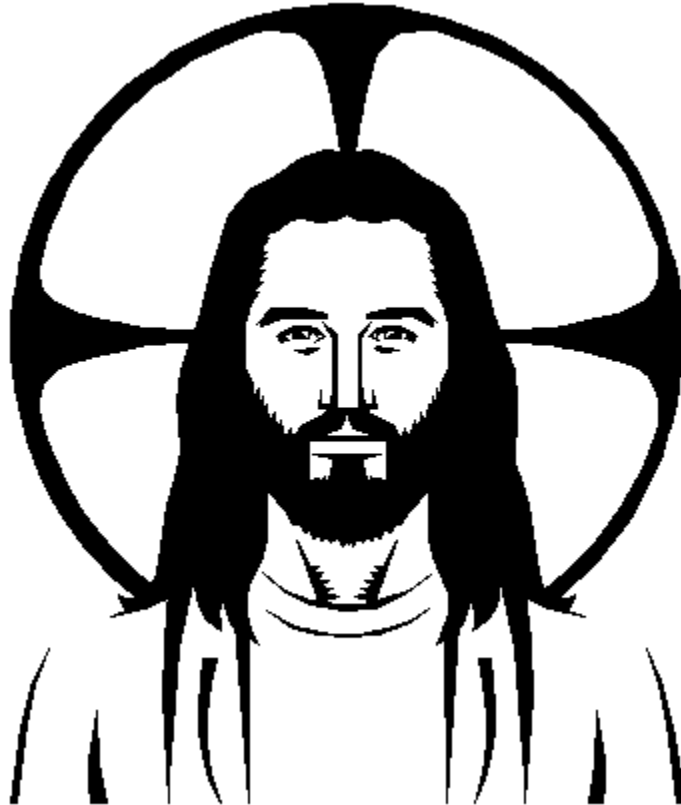
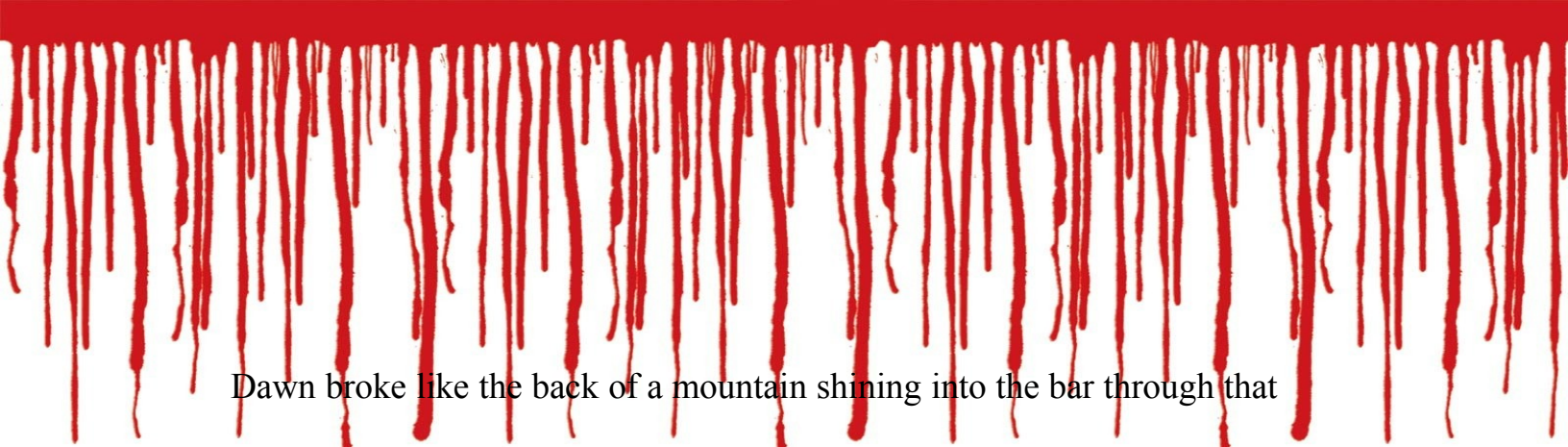


