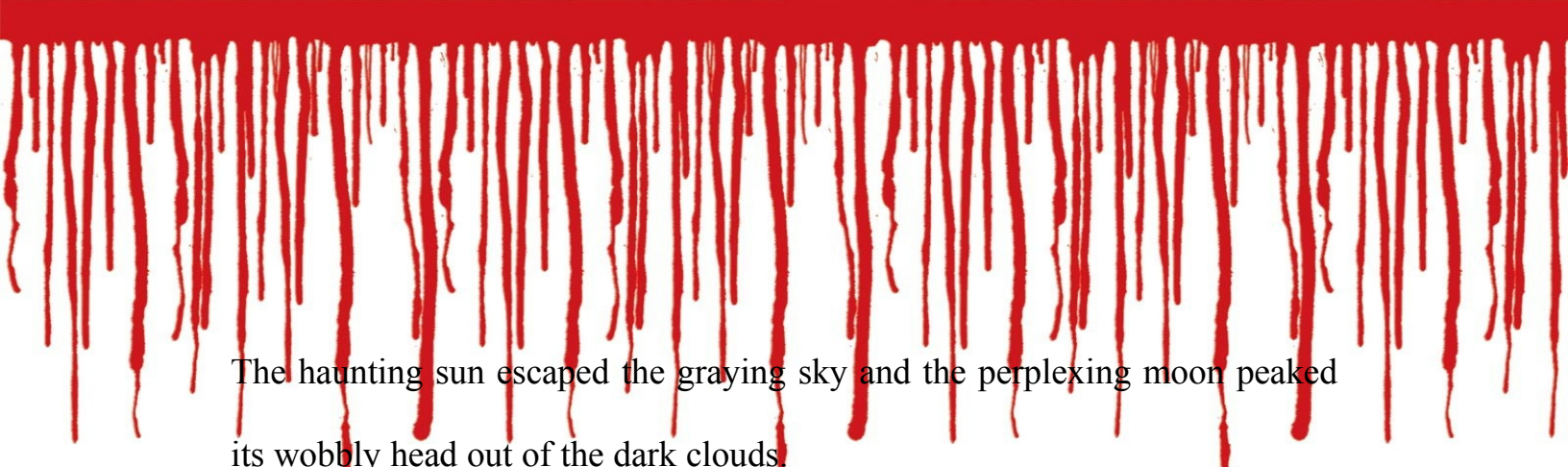


CHAPTER DOUS



Good, the Bad, and the Undead, The



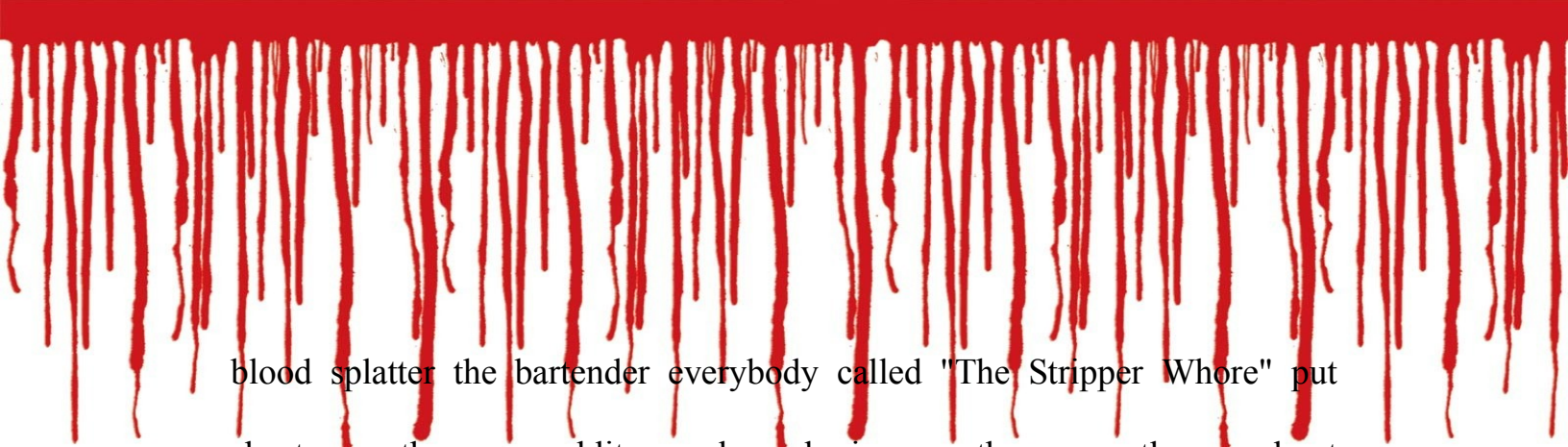
The haunting sun escaped the graying sky and the perplexing moon peaked its wobbly head out of the dark clouds.

