

# ChapTEr ELEVen



Meeting

**MAURY**

Dodger lay in the hospital hooked up to his breathing apparatus dreaming of the day he could finally meet Maury Povitch. His mother lurked above him like a retarded 30 year cousin who fell off the roof while looking for Santa Claus. She was clearly drunk. It was 8:30 in the morning.

"Can we pull the plug yet?" Dodger's mother asked Doctor Repeat of Grey's Anatomy.

"I would advise against that," Dr Repeat of Grey's Anatomy said in his most doctory voice "Seeing as how he is fully conscious and only suffered minor surface wounds. It would be a little unethical."

"Bah." said Dodger's mother imitating a sheep.

She was ready to close the book on this chapter of her life. Childbearing/rearing was clearly not her strong point. Neither was staying sober. Driving a car. Or not wetting her pants. Which she was now doing.

"Warm, it's so warm in here, but only from the waist down. These hospital today and they fancy heating methods!" Dodger's mom was now yelling. Her urine smelled of lilac Glaad products and rotting dead animals.

"Ma'am," the nurse warned "That smell means your liver has stopped working and your insides are dying slowly. Also, could you please put a shirt on? "

“Wackadoodle gimme my whiskey!” Dodger’s mom yelled forgetting where she was or why she was there. She then drunkenly started hitting on Dodger.

Dodger looked on confused as to why his mother's hand was in his pants, but decided not to say anything as this as a good 'in' with the Maury show. If there's one thing that Maury loves more than freaks, its families with debilitating problems tearing them apart that other families with their own, but noticeably less, disorders can laugh at. Dodger looked at his hand and remembered that 3 days ago he had dialed the Maury Povitch show, as the phone was still in his hand

"Hello?" Dodger asked. "Are you still there?"

"Still here!" said the voice on the other end. "Maury keeps us chained to our desks. He cut my arms off like three months ago so that I wouldn't be able to escape. How can I help you?"

"My mother's hand is in my pants." Dodger replied with enthusiasm.

“Oh that’s handy!” The man on the phone said which was hilariously ironic given that he had no arms, which Dodger unfortunately could not see. So much gets lost over the phone. “We are filming an incest show next week!”

Dodger knew this already. They don't call it "Maury's Incest Wednesday" for nothing. He loved Wednesday for only this reason. Nothing made Dodger hotter than watching Moms and Dads and sons and daughters that have gone all the way. Without realizing it Dodger had jizzed in his pants.

"So we will fly you up to wherever Maury is filmed on Tuesday night and you will have your chance to meet Maury on Wednesday! I have no arms, remember when I said it was handy? It was supposed to be a funny joke." Dodger, not a big fan of puns, didn't find this very funny at all.

"Alright I'll fly there, but my arms will be tired." Dodger replied while secretly hating himself, but also at the same time delighting in the cruelty of making an arm joke to a man who had his own arms cut off for diabolical reasons yet unknown.

You see, Maury Povitch was a zombie who fed on human flesh. This is a fact known only by those who have been to his celebrity golfing tournaments. How else would you explain Bill Murray's behavior as of late? He had his brains devoured in 2002. But if you watch the show closely you can kind of tell. The way Maury shambles around the set listlessly, his heavily made up appearance to detract from the decaying flesh, and his constant chants of "Braaaains! Braaaaains! Must eat delicious braaaaaaaains. We'll be right back after the commercial brains. I mean break"

This whole Maury being a zombie business would also clear up just why he did incest shows weekly. Everyone knows that the flesh of those who have lain with family members is tenderer, tasting like beef jerky soaked in the maplest of syrups. It tasted like rainbows that delivered kitties to heaven when they died. They tasted like chocolate skittles. They tasted like Big Macs. They tasted like flapjacks.

So the diabolic plan was set into order. Dodger had three days to heal from why ever he was in the hospital and due to Dodger's mom chronic liver failure she was forced into a detox program. They would both be healthy and sober when boarding that plane on Tuesday night. Or would they?<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile, on the other side of the world, you know so we can show the passage of time without typing something like "three days later" or "after three days" or "three days had passed" Just typing a word like three days seems a little lazy, instead it would be more interesting to cut away and allow more action to happen<sup>2</sup>. Meanwhile on the other side of the world, Olga Onomatopoeia sat hanging upside down from a tree eating kiwi fruit, as vombies often do. Three days had passed and she was watching Maury Povitch. Damn it.