Chapter 666



Of Elves and Vampires: Trinity's Mark



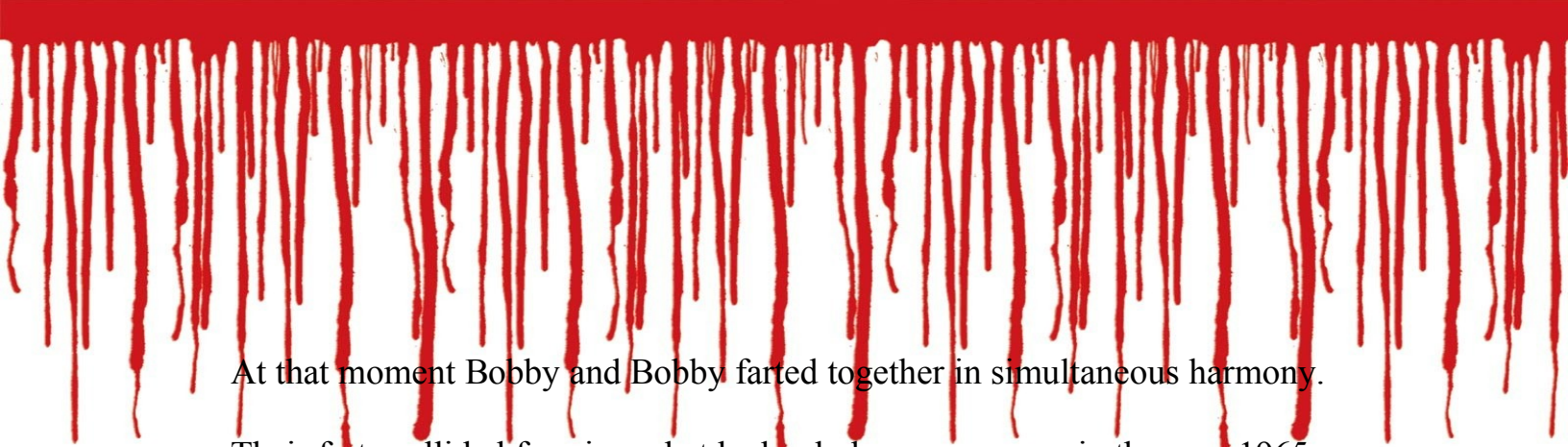
Dawn broke like the back of a mountain shining into the bar through that weird curtain thing that we're glad they moved. Bobby awoke his arm around Bobby, their bodies entangled.

"Looks like we fell asleep." said Bobby farting and pulling the covers over his nose so he could inhale the full bodied aroma. "Damn, my farts smell like meatballs."

The other Bobby eagerly put his head under the covers in hope for aromatic whiffs of day old meatballs when he smelled what seemed to be a salty mushroom chamber.

"Oops" Bobby thought aloud "Must have had a wet dream last night."

"Again?" Sighed the other Bobby licking slowly up the Bobby's thigh.



At that moment Bobby and Bobby farted together in simultaneous harmony. Their farts collided forming what had only been seen once in the year 1965 when Nixon and JFK simultaneously farted causing JFK's brains to fall out of his head and Nixon to do that whole Watergate thing.

This was a magical fart- The fart to end all farts- The fart of true love- and it smelled like feet and tomato juice. Which smelled surprising like Clamato juice, which in fact, is not a delicious drink but hella fun to say. Especially out loud at inappropriate times like: "your father is dad, Clamato!" or "You have ovarian cancer, Clamato?" or even "Please make the bleeding stop, Ryan Clamato White."

Just then Ryan White walked into the bar. He was a glorious sore covered vision. Lesions covered his face and torso and genitals. His lips look like they had been in the cheapest apartment with the cheapest heater. That's how you could totally tell he had AIDS.

"Wait isn't Ryan White dead?" lamented one Bobby to the other.



