

Chapter FOURteen



The World Through
Beefaroni's
Lazy EYES

“Hi, I am Beefaroni Cheeseburger Macaroni Stroganoff. I was born in a providence of Minnesota to my Mom, who died during childbirth, and my Papa. I miss my Mama even though I never knew her and I miss my Papa when he has to go away on important business. He is so cute. His is a big white glove with eyes and a mouth and is a very important spokesman for Hamburger Helper. They even put him on all the boxes!

When my Papa leaves my Nana comes to babysit me. She has hairs that come out of her nose. And her eyes. And her feet. Everywhere hair isn't supposed to be she has hair, and where she's supposed to have hair she has teeth. And where she has teeth she also has eyeballs. And where she's supposed to have eyeballs she has Flintstone vitamins. Did I mention I was a compulsive liar? It's okay I'm on medication for it. And my bipolar disorder. and that rash. I once killed a man.

So anyways! Enough about my family, booooooring! Now, I would like to take this time to bring you up to speed on the whole situation with me and Dodger. We met at the town's only truck stop bathroom. It was so cute. I was in the stall shaving my pubic hair, that stuff is sooo gross! Especially because it grows on my face! And I was taking like this humongous poop. I swear it just kept coming out like a soft ice cream dispenser and the toilet was the cone but it was like it was my first day on the job and I kept missing the cone if you catch my drift here. What a mess!

Anyway, I was changing my tampon because it was that time of the month. Tuesday. You know how Tuesdays are- right ladies? I'm talking heavy flow. Anyways this totally hot guy comes in and asks me if I have change for a five. I tell him no, but he can have

some of my pimento and cheese sandwich, which he politely declines. Then a slightly less attractive man comes in and compliments me on my watch. I mean, I love my watch, but given that I was standing in feces waving a bloody tamp in the air and eating a pimento and cheese sandwich it's kind of strange that that's what he chose to focus on.

That's how I knew: Dodger was the one.

Or at least he would be good to lose/give my virginity to. So I told him: *Give it to me, your dirty leather daddy before I change my mind on the whole using this tampon for an anal plug and go suck off the gas station attendant for more candy swizzle sticks. You know the kind with the sugar on the outside? Christ, I'd fuck a donkey three times for one of those delicious swizzle sticks.*

And Dodger, all innocent and all says *Give you what?*

He is so cute! So I ripped his pants down and found what I was looking for, put it in my mouth, and choked myself with it. How did I know Dodger was the boy for me? 'Cause he carried those swizzle sticks in his pocket like that.

Candy sure is delicious! I love all types of candy: Runts, Red Vines, M&Ms, those little gummy coke bottles, but that's not really important right now. What is important is the massive UTI I got from loosing my hymen amongst all of the feces and cheeses. It felt

like I had six Rice Krispie treats jammed up my cooter¹ for a month and a half. I probably should have gotten that taken care of, but I love Rice Krispy treats.

So Dodger and I started dating, and it was wonderful. He'd take me on long walks and I'd shove his dirty leather daddy in my mouth. That's right. Dirty leather daddy. Which is a little known candy- the perverted brother of the sugar daddy. It was chewier, if you could believe ANYTHING could be chewier than a sugar daddy, and tasted like a crude mixture of sweat and pork fat. It's a regional candy, one that you have probably never had before.

So everything was going good with Dodger. He was a clumsy boy, always falling down and dropping things, and occasionally knocking me up. That's ok because I have like a case of those Plan B pills. You can take them whenever you want. They really should have called them the 'Baby B Gone Pills' but I don't work for their marketing department, now do I? Yuckle, Yuckle!

So Dodger would mostly come over to my house on account of his mother's big old drinkan' problem. We would watch TV, eat, play Apples to Apples, and when Dodger fell asleep I'd put his Dick Tracy in me. He doesn't know we have had sex. It would probably just scare the poor guy.

