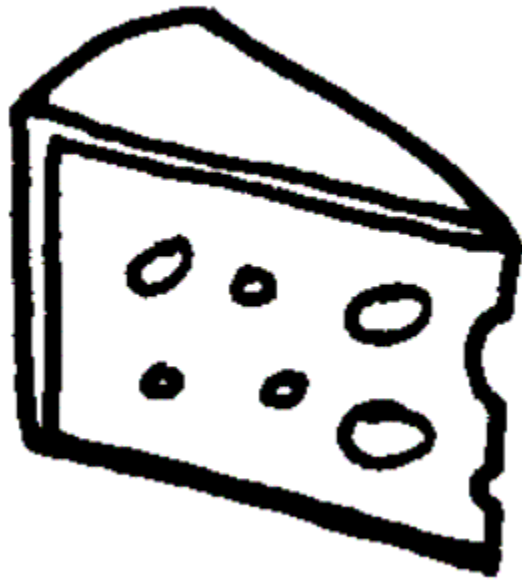
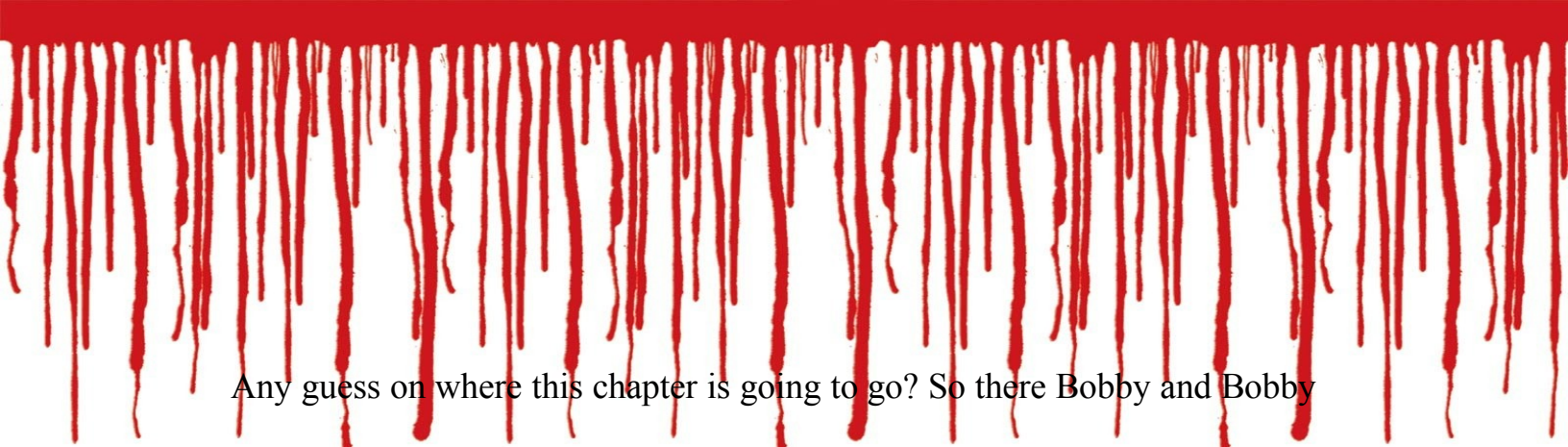


Chapter Five



Vampire Kisses 2:

