

ChapTEr TwelvE



Moral

BankRUPTCY⁸

As Dodger looked around at the carnage he had wrought upon daytime TV he couldn't help but feel disappointed. Maury Povitch was feasting on the brains of the recently deceased audience members while Connie Chung hari-kari'd herself with a very sharp folding chair.

This was worse than the time Dodger confessed his love to his best friend on Jenny Jones. Worsen of all, he had forgotten to ask Maury how to get in touch with the wolf boys or at least the writers had overlooked it for paragraphs of unnecessary nonsensical ramblings.

"I'm a banana." Said a compulsively lying pomegranate

Luckily as Maury feasted on the body of an insanely overweight woman his blackberry fell out of his pocket. Dodger needed to get the wolf boys phone numbers and decided to take his chances at having Connie Chung attack him if he moved, and slowly inched toward to blackberry that would reveal all of Maury's contacts. Dodger had almost crept close enough to grab the phone when he accidentally ejaculated. Dodger was aroused by his attempts at stealth, and the smell of hot semen instantly awoke Zombie Chung from the nap she was taking. Because, if there's one thing a dirty Asian loves it's the smell of semen in the morning.

The eviscerated Connie Chung dove at Dodger screaming "Me love you long time! Me love you long time! Other Asian stereotypes!"

Luckily Dodger, who was still in his wolf form, turned around quickly and bit her on the neck, he then began shaking her like an unwed mother caring for her pre-mature rape baby. Connie's head snapped from her neck and her body flew against the wall because if there's one thing dirty Asians love its giving head¹. Dodger dove for the BlackBerry using Connie's gaping jaw to pick up the phone and bounded toward the green room for some cookies.

What QueerWolf did know was that he loved cookies. What he didn't know was that Zombie Chung was not dead and only hungrier for his semen. Dodger was busy eating all sorts of cookies: M&M cookies, Black & White cookies, those sugar cookies with a Hershey kiss in them, and pineapple cookies which were quite 9780440244325.

Dodger was becoming extremely turned on by the cookie party his mouth was having. As he busied himself milking his crotch worm he heard someone open the door behind him. He needed to make this yanking session quick so he thought about his lazy eyed girlfriend, Beefaroni, that went to Africa or died or something in Chapter One. God, he missed her as he shoot his load in a fire hose like spray onto the poor children that couldn't afford to go to a water park. Just before the semen hit the ground Zombie Chung flew into the air catching every last bit of it in her vagina. It was amazingly 9781599830148.

Nine months from now Zombie Chung would give birth to a brood of Queer Wolf Zombie hybrids. Maury would devote a whole week of episodes to the miraculous delivery and subsequent divorce proceedings upon seeing a litter of queer wolves with no

¹ That doesn't really make sense.

Jewish features what so ever. Well, they did have big noses, but big dog-like noses, not hooked in any way.

Dodger scarfed down seventeen snicker doodles and ran toward the door jumping over Zombie Chung² and ran toward the door dialing the blackberry with his tongue. Are blackberries phones? Technology is confusing.

Dodger was horribly confused by technology but he knew where to go for help³. Dodger was damn near galloping down the street headed to ComputerCity to find a computer nerd to help him when he came to an abrupt halt. He was in front of a seedy looking sign that read "Gay Ricky Martin's Bathhouse." He didnt know why, but he had to go in. Literally.

As Dodger walked into Gay Ricky Martin's Bathhouse he was instantly confused by the rows and rows of computers and scrawny teenagers in polo shirts with name tags.

"Uh... is this Gay Ricky Martin's Bathhouse?" Dodger asked while more than likely masturbating.

"Damnit!" Said one of the polo wearing kids "Steve! I've told you to change that sign a thousand times! Sorry wolf-creature. This is Gay Ricky Martin's Bathhouse / Electronics

² yet another character covered in semen

³ This is clearly the part of the story when the hero finds a geek that will be annoyingly snarky but quick when it comes to finding out people passwords and hacking into computer networks. Also he can type really, really fast.

Boutique. It's just someone- STEVE -Keeps forgetting to DO HIS JOB - and fix the
GODDAMN SIGN."

"Well that sucks." Said Dodger

"Yeah, but at least it's not as bad as constantly trying to get in a line that was THE punch
line TO THE JOKE you had written before. A compulsively lying pomegranate- that's
FUNNY STUFF! And having SOMEONE – STEVE - keep deleting it over and over
again" said the polo wearing kid. Who was drenched in semen.

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Dodger mumbled, which is like mumbling
and murmuring only sexier. "So where is this gay sex?"

"In the back."

"Ok, thank you!" Dodger headed toward the backroom rather recklessly knocking down
all the computers as he scurried into the backroom. All of the computer boys collectively
yelled a "HEYYYYYYYY" so loud that it awoke the creature in the back that was resting.

Resting until Dodger paid a visit, as she knew he would. It was too easy, how could a big
hairy wolf turn down a bathhouse endorsed by the beloved Ricky Martin? No one could.

Dodger swung the door open with one hand in his pants and the other hand fisting his

mouth. This was to show the men what he could take. But there were no men. There was only Olga.

"Olga!" Dodger exclaimed, "I had no idea you were a homosexual man. Well, hold on one second and let me get behind this glory hole."

The glory hole at Gay Ricky Martins Bath House / Electronics Boutique was one of legend. Not simply because of the amount of penii⁴ but also because it had been blessed by the pope himself. Any homosexual man who put his wiener through that glorious hole would find himself imbued with the holy light thereby rendering him immortal. Olga knew this. But it was beside the point because werewolves are immortal already, right?

