

# Chapter One



Dodger's Very  
*Bad*  
Day

His name was Dodger, though he didn't like baseball. He went to school, but didn't care much for learning. He had a family, a girlfriend, and three best friends, but yet again, he didn't really enjoy spending time around other people.

Dodger had a secret; it wasn't hard to hide but it consumed his life. When he woke in the morning, he sat up and thought only of one thing. After turning in at night he would shut his eyes and only see one thing- his secret. Did he have it, or did it have him?

Dodger tried to keep his secret like a secret keeper keeps secrets, which is very well. Despite hiding it deep within his brain, past his vast knowledge of fractions, past the names of the seven castaways whose tiny boat was lost, past the dates of his favorite holidays he could not forget it.

Dodger wanted to hide his secret so well that he would forget it completely and continue on not caring for anything in his life just like someone who didn't have a secret. Dodger successfully did forget his secret everyday for fifteen minutes- those precious moments in the early morning when he brushed his beautiful hair.

We will now forget about his deep, dark secret till a later time. Possibly Chapter 4, entitled: Dodger's Secret: What is it? And How Does It Involve Instant Mashed Potatoes?

Dodger laid down his hair brush in his brilliantly blue Caboodle but not before one thousand perfect strokes through his perfect hair, picking out all of the dead hairs that lay

tangled in the teeth of his beloved brush, and then using the brush as a microphone to sing "More Than a Feeling."

The time was seven forty five. Any moment now his Mother would be calling him down to breakfast before the school bus would carry him away to school.

"Dodger its 7:45 come down to breakfast before the school bus carries you away to school." his mother called.

Bounding, tumbling, stumbling, and ultimately falling down the stairs Dodger hurried into the kitchen, threw himself onto a stool near the breakfast nook and looked displeased at his breakfast.

"What's wrong *hun*?" asked Dodger's mother inquisitively.

"It's just... I don't like this breakfast nook."

"Oh, I thought it was the breakfast." Replied his relieved mother.

"I don't like the breakfast either." Dodger stated while absentmindedly sticking his hand repeatedly into his oatmeal.

Dodger was unmistakably on his period. Frustrated, exhausted, and also inebriated Dodger's Mom Fanny May grabbed for the lukewarm oatmeal and threw it in the garage. Sometimes, like Dodger, Fanny May's temper got the best of her.

The bowl and fork and oatmeal went careening into the trash bucket. Dodger and Fanny May had a curious relationship. Curious in the way it had a lot of history behind it. A troubled past. A past that caused dark days and also, light days, and sometimes heavy flow days; much like a period cycle. It was at times as lukewarm as the oatmeal that lay in the garage lightly screaming as it dripped to the bottom of the trash bag.

"Doesn't my hair look exceptionally beautiful today, mum?" Dodger asked as Fanny May took a swig from a jar she kept under the sink.

"Dodger, you know what I think about you growing your hair out long like that! People in town will think you are some kind of homosexual woman!"

Dodger saw his chance to correct his lovable, slurring mother. "Oh no Mah Muh, lesbians usually keep short hair, mostly bowl cut or in some kind of mullet. Kind of like your hair."

"I never liked you..." Fanny May spat and quickly continued, "To miss the bus! Run along dear!"

Dodger grabbed his favorite baseball hat, even though he didn't really like hats, and ran out the door, even though he didn't really like doors. Fanny may looked after her beloved son, briefly wished he was dead, and quietly returned to her mason jar.

As Dodger rounded the corner toward the bus stop suddenly he noticed that the pavement seemed to be moving upwards. In fact, he was now vertical floating in the air as the pavement rapidly ascended toward his face. It took Dodger a few seconds to realize he had not, mentally reorganized the molecular structure of the universe, but had been tripped and was about to break his nose.

“Crap.” Dodger thought out loud as he did just that in his shorts. As blood dripped onto the pavement he could feel that even his nipples got chaffed from his skid across the sidewalk. He knew he shouldn't have worn his magenta colored, nipple exposing tube top today, but it was blue and he loved blue, and it showed his nipples and he loved his nipples.

