

NUTTY NORMAN

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TALES OF INSANITY

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FOREWORD

Nutty Norman is the culmination of years of insanity. Driven mad by a society which makes no sense, Norman randomly acts out often without any reason whatsoever. His mental stability is challenged in every way, his grasp of reality tenuous at best, to the point where even the people closest to him question whether he is even self aware.

Norman is otherwise a regular boy, enjoying video games, toys, and so forth, but his unmitigated rage at society and his constant delusions prevent him from interacting in a normal manner.

So enjoy as Norman visits a farm, his relatives, attempts to behave himself on Christmas Eve, and much more.

For more splatterpunk I urge the reader to refer to “The Scream” by Skipp and Spector, and their similarly amazing work “The Bridge”, as well as Rex Millers “Slob.”

*Stand up
It's time to rise
It's time for revenge
Opposition must die
Chaos, violence
Revolution now
We are the real rock and roll underground*

-GG Allin

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SECTIONS

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Normans Christmas
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NORMAN VISITS A FARM

The day was starting out in a fairly mundane manner. Norman- a totally normal child- put on his pants, his pink-and-blue retro shirt, and prepared for the day. It was time for a trip to the farm, which his mother had insisted upon, and while he was not particularly excited, he believed that it was just part of his miserable destiny.

His mother- a middle aged woman- was quite condescending, he felt, and his father had died some years ago after choking to death on a piece of steak that was too large. His face had turned blue, and Norman found this funny. His slightly slow mother, after all, could not perform the Heimlich maneuver properly. Norman did not care, he found it hilarious at the time. He suspected that his mother was simply bored by her husband and had let him die. Perhaps she found as much amusement in the situation as he did.

The ride was short- just a few blocks from suburbia and then a quick five minutes into the farmland just outside of his equally mundane town. With only about fifteen thousand residents in the metropolitan region, it was large enough to have a downtown, but small enough not to be particularly crowded. Norman bemoaned the fact that there was nothing to do but spray gravestones with graffiti or smash the occasional window when he slipped out at night to raise Hell.

And Hell he intended to raise.

Upon arriving at the farm, his mother began to mention different animals to him and wandered to the side to pet the cows. Norman simply sat there for a moment, uninterested in the unintelligent life forms.

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But then Norman saw something which intrigued him. A pair of chickens started fucking right next to him. The rooster railed the hen with great vigor, and he started laughing with insanity, directing everyone else to watch the chicken sex. Some parents diverted their childrens' eyes from the scene and Norman became enraged. How dare they not enjoy chicken fucking? Vaulting over the edge of the chicken enclosure, he vowed that he would give them a real show.

First he kicked the rooster in the head, yelling that the hen was now his girlfriend, then he stuck his finger inside the hen, as the injured rooster ran off in panic. Children were screaming as he fingerfucked the chicken, laughing like a maniac the entire time. His mother, shocked, ran over to try and stop him, but he grabbed the hen and ran.

Turning a corner Norman managed to enter the goat pen and proceeded to bash one in the head with the captive hen, killing it, while rambling about how he was now a rap star because he had killed his girlfriend. He stuck the dead hen in his backpack and continued, punching the goat and yelling furiously, enraged by the behavior of people who didn't want him to fuck chickens. Eventually, the terrorized goat had a heart attack and died, falling to the ground and shitting its own entrails out.

Norman had just begun.

Still attempting to evade his stupid mother, Norman made his way into the dairy. He was thirsty and so grabbed a bottle of unpasteurized milk and guzzled it like a French Foreign Legion member at an oasis, so when the dairy worker told him that wasn't allowed, he took out the dead hen and bashed him in the head too. The worker was too surprised to react, and Norman got into one of the cow stalls.

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Once in the cow stall, Norman began to chew the cows' nipples off one by one. It kicked and kicked and attempted to flee, but was trapped by the gate. It was helpless. He managed to get three of the nipples off before the worker was able to respond, blood dripping down the ruined udder, but as the worker attempted to clamber in the cow kicked again, hitting him right in the head and cracking his skull, rendering him a vegetable.

Norman did not know how to feel. The cow had just made someone nearly braindead and so he felt regret for chewing its nipples off, but he had made his point and he felt that counted for more.

He eventually returned to his mother, the cow still bleeding out of its udder, but before leaving he had one final thing to do. He had squirreled away a lighter his mother used for pot smoking (mostly to deal with the stress of raising Norman) and lit several bales of very dry hay on fire in the barn.

As he went back to the car with his mother the entire barn went up in flames and all he could hear were the screams of dying animals. Thankfully he had stashed the dead hen back in his pack after hitting the dairy worker so he managed to lose his virginity to a chicken that night.

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NORMANS CHRISTMAS

After being grounded for several months, for the incident at the farm, Norman was finally released from his Napoleon-style exile and reluctantly returned to human civilization, despising virtually every living thing around him, other than the dead hen he fucked and the cow who helped him in his time of need.

It was Christmas Eve. Norman had various preparations to make. With a sardonic smile, he carefully prepared his “presents” for the relatives and friends who would arrive for the feast and festivities. There was his aunt Cassie, his uncle George, a couple of cousins, and of course his mother. He had a hilarious idea in mind.

First, he stuffed the remains of the dead hen in the gift box for his aunt and laughed as he did so. He would miss his girlfriend but she was rather decomposed and had begun to smell poorly. He did not want to get AIDS so he thought to himself if you love something you have to let it go and it'll come back to you or some shit.

Then he packed some glitter bombs for his cousins. They would surely enjoy them.

His uncle got a little cardboard tray with toothpicks stuck in it where Norman had impaled the bodies of multiple insects with a centerpiece consisting of a dead mouse with several LED lights mounted on it. In his delusion he believed this was effectively a Christmas tree.

For his mother he included a bottle of cat piss because his mom was clearly into that sort of thing. He saw her once

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pissing on her own face and so figured she'd appreciate it.

Christmas Eve passed. Satan Claus had come and gone, and it was finally the big day. The presents were arranged under the tree with care, and Nutty Norman was absolutely there. He opened his first of course- mostly lame shit that he didn't care about- although he did get a pocket knife, which his mom protested, from his grandpa, who was not in attendance but had sent by mail, but Norman quickly pocketed it, claiming that "the gods have given me this power over life and death." His mother quietly accepted that this would be misused for various purposes and sat back down.

His cousins came next. The glitter bombs exploded in their faces as they opened their gifts simultaneously, and showered the room in material which will never truly be able to be cleaned no matter how many times the room is cleaned. Norman chuckled. Everyone else demurred, tolerating the obvious abuse.

Next came his mother. Because she was a slow adult, she did not understand what the contents were. Uttering a mere "thank you" Norman became frustrated. He was hoping she would appreciate his gift more. Perhaps she would whack off her moldy old vagina later though so he forgave her and showed deference.

Now came his uncle. When he saw the mangled, impaled bodies of the insects and the brightly lit dead mouse, he was speechless for a moment, merely remarking to Normans mother that he was "mental" and that he needed some serious treatment for whatever was wrong with him. Normans frustration grew into rage, but he managed to choke back his unadulterated hate for the human race long enough to see his aunt peel the wrapping off and unveil his final gift. The anticipation made him giddy as he

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watched, his hands clenched in fists of rage.

When she saw the dead hen, having been fingered open and rotting badly, his aunt screeched with disgust, threw her hands up, and said she was leaving. Norman was displeased in his madness, and began to howl with laughter, jumping into the Christmas tree and knocking it to the side, the electrical connectors shorting out with a crackle, and began rolling around on the floor, still laughing and babbling incoherently. His aunt had fled and now his cousins ran, while his mother and uncle looked on, incredulous.

Stuffing several decorative balls in his pants, Norman then declared that he was “a man now” and was in charge of the family. As his mother wept, he started in on the Christmas feast in the dining room, eating in as an obnoxious way as he could. He devoured and defiled the food, dancing on the table while laughing like a lunatic, hurling the Christmas ham on the floor and kicking it around like a soccer ball, while at the same time stuffing carrots and other vegetables down his throat.

“You're a naughty boy” said his mother, still weeping, in the door frame, clearly insinuating a Christmas reference.

“So are you you slut.” He replied.

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NORMAN AT THE BEACH

Norman's mother decided, after the Christmas incident, that going to a tropical beach might calm him down, and booked a vacation just for the two of them, hoping to bond with her son.

