

Chapter ThIRteen



The Diving Bell And
Olga's Butterfly

OR

How OLgA Got Her
Groove BACK

Olga floated above her childhood like a wisp of dandelion fluff floating gently on a summer breeze, or something equally faggy. She watched as she woke up at the age of eight on Christmas morning, and bounded down the stairs to find her father completely naked except for a present on his lap and a Santa beard. She gazed on as her younger self opened the present, only to find a large book, bound in human flesh and inked in human blood.

"Sorry Olgie. I couldn't find my pants." Said naked daddy "Merry Christmas. This tome has been passed down amongst the Onomatopoeia family for ages. It shall tell you everything you need to know to reinvigorate your interest in this story."

"But, naked daddie, I'm so scared." Young Olga confessed.

"But Olgie, there is nothing to be afraid of, like that time you got lost in the mall and we found you the next morning? Just like that."

"But Papa, I was gang raped and they cut my middle finger off, and then raped me with that? I was terrified." Olga protested.

"I love you, Olga." Daddy said while gently stroking Olga's hair. Her pubic hair.

This always made Olga feel a little better. She did love Christmas, and this new skin covered book, although it smelled like rotting cottage cheese stuffed into a dead body that had been found inside a dumpster. This made Olga miss her mom.

Olga flew further through time and space along side a dream ship. On the dream ship were Abraham Lincoln, Dr Phil, and Sammy Sosa the talking Cat. As Olga climbed aboard the dream ship by grabbing onto the rainbow ballast Abraham Lincoln started licking Dr Phil's butt hole. Lincoln sure was a homo.

Peering through the oatmeal crunch porthole Olga saw her mother holding her as a baby. Dream sequences sure are confusing/surreal.

"You're so lucky you don't age in reverse, otherwise I'd put you in the oven." Mama Onomatopoeia said. "Oh, wait. You do have that other affliction..."

With that Mama Onomatopoeia placed baby Olga in the oven on 425 to bake until she was a delicious golden brown. Her skin puffed up like the most delicious heavily buttered phylo-bread.

"This will make you more attractive to your father and mall rapist in the future, sweet child of mine."

Olga's mom always knew what was best for her. That is until she was violently killed, stuffed with spoiled cottage cheese and left for dead. Olga would find her deceased mother in that dumpster at the age of 12 in southwest Detroit. It would be totally eerie and Olga was always a bit creeped out with she was slapping on the phone and her dad was fucking on the other end. But what could she do? It was 69 o'clock. Dreams sure can be weird, Olga thought as she did the bone dance.

Olga boarded her dream ship again and set sail across the gum drop and rainbow chasm of infinite sadness and through the chocolate yum yum childhood trauma waterfall. She ship steered past the third star on the left and straight on till she reached the age of eighty and sat on a rocking chair looking back at her life.

"God damn dream sequences suck." said a whiney author

"I've lived a good one" Olga said quietly to herself before she was raped by thirty six bears all wearing pirate costumes.

"This means something." thought young Olga. "This is important."

Olga instantly became bored with herself and what her life had become and woke up from the dream to find herself 25 months pregnant. She had been asleep a really, really long time. As she stood up from her dream sleep position her water instantly broke and she went into labor.

Luckily Ricky Marin was a trained doctor. He was right there to help her through the contractions and offered to eat that placenta like a dollar store package of SPAM. How could you say no to Ricky Martin? It's impossible. The baby that was born from Olga's rusty vagina was not a baby at all but a full grown man creature with one thing in mind: killing QueerWolf.

Olga rose, afterbirth still clinging to her inner thighs, and embraced her man-like son. Together they would be able to stop a queer wolf, because the only thing that stops a queer wolf is the love of a family, a strong religious conviction, and plenty of vitamin prayer. They held hands and beseeched god for guidance, however given that they were both vombies and creatures of darkness and god doesn't exist anyway their prayers went unanswered. Instead a surprise visitor for this chapter tapped them on the shoulders.

"Hi." said Beefaroni "I'm dodger's girlfriend. Have you seen my love muffin anywhere?"

"Perfect!" screamed the plotline excited to have a new, less boring direction.