¹ Here are some spell check suggestions for cooter: Cotter, Coater, Coer, Scooter, and Cooler. They all would be fitting description of Beefaroni's vag.

The thing about Dodger is that he is hung like premature baby. Sometimes it's so hard to find his Free Willy. I end up looking for it for half an hour, then dodger wakes up.

Oh Hi, I'll say to him. I dropped a Cheeto on the floor and can't seem to find it.

Then, because he's so sweet, he'll help me look for it at which point I bludgeon him unconscious with a vase or whatever heavy blunt object is nearby and ride his face into the sunset. Wow. That was kind of pretty. Maybe I should write a romance novel? The Breathless Beefaroni. Beefaroni on the Bounty. The whore who loved Penii. They practically write themselves.

An **anal fissure** is an unnatural crack or tear in the skin of the anal canal. Anal fissures may be noticed by bright red anal bleeding on the toilet paper, sometimes in the toilet. If acute they may cause severe periodic pain after defecation-but with chronic fissures pain intensity is often less. Anal fissures usually extend from the anal opening and are usually located posteriorly in the midline, probably because of the relatively unsupported nature of the anal wall in that location. Fissure depth may be superficial or sometimes down to the underlying sphincter muscle.

Anyways that's what my grandpa used to tell me before putting me to sleep. It was my favorite bed time story! He also told this great one about the syphilis eating through the side of his dick. I'll have to share it with you some time. The story, not the disease, silly!

What's important now is Dodger. Or Dodgey, as I call him. Sometimes I call him Dodo or Dopey or Spic, but that's just a little joke between the two of us. He's not Mexican.

Anyway Spic and I have been together for twelve fananaramas which is a word I made up to measure time. It's roughly equivalent to 14 roundatoundas or if you don't speak fleepormorkpie then it's 89 powderifficities. WORDS! Once I won a spelling bee by sleeping with all the judges. And by judges I mean old men at a truck stop and by spelling bee I mean prostitution.

I miss Dodger! As you might remember from referencing the last page of the yonder chapter, I am looking for him. I need to tell him a secret. Something that he must know. A very important bit of information that could have mucho importance to Dodger's story, which has grown quite boring with out me! Here is a rap I wrote:

I am Beefaroni and I aint no phoney
Cross me and ill give you anal fissures
In your butt
Ill make you bleed, you be grabbing for tissues
In your butt
A jababa jabba jabba who
A lamma lamma lamma ha
In your butt

Anywaaaaaaay.... Dodger and I went on vacation one time to Disney World. We rode the teacups so many times I thought I was going to puke up my giant turkey leg all over Dodger's lap. And you know what? I didn't! I kept it down all day. Then later that night as we drank Mickeyitini's and Mickeymosas and other hilariously titled drinks I shat myself all over his face. The logistics of how this happened were pretty tricky, but he seemed to enjoy it. He was masturbating after all.

That Dodgey! Always masturbating. That's one of the reasons I fell in love with him.

That and the fact that no one else would date me due to the football sized tumor on my cheek. I wrote a rap about this:

But I'll save that for another day. It's uber-personal and involves a long connection between my tumor and my dad (remember, he is the hand man on the Hamburger Helper boxes) putting his hand face where it doesn't belong. Just like the neighbor did. But that neighbor man got so mad I was dating a black boy and so did my dad because although he looks like a big white glove he is actually Lebanese. So that is when I met Dodger. I have to pee now.