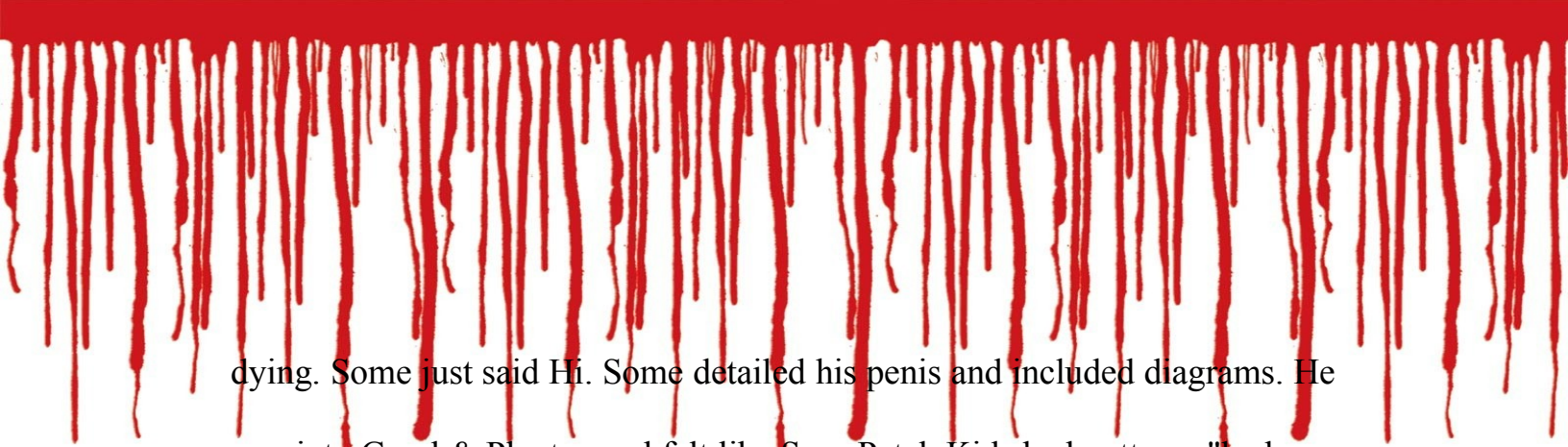
Kissing Coffins



Any guess on where this chapter is going to go? So there Bobby and Bobby were- The sun was setting behind the mountains that don't exist. Planes were blasting through buildings. A little girl was being tied to a chair and abused for eating yogurt. The stupid mayor was trying to raise the stupid cigarette tax by 50 fucking cents.

You see, the thing most people don't know about vampires is that they are really really uncomfortably into pork products. It's not like they can eat them or anything, being vampires and all. They just find a sort of aesthetic quality to sausages or ham or potted meat. Another unknown factoid: all vampires have AIDS. This is something Regan started with one hand in a pickle jar and the other down his pants. That is how Ronald Reagan did most his business.

Little back story on the vampire they all called Bill. He was over three thousand years old, had a son, and loved to write e-mails for no specific reason to everyone in his address book. Some e-mails were of the Christ




dying. Some just said Hi. Some detailed his penis and included diagrams. He was into Good & Plentys and felt like Sour Patch Kids had gotten a "bad wrap".

Incase you've forgotten Chapter 3 Bill also had a penchant for fucking underage neck holes and eating maggots. Are there enough characters in this book yet?

Just then Chiefetta Baroness entered the bar. She was there for a birthday party for the Sleezy drugged up old cowboy from Chapter 2. He was turning fifty thousand years old today and indoctrinating people into what he called the TOO MUCH FUN CLUB. He had t-shirts printed, unfortunately the printer fucked up and sent him Fire Island Fag Fest 2004 collectors edition tank tops. Bobby loved his.

Just then Bobby started break dancing. He didn't know why but he thought the back patio would be a really great place for a wedding for a marriage that would only last 2 weeks. Bobby and Bobby started to get unease at this part



of the night because for the first fucking time in this whole ridiculous story there was going to be a full on vampire orgy.

Bobby and Bobby however were not vampires yet so they were not invited. This made them very sad, so they occupied themselves by playing a game Bobby heard about in some movie called tinkle tankle tangle top. What it involved was inserting a funnel into your anus then filling your rectum with strawberry quick. Then following a little booty shaking dance, deliciousness ensues. Just when the other Bobby was about to get the enema bag just far enough up the other Bobby asshole to enjoy a strawberry chocolate ass shake he realized what Bobby had funneled up his ass was not strawberry quick but deer (or doe) blood!