Now a little back story on Maurice Richard "Maury" Povich-McLean<sup>3</sup>. He was born on January 17, 1939 making him at least 200 years old. Maury was born in a small Jewish concentration holiday retreat camp. These Jews were so self loathing they took vacation in concentration camps as to understand the plight of their ancestors. His loving mother

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<sup>1</sup> No, they wouldn't.

<sup>2</sup> It wasn't more interesting.

<sup>3</sup> Thank you Wikipedia

died during child birth because Maury, being incredible resilient, came out as a full grown man. His mother's vagina basically imploded and out popped Maury - microphone and all. His mother's last word to him were "Whatever you do my son, do not marry a Chinese woman."

The transformation of Maury Povitch into zombie Maury Povitch happened during his star studded 1993 Christmas Specacular. While Shadow Stevens was singing Silver Bells with Bronson Pinchot, Maury was bitten by both of the Olsen twins at once. This, as everyone knows, causes you to not only to become a zombie, but also to develop a horrible case of herpes.

"Today we have a really great show for you" said the cold sore on Maury Povitch's lip.

"We have freaks of all kinds, and i'll be oozing an incredibly contagious puss!"

"Shut up you." said Maury Povitch to the cold sore on his lip.

This is gross. A little more back story on Maury Povitch: In 1984 he was at a taping of an Oprah show taking notes on how to be a real TV host. He was in seat 12A furiously scribbling ideas on how to be as good as Oprah. He was crying and masturbating through his pants. This alarmed no one. The notes he was taking were "Why wasn't I born a black?" and "Oprah doesn't insert the microphone into orifices. I shouldn't do that!" and "Seriously, why could I not be born black?"

That was the exact moment when Maury looked up and saw the most beautiful Taiwanese lady he had ever in his life seen refilling a snack table the size of a football field. (Oprah was tremendously fat in 1984) Maury instantly fell in love with that snack replacing Taiwanese lady, until he looked over and saw another Taiwanese lady running around the set, crying, cutting herself and wearing the blood as some kind of trendy crimson bathing suit.

“Now,” Maury thought, “That is the kind of lady I could spend the rest of my life with.” This caused Maury’s mother to promptly throw up in her grave and roll over repeatedly in it, covering her decomposing corpse in a thick layer of dead person vomit.

"Today's show has freaks of all sizes. Tall freaks. Short freaks. Medium sized freaks. Well, I guess that's about it. Three. Three sizes of freaks!" continued the cold sore on Maury Povitch's lip, flaking off little bits of yellow that flew through the air like the first snow of the year.

A small child saw the flakes of herpes land on the ground and began to roll them together into a little herpes flake man. The child saw a small thimble lying on the floor and, in the style of a children’s story, he delicately placed that thimble upon the balled up herpes sores flake man’s head, and suddenly it came to life!!!!!! It’s a Christmas miracle!

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" exclaimed the cold sore man "I'm Herpes the Cold Man. I've come to run and play. Now hurry up my son, let's have some fun, I'll be gone in seven days!"

The amazing thing about this Taiwanese lady that Maury had fallen in love with was that she had dreams just like Maury. She wanted to move up, be in front of the camera, and she had just broken up with Geraldo so she was single. And she liked to be beaten by her man. It put her in her place and reminded her of home.

She despised Geraldo and how he always wanted to wear a diaper and a bib and suck his thumb during sex play. He wanted to call her Mommy and wanted to be spanked. She needed a strong man who was capable of getting drunk and giving her a beating she deserved for being disobedient actions. Her name was Connie. She would quickly move over to Judaism after she married Maury but was reluctant to the idea of becoming a zombie. She had no choice once Maury invited the Olsen twins over for a game of Apples to Apples.