The actual flight went well. Norman behaved, giving her hope that he would not go insane again. Had she checked the restroom, where he had smeared his shit on the toilet, she would have known better, and would have been able to predict the gathering of yet another storm. Norman made no effort to hold in his turds the second he closed the door, simply pulling down his pants and blasting the bowl, laughing and leaving dirty toilet paper from wiping it all over the floor. After all, few people actually use the bathroom so he figured nobody would complain and know who it was. When his mother mostly passed out in her seat, he swiped her complimentary vodka shots and downed two of them, immediately more amused with life.

The hotel was already a wreck before they arrived so Norman did not bother to defile it. It was a general mid-end hotel but that particular room seemed to be infested by roaches and clearly someone had been using drugs there right before their arrival. Norman took a used, filthy needle from the trash, and with a grin, plotted how he would use it.

The beach itself was far nicer. His mother laid out a towel and laid down to sun her wretched, aging body, silently praying that she would pass out and die to be rid of her misery, as Norman wandered over to the tidal pools to see what he could find.

Not interested in gathering shells or interesting rocks, Norman turned his attention to finding things capable of causing

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bodily harm, or animal species he could torment or kill. Crushing snails and mussels underfoot, he was unimpressed, because they don't really feel pain, and so they weren't suffering enough. "Stupid snails" he muttered, as he managed to crush a crab with a small rock, giggling with delight as its body oozed.

Then he really hit pay dirt. Having gathered a few rocks to pelt others with, he managed to find a small shark in one of the pools, trapped. He managed to grab it out and the intent was obvious. Swiftly, he ran down the beach, hollering threats and laughing as his mother lurched up, knowing things were about to get bad. He ran up to a man sunbathing and asleep and tossed the shark on top of him. It thrashed and bit down, gouging a small chunk of flesh out of the mans arm. It latched on and he screamed awake, blood pouring from his wound, as he flailed and tried to dislodge it. Norman pelted him with rocks and began making raptor noises, as others on the beach fled.

He had just begun. The tidal pools were great fun so he returned to them as his mother fainted and the heavily bleeding man finally tossed the shark aside and frantically wrapped his beach towel around his arm. The shark suffered and died of asphyxiation not long thereafter, something Norman would have watched with glee, but he was busily gathering an arsenal for his next act.

He grabbed a clam and smashed it apart, ripping its meat out and tossing it aside, ending its purposeless existence, then ground the clam shell down on a rock until it was rather sharp, stuffing a few more rocks in his pockets, as he advanced on the beach again. In his delusional mind, he was now a GI and on the beach at Normandy, and everyone around him was an enemy fighter, except the old man vending hot dogs because he had a Slayer T shirt. Norman liked Slayer.

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Laughing with maniacal and demented glee, Norman shouted for the remaining people at the beach that he was going to kill God. He slit his arm open with the sharpened clam shell and began sucking the blood from the wound, then reached into his pants and began furiously beating off with it as well, all the time staring blankly at the crowd.

Eventually he tired of this and wandered back to the hotel, dressing his wound- which became infected due to clam juices in it. He was very pleased when it festered and even more pleased when his stupid vacation ended early so he could go to the hospital in his own hometown. His mother was frantic, but he just kept smelling the wound and laughing and saying that he was going to go to the grave sooner rather than later, and would make sure everyone suffered eternally. He prayed to Satan to make the plane crash but Satan was busy beating off with clam juice and couldn't hear. He was preparing himself for rough anal sex with Astaroth.

A disgruntled Norman pledged that when he finally went to Hell, he would cause so much chaos that he would reign supreme and overthrow the devil himself. Then he prepared himself for his next adventure.

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NORMAN BUYS A DOG

For days after going to the beach Norman had pleaded with his mother to buy him a dog. She knew he was up to one of his shenanigans and resisted until his rage and destruction became too intense to tell him no. The pound was the perfect place to go, she surmised- nobody wanted those animals and Norman would probably kill it anyways so it seemed logical.

Norman reviewed the animals carefully, gazing at them with arms folded behind his back like an inquisitor or a Gestapo agent. Very businesslike, he reviewed their traits for size, aggression, and so forth. Eventually, he selected a dog which his mother found odd- she had expected him to try and adopt a pitbull or a mastiff or some other large, aggressive breed, but instead, he had selected a medium sized animal which appeared to be some sort of mutt- it was difficult to tell the pedigree.

They got along immediately. The dog showered Norman with licks and cuddles and Norman laughed, not even an insane laugh, but one out of genuine joy. His mother was in shock, as was the veterinarian there, because he knew Normans reputation. His mother believed they had finally found a way to calm him down and was literally crying with joy.

How wrong this stupid bitch was.

Norman immediately went to the library once the dog was at his house and began studying. He may be insane, but he was also a quick learner when motivated. And he was motivated to learn about dog training. Within a week, he had trained the dog to sit, jump, stay, follow him, and didn't even need a leash to follow him around like a soldier. He could make it prance, bark on command, stay silent, beg, and could balance a treat on its

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nose and cause it to wait for the right command before it would eat it. He slept next to the dog each night, and they formed quite a bond.

But it was an evil bond.

His mother did not know but this particular dog was a denizen of Hell itself. A gift from Satan for Normans many misdeeds and all the harm and insanity he has caused.

He also taught the hellhound how to attack at will.

He told his mother he was going out for a walk and took the dog- now named "Cerberus"- with him. With enormous pride in his training and with great joy at his daily master plan, he proceeded to the park. In front of a group of children, attended by their typically uninterested parents and guardians, he whistled to the crowd and commanded the dog to bite a man. It did, and the wound began bleeding as Norman laughed. Then, he sicced the animal on the crowd, ordering it to attack anything that moved. It grabbed a small child by the neck and wrenched it to the ground, ripping out its throat. Norman, meanwhile, took up a branch and began ranting about death and Hell, attacking the adults, whacking a man across the face with it.

He still had the used needle from his vacation not long ago, and ended up hurling it like a lawn dart, hitting one woman in the shoulder, likely infecting her with disease. Then he smashed her in the throat with the branch, as his loyal canine attacked another man, biting into his crotch, ruining his already useless, impotent dick. The dog even tore his dick halfway off. Blood spurted out as the rest of the crowd screamed and ran.

Norman was not done. He called his pooch back with a whistle and chuckled watching several people bleed out and die,

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imagining their fly-covered corpses and how funny they would be. He even envisioned showing up at their funerals and pissing on the coffins but would have to wait.

Going down the street, he and Cerberus assaulted several nuns as they were coming out of the church, and then entered, killing the priest. He bled a great deal, as the dog grabbed his leg and Norman beat him severely, eventually using his pocket knife to slit his throat and stab off his testicles. The once white robe was suddenly red. Apparently, he had made the priest a cardinal. This thought was amusing. The priest had been generally known to be a kiddie diddler anyways, so it wasn't likely that anyone would miss him.

Summoned by the melee Normans mother had to grab up the boy and his dog, considering institutionalizing the former and giving the latter over to the police, both of them caked in blood. With a sigh she decided not to give them up to the authorities, resigning herself once again to despair and an insane life filled with crazed violence.

Norman, meanwhile, was plotting yet more deeds, and now he had an accomplice to work with- one considerably more intelligent than most human beings.

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NORMAN GOES TO CHURCH

Finally Norman's mother believed that it was proper to get him exorcised. He had killed the local priest and Cerberus was now court ordered to be tied up and kept fenced in, dismaying Norman greatly. Since he was a minor and living in a progressive state, his previous killings had merely resulted in a small fine and a requirement that he go to anger management classes, which were more optional than required. He didn't bother to attend except for the first meeting where he flipped the attendant councilor off and then laughed while spending the next half hour farting as noisily as possible, on purpose.

Norman figured his day had come, and had grisly thoughts of his body being magically mutilated or bursting into flames the second he entered the building, smiling like a Cheshire cat about the thought- his physical body being destroyed would not only not bother him, but please him. He was tired of the world of man, and was growing more and more delusional. The day before, he briefly believed he was a woman and had stolen a skirt and bra and declared himself to be Mary Magdalene. Nobody interceded because this behavior, in these days, had become normal.

He did not, however, burst into flames or die. Instead, a very kindly old priest greeted him in a quite happy manner. Norman immediately knew this was a pedophile- a sexual deviant- and immediately began looking for ways to punish him for his bizarre proclivities.

The most likely strategy was to simply bash him in the head with one of the many gaudy, hideous candlesticks lining the room. He could also choose to kick the priest in the balls and then simply beat him up while he was unable to respond. He'd

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have stabbed him to death but he had to hide his pocket knife at his home and play coy when the police questioned him about why he had his dog kill several people.