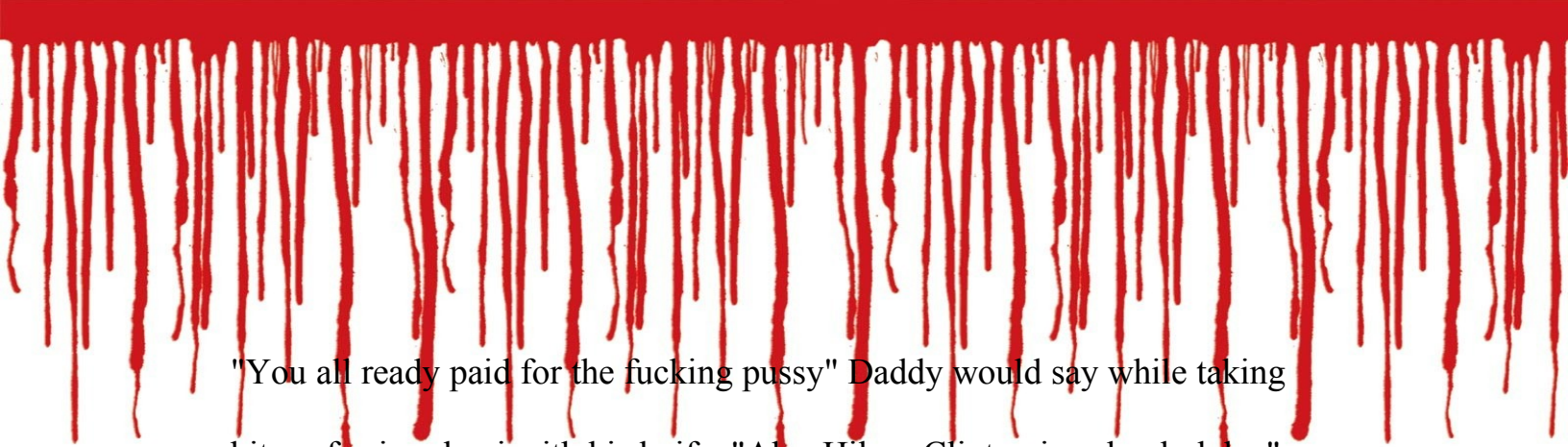
Bobby was all "Ew, yuck! Ew! Ew! Ew! Blood!" and the other \Bobby was like "Oh my god, totally! Who put blood in the nestle quick bottle?" and the other bobby was like "Ew, yuck! Ew! Ew! Ew! Blood" and the other Bobby was like "Ok, Bobby, it's gross but get over it!? It's my asshole that now has



Bambi blood in it!" and the other bobby was like "God Bubby sometimes you are so selfish!"

"Fuck you my name is BOBBY!" Bobby screamed and then they started the limp wristed slap fight to end all limp wristed slap fights. Slap slap ow that hurts. Slappy slap slap Bobby that's not nice. Slap slap slap tears began to form. Slap slap slap slap. Suddenly bobby began to feel something... unholy... growing inside of him.

Just then, a gang of nuns entered the bar. They came bearing loaves of bread and Nutella. Nuns were always so thoughtful. Like how they like let God rape them at night. They were after all married to him, so technically they couldn't be raped. At least that's what our daddy said. He would say it quite often and at very loud volumes after hiding in the bathroom doing coke so he didnt have to share any with his "children".