"Yes, it would seem there are some strange goings on..." mournfully reproached Bobby.

"...and what have yous." interrupted bobby.

"DONT FUCKING INTERRUPT ME!" said Bobby, contemplating fucking Ryan White. If he wore a condom he stood only an 80 percent chance of getting aids, and them were some good odds.

"Clamato" belped Ryan White which was, of course, a burping yelp.

"Perfect." thought Bobby "This is the perfect way to perfectly find out is this was a vampire bar, perfect!"

Bobby quickly mapped out his plan. He would put a pretty polka dotted dress on Ryan White and really make him look good, like Tom Hanks in Philadelphia good. Not at the end, more at the beginning when he was just a bit flushed and had just teeny sores.



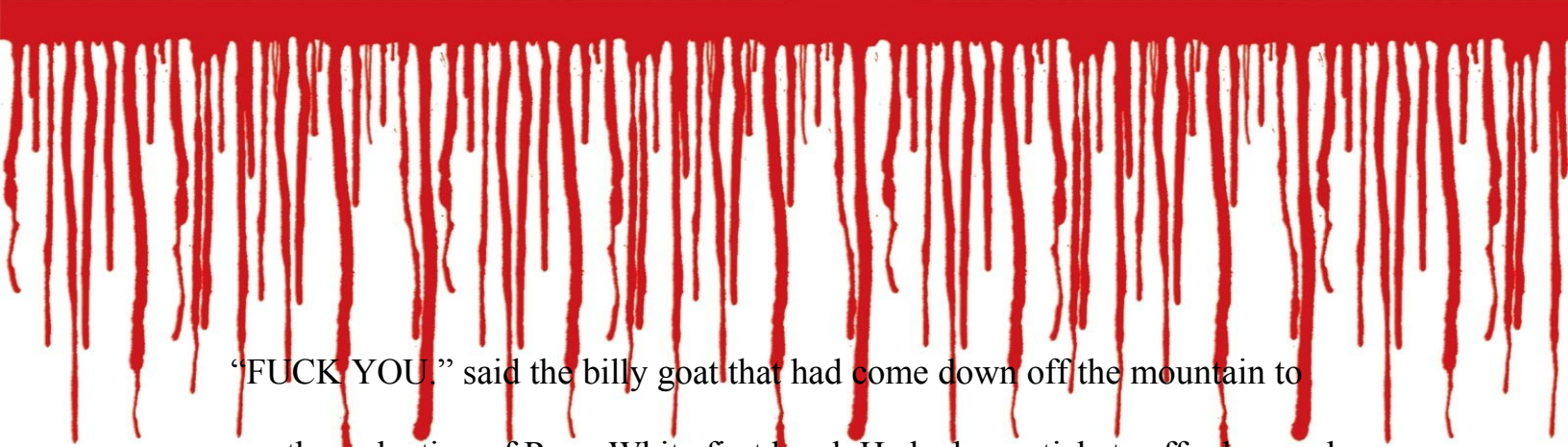
“Teeny sores are cute.” thought Bobby whilst licking Ryan White.

The Vampires would smell Ryan's new blood, just as Micheal Jackson once did, and swoop in on him. Then Bobby would wait. He would wait like a patience Buddhist for his tea to seep for about 10 years for the vampires to slowly die off like Magic Johnson never will. Then he would have vindication and still not have come closer to solving the crime we keep forgetting to write about.

"Hold still" said Bobby, slowly undressing Ryan White. Bobby stared in awe at Ryan's naked pasty body, his massive cocks covered in sores.

"Fuck it." thought Bobby as he licked up ryan white's sore covered shaft."
You only live once.

“Tangy” he thought "Who knew AIDS tasted like a sour starburst?" but it was true. AIDS tastes like sour starburst, Gonorrhoea tastes like baker's chocolate, and Chlamydia tastes like you.