Finally, though, he hatched a much more cunning plan. This was one of those hippie-trippy catholic churches that practiced multiple religions under the same roof, in direct violation of their strange gods' laws. A menorah was on the altar. While it wasn't menorah season, he knew that where there is a menorah, there is lamp oil.

Excusing himself to go to the bathroom before his exorcism, Norman instead entered the side rooms one by one and eventually located the valuable resource. Returning, he threw a cup of the stuff on the priest and lit the bastard up with a candle, which was lit on the altar. The old man screeched in terror as his robes and vestments burned off, falling in tatters to the floor. His skin began to blister and peel, and the fat below began to sizzle. To Norman this smelled very good. His mother fled from the church entirely as Norman mounted the altar, deranged and evil, and began whizzing, ranting about how he would put the priests fire out with his urine. With eyes aglow with insanity, he watched as the man staggered about, fully ablaze, finally slouching over the altar, starting it on fire as well.

Norman thought the entire scene so funny that it was difficult for him to even escape the blaze by leaving the building. He managed to control himself long enough to turn back and see the dead, burning priest, slumped against the altar, begin melting away into ashes and burning fat. This was so hilarious that when Norman sat down to watch the church burn, he was almost out of breath.

A handful of nuns and staff began to evacuate when they realized the building was on fire, and this was just as funny.

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Their visceral fear of mortality pleased him immensely, and he rolled around on the ground with wild peals of laughter as they fled. In a few minutes, as the inside of the church slowly grew heavy with smoke and flame, the fire department arrived. Norman insulted them, and did everything he could to stop their efforts. First, he stole a fire ax and hacked away at one of the deployed hoses, then, when that worked, he busted open a few fire extinguishers, which practically rocketed across the lawn with their own pressure.

In only thirty seconds Norman was subdued by one of the firefighters as the rest vainly attempted to stanch the blaze. Restrained, Norman almost fainted laughing as he got a front row view of the church slowly burning into nothing more than a shell, all of its supposedly holy finery inside burned like it went to Hell, with nothing left but the stone facade and its support structure. In the end, it would have to be bulldozed. Inside, the dead priest was reduced to little more than a deformed, ashen skeleton.

Once again Normans mother was fined a small fee and was admonished that Norman was not to be supplied with incendiary devices.

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NORMAN GOES TO THE LIBRARY

Normans mother had grown concerned about his monosyllabic tendencies. She then decided to take him to the library. At least a little reading, she thought, might improve his behavior.

She was wrong.

Encouraging Norman to read was relatively hard- he found it boring, remarking that books “were for morons” and that he already knew everything to begin with that was worth knowing. But he managed to slink off and evade his mother, then invaded the horror section, briefly skipping through a few of the volumes. His face became twisted with a sardonic grin, as he slowly absorbed tales of evil and grotesquery, while his mother attempted to find him.

A young woman was behind one of the shelves reading through a romance novel. Norman hated those- his mother read them constantly like a crack addict smokes down their rocks- so he was immediately filled with an abhorrent degree of hatred. Throwing one of the books at her, he launched himself at her, screaming and howling, dropping to the ground and tearing the romance book in half as he bit her leg. It bled profusely, and the woman shrieked in pain as Norman lunged to the side, prowling on all fours through the aisles to find more victims, slowly descending into insanity much to his mothers' eventual dismay.

A young boy, about Normans age, was talking to a friend about the same age regarding the latest trilogy to be released. Apparently it involved an old man who adopted three children and promptly indoctrinated them into a magical society of some sort. Norman found this to be nonsensical, and decided to be

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judge, jury, and executioner, practically flying across the aisle and assaulting them, pelting them with books while yelling incoherent “bad words” in a whirling rage. They ran in fear and he laughed incessantly, amused by their fear.

Then the head librarian confronted Norman. He had been bad, and was of course to be punished. But the punished would become the punisher, as he slammed the old bitch in the crotch with his foot and sent her to the ground, laughing like a maniac, then began bashing her in the face with a copy of “Why I Killed Myself Volume II”, subsequently roaring with rage as he piled onto her body, ripping out her throat. The blood spray painted his face, and in his maddened mind, Norman believed that made him a Comanche.

And that's when the real terror began.

Norman, covered in blood, as the librarian ceased her miserable existence, prowled to the next aisle. Since it was empty, and therefore clearly filled with boring books, he grabbed a few as ammunition and proceeded. There was a teenager in the next one, reading “artistic” but generally pornographic material and he tossed a book at his head, beaming him. The teenaged dude, who was acne scarred and arguably retarded, attempted to bully Norman, but he smashed into him like a crazed barbarian and used his pocket knife to slit the dude open right across his belly. He screamed in pain and was bleeding greatly. Norman continued slashing until the dude was clearly dying, spiral-sliced like a piece of meat in a butchers' shop.

By now the proliferation of screaming had alerted most of the people in the otherwise quiet library and they believed a terrorist attack was probably occurring. The authorities having been called, Norman was confronted fairly quickly, but because he was quite young, he was not shot or tazed and simply

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laughed, knowing he could get away with anything, because he was actually the devil in human form. He flew down the aisles laughing hysterically as he pelted anything that moved with books, delusionally believing he was firing off grenades at some incomprehensible enemy.

Eventually Norman was detained. He had a grand time in detention, laughing insanely at what he had just done, but because of his age, the prosecutor decided not to pursue charges, instead punishing his mother, admonishing her that she needed to do more to control her son. This pleased Norman immensely and he was chuckling to himself through the entire hearing.

Having killed several more people, though, Norman was put under indefinite observation. From now on, he surmised, he would need to be more stealthy with some of his antics.

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NORMAN VISITS HIS GRANDMA

Normans mother had had enough of his insanity for the week and decided to send him to his grandmother. She was an indulgent old lady and never criticized him for his behavior, preferring to simply give him candy or grab his cheeks. He tolerated this, as she generally allowed him to do what he wanted to do.

The old lady, perhaps the only person in the world who could generally control him, greeted him in the usual manner, with his favorite food on the table (fish sticks and crinkle fries) and as his mother sped off to go and finally fuck her new boyfriend, she squeezed his cheeks and told him they would have a great deal of fun.

He intended to.

Norman began his day by accidentally tangling up a bunch of wiring in the living room, electrocuting himself in the process. He found this invigorating and wondered why people didn't do that more often, then asked his grandma if he could go to the guest room. She responded in the affirmative, and he, chuckling, prepared for a new adventure.

Arriving in the guest room, Norman began shocking himself repeatedly, eliciting an absurd euphoria in the process. He continued this until bored, little scars from the electricity all down his arms and legs as he laughed. The carbonized bits of flesh he picked off, eating them, still laughing through the pain, which he enjoyed.

Eventually his grandma called up to him and wondered what was going on. He yelled that he was performing scientific

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experiments. She believed him and thought to herself that this was a scientist she had as a grandson. She might have been right if she had known he would likely be a terrorist in the atomwaffen creating explosives.

His “experiments” escalated. Realizing how fun electricity was, he quickly found out that he could give brain damage to animals. He decided to shock his grandmas large collection of cats and small dogs in the head and they stumbled around the house, insane and retarded. He laughed because his grandma had no idea and believed the animals to have contracted rabies, so she shot them one by one with a revolver she kept in the home.

Watching the animals get blasted across the room with a .38 pleased Norman greatly. He stifled his laughter so that his grandmother would not know he was responsible. He asked his grandmother if he could requisition one of the dead bodies for his experiments. His request was granted. He grabbed up one of the dead cats and chortled. “He's just a special gifted boy” his indulgent relative surmised.

He locked himself inside of his room and laughed like a lunatic as he prepared for evil and madness. He had grown tired of his grandmother, and figured that he could probably knock her off fairly easily. He first started by taking the grizzly remains and cutting them open with his pocket knife, then pulled out the entrails, tossing them to the side without any regard- after all, it was dead anyway so nobody truly cared. He considered roasting part of the dead animal on the backyard grill until it was nothing but charred remains, but decided against the idea.

After shocking the dead body several times and watching it spasm and emit various steaming fluids- which was even funnier than watching the stupid cat die in the first place,

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Norman prepared for his final act of insanity and debauchery. He stuffed his entire arm into the dead body, blood dripping out along the length of his forearm, and closed it up with duct tape. He proceeded along the hallway, choking back insane laughter.

His grandmother fortuitously was just coming out of the bathroom, weeping profusely at the loss of her pets. Norman came around the corner and pushed the dead cat right into his grandmas face. All she could see was a bloodsoaked face, twisted with fear and pain, covered in matted fur. The old woman was demented enough to believe the animal may have come back to life and the stress caused her to have a massive stroke. She dropped to the floor, her face now as twisted and deformed as the dead cat. Norman howled with insane laughter as the old woman slowly expired, aspirating her own spit.