"Full moon tonight!" said the mirror at the bar that makes you look fat when you sit down.

The Bobbys were busy looking for clues in the bathroom using large amounts of cocaine as their guide.

The past sixteen hours of detective work and gay ass ramming had been exhausting for the two Bobbys. Bobby's dick was so sore he thought he must have herpes, or maybe it was Chlamydia, or maybe it was that STD that makes you pus out of holes in the side of your dick. Just thinking about holes on the side of his dick filled with pus made bobby horny.

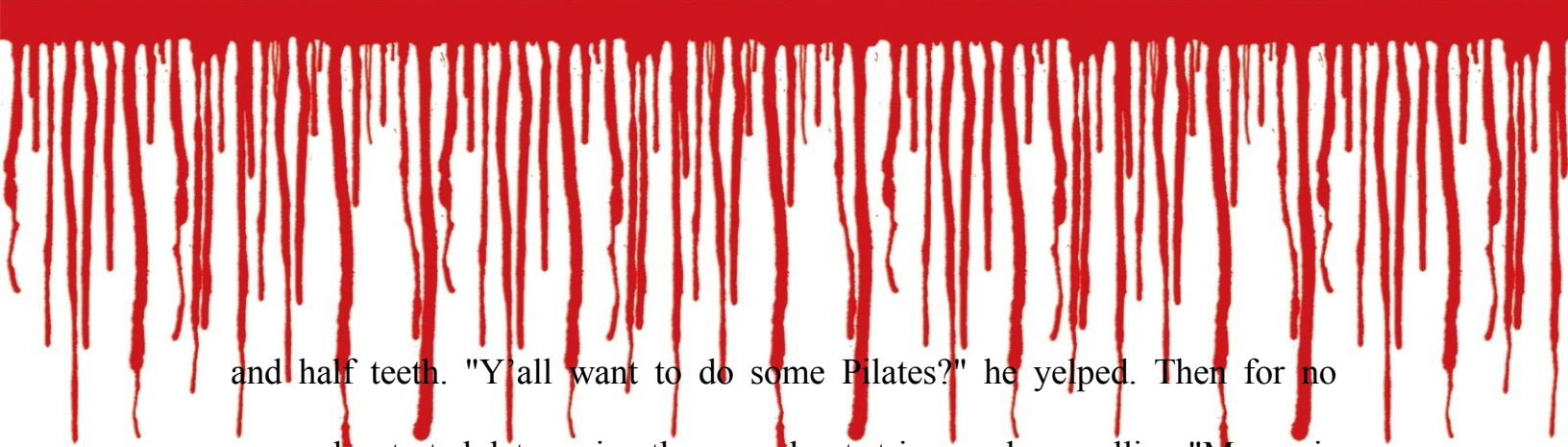
You would think that the protagonist was the bottom, but that, dear readers, was not always the case. The time was 6 PM and the bar was slowly opening for business. Assured that the patrons would be upset by the dead bodies and



blood splatter the bartender everybody called "The Stripper Whore" put sheets over the mess and lit some lavender incense, then promptly passed out because she had not eaten in 16 days.

Bobby and Bobby looked at each other then looked at the passed out stripper whore- then at each other- then at the passed out stripper whore- each other- the past out stripper whore- they looked at each other- then looked at the passed out stripper whore- each other- the passed out stripper whore- then at each other- then at the passed out stripper whore- they looked at each other- then looked at the passed out stripper whore- then at each other- then at the passed out stripper whore- each other- the passed out stripper whore- they looked at each other- then looked at the passed out stripper whore- each other- the passed out stripper whore- then at each other- then at the passed out stripper whore- they looked at each other- then looked at the passed out stripper whore.