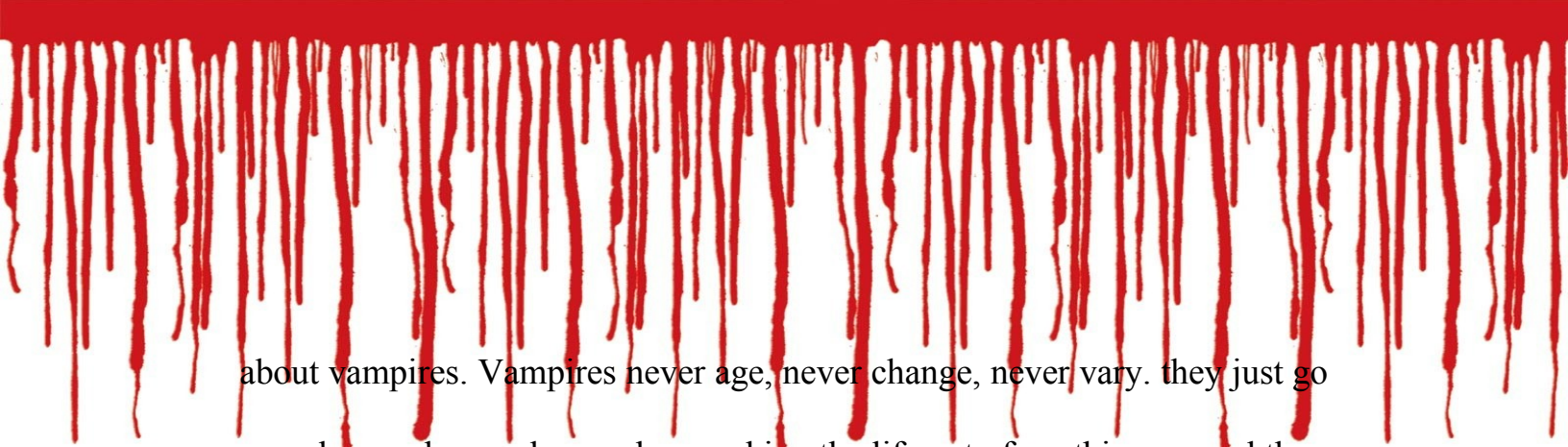


“FUCK YOU!” said the billy goat that had come down off the mountain to see the seduction of Ryan White first hand. He had won tickets off e-bay and was like hella excited to have the chance to see like 20 people get infected with AIDS at once. The only other time the curious billy goat had seen such a sight was at a Two Live Crew concert in 98.

“Rumble rumble rumble.” said the rumbling floor as it rumbled.

Just then the floor broke apart, shatters of wood puncturing everything in sight. Ryan White flew backwards across the bar and was held to a wall covered in fifty thousand three hundred and twenty two splinters. Ryan tried furiously to escape but seeing how as his t-cells were low, he was really weak. Also didn't he have that disease where his blood didnt clot right? So, his body was gushing aids filled blood like a fountain. Several shadowy figures began to float out of the floor.

“FONDUE!” exclaimed one of the shadowy figures that was obviously a vampire. Excuse us, a gay vampire. God we are so fucking sick of writing



about vampires. Vampires never age, never change, never vary. they just go on and on and on and on and on sucking the life out of anything around them that has any life left. Their hunger is insatiable and hardly worth the cheap chicken wings and even cheaper vodka. The End. End of the stupid fucking story...

