


Chapter Day Noo Mah



Marrying Walter McKay




So there I was covered in sea salt and sea weed and sea anemones. (This is Running Tab writing in first person) Naked. Somehow I have washed up on the sea shore with sea shells. For some reason this reminds me of Bettina's clit. The sun is shining through the goddamn clouds and it is saying Gado. For some reason there is a strange man standing over me slapping my face with his penis. He has an almost angelic glow and an aroma of baby aspirin.

I can't do this anymore.

Can't do what?

Just. No. Please do we have to go on? It hurts.

Sure, when you're fucking Linda you can go on for twenty goddamn pages, but when it's my fucking turn to come into the story you get all wahh wahh cry. Oh it hurts to write a romance novel boo hoo . Shut the fuck up. It's my fucking birthday.




Why was 50 cent the rapper on the deserted island with Running Tab?
Why was 50 cent the rapper slapping Running Tab with his humongous purple penis? Why did he ever think that wearing carpet was the right thing to do? How many times do pelicans have to dip into water before they realize that god isn't real? Why is sweat the taste of sea salt? Why are buttons silly and Velcro evil?

Suddenly, out of no where, five million robots showed up on the island. "I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW THIS COMING!" screamed Running Tab as he removed a knife from his ass. Slicing through his prosthetic skin running tab revealed his metallic forearm. "I AM ROBOT!" screamed Running Tab as he dove into the fray. Knife brandished. The only hope for humanity.

See how bad this is going?

Fuck you I havent been in this story yet.


Suddenly, out of no where. Like a sensual god Orion, I mean Bob, the ghost of rape appeared. His taut stomach muscles glistened in the sun as



he leaned down toward running tab who for some reason was dead. His dyed blonde hair was like a sunset in autumn, with tender flecks of brown shining through. Bob removed his massive thick bulbous penis and began to run it through running tab's hair. Mumbling something that only our drug dealer would understand. Are you masturbating under that blanket? You really should stop doing that. Its scaring our kitten. Why are there so many stains on the blanket? That's because your drunk ass can't eat right.

"Come my child for I have brought you tidings." said the ghost Bob flexing his pectoral muscles. All of the women, of which there were none nearby, screamed and collectively wet themselves at the sheer sensuality of the situation. "Look and behold," the ultra sexy ghost Bob said as he pointed toward the sea. There, coming across the water, were all of running tab's dead fuck buddies. Bettina, Molly, Chinky chinky chink, Linda, every fucking body, and like twenty or so fucking Running Tabs. Fuck you.

"Anybody need any black t-shirts?" exclaimed the traveling sales women. Pardon me. The beautiful, voluptuous, slim traveling sales woman. Fuck you, Im getting in on this shit if I have to sit through it.



Bob and Tobly, like the ying and the yang of the universe, stood, surveying the bounty of the universe that had been laid before them.

Dozens of potential fuck puppets. The world was their playground, they created it, they could destroy it, they could manipulate it anyway they wanted. Life was beautiful. Suddenly a unicorn came along prancing.

"Why hello mr unicorn. Sure is a lovely day." said Bob.

"You're such a faggot" said Tobly as she ate a rice krispie treat. She cared nothing of the world when the collision of rice krispy, butter, and marshmallows brought a tingle in her panties that no woman could.

Why was Amy Sedaris there? Well it was Bob's birthday and she needs carrot cake for her bunny.


"God I want to fuck you" said Bob to Amy Sedaris as he ripped off all of her clothing "come here you stupid chink" said Bob grabbing Chrissy the retarded chink by the tits. "and you too!" he chortled as he forced running tab's head on his cock. Bob was happy. There was no reason to share this

image that was in his head with anyone. He was content. And the novel could end.

Then Tobly fucked Linda. And everything was right in the world (minus the newly acquired herpes).

The end.





That was a good romance novel.

Thank god.

You sure do love complaining.

It really was starting to hurt

It's over. You never have to worry about it again.

I know. Fuck you.