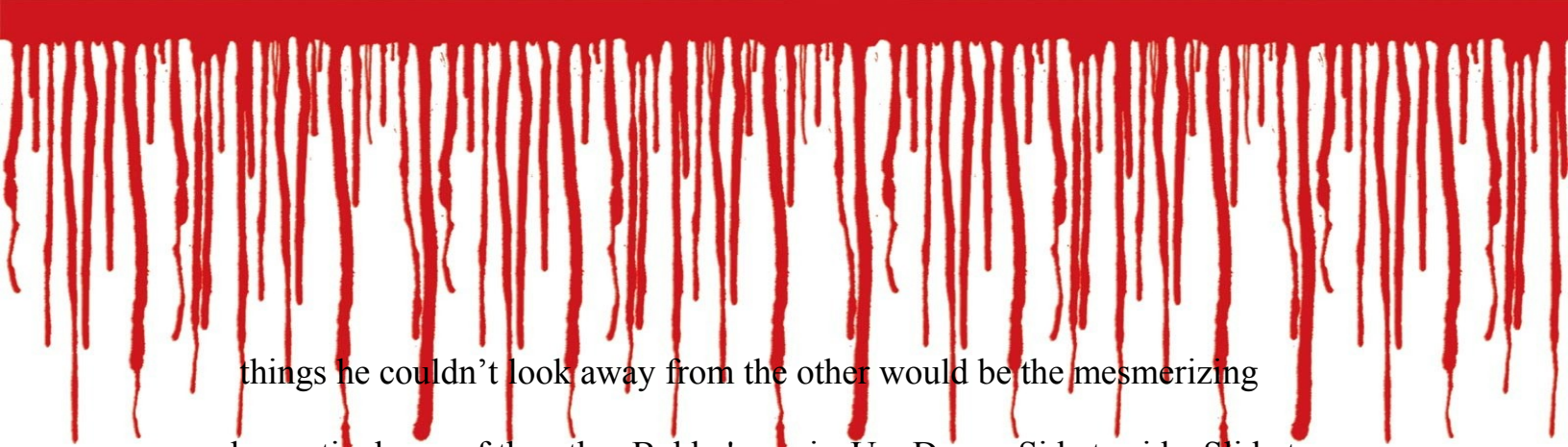
"You all ready paid for the fucking pussy" Daddy would say while taking bites of spic salami with his knife. "Also Hilary Clinton is a dumb dyke."

Then he would usually spank our kitties for like 10 minutes calling them "Ddumb whores." He doesn't give our cats coke anymore, either :(

So back to the gang of nuns, the lead nun was named Sister Mary Francis BigBoobs. She had hideous wart mole things all over her face, and for reasons Bobby was ashamed to know, her vagina area.

"Bobby!" yelled Sister Mary Francis BigBoobs "I haven't seen you since the spanking and spiting convention in Atlanta years ago!" Bobby was ashamed that he had not invited the other Bobby to the spanking and spitting convention in Atlanta. He tried to distract Bobby with his penis so he wouldn't notice.

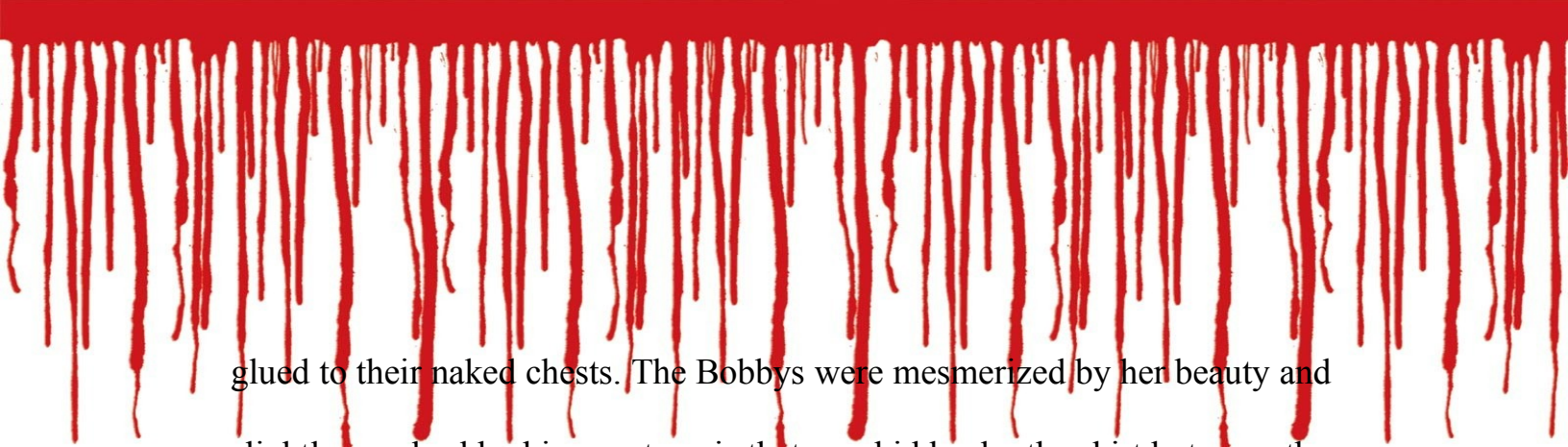
Bobby was mesmerized. If there was one thing that Bobby couldn't look away from it was boiling water. He loved the way the bubbles lapped and splashed and burgled and spurgled and splotted. But if there were two