Just then a sleazy drugged up old cowboy walked in the room. For some reason he was eating celery. The cowboy was lanky and only had about four



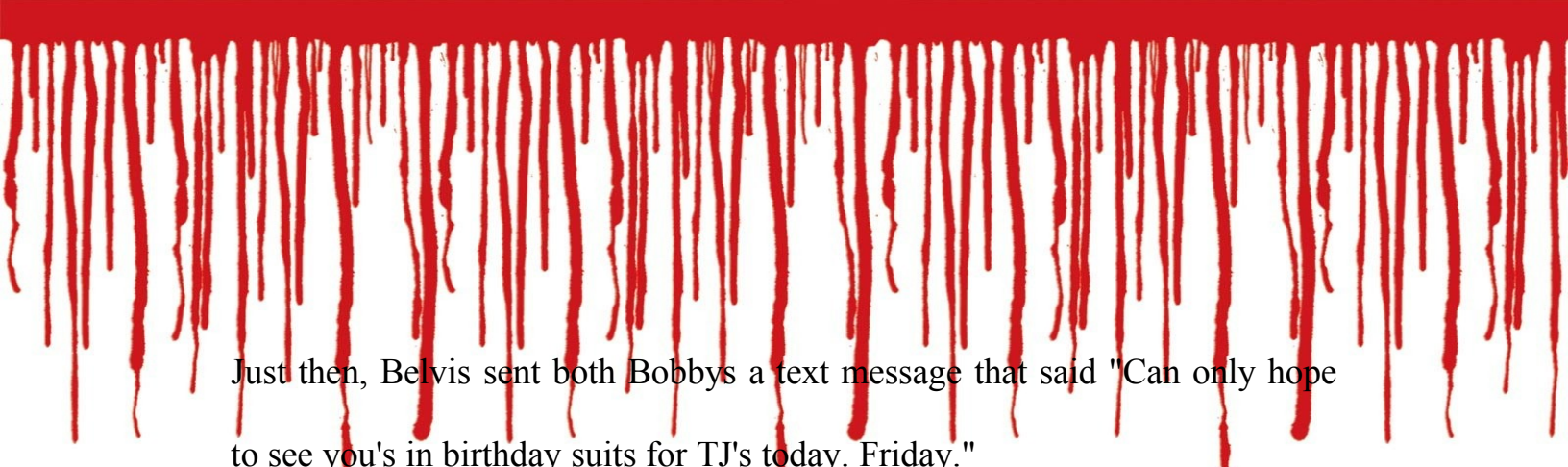
and half teeth. "Y'all want to do some Pilates?" he yelled. Then for no reason he started date raping the passed out stripper whore yelling "My penis is a kick stand."

The Bobbys instantly began masturbating.

"Any body want some mashed potatoes?" screamed the Bobbys in unison squirting their man mustard all over the cowboy's thin, clumped falling out albino hair, whom by now had begun foaming at the mouth from a boobie induced epileptic seizure.

"Didn't that Belvis guy say something about vampires?" said Bobby as he wiped Bobby's ooey goeey juice from his adjective face.

"I haven't had Flintstones chewable vitamins in a long time" said the passed out stripper whore trying to change the subject.



Just then, Belvis sent both Bobbys a text message that said "Can only hope to see you's in birthday suits for TJ's today. Friday."

But who was TJ? and how did Belvis get their phone numbers? Why was the stripper whore sucking off Bobby as she gave Bobby a hand job throwing her hair back in forth in such a motion that made everyone uncomfortable. The cowboy, getting jealous, grabbed the bitch's head and inserted it into his old, warty asshole. The Bobbys had never seen such a wart covered asshole.

If you could picture it, imagine a normal asshole, it's got some sort of purple tissue a small mouth like opening, and sometimes, hair surrounding it. But that cowboy's asshole was a deep shade of red, his ass hairs like tentacles from a sea creature long forgot, the warts oozed out a clear liquid, and they were everywhere. Small bits of toilet paper clung between each wart, and despite the massive amount of toilet paper suck to the cowboy's rectum, a large smear of poop ran down lengthwise. "Fissures and tears a plenty." thought one of the Bobbys.