Olga was amazed that the intro of Maury's show went into such deep personal history of his back story. Usually, it was just clips of previous episodes with the title *Maury*. Apparently, the network was trying something new to drum up ratings. As she hung upside down in her tree she stared intensely at the TV, because that's how everybody watches TV, right? All the people watch with an intense stare that cuts out the rest of the

world, and occasionally frightens the cats, right? And then everybody masturbates no matter who else is around watching that same TV, correct? We thought so.

Then Olga saw her mortal enemy and previous unprotected sex partner, Dodger. Hatred filled up inside of her like a thousand cold sore men singing *Last Christmas* at the top of their lungs. She would destroy him, but first, she would need an army. Then she would have her revenge.

"Damn. Did Maury Povitch get more Jewy?" she thought to herself.

"Dodger," Maury whispered as the studio audience quieted down, "Your mother, she has incested you, hasn't she?"

Dodger was unaware that incest could be used as a verb. He was also unaware that Maury was so incredibly Jewish. He was really, really Jewish. Dodger became super uncomfortable and wondered along with spell-check what a Jewfish was. Why did Maury have so much nose hair? So much that there were dreidels and potato pancakes and his ancestor's teeth intertwined in the hair. Dodger thought for a moment that Connie Chung was up there, hiding in his huge nose<sup>4</sup>.

Dodger thought for a moment, carefully articulating his response. He didn't want to come across as a self-centered narcissist especially on national television. Several minutes later

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<sup>4</sup> She was. Asians are tiny.

he had still not said anything. Maury leaned in closer his breath reeking of coffee and semen, which from experience smells exactly like a tuna melt, and stared silently into Dodger's eyes. Dodger in turn stared into Maury's eyes. The audience was becoming incredibly uncomfortable until Dodger and Maury shared a deep passionate kiss which led to chants of "Whoop whoop whoop" and "You go girlfriend". As their tongues danced the forbidden dance of the tounge-tussi he felt something queer and wolf like rising up inside of him.

"I never knew I could feel like this" said Dodger as they unlocked lips after 15 minutes and 2 commercial breaks.

"I wonder what my Jewish friends will say?" said Maury.

"I'm bored, this sucks." Said all the people reading this book.

Dodger felt his erection growing large and hairy. His body was shaking, with love, with glee, with excitement, with hormones that would soon turn him into a werewolf.

"I love you, Dodger." Maury, on one knee, pronounced. "Let's run away together"

Just as Dodger was considering the offer (Maury was that dad like gay man that most teenage boys wanted to be with, because of their father issues) Connie busted into the set

dressed as a ninja, a zombie ninja, and killed everyone in the audience with a shriek so high pitch and chink-like that the great wall of china instantly fell to the ground.

Suddenly Maury Povitch remembered that he was a zombie and dove into the audience and began feasting on their entrails.

Blood dripped from his lips as tiny bits of liver stuck in between his teeth. Connie Chung began to perform oriental massage on the dead audience members repeatedly asking them if they wanted happy ending? Which of course they did not, being dead and all. Dodger, now completely reverted to his wolf form howled at a stage light which he thought was the moon. Later, this episode would go on to sweep the daytime Emmys as everyone agreed it was by far the best hour of Maury Povitch ever.

"Wait! There was a reason I was here." said Dodger aloud "Oh yeah, I'm here because I'm queer. Get used to it."

"Why can't gays be more original?" thought Olga, now really enjoying the bloody, homosexual carnage going on live on her TV.

Olga was massaging her vombe teets, licking her lips, and rubbing her crotch on the tree she hung from. It was a beautiful scene. She could only remember one specific instance that TV was better than what she was watching. It was season 2, episode 5 of Heroes when the heroes find out a dramatic twist and things blow up.

“Just kidding.” Olga says to no one in particular. “Heroes blows harder Dodger on Meth. It is the worst things on TV and anyone who continues to watch past season one has serious issues letting things go once things have gone bad and are over. That person will probably live that sad, depressed state for the rest of their life. And they will probably have tremendous issues with dirty feet that itch and scab up because of poor hygiene.” Olga laughed to herself, pleased at her brilliance, and then she took a nap.