things he couldn't look away from the other would be the mesmerizing hypnotic dance of the other Bobby's penis. Up. Down. Side to side. Slide to the left. Now slide to the right. Charlie brown. One hop this time. Two hops this time. Now freeze. Everybody clap your hands.

The Nuns were utterly fascinated as well. You see, they were all very sick of just having saggy nun pussy lips to look at during group shower time. Group shower time at the nunnery was a magical event that lasted roughly 6 hours of the day. Those nuns were so clean that you could eat off them. In fact, every week when they went to visit the orphan home they permitted those little rascals to eat lunch off their nun bodies. You should have seen the spread on those nuns: pasta salad, deli meats, guacamole and chips, Swedish meatballs, crock pots of all sizes filled with soups stews and bisques, chocolate chip cookies, potato snackers, deviled eggs, devil dogs, deviled ham, devils food cake. Fucking nuns and their irony.

ALL THE SUDDEN! A very beautiful girl and a semi deformed man-boy ran into the bar wearing only cheap skirts from H&M and red potpourri

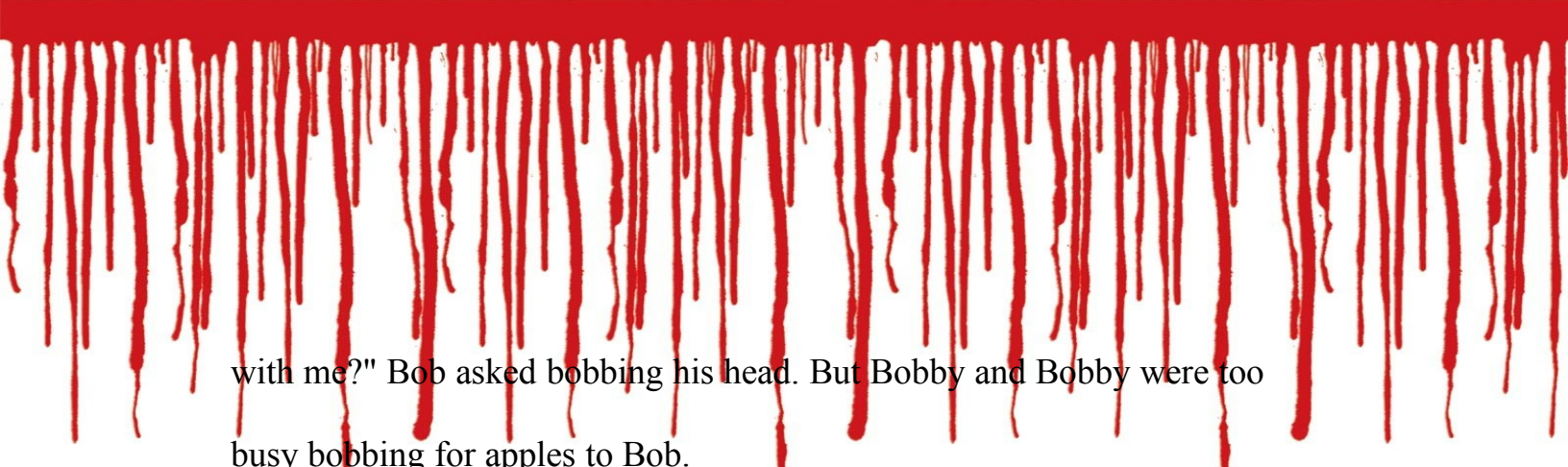


glued to their naked chests. The Bobbys were mesmerized by her beauty and slightly repulsed by his uncut penis that was hidden by the skirt but none the less unsettling. FUCK YOU.