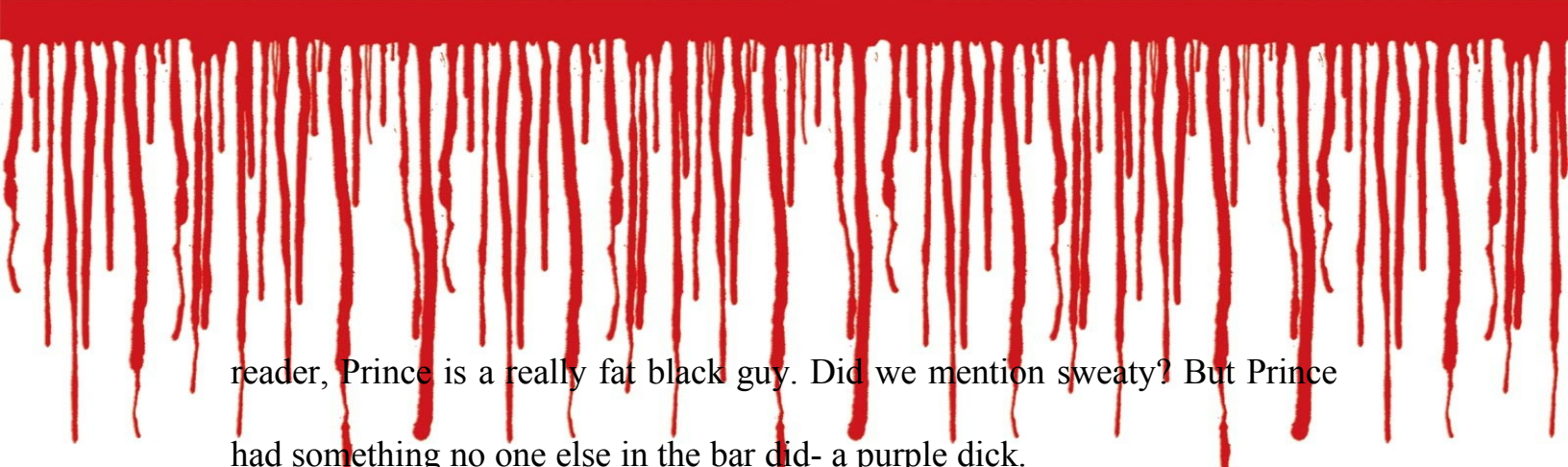
Just then the lights of the bar went out ending the sex scene that no one wanted to continue.

"Ow! My asshole just exploded!" yelled the yellow bellied cowboy.

"Hope this isn't the work of a vampire" signed the sign language lady that was always in the corner of the room. No one knew sign language and it was dark so that it was completely irrelevant.

The two Bobbys looked at each other with cheese and pimento filled awe. This was the second time in two chapters that someone had casually mentioned vampires. Bobby made sure to note this in his Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Pizza Power Trapper Keeper.

Prince, the really fat black guy, ordered some more mashed potatoes. Who is Prince? you might ask yourself whilst slapping yourself with something that resembles a rope to drag certain people behind a truck. Well, silly racist



reader, Prince is a really fat black guy. Did we mention sweaty? But Prince had something no one else in the bar did- a purple dick.

The Bobbys noted that Prince had seemingly appeared out of thin air also they noted that his massive African American ass was not able to contain itself in the bar stool and was spilling over onto the lap of the curly haired lesbian coke whore, who also up until ten seconds ago had not been in the bar.

"Whose throat does a curly haired lesbian coke whore have to stick her tongue in to get some coke around here?" The curly haired lesbian coke whore asked to nobody in particular.

SUDDENLY a black kangaroo bounced in speaking British. "I love me Adidas! You Americans say it wrong. Sloochty Slpoochy Duff! Now, I got all this gear to stick up a coke whore's lesbain jew-sized nose in exchange for really inappropriate tongue fucking!"



"Me! Me!" screeched Prince then sticking his sweaty head into a vat of cole slaw.

The Bobbys were horribly confused and sickened by the events taking place. They could only hope for some kind of vampire raid to break the dull monogamy of this moment. Unfortunately, this was not to be the case, as right at that moment Titties, the hostess with the huge tits, started getting all bitchy as she always did.