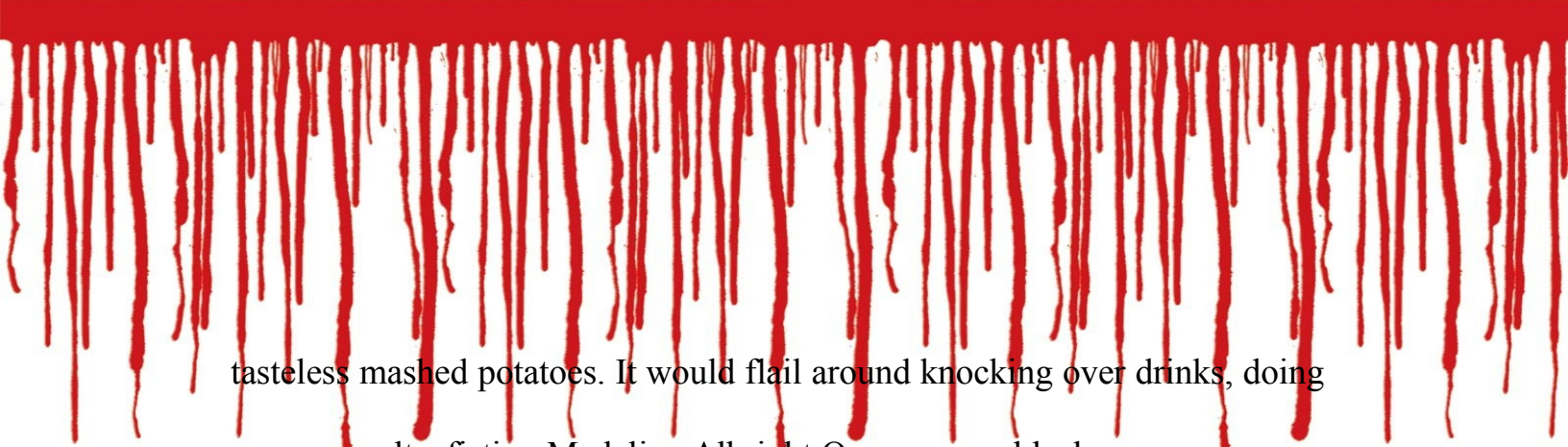
First we need to talk about the nachos.

"One order of nachos please" ordered bobby. Bobby stared despondently at his nachos. There was something definitely missing in them, an absence. maybe it was meat. Maybe it was guacamole. These nachos had to be the least satisfying nachos Bobby had ever had.

"Should have gotten the mashed potatoes." Prince the black vampire said.

"They're only an extra dollar".

Apparently Prince the black vampire was still alive. Well, technically only one of Prince's fat arms was still alive. But that arm sho did love it some



tasteless mashed potatoes. It would flail around knocking over drinks, doing summersaults, fisting Madeline Albright. Once you go black arm, you never go back. See why this should end?

"Welcome to eternity" guffawed the black bike messenger vampire who shows up on occasion as he nestled his teeth against Bobby's neck.

"Fuck this is totally a vampire bar!" said Bobby.

"Why dint we pick up on this before!?!?" inquired the other bobby who was busy having the blood drained from him

"I don't know!" Bobbied Bobby "We were probably too busy blowing each other and tickling aids patients to notice!"

Just then Bobby and Bobby started tickling dead Ryan White's corpse and he was super ticklish on account of all his open sores. This caused them to