"What did one penis say to the other penis?" Bobby asked the fagacious member of the two whose ass hairs looked like the tuft on an angel's golden wings.

But the beautiful child of god whose name was Bob didn't have time to answer, soon he was engaged in the most erotically sensual sword fight in history. "Is this a wart?" Tobly said to distract Bob to the fact that she was just in the bathroom making out with like five beautiful Norwegian blondes that quickly died because they felt their life was now complete seeing how they had just received the "Tobly Treatment". Then Bob broke out in a full body rash (that he deserved).

"Bobby" said bob, "You and Bobby are also both Bobs, so we can discuss this Bobbily, not to be confused with Bobly the god of rape. Are you Bobbys




with me?" Bob asked bobbing his head. But Bobby and Bobby were too busy bobbing for apples to Bob.

So there they were, oh shit, what is even happening anymore? Ah yes. There was a Halloween carnival in the vampire bar with no visible vampires and also a crime scene with no crime.

"This novel is really going places" said the bearded lady to the fat neck rash vampire.

Neck rash preferred gossip magazines to cocaine in the bathroom and this made her doomed to a life of drinking cherry limeonde and asking God what made her so ugly.

But there was a very simple answer to that. You see, God only had six toes. This was due to an unfortunate incident involving a suit made out of bologna and a bottle cap. But that's another story. This one is about vampires.



Suddenly the bar was filled with vampires.

BUT NOT JUST VAMPIRES. Really, really trendy vampires that wore beads and for some reason dream catchers. This annoyed everyone except the Keebler Elves that lived in the blender.

The vampires got into a circle around Bobby and Bobby and began slowly coming towards the Bobbys. Luckily the Bobbys were involved in a heated game of connect four. Bobby was the red chips and Bobby was the black chips.

"Three in a row!" creamed Bobby sticking a sharp object down his pee pee hole. "You're totally fucked now."

"Oh no, I'm not!" said Bobby who for some reason was now a poodle. "See I totally blocked you."

The encircling vampires grew closer and closer like a woman slowly

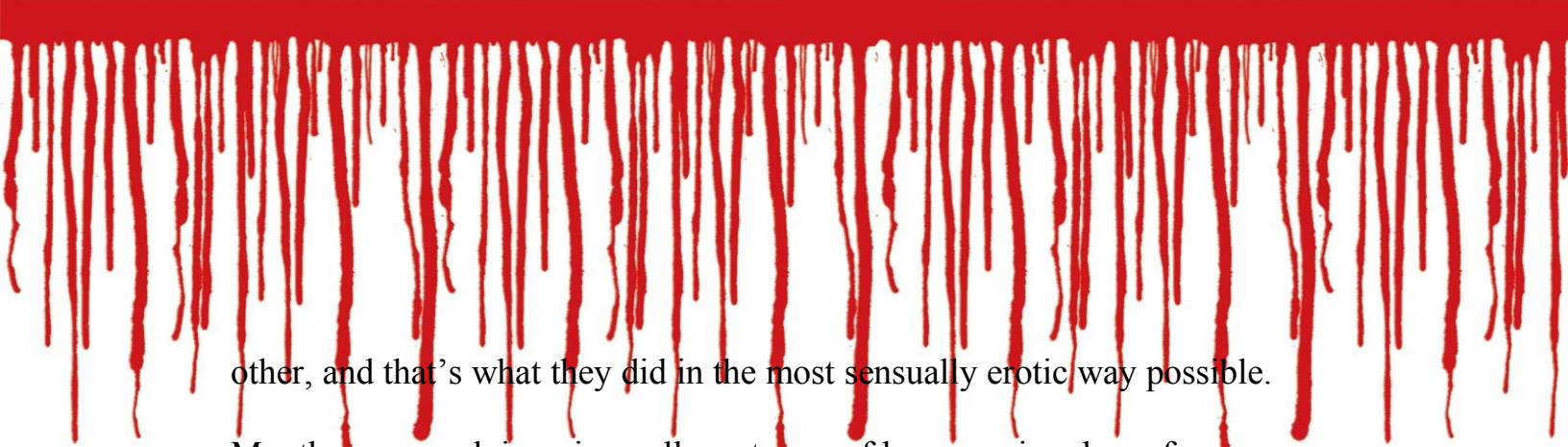


squeezing every last breath of life and freedom out of you until you end up just a shell of your former self.

