bar.

Needless to say, orgasms just weren't possible with him.

His stunted genitalia left me so starved for sexual release that I was close to losing my already stressed mind.

Enter big Ron and his big...knife. He was a family friend of Fatrick's, though I still don't understand what on Earth the two had in common.

Ron was a strapping go-getter making waves in the trucking industry while Fat was a failure at work and close to termination for defrauding elderly clients.

Most importantly, Ron was a real man and owned zero Star Wars figurines or other kids' shit. His Harley-Davidson didn't hurt matters either.

MUCH bigger and manlier than Fatrick's little dirtbike.

The first time I met Ron, it looked like he was smuggling a cucumber in his pants, with a holstered knife at his belt.

His rugged appeal was enhanced by his tastefully balding hair, which reminded me of a younger Bruce Willis.

Having spotted him from across the room, I wasted no time introducing myself while Fat struck up a conversation about cartoons with a small group of children.

Two weeks later, Ron was sneaking over almost every day to take care of my needs.

Luckily, my husband's magnetic attraction to the bar and constant social media updates made it easy to avoid being caught.

On this particular night, though, I wasn't so sure I cared about getting caught.

Just as Ron and I were starting to get hot and heavy, my phone buzzed to let me know Fat was on his way home.

"Shit, I'd better leave", Ron muttered.

I deliberated for a few seconds before abandoning all inhibition and pulling him onto me. I was 5 minutes into an unbelievable rolling orgasm when the familiar footsteps of an overweight lush began echoing toward the bedroom.

I knew that if I could hear him, then my orgasmic screams were certainly audible.

As he tried the locked door handle, it finally dawned on him what was happening. "Fuck me harder, Ron!", I yelled to the high heavens.

Fatty remained outside the door, panting furiously as he worked his fingers up and down his throbbing red nub.

"Adriana!" he kept yelling impotently, like someone had drained Rocky Balboa of all testosterone.

Meanwhile, Ron kept pounding until I was dangerously dehydrated from leaking pussy juice and asked him to blow his gargantuan load right down my gullet.

The ensuing blast from Ron's veiny cannon was more thirst quenching than a hundred coconut waters.

The sound of Fatrick's bike starting up rang through the air. "How much has he had to drink?", Ron quizzed me.

I knew the answer was "way too much".

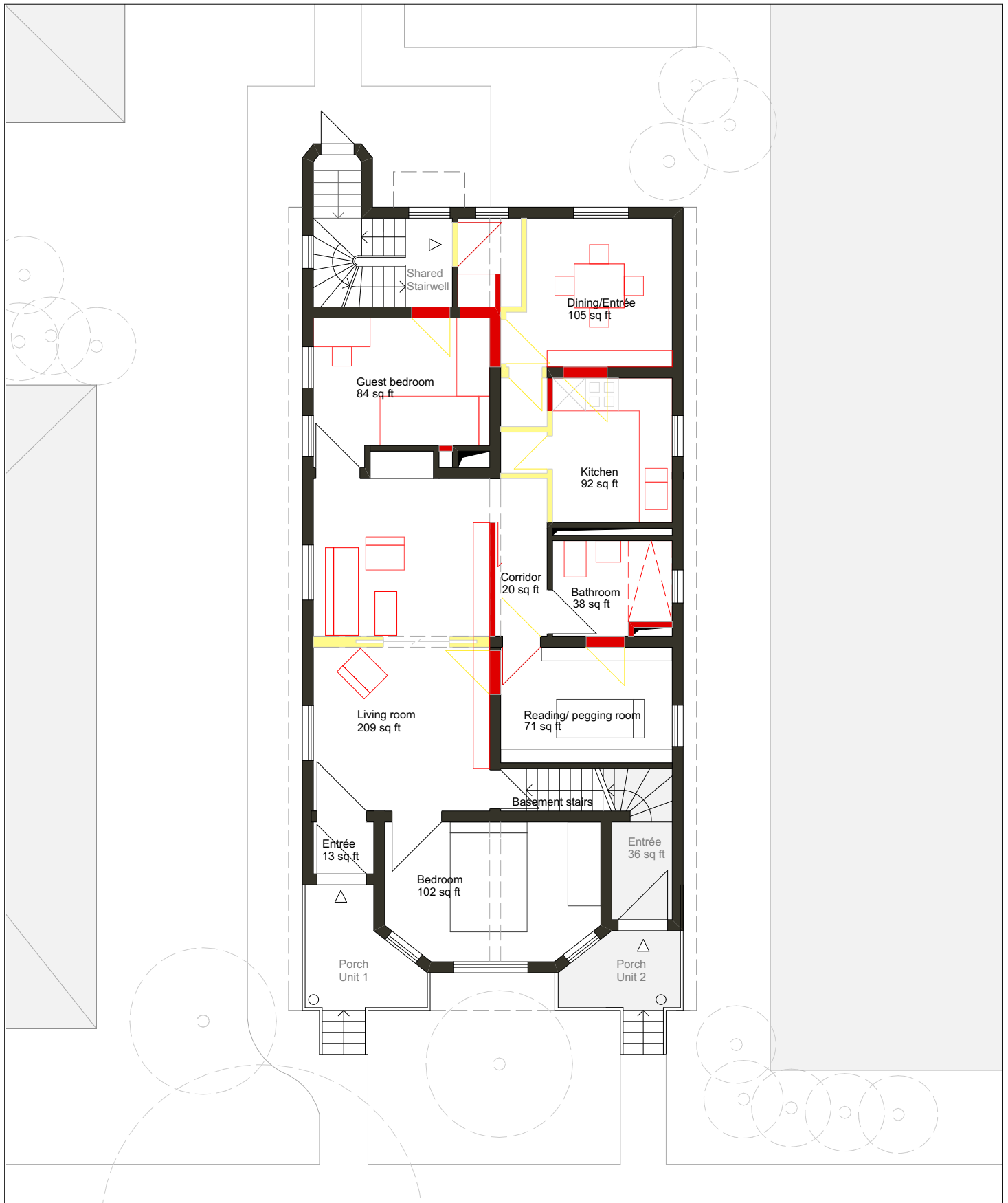
Usually a few beers puts Fat on his ass and he'd been hitting the chardonnay pretty hard all day.