Since his mother would not be back for a few days Norman had the absolute rule over the house. He used this to advantage. By the time his mother did return, the dead animals were all rotting into the floor and his dead grandma was covered in flies and crepitating, slowly liquefying into a puddle of yellowish goo which resembled tapioca pudding more than anything else. His mother was horrified. He explained that she had gone insane, shot her pets, and then collapsed in her insanity. His mother didn't believe him, but realized there was nothing to do, and they relayed the same story to the police. Norman had stolen all of his grandmothers liquor from the dining area and found it quite good, leaving several empty bottles on the counter. He grinned as he got into his mothers car, knowing the old woman had left her home to him in her will.

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NORMAN GETS A CAT

Norman decided that having one pet was insufficient. After a great deal of pleading his mother finally relented and allowed him to get a cat, as long as he took responsibility for it. She was too busy fucking her new boyfriend to be around much, allowing a much greater amount of freedom for Norman. He thought this was good- she finally got some dick and he got to laugh as he killed small animals with a golf club. He generally impaled the creatures on chopsticks and mounted their decaying corpses like a collection in the basement.

The cat he chose was clearly not all there mentally. A yellow tabby, it was the least intelligent cat in the pound. It was a complete mental mess; and this caused Norman to be immediately interested in adopting it. His mother would have preferred a cat that didn't mainly lick its own ass all day but had basically given up.

Norman found the cat hilarious. It shit all over itself upon coming back to his house, and his mom had to clean up all of the shit. He couldn't help but chuckle at this, immediately liking the beast. It then took a massive piss all over itself, yowling with delight as it rolled around in its own urine, with Norman laughing heartily. It leapt into his arms, and finally he had found one self-aware being he could actually respect. It seemed to have his same bizarre sense of humor. He made a vow that when he went to Hell he would bring the cat and dog along for their service.

The first day proceeded much as planned. Norman managed to smash a mirror and began cutting himself just to alleviate boredom as his dog and cat looked on with rapt attention. A few treats later and he was outside, using them to

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corner small animals so he could bash them in the head. He then fed them to both his dog and cat, laughing as they were devoured by both. They both seemed to enjoy the company.

Down in Hell, Satan was watching Norman with enormous interest and just a bit of jealousy, Norman was so purely evil and insane that he would at least have to be elevated to his court, and was arguably even more nuts than most cult leaders. While he appreciated their acts, he also had to accommodate them for their efforts and part of Hell had been underwhelmed by flesh eating crabs so he believed he would have to compensate. The litany of sins Norman had committed was so innumerable that it spanned three volumes, and he was only a kid.

While taking his golf club to small animals, he decided to train his cat. While the cat was clearly mentally damaged, it was teachable, and quickly learned to do several tricks. He managed to teach it to put up his paw if Norman said "Sieg Heil!" just for humor, then taught it to attack on command, as he had his dog.

Norman now had an army. And this made him enormously happy. He decided to pick off the next door neighbors who had vexed him for years by snitching on him. He devised a cunning plan.

The old bitch next door was basically a moron, and Norman wanted her to die. He waited outside with his unit, and when she came out to get the mail, she was dismayed to find a cat in the mailbox, which launched itself into her arms and dug in immediately. Through her shrieks the only other sound was that of an insane, shit covered cat, which clawed and bit as the dog rocketed up from behind, the cat literally turning around in her arms and shitting in her face.

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The dog then plowed into her from behind as the cat was still pooping on her. The old hag was coated with a layer of explosive cat shit.

It first growled and barked and forced her to turn around, then went right up for the throat, grabbing onto it so tightly that it was literally dangling off of her still alive body like a fucking Christmas ornament. Normans mother attempted to intervene, her crotch still dripping from her latest rendezvous, but she was unsuccessful in this endeavor. The dog literally pulled a chunk of her larynx out and began eating it while she was still standing, watching her own blood-soaked larynx being devoured as an insane and diarrheatic cat clawed at her tits. This was her last miserable view of life as she bled out, collapsed, and bashed her head on the pavement, dying.

Norman was not punished for this. While he took great delight he had not acted in a violent manner, but the animals were taken by the authorities. Since he was a kid he was allowed to see his dog and cat one last time before the government burned them to ashes- his eyes glinted as he said goodbye, telling them he would see them in Hell.

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NORMANS NORMAL SCHOOL DAY

In vain, Norman attempted to convince his mother that he was ill, and unable to go to school. He had done this before, sometimes using black pepper to sneeze and a hot rag to make his head feel warm. While she went out to fornicate he would then spend his time eating junk food and playing video games. This day though was a very special one; his mother finally realized that he had been faking the entire time when she saw him snorting the pepper like a line of cocaine, and told him enough was enough.

Having been shuttled to the school- an old brick building which had been repurposed, formerly a meat processing factory- Norman was already pissed. He hated the jackoff teachers, the moronic peers, and especially the mentally handicapped administrators, but he reserved a very special, abiding hatred for the school psychiatrist, who told him he needed to change his behavior.

His behavior, on this special day, would change, but not as she had liked.

Norman began by pissing all over one of the restrooms, directing the stream onto each toilet one by one, and dumping toilet paper into the bowls, laughing slightly and relieving some of his pent up and deep abiding hate for all of mankind. This was just the overture. Delusionally, he believed that the day should be a multi-part theater performance of sorts and that he was Shakespeare, for his insanity was increasing daily.

In class, shortly later, he had to endure yet another boring math lesson. It wasn't that he wasn't good at math- he was- he just found it tedious, useless, and unnecessary. He had

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rarely interacted with anyone over the age of eighteen who regularly used it except in the most basic manner, and his life goal career-wise was to be a butcher so he could torment and slice apart animals all day. He could easily calculate the amount of dead flesh that he was serving, and wanted to poison it with contamination just to add to human misery and hopefully get to watch people puke up meat fluid all over themselves after deliberately not washing his hands. Failing this his only other career option seemed to be to go to Hell.

His next act was more severe. Norman got frustrated with the boring lecture, turned over his table, and threw his chair at the teacher, gleeful as it hit him square in the head. He vaulted over the teachers' desk, scattering papers, and bashed him again, knocking him out. Turning to the astonished other students he declared that he was now in command and today's lesson was on anarchism instead. Pacing around for a bit he rambled about how society was fucked and everyone dies so you should do whatever you want, and watched as a few other class clowns cheered and laughed. Having formulated a delightful plan, he waited for the bell to ring before his next act.

Starting a trash fire was an easy task, but actually getting to the trash in the cafeteria required some effort- he knew that at this time of day both the dumb people who ran the cafeteria and the school psychiatrist would be nearby. The psychiatrist was, to everyone's knowledge, in a lesbian relationship with the only food worker there who was even remotely attractive. He therefore took a few dead mice he had mangled out of his backpack and tossed them into the food line as their backs were turned. Seeing them, they were distracted and scrambled about worrying about food contamination, and Norman slunk in behind them, holding back his chuckles to not be heard or seen.

Starting the fire was easy since he had brought a lighter

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and a pint of kerosine from the shed out behind his home. It blazed up in the pile of rotting trash, plastic and food scorching and releasing the foulest of smells, then he bolted out of the cafeteria, launching himself like a ninja onto one of the tables and tossing what was left of the kerosine at the first worker who saw the smoke. She stumbled into the fire and screamed in pain as her body was ignited, Norman laughing at her fear as she began to burn, and she knocked against the psychiatrist too, who ended up falling into one of the bins and, now coated with kerosine and unable to get up, also screamed in pain and fear, as a delusional Norman flourished a bow and pulled out more dead mice, pelting them with the dismembered bodies, all rotten and bloody.

Naturally this cacophony drew the attention of others and soon there were a crowd of onlookers, as the psychiatrist and cafeteria lady burned. The flames on their bodies went out leaving not much left of their skin but cinders, and they shit and pissed as they died, to Normans delight.

He then proceeded to mock the crowd, calling them all worthless hive drones, and almost pissed himself laughing at their fear and confusion. He was taken into custody but because he was clearly insane, the court ruled that he be institutionalized at a juvenile center as he was clearly too young and insane to put in prison- also, the judge mused- he was so cripplingly mad that he could be a threat to the other inmates. The judge ordered that Norman be put on medication as his mother wept profusely, but Norman just burst out laughing until the judge waved his hand and told the guards to bring him to the nut ward.

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NORMAN GETS INSTITUTIONALIZED

Norman found himself on a bus, strapped to his seat, waiting to be admitted to the insane asylum. His grieving, long-suffering mother, meanwhile, was sucking dick to try and get him out of the ward.

It was a sparse affair- blank walls and padded rooms, underfunded. Norman thought this was hilarious because there was nothing they could do to punish him as he was possessed by legions of demons. On this day, the demons were currently fighting over what he should do. Should he demure and shorten his sentence so he would be released sooner? Should he kill the guards and wards and escape? Should he just off himself?

He chose stealthy violence.

On his first day Norman managed to set fire to a pile of bed sheets with a lighter he smuggled in in his asshole, then smeared his piss on dishes in the kitchen, laughing because the lady managing the kitchen was too retarded to see him entering the area. All he had to do was crouch down. He delusionally thought of himself as a spy but in reality she was just half blind and completely dumb.

So on day one Norman already had street cred. He decided to use this to his advantage.

Some of the institutionalized were fairly hardcore. While insane, Norman also recognized he could draft an army of other insane people and overrun the entire mental ward. He figured it would not be difficult.

He met with a teenager, slightly older, with red hair and

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the beginnings of a beard. He figured he was 16 or so. He agreed to help Norman, and had a couple of friends and some contraband too. A kitchen knife and a chain, and some shivs made of plastic. Norman was gleeful. He would escape and many would be injured or dead by the end of the next day, they would have to wait until then.

Then, the fateful day came. Norman performed recon, and quickly identified the first guard at the end of the hall, and approached him, to distract, as his friend came up behind and stabbed him in the neck while one of his friends strangled him, preventing him from shouting. In a minute or so he was exsanguinated, bleeding out and dead, and slumped to the floor like fuckmeat. Norman had to hold back his laughter as they had to be stealthy.

The next problem were a couple of wards at the end of the hall. They were talking about television shows and Norman began to be enraged at their perverse obsession with nonsense. He charged, bowling one ward over, simultaneously shoving a shank in the other. She screeched before being held down by his new friends, who throttled her and sliced her apart as Norman punched the other ward in the neck, collapsing her larynx.

At this point chaos ensued. Norman punching the ward as his friends pin the others down, and here come more wards, they're all ready for a pitched battle, Norman threw his shiv like a dart and managed to land it in the eye of one poor man, and his gelatinous blood and eyeball flesh poured out- clearly he was out of the battle.

Another got pounded to death by all of them. In the end there was nothing left but a badly bruised corpse, mottled and purple, blood subcutaneous seeping up to the surface.

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Norman found this hilarious until the cops came. A round dozen- two squads- confronted the inmates. They drew their guns, but none of them cared because they were ready to die anyways.

Norman barreled into an officer, grabbing his gun and peeling away at the other officers. Blood sprayed freely as his friends entered the melee, pounding them as they hesitated. They did not want to get hit with left wing lawsuits, and so did not dare to retaliate, as Norman chewed out their eyeballs and slashed their throats. He chomped on both like a charcuterie. He wrapped a chain around a womans neck and she pissed herself as she died. He found this funny too.

Eventually, after dispatching the wards and cops, Norman and his friends found freedom, running from the front doors to the curb, laughing and giggling about their exploits.

Having been put in the insane asylum, Norman realized he had to hide. His retarded mother would never tell any person about his presence so he made his way home, and now he had a few friends she reluctantly allowed to stay.

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NORMANS MOM TRIES TO BUY A CAR

After Normans mother let her car die because she was too busy fucking her new boyfriend to maintain it, obviously she needed to buy a new car. It had been covered in cum stains anyway, and would have glowed in the dark under a blacklight.

Norman was not happy about having to spend hours waiting in the car lot and decided to raise hell. First, he managed to destroy a vending machine, stuffing paper into the coin slot and laughing as he disabled it. Nobody saw him doing this so he didn't get in trouble, but this quickly bored him and so he thought of other ways to cause chaos.

Convincing his mother to let him cross the street and grab some cash from her to get candy, Norman had a different idea in mind. Instead, he bought a few bags of sugar, planning to pile them into some gas tanks, wrecking the vehicles. He managed to sneak into the lot but was accosted by his mother shortly thereafter, much to his rage.

Now was the time of ultimate depravity and insanity. He opened up the gas valve on an expensive car, having had his sugar confiscated, and pissed in the gas tank as a myopic diversity hire looked on, in boredom. Then he stripped off his clothes altogether and, while roaring with mad laughter, vaulted onto another vehicle, kicking the side mirrors off and pissing all over the place.

When his mother saw what he was doing she attempted to stop him, but he shoved her out of the way and continued, shitting himself on purpose and tossing his shit at car windows and at several employees who rushed to stop him but, confused and taken aback, stopped and fled, as Norman went crazy and

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began whirling his dick in circles, peeing on every surface.

But this was just the beginning of the lunacy.

He rushed to the men's bathroom and promptly destroyed all the toilets as his hapless mother began weeping. He pissed in the waste basket and clogged each toilet one by one by stuffing toilet paper rolls into the drains and flushing them, flooding the bathroom with foulness. He smeared shit swastikas on the walls, then entered the ladies' room and began plastering the walls with used menstrual pads. He even rehydrated one of the bloodiest ones and smeared “fuck” on the bathroom stall with period blood.

Laughing, a mostly naked Norman then exited the bathroom area. The police had been called and tried to subdue him, but he was too fast for them, dodging their attempts while continuing to shit, smearing it on his body and declaring himself “an honorary black man” and demanding they stand down or he would sue them for discrimination. The police were so shocked that they actually stood down, realizing they were dealing with a lunatic, telling the store workers they'd have to use private security, which arrived quite quickly and subdued him. He rolled around in his shit and piss and urinated on their feet, screaming like a 1980s metal singer, utterly possessed and filled with madness.

His mother, meanwhile, had effectively given up and was still attempting to buy a car, as Norman screamed with laughter, covered in excrement, making animal noises outside. Since it was clear that a great deal of damage had been done to the car lot, and Norman was still resisting subjugation, tossing chunks of corn-laden crap at the security guards, while the police looked on, helpless, due to diversity and inclusion training, she made the decision to fuck the car salesman as a form of

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transactional exchange, in order to not have her son go to jail, and to hopefully still obtain a vehicle.

She laid down on his table and ripped her clothes off, smashing her tits into his face as he reached down and fingered her. Normans shrieking insanity was soon drowned out by the sound of her moaning as she got the shit fucked out of her literally, for she had tacos only a few hours before and had a bowel movement on the salesmans' desk. This pleased him since he had a scat fetish and he worshipfully licked her asshole clean, finally fulfilled in his useless life.

After this impromptu transaction, Norman was returned to his mother, clothed, but still smelling of shit- but then, so was she. Slathered in shit, his mother managed to buy a new vehicle, and it was discounted considerably due to her formidable sexual capabilities. When they arrived back at their house, neither of them bothered to shower. Norman had clearly gone completely insane and didn't care, and his mother was much more interested in drinking heavily to forget her miserable existence and her suffering.

On the way home Norman managed to gouge the eyeball out of another kid with a spoon he always kept with him and subsequently ate it still warm. He slept like a baby that night. His mother wasn't too angry because most nights he spent listening to loud music, smearing his shit, or pointing lasers into the neighbors windows.

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NORMANS HALLOWEEN

Norman was still smeared with crap when Halloween arrived. He decided that it would be a good idea to go as a ghost, because the costume required no effort- just a couple of eyeholes and a mouth cut out of a white sheet. All he wanted was candy- he didn't care about haunted hayrides or spooky stories or anything like that.

After the car shop incident Norman was under fairly strict rules but he concocted a cunning plan, managing to slip his mother into a crowd. As there were dozens of other low effort ghosts, it was not hard, and he simply wandered off after a brief sprint. His mother was unable to find him in the crowd of children, so he proceeded to cause chaos once again.

Armed with a pumpkin barrel and his insanity, Norman began plundering, wishing he had dressed as a pirate instead, though that would have made it harder to disappear into the crowd. He shouted “stand and deliver!” at random people and stole candy from other children, while befouling some of it with shit and handing it out to kids smaller and more dumb than he was.

This was fun for about two hours, but as all the ghouls and vampires assembled, Norman grew bored, and decided to pivot to something more fun. Since he didn't need all the candy he had acquired, he sold most of it to a fellow miscreant and bought sugar at the gas station, intent on following through with the plans he had originally at the car lot with his mother. Pouring sugar into gas nozzles was quite enjoyable, and he totaled most of the vehicles parked alongside the road by his home.

This, too, though, eventually bored him. Simple property

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damage was not enough. He wanted violence and blood, and he knew just how to get it without even laying a finger on anyone.

It was not hard to find the local boy nicknamed “Gravedigger”- he spent as much time as he could in the graveyard. His nickname actually came from one infamous incident when he dug out a corpse and used its skull to smoke marijuana. He was a skinny, gothic young lad, obsessed with The Cure, and considered himself to be “bad”- Norman told him some kids just outside the graveyard had stolen his skull bong and bragged about it and Gravedigger was enraged, immediately charging out of the graveyard to confront them, with a gleeful Norman jogging after him, smirking.

Gravedigger wasted no time, hurling profanity at several kids in pumpkin outfits, high out of his gourd, kicking one of them down before charging after the other, hitting him in the head with a leg bone he had obviously robbed from the graveyard. The first kid attempted to get up and flee, but Norman tripped him and Gravedigger kicked him down again, screaming at him about Satan.

Norman found this hilarious and repeatedly assaulted both of the kids, rambling about how he was the devil and that they would pay for their sins. Gravedigger thought this was funny and almost aspirated his own spit laughing as he leaned against a tree. He was slightly older than Norman but it was clear that they were kindred spirits. Norman decided that when he eventually went to Hell he would be Gravediggers psychopomp and they would rule for all eternity with Satan, who was watching with rapt attention, wondering how these mortals could be so messed up.

Gravedigger bashed one kids head in with his bone club and sent him reeling, as Norman stuffed candy in the other kids

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asshole as he screamed in horror. With a sadistic delight, he then wheeled around and began attacking the other child, ripping off the pumpkin costume and slashing him with his pocket knife.

Having had his fun, Norman said goodbye to Gravedigger, who was too high to realize the pumpkin costume kids had not stolen his bong, and was too insane and violent to care anyway. He returned to his mother, as the kids laid in the street, unconscious, and pretended that nothing had happened. Before this, however, he promised Gravedigger that when he made it to Hell, he would make him a great demonic general. The very inebriated Gravedigger thought this was a great idea and gladly accepted.

Normans' mother didn't know what had transpired, figuring he just slipped off to eat more candy than he was normally allowed to, and thought nothing of this. Plus, she was busy letting several neighbors rail her. She even used one mans semen as lube for the next man to fuck her, then got eaten out by her female neighbor, before using the same sperm and her saliva as lube to fuck another man. He seemed to enjoy it, but got AIDS.

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NORMAN VISITS WASHINGTON DC

After the incident at Halloween Normans mother decided it was a good idea to take a bit of a break and go see some museums and exhibits in Washington DC. She figured that Norman would have plenty of things to do and hoped he wouldn't cause much trouble.

She was totally wrong.

On the flight, Norman managed to clog up the toilet in the airplane on purpose, laughing as he did so, inconveniencing various passengers, and on landing, exposed himself to others several times, much to their dismay. His exhausted mother had given up even trying to correct him, having joined a Southern Baptist convention, convinced (correctly) that he was possessed by demons. She effectually looked the other way, expecting him to do things that would generally be considered offensive and insane, and was too busy looking for cock to care.

Norman wandered around with his mother for a while. They visited an art museum, where he actually behaved because it was a Heironomous Bosch exhibit- the thought of stuffing a flute up your ass and farting into it had never occurred to him and he found it fascinating, making sure to remember the idea for the future.

They then went to a zoo. Norman was placated and again did not act out, he was too busy laughing as animals fought or fucked one another- the gorillas in the former case, the orangutans in the latter, which were holding some kind of ape orgy. They mated until they couldn't stand, hooting ape language the entire time, and he laughed until he could barely stand, tossing them some ice cream cones which they eventually

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managed to requisition once they were no longer exhausted from ejaculation. The male orangutan even hooted at him, as if to beckon him into the tribe, but he waved at it and said goodbye.

Things took a turn for the worse when they entered the insectarium. Norman had spent most of his childhood burning ants with a magnifying glass or burning the legs off of crickets. His mother had never really corrected him about this because “at least it's kind of science” as she termed it. He started by ripping the wings off of several moths then started in on the ant enclosure, surreptitiously breaking it, causing ants to pile out like a little army. This was hysterical to him, and then the real fun began.

Being a minor Norman was of course not allowed to purchase alcohol, but his mother could (and did quite frequently to deal with her son)- as she became inebriated he began stealing some of her wine, as she nodded off, then told the woman at the zoo restaurant that his mom had ordered two more glasses, handing her a debit card. She believed this, and Norman drank them both.

Now he was not just insane. He was drunk.

A rampage ensued, as Norman picked the lock on the gorilla enclosure, and then the orangutan enclosure. Nobody saw him doing this, as security was busy with a separate incident involving several amphetamine addicts and a fentanyl dealer on the other side of the park. Norman didn't even realize this, expected to be detained, and didn't care.

But he wasn't detained. The gorillas and orangutans eventually realized they had been liberated and proceeded on a killing spree. One stupid tourist believed it was a good idea to offer one of the gorillas a banana and got her arms ripped off.

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She screamed as the gorilla mutilated her. Norman chuckled as he watched her bleed from her stumps. The orangutans and gorillas eventually began fighting, and at first it seemed advantage gorilla, but the females recalled their silverback and the orangutans won the day. They proceeded to slaughter a dozen people as Norman watched from the restaurant, having returned, laughing at the misery of mankind. The male orangutan at one point managed to get into the insectarium and smashed everything he saw.

Security, at this point, was urgently summoned, but it made no difference. Normans ape army was unstoppable and they didn't dare to involve themselves. Dozens of gorillas and orangutans were now killing everything they saw; legs and arms were ripped off, some people had their eyeballs dangling pendulously out of their sockets, and one child got hurled like a football. To Norman, this was amazingly funny, and as he sat and ate a burger and fries, drunk out of his mind, Satan was looking up from Hell with great appreciation, seeing the chaos.

Eventually the police were dispatched but it was too late. The gorillas and orangutans, having made peace with one another, effectively slaughtered them, with fang and fist, cutting them down, and made their way into DC proper. They were eventually mistaken for particularly intelligent Democrats and one was accidentally elected to congress- which displeased absolutely nobody as being unable to vote is better than voting for trash and nonsense.

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NORMAN DIES AND GOES TO HELL

Normans army of gorillas and orangutans was not entirely without its issues. While he liked apes, the apes were not able to reciprocate the appreciation, and a gorilla managed to maul him, ripping his body in half as he laughed with insanity. His neck was chewed open, blood splattering everywhere as his mother watched from the restaurant, stuffing a sausage inside of her pussy, secretly glad her son was dying.

He died, and went to Hell.

The fiery and rocky abyss was quite welcome to him, and he continued to laugh as he descended into the wrath ring, relishing the glorious sight of sinners beating one another to try and claim some of the dry rocks sticking out of the river Styx, But this did not last long. He had been summoned by Satan himself.

At first the interaction was amiable. Satan congratulated him personally for committing virtually every sin that was possible to commit, and offered him a princehood, but Norman was not interested, and chuckled as he trolled Satan himself, opening up his pants and pissing everywhere. He then ran along stony corridors, knocking other condemned out of the way as he began a gruesome spree; he tossed his shit at others, peed on them, knocked them into the inferno, and generally raised literal Hell.

Satan was astonished that someone could be so messed up and so while he initially thought this amusing, realized that this could become an issue- after all he was supposed to be the final boss of evil, not some random teenager. Norman was confronted.

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A vanguard of demons was required to stop Norman from continuing to out-Satan Satan. He was then told that he was too evil to be in Hell, because he was so good at sinning that he was undermining the Devil's supremacy. He found this so funny that he almost choked. They had no idea what to do though, and could merely contain him.

In the end it was Astaroth that tried to clear the situation up, telling a frustrated Satan that they should employ Norman in his infamous radish patch, and put him to work there, or else make him some kind of ambassador to Earth. Satan pondered the ideas and decided the latter was better, and buried Astaroth in the patch, and he and Norman laughed as he suffered for an entire year, pestered by lungshrimp and giant mosquitoes. Norman never liked radishes, so he spent an entire year watching Astaroth get basted by Satans sperm.

Now, though, it was his time to shine. After an entire year, he was ready to be an ambassador from Hell to Earth. He even received a uniform- it was pure black, save for being lined with silver, and an insignia denoting his new position as the most key sinner in all of Hell. He gladly accepted the role, knowing that he would be able to spread more chaos and evil in the world if he had the backing of legions of demons.

And backing he had. Satan flattened out his cock with a meat tenderizer and explained that Norman would have ten legions at his command, He had responsibilities- he would need to be as insane and evil as possible and bring the good word of the Devil to the world, and deprave himself as much as he could. Of course, Norman found these terms quite agreeable, and agreed to the concept.

After rolling around in Satans' excrement, Norman decided to take a very brief vacation and see the sights in Hell.

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There was a great deal to see. It was like a better version of Earth with less rules and more things to buy. After all, they had imported food from the entire universe, and Norman was flush now that he was an ambassador. He bought all manner of strange fruits and foods from all around the universe at a market that spanned for miles. Some of it was better than the rest- he had a sort of alien sandwich which contained a strange red spread which resembled barbecue sauce, which was good. He also had something resembling a hot dog but shaped into a star, but was bland and not so good. There was a whole section of Hell singularly dedicated to sinners from Earth and he went to an Asian restaurant and got noodles as well. All in all, Hells' newest ambassador was quite happy.

He disemboweled two people outside the Asian restaurant- they were already dead and he had diplomatic immunity so he figured it was probably okay. He was right. Satan roared with pleasure, dangling his pendulous hairy balls over them as he pissed on their souls, then chained them in a glacier for all eternity as Norman laughed for a minute.

He was going back to Earth.

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NORMAN BECOMES IMMORTAL

The ritual was quite simple, Normans body on Earth had to be disinterred by a few loyal subjects and removed from its coffin and prepared in such a manner that it would be physically stable enough to perambulate from place to place. Satan gave him a magic ring, one forged from a solid garnet, etched with arcane language, which would allow him unlimited power.

With the ring carved, and the body prepared, a great summoning circle fifty feet wide was constructed. Since Satan is the ruler of the world, he simply cast forth his great spell, lighting the circle ablaze, and with a massive flash of light, Norman found himself lying on the ground in a little wooded area by the cemetery. He began to breathe again and immediately began using his new powers. After all, he was an agent of pure evil and madness. Satan rubbed his hands together in anticipation, wondering what he would do.

First he learned to levitate and move at great speeds, as a natural, he quickly realized he could generate fireballs and use telekinesis and all the other wonderful powers ever fathomed by mankind. While he really wanted to snap his fingers and cause Earth to crack into little pieces, killing everything before flying off into space and spending thousands of years hibernating in the void, he decided to hold off on that and instead tyrannize the humans he loathed so much until they were beaten into submission.

The school was lit ablaze by a barrage of magical fire, the entire front a wall of flame. When the firefighters came, he threw one of them across the road with a single hand, then commandeered a fire truck just for jollies, smashing it into the police department- after all, he could no longer be injured or

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killed. He flew out the windshield, laughing, and began killing every police officer he saw, using his magic to strangulate them or throw them through walls and windows, making the police headquarters look like it was in Aleppo.

He was jubilant. But his work was not done. He teleported every single resident of his town into the square right next to the police department. Some of the people had been having sex or were asleep. Confused, they looked on as Norman pontificated about how they must now bow before him because he was as powerful as a god. Some bowed. Those that didn't were blasted into pieces, bones, organs, blood, showered those who survived. He laughed as thousands of lives were destroyed at the same time.

But Norman, having subjugated his own town, wanted to do a bit of travel.

So he teleported himself to several cities, eating everything he could lay his hands on, even making videos of the strange cuisine he encountered and uploading them on the internet. He did this simply because he was hungry, not because it was part of a larger plan. He ended up becoming offended by the food available at a restaurant in Kazakhstan and ripped off the skin from its chef, literally wearing it like a suit, still dripping blood, going on to visit his family, laughing as they cowered in total fear by the bedside, seeing the dead relative dangling off the insane Norman, who sliced off a chunk of the dead mans' skin and ate it in front of them, using telekinesis to destroy their belongings with abhorrent disgust for them and for everyone else in the world.

The meal he had in Korea meanwhile was rather good. He promised the restaurant worker he would be rewarded and he did, giving him a pile of intestines which were fairly quickly

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fried and eaten- after all, who doesn't love free intestines? Then he gave him a more substantial gift- a pile of money, and told him “go forth and do depraved things to your fellow man.” The man would become his deputy in the future, and immediately began a sadistic killing spree, butchering a bus driver and all the children on the bus, right outside his restaurant. Norman was pleased.

He decided to assert hegemony over the entire world. He used his power to hijack every television station, radio station, and live streaming service in the world to deliver a message; “do as I say or be killed.” Some began a resistance movement almost immediately- so he teleported them all to the Sahara desert and impaled them, every last one, watching them die. He had always admired Vlad the Impaler, so he set up a small table, summoned his several minions to his side, and they dined among his literal hundreds of thousands of victims, while he forced every broadcast to carry a live feed of them doing so. He broke bread and said “I broke Jesus!” Then dipped it in the blood seeping from a womans' vagina, eating it, while feasting on borscht and wine and so forth- every food at the table was red for a reason.

His insane tyranny continued like this for days before he decided to take a day off. After eating the blood bread he dismissed his minions and decided to simply play with his power, and immediately targeted the local bully, who had insulted him, very unwisely. He ripped the bones out of his body with a sickening sucking sound as they were yanked magically from the flesh, and dangled them before him while he was still alive, nothing but an inert pile of pained flesh as he was sent to Hell. Norman laughed so hard he almost feared he'd have a heart attack from how funny it was.

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NORMANS MOM KILLS HERSELF

Norman had been the tyrant of Earth now for several years, had grown into a man, and was now sporting a piratical beard, impaling or burning people at a whim. His mother had become a pariah in her community, and while he protected her from attack, she had grown despondent as everyone blamed her for spawning what many of them thought was the antichrist. Christ was not there, however, he was busy in Hell, punishing people for their sins as a sick joke. Norman went back to Hell occasionally, and found that Jesus was a huge fan of tea and owned a massive collection of hats. He didn't know why and did not ask, but found this funny anyway.

His mother hit the bottle then rammed the empty remnant into her asshole, crying loudly. The only friends she had in town were the people she was fucking- which were of both genders. Naked, half passed out on the couch, she lamented her existence. Norman was jubilant meanwhile, and was teaching local kids how to impale people properly. He had pretty much destroyed the world, bringing it to its knees and burning much of it to ashes, figuring there was a surplus population.

He reigned over a severe regime, in which he summarily executed most of those who annoyed him, although in a few cases he found the annoyance more amusing and spared a few lives. Other than that, execution was generally the only punishment for any infraction. He had laid down a series of rules for the population of the world, translated into every language. Everyone had to have a copy of his little work in their home, and needed to remember the rules by the age of ten. Retrospective education in this matter was required in every school. He did engage in torture in some cases but that was only for his amusement. He didn't want to get bored.

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He had effectively destroyed the nation of China. What ruined remnant remained was almost unpopulated and still smoldering. He had no particular reason to destroy the Chinese, and merely did it because it had the largest population and he figured that example to the world would generally keep everyone else in line. Certain moralists and right wingers praised this-China after all being a communist nation- so he invited them to a meal and then had his minions slice their throats open before shitting on the table as a warning to moral absolutists.

So he slaughtered the communists, moralists, and various religious groups. He had great fun going from church to mosque to temple to synagogue simply laying waste to the congregants. And he did it in person. He could have waved his hand and simply sent them all lifelessly crumpling to the floor, but he enjoyed the pain he was exacting and wanted to do the deed one by one. It didn't matter what the religion was, he was an equal opportunity racist, sexist, and general anthrophobe.

Norman eventually realized he was not imparting enough misery and chaos on the world and went back to Hell, seeking permission from Satan to resurrect the dead. Satan was confused- after all their souls would then depart from Hell, but Norman explained that their temporal suffering would be considerable because they were all cadavers and skeletons. Satan granted his diplomatic request, and he returned to Earth, raising his hand, firing forth his magic, and every grave and tomb exploded. In unity, the dead cried out in misery as their jaws fell off or they crumpled down, simply skeletons, now self aware but unable to see, hear, or feel. A few recently entombed zombies were spawned, and went insane as their confused, half-dead bodies sloughed off, staggering through the streets, attacking anything that moved. Even dead animals were resurrected, and the confused masses tried in vain to lock themselves in their homes or defend themselves but failed. Soon, the world was

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nothing but a wasteland of zombies.

Norman had reserved protection only for his mother, to watch with glee as she suffered, so that she would eventually be driven to insanity and finally understand his bizarre thought processes. She sank to the floor as the zombies moaned and tried to repent, then downed a bottle of aspirin and washed it down with her vodka supply. It took very little time before her blood was literally sweating from her pores. She convulsed and died.