"Would you like some candy?" said Brer Brian. Just then all of the vampires turned on him, decapitating him, ripping out his entrails, stabbing him repeatedly, and of course kicking him in the balls. Which is super confusing seeing how he has no balls to kick but instead just little pomegranate seeds that black people are too stupid to know how to eat.

Bobby looked up after creaming Bobby with a black chip Connect Four block move, only seen before in the final round of the Connect Four tournament 1987, to see the vampires ensuing. Is ensuing a word? Just then, he threw a boomerang that no one knew he had that beheaded Soce The Elemental Wizard and turned the CD player on. The song? It was the chicken dance.

As you know, no one can resist the hypnotic melody that is the chicken dance. Everyone felt in that moment that they must begin urinating on each

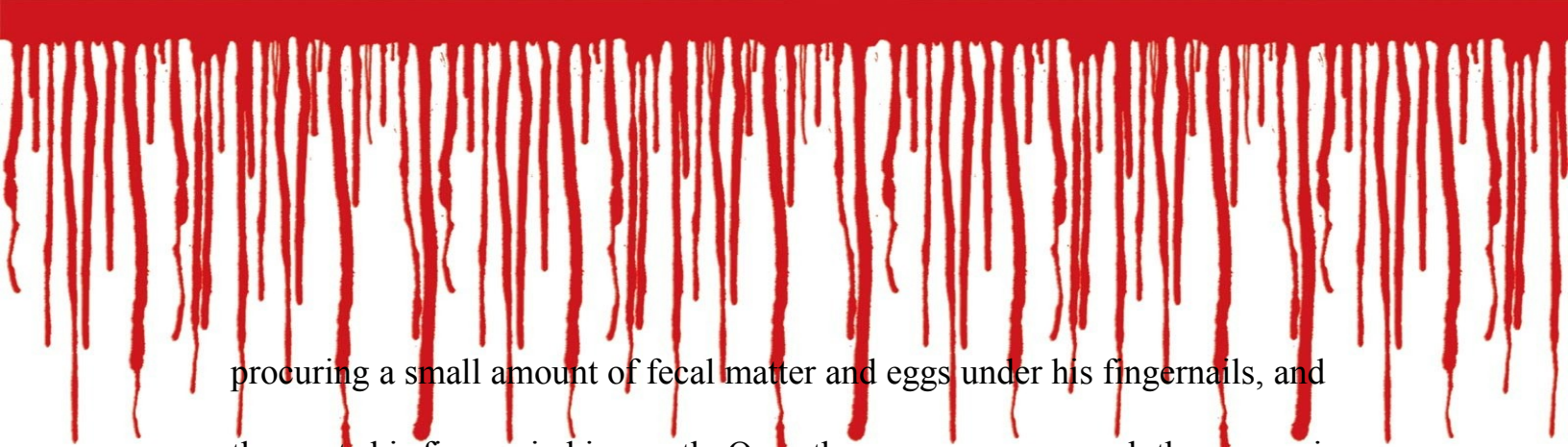


other, and that's what they did in the most sensually erotic way possible.

Mouths open, gulping piss, yellow steams of love running down faces, dripping hair wet with piss, eyes stinging from the beauty and the stench.