However Olga couldn't sleep. She started thinking about sleeping and then became paranoid that she would not fall asleep so she started to think more about sleep and turned and tossed. Maybe there were some deep seeded psychological issues she should really examine. So she went to wake up her roommate who was sleeping comfortably simply to tell him that she couldn't sleep, because she was a huge bitch who liked to spread her misery around. If she couldn't sleep no one else could.

“Like magic appearing from magic skies, two beautiful Benadryl like birds offering peace and harmony flew into Olga's mouth, making her rest happy and unbothered.” Said a dream sequence as Olga rested comfortable with no itchy, dirty feet problems whatsoever<sup>5</sup>.

Olga was determined to destroy Dodger be it in a dream sequence, or a poem, or some sort of metaphor or all three. Something like:

*As she slept  
The flowers wept  
For dodger crept*

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<sup>5</sup> I hate you.

*Closer  
Towards  
Death*

Olga was proud of that one. It got her listed in the American Journal of Poetry and for only \$199.99 she could have a handsome leather bound keepsake edition. Olga enjoyed memories and accomplishments for her scrapbook but really only truly thirsted for blood-Dodger/QueerWolf blood. Although she would have the blood sent out to the lab for STD testing before tasting it. She was not stupid about homosexuals and their sexual activity. But this was neither here nor there seeing how Dodger was in California on the set of Maury and Olga was in a distant state in a small town which will be left nameless because of continuity problems already arising in this book.

Olga thought about her plan for revenge. Step one: buy some eggs, flour, sugar and cream of tartar. That was Olga's plan to make a birthday cake for her friend Skippy the Satanist. It was his birthday and Skippy loved cake! Skippy loved cake even more than he loved worshipping the dark lord and drinking nun urine. Isn't it fun when a new character is introduced for seemingly no reason whatsoever? Olga was so excited about lil' Skip's b-day that she sent him 400 text messages. He answered none of them.

“That’s weird,” thought Olga. “I’ll just call him up.”

So Olga dialed his number; it rang 2 times and then went to voicemail.

“That’s odd,” thought Olga. “I’ll just leave him a message.”

But before she could do that the voice mail message was Skippy's dad Hoppy. He told how Skippy had died in a tragic werewolf attack at school that day. Don't you hate when new characters are killed before they have a chance to shine? Especially Satanist characters that really seem promising?

But what would Olga do with all of the cake? She had already made a lovely three tier Queen Victoria style with lady fingers as accents. As Olga had celiac disease she couldn't eat it, but it was such a lovely cake. Olga called her other friend Nancy the Nazi because she knew she loved cake as well as sorrow and invited her over. Nancy had one club foot and a fondness for ham sculptures. The upsetting thing about Nancy was that she in no way looked like a Nancy- a Peggy, a Diane, a Billy Jean, maybe. But a Nancy? No. She clearly did not look like a Nancy.

She did however have all the trappings of a Nazi. Which was problematic at the kosher deli she worked at but due to her handicap they could not fire her without a rather substantial lawsuit. This caused the owners of the kosher deli/gym (it was a gym as well as a deli, forgot to mention that) to form a coo and head to her house just as she was leaving to go to Olga's and kill her violently with challah bread and really spicy mustard. Sucks for Olga.

Olga sat waiting for her friend Nancy. The cake was beginning to spoil. After several hours with no word, Olga called her only surviving friend in the world Igor the Immortal.

Igor was immortal could not be killed by any means. He had lived for 80 thousand years most of which was spent gossiping about Jesus, who was apparently quite the bitch. Igor hated parmesan cheese and loved crossword puzzles.

“Igor!” Yelled the man that was killing Igor, the only way rumored to kill Igor, by stabbing him with a butter knife dipped into the purest honey from the purest bees- virgin bees- they make the sweetest honey.

That butter knife, dripped with honey, was lethal to Igor. Then the man, who was sent to kill Igor, cut him to 1000 chewable pieces and devoured him, pooped him out, then ate that poop, then pooped out the poop of Igor and then ate that poop ad infinitum.

That’s right, Olga was one lonely bitch.