Before I could think another thought, the air was pierced by a loud crash and a girly scream.

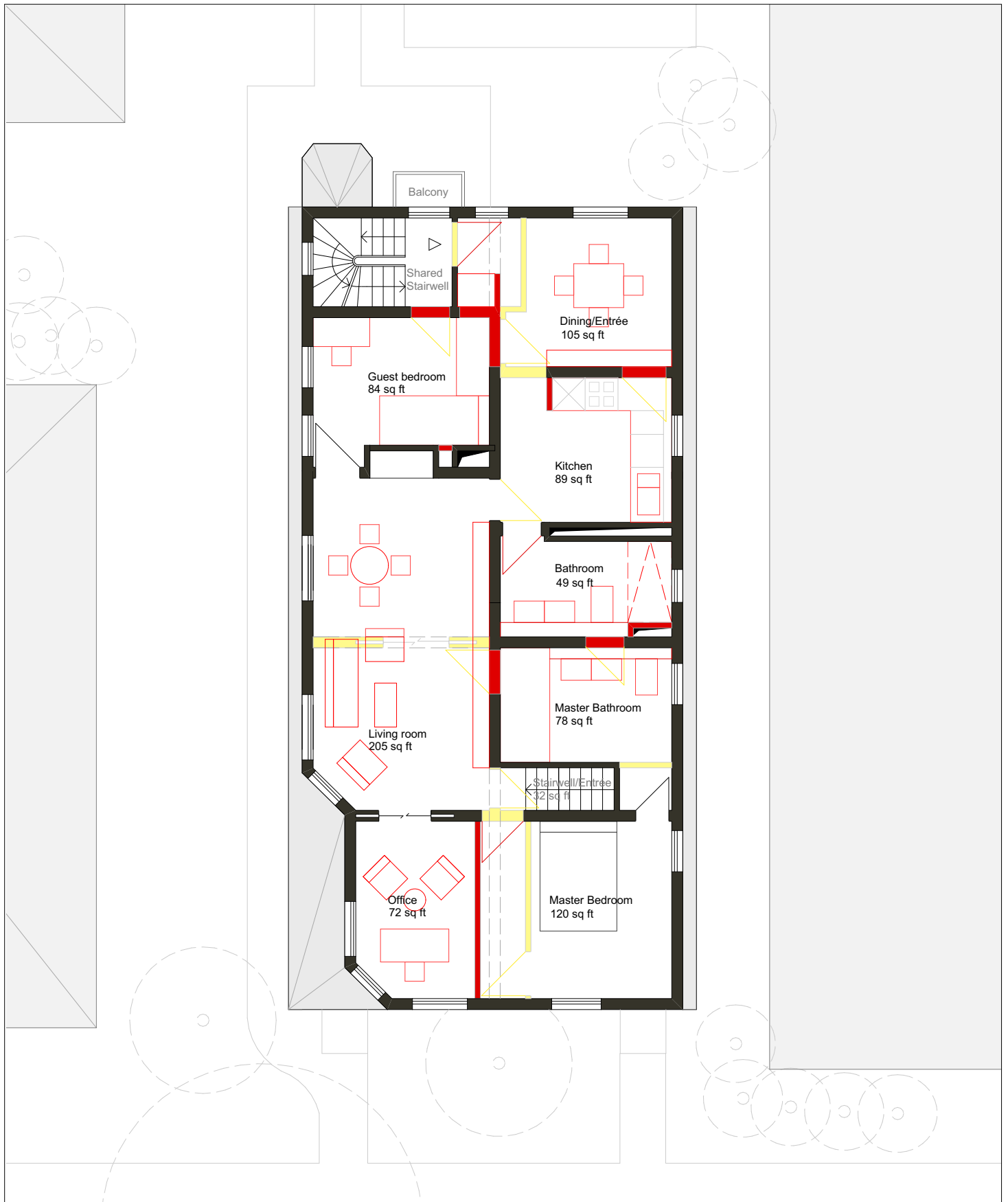
Fatrick had wrecked his Triumph motorcycle again.