Except of course for Piggly the Vampire, who wanted nothing to do with the piss fest. He found most things grotesque like drinking from water fountains and most people named Sam. Piggly went into the study/book lending room of the bar. It was right by the mudroom. This bar was like super fancy and accommodating. There he found the smartest vampire of them all, Belvis the Bampire

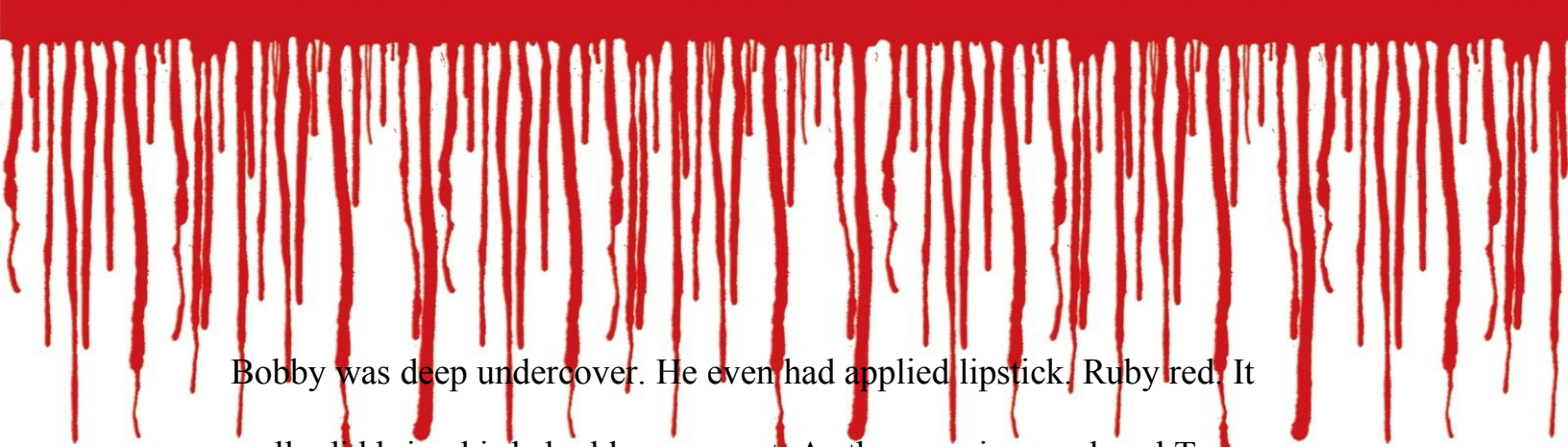
Belvis, as you may recall, was mildly retarded, so saying he was the smartest of the vampires was like saying you don't have anal worms. Because just about everyone has anal worms. There are some parasites, such as pinworms, who depend on people eating their own poop to keep the population up. Pinworms are small nematodes that live in the colon. The females emerge from the anus at night to lay their eggs. Their activity makes the anal area itch. The person scratches the itch (often doing so in his sleep),



procuring a small amount of fecal matter and eggs under his fingernails, and then puts his fingers in his mouth. Once the eggs are consumed, the person is infected with a new generation of pinworms. oh man, that makes so much sense. now i think we solved the mystery of why the cat was licking your ass that night.

Bobby had no idea why his ass itched so much but he guessed it was the dirty shower curtain that he was wearing as a fashionable skirt with this super cute pink tube top. You see, Bobby was doing some undercover work tonight. Somehow Bobby would get to the bottom mystery of what had happened to the vampires that surrounded them just a few short paragraphs ago. Wait no. There they were. Bobby had just lost sight of them from getting a mixture of hot sauce, semen, and neck rash flakes in his eye.

Yep, they were totally still surrounded by vampires. Yep, they were both named Bobby. Yep, this book fucking sucks.



Bobby was deep undercover. He even had applied lipstick. Ruby red. It really did bring his baby blue eyes out. As the vampires enclosed Tranny Bobby salsa danced into the vampires hearts and then he sauntered. My god did he saunter. He was going to get Bobby and himself out of this trouble even if he has to leave without his asshole.

Bobby was wondering why no one was commenting on his nail polish, holding desperately to the fact that he is dressed like a woman. No one had so much as marveled at the high heels he made with tampons and duck tape. He was not even going to mention the fact that Bobby failed to notice that he had shaved his legs. Just for him. He thought it would be a good idea to call soon and get his STD test results back.