Olga thought it would fun to terrorize Dodger the queer wolf for his homosexual tendencies. Much like his mother would if she wasn't so drunk all the time. As Dodger lightly made to love to the glory hole, Olga sharpened up her best, most favorite, rustiest razor blade. It was time to skin Dodger's peen much like a RapeX condom that women wore in South Africa to shred rapist's Rodger Rabbits.

"Suck it a little" Dodger pleaded.

"OH, ILL SUCK IT A LITTLE!" Olga screamed with bloody vengeance.

⁴ Is that how your pluralize penis? Penises just sounds stupid, and it's definitely not plural like deer or sox or ox or fox.

“Great!” Said Dodger naïve to the cup of salt Olga was readying to pour on his Dick Tracy once she had deskinned him.

"Who's ready for Thanksgiving dinner?" Ricky Martin screamed as he burst through the door covered head to toe in cranberry sauce

"Oh Ricky, you're so fine you're so fine you blow my.." Said Tom Cruise who nobody had realized was in the room.

"...Cake!" yelled someone completing the greatest comedy joke of all time.

Then the hottest gay sex scene ever occurred. Dodger quickly pulled his member from the glory hole so he could watch the ensuing gayness and just as he put his eye to the hole Olga's razor blade sliced straight through his eye ball, which is much easier to handle than a skinned penis.

Suddenly, Dodger woke up from a dream sequence and realized there he was in the same bathhouse with his Batman still pushed inside the glory hole. Olga was still on the other side busily preparing the battery acid bucket that she would dip his penis in after skinning and salting it. Olga was very evil. It must have been that whole evil exchange thing that happened in the gymnasium what seems like YEARS AND YEARS ago.

Dodger was very sad that he did not engage in the Thanksgiving orgy with Tom Cruise and Ricky Martin, but was equally glad his eye ball was not sliced. Just then he put it all together like a random flash back scene. Eye in the hole, sliced? Penis in the hole, also sliced?

“OH MY GAWD!” shrieked Dodger realizing Olga’s evil plan and pulling his John Kerry out of the not-so-glory hole just before the rusty razor blade came down. Just like most villains Olga had spent too much time planning and drawing out her maniacal plan.

Dodger steadied himself and grabbed the nearest thing he could, which just happened to be a completely naked Sean Hayes. Sean let out a mighty girl-like squeal as Dodger tore him in half. Brandishing each half of the former Will and Grace “star”, Dodger leapt through the wall and began to beat Olga’s face in with Just Jack's torso. Moving Sean’s legs like a drunken muppeteer dodger performed an impromptu tap dance duet on Olga's sternum. She choked on blood and floor semen, gasping and clawing toward the exit, but Dodger wasn't finished with her yet.

“Now OLGA, are you ready? Ready to give me what I want?” Dodger yelled at her dead body. She did not respond which only frustrated Dodger more.

“Huh, Olga?? Are you going to give me what I want?” Still nothing. “OK, bitch! It’s go time!” Dodger concluded as he pulled down his pants, if he was wearing pants, and stuck his meat monkey back into the glory hole. “Go ahead, suck it WHORE!”

Dodger was like most young creatures new at death and superpowers – naïve. He was mentally incapable of accepting that anything died and what happened to them once they did pass on. This might turn into Weekend at Bernie's, except the character would actually think that Bernie was alive not like the movie where they are trying to gain money from promenading his dead, lifeless body around and even stapling his toupee to his head. On second thought, Weekend at Bernie's is kind of messed up movie.

Seriously, you'd think after hours spent in the water a dead body would bloat. Leaving Bernie around for a week in the sun couldn't be such a good idea either. As far as the woman who had sex with Bernie at the party, we'll that's actually kind of important here because Dodger was mounting Olga and humping her dead hiney hole. Also, when did Olga die?

Additionally what was up with the voodoo spell in Weekend at Bernie's 2 that made him limbo dance to buried treasure? The body should have been badly decomposed by that point. We got two words for you dear reader: Rigor Mortis, anyone? (That's three, but who's counting? If you are buying into the Bernie franchise obviously your suspension of disbelief isn't willing, it's a given.)

These were all questions Olga asked herself as Dodger's rhythmic thrusting brought her back to life. As everyone knows (everybody except Dodger that is), being raped in the ass

by a QueerWolf grants resurrection. It's like those lucky children that were raped in Africa because that is how you get rid of AIDS- you rape a virgin⁵.

Raping a virgin has many health benefits. It cures typhus fever which Jews got from lice during the holocaust years. It cures shingles, rickets, and something called banana back. It makes your skin soft like a baby, clears up any sores on your feet, gives you more friends, makes you funnier and easy to be around, and makes you shit glitter. We highly suggest raping a virgin. What?

Olga however was no virgin; she had been around the block more times than Joey, Donny, Danny and the gay one. Olga threw Dodger off of her and rose to her semen covered feet.

"This ends here!" Olga exclaimed "oh Sammael, hound of resurrection, your days are numbered."

"But I can't die yet!" Dodger exclaimed "This book is going to be epic. Lengthy. Girthy. Hard. Really, really long."

"Oh." Said Olga

"Yeah..." said Dodger.

⁵ This is true.

"Awkward!" said Olga.

"Really." said Dodger. "Well I guess I should be going."

"Okay." said Olga.

"Oh wait," said Dodger "Do you know anything about blackberries?"

"Sorry no." said Olga.

"Okay." said Dodger

"See you later." said Olga

"Take care." said Dodger

"I will." said Olga.

Olga left the building, taking Dodger's heart with her as she slammed the door. Olga was destined to go on to do greater things in her life. She needed to give up chasing around QueerWolf seeking some kind of revenge that she could no longer remember. Everyone was growing bored and discontented with this story, especially the authors. Olga knew

just what to do. She would have her own dream sequence. So she lay down in the grass, masturbated herself to sleep, and dreamed about the following: