


Chapter Ten



Heaven Loses a Hero




Bettina lay, at peace, alone at last, in her mighty Running Tab's sweaty tanned muscular arms. They had survived so much together and finally, they had swung onto this nearly deserted fantasy island filled with papayas. Papayas are good for digestion- its true.

Unexpectedly, Bettina's stomach pain returned with the force of a horrific forthcoming bowel movement. (We got like 3 chapters away from forgetting that one, didn't we?) The kind that makes you walk to work faster. Running Tab knew, he had to get Bettina to the hospital immediately, mostly from the blood oozing from Bettina's eyes.

What was the last chapter even about? You know that walk you just spoke of, I'm about to do it, wish me luck.


The hospital was sterile but sexy, and Running Tab felt horror and dread of a very erotic nature as he led Bettina up to the waiting area. Bettina was vomiting blood all over the desk. "Clean up aisle three" said Rhonda the dull witted angry lesbian nurse squawked as she rubbed the nipple of the dead body under her desk.



Bettina pleaded with the nurse but she had, after all, forgotten her insurance card. Just then a small animal carved its way out of Bettina's bloated belly and, alas, it had the proper insurance. Running Tab fell to his knees with the happiness of a hundred popples at an alf concert.

Running tab dabbed Bettina's sweaty blonde hair dyed with purple streaks and leaned down and kissed her forehead. It felt like the fire of Dredsnar had risen amongst the war macaroons and beheaded them for the ritual feast of Agabolognamemnon. "CURSE THESE MANY FALSE GODS WE WORSHIP!" Screamed running tab violently shaking his fist. "FOR GIVING MY BETTINA WITH A SICKNESS MY MIGHTY TABBY PENIS CAN'T CURE!... Or can it?"


"I mean," thought the Runing Tab, "there was that one time in the Korean War that my cock alone saved a village of women and children from tuberculosis. And that other time at Disney World when I found that dead pigeon in the bushes and by sheer fucking alone that bird came back to live, and by back to life I mean I tossed it into the water at the pirates of the Caribbean ride when no one was looking." Running Tab



coily laughed to himself, "I fucked a dead pigeon." Just then Bettina began Leaking black bile from her nostrils. "This scene reminds me of Moulin Rouge." said the faggot Ewan McGregor.

Running Tab, acknowledging that he had no other choice, and also acknowledging that he had an erection the size of a pile of dead jews at Auschwitz, pulled his syphilitic hole-ridden penis out from his crotch guard. His penis resembled a piece of Swiss cheese that had been pumped full of a green pussy discharge. And nothing made Bettina wetter than the thought of cheese. Although she had no salvia of her own, on account of the impending dying, she opened her mouth and took a overwhelming scoop of Vaseline, only this was an Indian hospital (think cheap) so it was Vysiline, and lubricated her dry, drying mouth. Running Tab's harded cock entered Bettina's willing mouth and slide in and out comfortably due to the unexpected lubrication of vomit.

Bettina's vomit was like a fire hose turned on a nigger parade, the vomit rushed out of her mouth and onto Running Tab's willing, waiting, and erect cock, lodged deep inside Bettina's strepped throat. The vomit splashed coily onto running tab's chest and testicles and dripped




lusciously down to the floor. Small chunks of everything Bettina had eaten clung to Running Tab's tight abs: ground beef, some apple, spinach, a little bit of macaroni and cheese, some sort of orange liquid that could have been bile or tang, some oreo chunks, and of course, puppy flesh.

“Teener neener eee!” Shouted Chimp the doctor that had a porcupine as a Shetland pony. “Tooooodle ooodle lil dum dum! Foresentics is a study of death.”

Piss streamed rainbows of titiliation went over cucus the magic ranger bill goat. But the fair doctor had something he had to say to punky puss the dinasour that never lived. “Brainwashing!” yelled the bag of chips.

"I wonder who is going to win The Apprentice." thought Running Tab as he smacked the nearly unconscious Bettina in the face repeatedly with his, who didn't see this coming, cheap Indian penis.

"The doctor will see you now." Nurse Mona, the lesbian bitch who thinks



she's really funny said while attempting to do an improv. "Now give me a town." that lesbian bitch said. "Now I'm going to need the name of a celebrity... I heard Tom Arnold."

"Fuck you." said Tom Arnold, tired of being the butt of every easy joke as he shoved twelve powdered donuts up his ass.

Out of nowhere, because lack of set up is involved, Bettina died. Anticlimactically. She died. she is dead. It went like this: cough cough, cough, eye shut, eye open, look of serenity. Eye shut, eyes open, look around for her lover. Too bad that dumb fuck went to the vending machine to buy animal crackers. If there was one thing Running Tab loved, it was animal crackers.

Running Tab let loose a mighty yelp towards the gods. His anguish spread across the hospital like AIDS across a small South African town. Why did god take his Bettina from him? What point was there in living? Were these animal crackers expired? Yes. They were. They definitely tasted a little stale, thought Running tab biting the head off of a giraffe.



And the Harlem Boys Choir sang:

Have you ever, ever seen

Such a sad Indian chieeeeef?

Sha do sha do sha do e do e do

He lived a strong life but alas

Sha do

Hes lover

Sha do

Was taken

Sha do

Away

Do ha ah do ah ah

Why how could he when where


Sha

Why?

Do

Have you ever, ever seen

Such a sad indian chieeeeef?



Sha do sha do sha do e do e do

He stares out the window

Doo wap

And looks for buffalo

Wap doo

But sees nothing but his lovers

Doo w

Face

Ap

"We are very sorry." said Doctor Reconquista as he began cutting Bettina's dead body into pieces for easy disposal. "We understand times like this can be griefull" Dr Reconquista mumbled as he sawed through Bettina's arm. The doctor pulled Bettina's limp lifeless arm off tearing the flesh. The meat dripped behind it, and blood gushed out from the wound. The doctor slowly began to saw off Bettina's head, "We do have a counselor here incase you need anyone to speak to."

They have a counselor here

Sco o sca sco o sca



Speak to someone that knows

Sco o sca

How to deal

Sco o sco

With the death

Sco

And violent dismemberment

Saaa saaa saaa

Of the lover you

Soo loo soo looo

Never

Sooooooo

Talked

Loooooo

To

Looooo oooo oooooooooo oooooo ooooooooooooo (high alto boys hits)

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Running Tab grabbed his beautiful maple hair by the handful and began ripping it out, lamenting "I never even got to tell her about the time



my cat got a urinary tract infection! Aaaaahhhh aaaaaahhhh!"

Shoo doop


Shoo doop doooopy doooo

Doctor Reconquista held Bettina's dismembered head high into the air.

Small droplets of blood dripped from her neck hole as the doctor inserted his fist up her trachea.

"I'm your lover. Gimme a kiss." Said the doctor manipulating Bettina's head like a puppet." Ever since he was a child the doctor had secretly always fantasized about being Jim Henson. "Kissy kissy wissy poo. Poodle pie chicken noodle. How about a blowjob?" said the doctor lowering Bettina's dismembered dead bleeding head to Running Tab's crotch moving the mouth up and down.

"Oh god yeah," chanted Running Tab seeing his chance. As the dead head continued to schlob the knob he began, "I knew something was wrong, uh huh, when the cat stopped peeing and started whining, hey dead baby watch those teeth, you know Little Running Tab is sensitive, so I took




Scrupplesy to the vet, you know how much that costs, that's right, don't stop, you could do that forever, and the doctor took her to the back, deeper, deeper, (his arm was getting tired but he knew how much this meant to the Indian, so he forged on moving his arm back and forth pretending it was sexy Kermit dodging from the elusively fat Ms. Piggy) and the cat had some kind of wire put in her, that tickles, and she let out this sound I had never heard before from a cat, oh god I want to fuck you soooooo bad."

Running Tab let loose a stream of thick gluey yellowish cum that covered the doctor's hand. He removed it slowly from Bettina's head and handed it to Running Tab, who anxiously licked all of his man gunk from the doctor's rubber glove like a puppy eating a beef heart popsicle. Then the doctor went back to work, slicing and dismembering Running Tab's love with a very dull saw. He pulled off her legs one by one covering himself in rust colored dripping blood and gore.

"Hey," asked doctor Reconquista. "Do you want to keep the vagina?"


"Yes," frowned Running Tab, "It reminds me of my mother."



The good Dr Reconquista folded Bettina's detached but still moist pussy in some of that brown paper that butchers use and thrust it forcefully into running tab's arms. "Where's the cole slaw?" he cried as the blood splattered from the paper and dripped down Running Tab's chest he gently began to finger the brown paper, in the same way he used to clumsily and half hazardly do while Bettina was still alive to calm her from a coke binge.


"Finally," thought running tab. "I have time to work on my daytime talk show." But Running Tab could not dance like Ellen or eat like those bitches on the view. Remember how that guy wanted to be an English teacher but didn't know what a dangling modifier was? I hope all my imaginary children get him as a teacher. What a dip shit.

Running Tab removed his dangling modifier from his cock-sheath and began to wave it at all of the nurses splattering them with drops of hot, steaming, milky piss as he shook his cock. "MY WIFE IS DEAD! MY WIFE IS DEAD! MY WIFE IS DEAD!" Running Tab screamed in a shrill almond like voice as he began to shit on the floor.



Running Tab threw himself to the ground and began to roll around in his own shit, throwing it into the air, like a puppy having a parade in a field of dead things. Nothing was going to cheer this dirty drunk Indian up. Not lollipops. Not popcorn. Not Donald Trump. Not chocolate pudding. Not spaghetti and meatballs. Not cocaine. Not hookers. Not faggots. Not frogs. Not a lifetime movie. Not a bottle of water. Not a half drunken cup of coffee. Not a business card. Not a napkin. Not a post it note. Not a pen. Not a digital camera. Not a piece of blue paper. Not a cap from a soda bottle. Not a packet of moisturizer. Not even a

Running tab's train of thought was interrupted by a sharp pain in his left side as he was injected with a shot of thorazine, trazadone, and tryptophan. He felt another sharp pain on his right side as he was tazed tenuously by a tazer. His head began to hurt as the doctor began performing an emergency lobotomy. The doctor ripped Running Tab's frontal lobe out and put it on his head.



"Look!" said the doctor, "I have hydrocephalitis!" all of the nurses a laughed and the doctor placed running tab in a wheel chair, and rolled him out of the door and down a mountain slope.

"Hi. I'm Julie, I felt very lonely so I called up my cheer leader girl friends. They should be here any minute now. We live close to one another. I have been doing webcam now for about few days. I am so excited, Its such a new experience for me. I am getting better at it every hour ;). I was thinking of getting my girl friends on my web came to ;D. Its fast and easy, simple to use and the quality is not bad. I also have few pictures of my self posted. Hope to meet few new cyber friends, and who knows where that can take us ;DD I love talking on the phone also..." said fluffy the donkey.

Fluffy the donkey thought it was a woman named Julie who owned a website. And a webcam. And had several cheerleader friends that lived close to one another. That was of course, until that moment when Running Tab's out of control wheelchair sliced fluffy in two. Killing her him it she instantly. As Running Tab careened down the slope he could only think "Gah." he was, after all, brain dead. But he was, thankfully, not fuck dead.



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Chanted running tab and the writers in unison.

Running Tab's wheel chair came to an abrupt halt at the beach as he was tossed from it into the ocean, slowly running tab sank to the bottom drowning. His lungs running out of air, and the pressure on his body crushing him from the outside in, or inside out, I'm not very good with underwater facts. Running Tab, being brain dead, could not swim for air. Suddenly, like we need to wrap this up, Running Tab felt a strong faggot hand grasp him by his stupid ugly Indian hair and pull him toward the surface.