#DLTIW

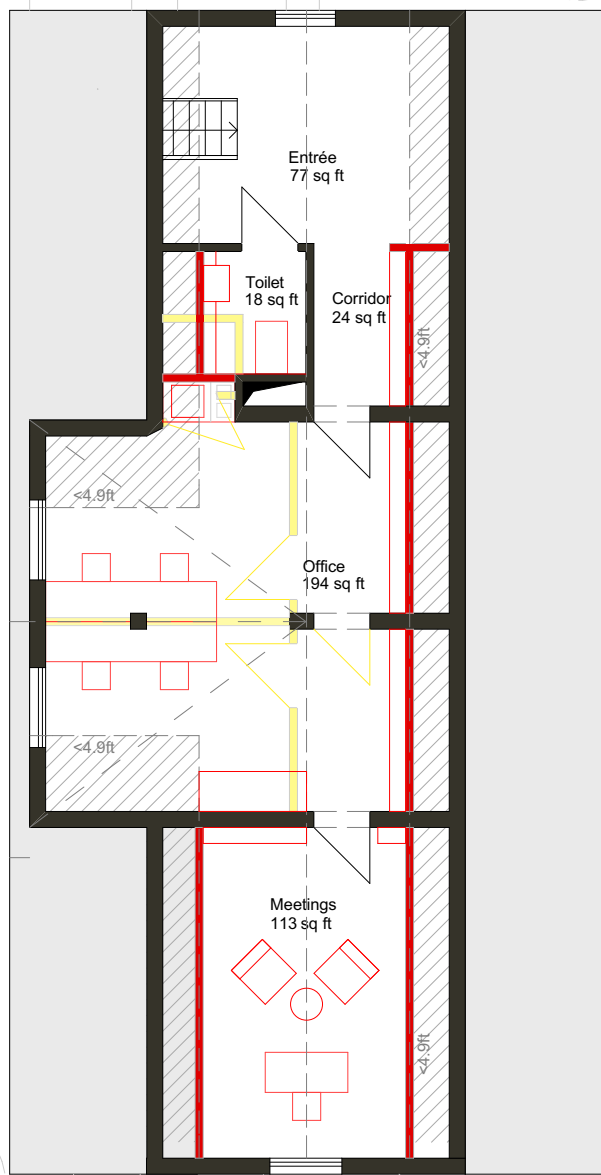




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IN THE BLACK: EPILOGUE

CARTOON RETARD

He could hear them – shouting, chanting, stomping. It was getting closer. Deep down, Patrick knew that his vibrant, multicultural neighborhood would see the protests firsthand.

It was just a matter of time, and that time had come.

Patrick sat slumped in the center of his worn, odious couch, staring at his reflection in the blank TV screen just a few feet away.

At his side, leaning against the couch, was his beloved P90 battle rifle.

The soft curves of the stock looked futuristic to Pat and somewhat...phallic.

He'd always said that he liked its sci-fi aesthetic, but in reality, it was the raw sexuality of his rifle that had made him beg Nikki to give him an advance on his toy allowance to fund its purchase.

Patrick's grotesque smile extended beyond the edges of his mouth, into his doughy, misshapen cheeks.

It was a disturbing sight indeed, and thankfully there was no soul alive in that home besides him to see it.

While his soft, neotenous features made him appear as a giant, adult baby, his graying, thinning hair told a different story.

"Get them, children," he said. "Leave no one standing."

Patrick did not have his rifle at his side for protection. In fact, he fully supported the riots.

The important people of Twitter had spoken and universally declared that broken glass, ruined businesses and charred remains of low-income communities like his all across America were a small price to pay to fight hate and injustice.

No, the rifle was there for another reason.

Patrick's smile faded. A single tear rolled down his cheek, disappearing into one of those same folds, never to be seen again.

Patrick took one last look at the half-house that he had shared with his second, better wife these last few years.

Her body, long since cold, bloated and grey, was just a few short feet away in the bedroom where they had performed sweaty, passionless Milwaukee hog sex upwards of three times.

He inserted the barrel into his mouth and the phallic symbolism was not lost on him.

He was a writer, after all, and also very gay.

Reaching for the trigger, he winced in pain as he felt his back buckle under the strain.

His corpulent body was already giving up, like a giant dying star millions of light years away.

"This ends when I say it does," Fatrick thought to himself. Then he pulled the trigger.

BANG

The sound of Fatrick's final act was drowned out by the shouts and screams of the protesters marching down his street, slowly surrounding his half-home.



THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR FALLEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

PHILLIP MARMA
JOSH FONNER
QADAN KUHN
CARL RUIZ
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PEACE BE UPON THEM



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