"All everyone does in here is coke." she said bitchily rubbing her massive tits on Prince who had drowned in his cole slaw, lost control of his bowels, and was now dead.

"Wait wasn't this a crime scene like five pages ago?" asked one Bobby.

"Yeah, this really seems to be going no where." replied the other Bobby.

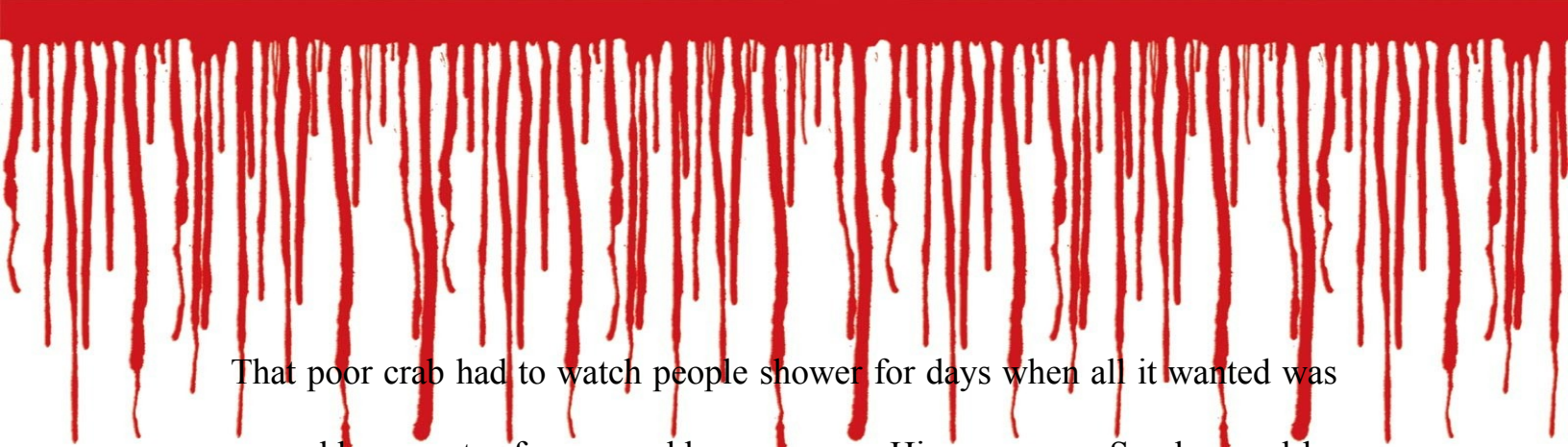


"Boo." said the vampire bartender who finally appeared ending pages and pages of speculation.

"What was that?" Yelped one bobby as the other Bobby combusted into thin air. Maybe the other Bobby was never real, you know? Like those movies where you find out the person was just a figment of their imagination like in fight club but you kind of saw that coming or that I see dead people movie. I mean he was real the kid was just delusional.

Suddenly Bobby was surrounded by hordes of vampires. Bobby looked around, in a panic, like a hermit crab desperately trying to find some water, you see it's owner had forgotten to wet it's sponge so it frantically tried to climb out to sweet relief in the toilet, but unfortunately it's plastic enclosure proved too fortuitous for him to break. So, in one last heartbreaking moment, he crawled out of his shell, and crawled into a corner under some sand and died.

Bobby was fucked.



That poor crab had to watch people shower for days when all it wanted was so goddamn water from a goddamn sponge. His name was Smukey and he lived a really good life then died from no water. Smukey would be like ultra delicious in the crock pot with some meat broth. Maybe a little seasoning, but not too spicy, ok? I don't want to have to shit out Smukey on a bad note.

When Smukey was a baby crab he had been the prettiest crab in all the sea, "Why Smukey," all of the other crabs would say, "Your golden locks are like the sunshine." All of the crabs in Crabland loved Smukey and made him their crab-king. "Come my children and you shall be saved." Smukey said and that was how Smukey became king of the crabs and martyr to millions, savior to hundreds of thousands. **AND YOU FUCKING KILLED HIM BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WET HIS FUCKING SPONGE.**