He could hear just above him the person who had been connected to the leg that was thrust in his way causing his bloody nose and chaffed nipples and crapped pants. It was Molly Mango. Molly Mango was Dodger's arch nemesis. He absolutely, positively, completely hated Molly Mango.

Today was not Dodger's day. Matter fact this would unmistakably be the worst day of his life. Foreshadowing is fun!

On the list of worst days in Dodger's short life there are a limited amount of entries- about six. The fourth worst day of his life with the time his puppy Mr Blam Splang A'Dopolonga Dop got run over by a truck load of nuns. The second worst day of his life was the day he dropped his peanut butter sandwich on the ground and it got really dirty. The fifth worst day of his life was when he developed spinal meningitis. The third worst day of his life was his treatment for spinal meningitis at Sisters of Mercy Hospital where his nurses were the nuns who ran over Mr Blam Splang A'Dopolonga Dop. And the sixth worst day of his life was his juvenile court trial for burning down Sisters of Mercy Hospital with all of the nuns still trapped inside. The thought of that peanut butter sandwich hitting the dirty ground still gave him shivers up his meningitis mangled spine.

But this day, would top them all.

Dodger picked himself up from the cement, blood uncontrollably dripping from his nose landing on his white button satin shirt with fluffy doilies. Dodger did not like many things, but he desperately loved those fluffy doilies. Oh, how they danced in the light! Now, thanks to that heartless Molly Mango, he would not be able to wear this shirt ever again.

Anger boiled deep within Dodger, in the deepest part of his deepest nether region unleashing a rage that he had not felt before. It gave him an embarrassing erection that caused him to use one hand to hold his nose and the other hand to feverishly masturbate.

“Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!” He murmured as Molly Mango laughed so hard she spit up a weird orange substance that reminded Dodger of baby food. Dodger only felt more turned on.

Dodger readied himself to give Molly Mango a karate kick that would undoubtedly leave her blinded for life. Just as he pulled his hand back (the one not in his pants) the bus pulled up, and splashed leftover muddy rain water onto Dodger's white satin doily covered shirt completely missing Molly. Dodge let out a shriek that was loud and girl like that all the children on the bus collectively busted out laughing at Dodger's femininity. No, today would not be a good day at all. Totally no foreshadowing going on what so ever.

"ALL ABOARD!" shouted the Blacko bus driver who for some strange reason shouted everything. "HEY THERE! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE HAVING A ROUGH DAY!  
IN ..DE ... BAH!"

Molly Mango shoved Dodger out of the way and bounded up the bus stairs like a fat chick leaving her weight watchers meeting to be first to the Chinese buffet next door in the strip mall. Kung Pao chicken, crab rangoon, egg drop soup, fried wontons slathered in sweet and sour sauce, and the precious sundae bar with ice cream dripping seductively out of the nozzle forming a puddle of sweet tan deliciousness only slightly tainted by the dead flies swimming amongst it- everything a growing girl needed to fill the emptiness inside of her.

"I HAVE CORN-ROWS!" shouted Blacko.

"Not all bus drivers are black! You guys are being racist!" screamed the irate black man who only appeared to be soft spoken and shy and illiterate while scratching lottery tickets on the corner waiting for his parole officer, "They can also be purple!!"

Every boy and girl knew that Blacko the Bus Driver and the black man on the corner were completely unhinged from reality. The children all knew that all bus drivers were black. Silly Blacko. That is what made the trip to and fro school so fun.

"Hop on up, Cathy!" said Blacko enthusiastically. Dodger quietly accepted that he would only be known as Cathy to the crazed bus driver. "Why you bleeding, Cathy? Did you go and get a vagina put on your face? You did didn't you! If I knew how to read I would have been an actor, a famous actor, named Blacko the Acto, but at least I aint not got no vagina on my head ace bleeding on to my pretty blouse. Say Kathy, what's a blouse?"

Dodger boarded the bus and slumped down in his seat. Staring at the back of Blacko's balding head driving the bus always reminded Dodger of a game he used to play with Mr Magreedee who ran the general store. The game Mr. Magreedee called "Guess the Popsicle". Dodger was not very good at that game. He could never guess the Popsicle. Soon they were at school and all of the needless exposition could end. The sky was dark. The air was moist. Dodger still had an erection.