Since Norman had intended to revive all the dead, he did so with dear mother. While he could use his power to toss her about like a marionette, he made an exception and did not punish her further. Indeed, he gave her a great reward- most of the undead roaming the now burning and often radioactive wastes of the world were completely messed up- indeed some were inert being unable to move, but were self aware anyways, trapped inside a sort of living Hell. Satan was laughing his ass off. But his mother had died more or less intact, other than her ruined, bottle-sodomized asshole, and that year was unanimously voted the most exquisite corpse on Earth.

Eventually Norman grew tired of blasting zombies with fireballs though, and he launched off into the greater galaxy, intent on finding another world to destroy. All of the skeletons and zombies conked out, their spirits going back to Hell, except for his mother, who languished for a million years wandering among the decay and fire, alone, on a dead world, before Norman finally had his first feeling of pity, dropping her to the dead soil as he made his way to an alien world, descending and preparing for malice, insanity, and unending punishment.

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NORMAN IN SPACE

Norman decided that he should hibernate for some time, having largely ruined Earth, and took a bit of a nap- namely for about ten thousand years, while his sleeping body hurtled through space. He didn't need to sleep, he could have just teleported, but he had stopped giving a shit anyways and thus his decision. When he finally woke up he was in a strange place- an alien world surrounded by odd life forms, which he promptly mutilated, laughing as he impaled a few seemingly insectoid creatures and watching them twitch and bleed out some sort of green goo. He had willed himself to crash-land into the nearest planet with intelligent life forms, so he could destroy or subjugate them.

Next he came upon a village- it wasn't actually much unlike a small town on Earth- the structures were fairly similar, but the beings inhabiting them were scaly, potentially of aquatic origin in their evolutionary path. Bipedal and relatively similar to humans except that their mouths were elongated. He could tell they were omnivores, because he saw evidence of them both raising animals and growing photosynthetic life forms- the latter were equally strange and gigantic- this world seemed to have a much warmer, more humid, probably CO2 infused climate than the planet he had destroyed.

He wasted no time, laughing as he tossed the crops around, which had apparently been gathered in piles, ruining them. He managed to pound some of the farm animals in the head with a chink of stone, watching them bleed out, spasm, and die. He was naked, since ten thousand years in space had degraded his clothing into nothingness, and whirled his wang around in front of the space aliens, wondering what they looked like naked.

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It wouldn't take him long to find out. While the aliens had a form of dress- some sort of thin cloth of unknown origin, of various colors- he quickly found out that this was, indeed, a strange culture not similar to the human one.

Norman had deliberately decided not to use his powers to know anything he wanted to know, choosing instead to probe manually, wisely determining that knowing everything would cause him to become bored. He had already tended to affairs on Earth and intended to return, but eternity was forever, and decided with a smile that he would let the remnant of humanity that wasn't dead because of his zombie army rebuild so that he could come back and torment them again. Indeed, a nucleus of humanity had managed to create some city states. Norman made himself aware of this, but was on vacation.

On Earth the zombie army was still lamenting its miserable existence, which also caused Norman to chuckle, but right now he had to fuck up the aliens literally and figuratively. They spoke in a jargon he did not understand and did not care to, so he grabbed one of the dead farm animals, which resembled a gopher, and ripped out its spine, stabbing one of the aliens in the neck. It bled out and went down hissing and making garbled noises. Norman expected the rest of the aliens to attack him, which would have been fun, as he could massacre them all at a whim and have some fun on his "vacation."

But it turned out that the locals considered acts of violence to be commendable. They began to applaud him by opening and closing their mouths and waving their spears around, hailing him as a sort of deity from another world, there to show them the proper method by which to live by. Norman took a piss and slammed his fist into another one of the aliens- they were not particularly large, perhaps five feet tall- and sent it reeling, much to the amusement of the others. He then castrated

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its gonads, which resembled clusters of grapes, before being accosted by several apparent female aliens who seemed to find his actions highly arousing.

In the mist, Norman finally found true love, passionately having an orgy with three alien women, rubbing his cock on them, quickly learning that for some bizarre reason, female members of the species had their reproductive organs on their stomachs. He nicknamed them Mary, Martha, and Mary Magdalene as a joke. Then he slaughtered all three of them, pounding them each in turn with a rock until their heads exploded. He wiped up the brain remnants and beat off with them before going insane, torching some of the local homes, watching as burning aliens staggered into the street, screaming in agony in their lizard language, their scales flaking off, revealing a white, mottled flesh which resembled tunafish.

Having subjugated the entire tribe, Norman decided to use his power to communicate with the aliens, commanding them all to obey him, which they agreed to due to his egregious acts of sheer evil. He then teleported both himself and then back to planet Earth, preparing for some more fun. He liked his new compatriots since they were as insane and depraved as he was, so he decided to spare their planet for now.

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NORMANS RETURN

Norman arrived in a flash with legions and legions of space aliens armed with spears, clubs, and an assortment of other weapons. Though they were slightly primitive, they proved effective in battle against reanimated cadavers.

One managed to latch onto a dead woman and promptly sucked out her eyeballs, chewing the optic nerves loose as the undead lady howled in pain. Norman laughed until he could barely stand as the alien rammed a spike through her skull, literally pinning her to the ground, driving the barbed lance right through her skull into the ground.

Another went insane, at some point, and began killing everything in its path, probably trying to prove itself worthy of mating, and picked up a pair of rocks, bashing zombie and alien alike in the head, then bowled one undead man over and literally tore his chest open, grabbing back his ribs with a sickening leathery sound as they cracked open, and all of the guts gushed forth. Then the alien grabbed the mans intestine, wrapped it around his own neck, and scarfed himself into a coma. Norman had to admire the alien for its apparent suicidal efforts. Norman decided it would be fun to use the ribs as weapons, so he did. He jammed one of the ribs into the side of a young boy who had been reanimated and then threw him across the land, straight into a tree, which ripped him in half. Aliens soon beset the torn body, eating it, but Norman had other ideas.

He then attacked his own alien friends to assert dominance, taking the dead ribs and stuffing them in their assholes, making them moan with masochistic delight. This displeased him so he snapped their necks one by one, as a warning to not avoid suffering.

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The zombie bodies piled up. A few skeletons were bashed apart by rocks and clubs, and their souls finally went back to Hell, where at least they could move around.

Satan was, meanwhile, pleased as a plum- the caverns of Hell were beginning to fill up with hundreds of thousands of sinners, and Norman wasn't even using his magic, but rather had decided to simply punch anything in his path to death or bash their skulls in with rocks. He was literally painted with the blood of zombies and aliens, and laughing with insanity the entire time. He was truly a good ambassador, Satan believed, and would do well.

The aliens going to Hell were a bit on the berserk side and they eventually began to fill up the wrath ring, to attack and beat one another eternally. Unlike the humans re-entering the ring, though, they didn't clamor among one another for dry spots in the swamps of the Stygian waters, they simply attempted to drown one another over and over, and would for eternity. The humans re-entering Hell had other plans and attempted to extract themselves from the marshes but were dragged down and tormented by both the dead aliens and the giant lungshrimp Satan had deployed, which forced their way into their throats, entered their lungs, and would chew at them for eternity.

Norman found the scene before him about as hilarious as Satan did the one before him, gouging and pounding and now occasionally causing someone to burst into flames. But he ran out of zombies to kill and was too tired to bother relocating somewhere else to continue the massacre at the moment, so he decided on a far more fun idea.

Norman decided he needed to have a home of his own. He told the aliens he wanted to make it himself. So he told them to gather up the dead bodies, and then used some good old

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fashioned telekinesis to create his base. The bones were sucked from the dead with a sickening slurping sound, and the skins ripped off, and the hair trimmed. The bones were stacked into a neat longhouse, and stitched together with the hair until they formed a solid structure, then coated in the skins and painted red with the drained blood of the damned. He used his magic to cause the remaining blood to literally rain on his house, just for aesthetic purposes.

Waving his hand, Norman sent the aliens back to their world, confident that their sheer violence would cause an orgy- he smirked- he figured he might join them again soon and partake. Then he sat cross-legged in his house of bones, which was only a singular room about forty feet long and fifteen wide, and sat on the bloody soil, rocking back and forth in madness, slowly working himself up into peals of laughter thinking about evil things and harming people and himself, until the shrieking laughter was so grand it echoed through the halls of Hell itself. He eventually began gnawing at some more bones that weren't part of the structure, like a dog, hardly able to eat because he couldn't stop giggling about all the evil things he wanted to do.

Norman had destroyed the world. Norman had destroyed what little was left of his humanity, care for others, and even his spirit itself. He was now alone in sheerest insanity, and always would be.

And this pleased him.

THE END