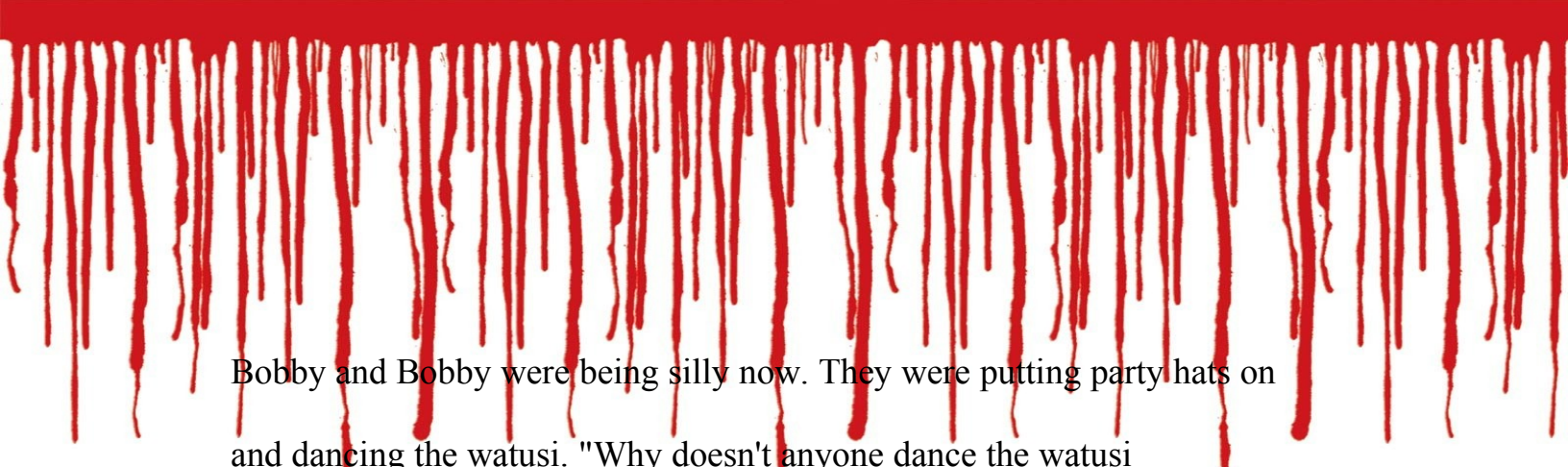


totally forget that it was a vampire bar furthering this novel at least 17 more pages.

“Whats that? You dont like mustard? Well you’re going to eat it you little pansy boy.”

Bobby was having a LSD flashback causing him to relive a moment when he was bullied by a Puerto Rican. This caused bobby to fall the floor spiting out rice and beans. The other Bobby, seeing his friend in need, leaned over him with sympathetic eyes and gently held bobby's tongue so he wouldn't swallow it, again.

Scategories the puppy dog loved pancakes. Mmmm mm mmmm. Boy oh boy he loved them! Extra syrup? Chocolate chip? Blueberry?!? It didn't matter! Everyday Scategories would steal the pancakes from his master Robin Broidididie's plate. Robin Broididididie loved pancakes too, so he had Scategories put down. His children never forgave him.



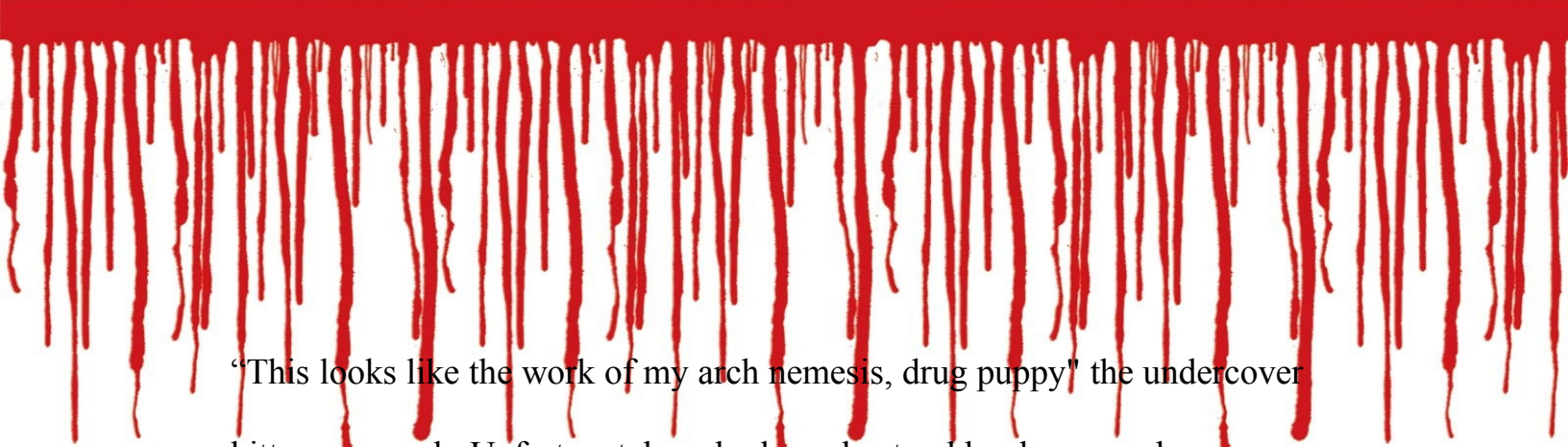
Bobby and Bobby were being silly now. They were putting party hats on and dancing the watusi. "Why doesn't anyone dance the watusi anymore?" chewed bobby,

"I didn't even know it was a real dance." Semicoloned the other Bobby.

"Of course it is" replied Bobby, "You're doing it right now."

Then in an unxecpeted fit of rage Bobby killed Bobby. Bobby promptly cut, slowly and methodically, Bobby up into small pieces and was about to leave to go hide them around town. But before he left he called the undercover kitty to cover the rest of the crime that we keep forgetting that we have never explained.

Undercover kitty got her cute little fingerprinting duster out. Kitten size, of course, and with her precious kit cat paw she dusted the bar for any fingerprints. It. Was. Adorable.

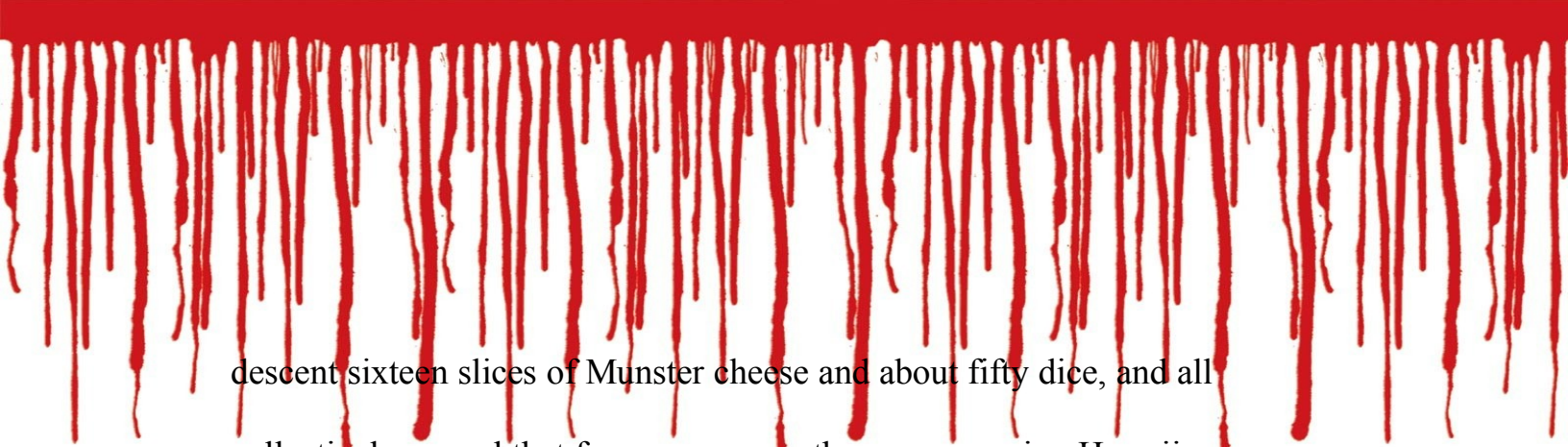


“This looks like the work of my arch nemesis, drug puppy” the undercover kitten meowed. Unfortunately nobody understood her because she was a kitten, and they just thought she wanted food, or water, or to be spanked on the ass really really hard.

“They like this!” everyone screamed collectively spanking the undercover kitten.

Undercover kitten was pissed. But undercover was going to keep her composure so long as a rubber band didn't present itself. Then all bets were off. Then just when the cute couldn't get any more cuter undercover kitten found a saucer of warm milk and began gently lapping up the milk and blinking and doing that cute thing cats do. You know what we are talking about.

The vampires that we have ignored through most of this chapter, suddenly stopped playing their game of Pang Pom Paddy Pingo. Which if you have never played involves several small paraplegic children of Lebanese



descent sixteen slices of Munster cheese and about fifty dice, and all collectively agreed that for some reason they were craving Hawaiian Punch.

Wow. A cheese reference. Who saw that coming? You see, gentile readers, one of the writers of this great American novel has a cheese fetish. He thinks cheese is not only delicious but funny to talk about in every goddamn things we write. Cheese this and cheese that. I mean, seriously, just because you have chronic erectile dysfunction doesn't mean that cheese is funny. Ps. You're gay, get over it. The other writer is a stupid fucking bitch.

Vampires vampires everywhere

Even vampires on the stairs

That vampire is combing his hair

Vampires don't like to wear underwear

Vampires often sit in chairs

Sometimes vampires names are Blair

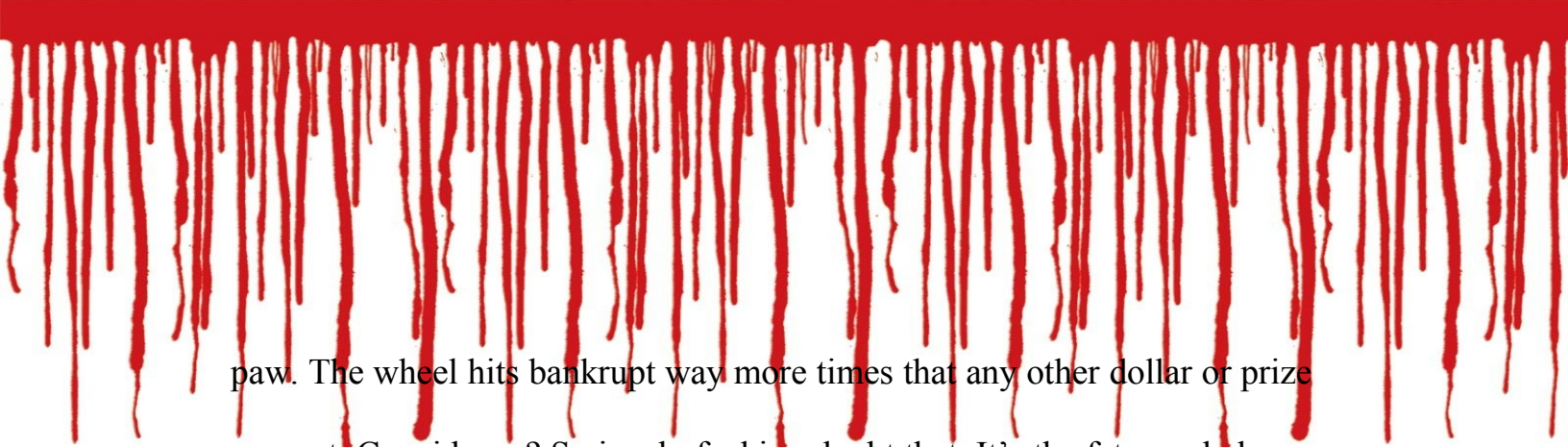


Vampires vampires everywhere

BUT WERE THE VAMPIRES EATING CHEESE????????? Precious
cheese. Blissful cheese. Like the most softest cheese. Bet if you fucked brie
it would feel not unlike a mans tight asshole. See what happened there? I
used a double negative meaning brie cheese would, in fact, feel like a man's
asshole that one of these writers is too much of a chicken shit to ever
fuck.

Vampires vapires take a look
That one there is reading a book
So that one day he can learn to cook
Vampires vampires dook dook dook
Dook dook dook vampire dook dook dook

Now what rhymes with cheese? Oh yeah! Faggot. Faggot rhymes with
cheese. Synonyms really. Never onomatopoeia. Hey Vannah I said I wanted
to buy a vowel you stupid cunt. Now go touch the screens with your pretty



paw. The wheel hits bankrupt way more times than any other dollar or prize amount. Coincidence? Seriously fucking doubt that. It's the fat man below the wheel deciding the outcome. It's up to the contestant to pick the right letters. Never go with "N" always go with "H" and if you're fucking retarded try "X".