Did I mention my dad was a proctologist? That's where the Hamburger Helper people discovered him. He had two of his arms and a leg up a guy's hiney hole once who just happened to be a representative for Hamburger Helper International. Papa was checking him for any anal fissures (see everything ties together and you thought I was just being random for the sake of being random. Here are some colors I like- purple.) And the nice man who did have the anal fissures thought my Daddoo had 'the look' which is ironic given the fact that Hamburger Helper both looks and tastes exactly what is stuck to my Dad's head fingers after a long day of work. Here is a rap I made about it:

I don't feel like rapping right now. My mood is purple, like my, well, we can get to that later. So when I met Dodger my dad and neighbor man who wants to make what he called 'mixed meat and sausage stuffing' with me were very happy to see that my boyfriend was not the black boy. They hated that black boy. His name was Magic

Johnson and they felt like he might be a bad influence on me and my blood's t-cell count. They are crazy like that. And racist. Incredibly racist.

So there Dodger was, masturbating in front of my bedroom window one night and I said to myself, *Beefaroni, here is the key to making your dad and your molester happy with you.* What can I say, I aim to please!

Dodger is so super duper sweet. One time he surprised me by showing up at my house wearing only a dozen roses. Unfortunately, it was dark out and he accidentally stopped by my neighbor's house. My neighbor daddy was kind enough to help him get all of the thorns out with his teeth. But that's enough about child molestation. Seriously, has there ever been a book in the history of the world that talked more about child molestation? Maybe the bible.

Back to the reason I came to visit dodger. The message. It was a total secret. And I was the keeper. It was a bunch of stress but you know what wouldn't help? A cigarettes! Because those cancer sticks are not actually relieving stress at all. That is a total misconception. When you are addicted to nicotine and a stressful situation occurs the need to smoke isn't to steady your nerves, its only to diminish the withdrawal pangs you are feeling. Isn't that interesting? I think so too.

Years of molestation has taught me a few things. Like how to give excellent head. And how to pretend like it doesn't hurt. And how to quietly pack yourself in ice once your

molester has fallen asleep. It's like if you're wearing a shoe that's way too tight and then take it off- doesn't that feel great? I have no idea what I'm talking about anymore.

Probably because my molester once deep eared me.

Back to the shoe metaphor: sometimes you know when you're wearing flip flops and they cut in between your toes, but you continue to wear them, because you like that pair of flip flops even though you know eventually it's just going to lead to excess spending on band aids? Which is kind of like if you're wearing a pair of pumps with really thin stiletto heels and they get caught in a crack in the pavement and you fall². Dodger had to die to save the world. I had no idea how I was going to tell him. Maybe I could come up with a mitten metaphor.

I would say something to Dodger like: *Hey Dodgey-Poo my father, papa, is just a big hand that pushed unhealthy processed food to poor people. Right?* (I would probably have to talk real slow because Dodger gets confused so easy, he is so cute!) *And all he would need me to knit him was one mitten but I can't just make one mitten because my extreme OCD and uncomfortable lazy eye condition only allows me to do things in pairs. Understand what I am getting at Dodger?* (He probably wouldn't, so I would have to rephrase) *OK DODGER it's like your mom, if you take away her booze what would she do?* (He would start to get it now and then he'd probably start crying. He cries a lot.)

² It is important to note that if this does happen to you that the pavement is not ascending toward your face and despite all outward appearances you did not, in fact, mentally reorganize the molecular structure of the universe.

One time Dodgey and i were playing Scattegories and he started crying because we both used fridge for something cold that started with F. It was so cute, but he didn't stop crying for three hours. I thought he was going to pass out because of the sobbing.

So I have to do this gently, unlike my molester. Here's a joke he once told me.

Molester: Knock Knock.

Me: Who's there?

Molester: Bloody fingers!

I tried continuing the joke with 'Bloody Fingers Who?', but apparently that was the punch line. Sassafras! I guess it was more prop comedy than anything. You had to be there. At the party, not that night when he molested me! If you had been there it would have been super conflicting. Should you intervene and save me and my innocence or do you sit back and just worry about getting the proper camera shot? Your shift at glamour shots would be over in 15 minutes then you could go smoke a cigarette and forget about the horrible scene that had just gone on. Another misconception about smoking cigarettes is that they will help you deal with feelings after witnessing a rape of a small lazy eyed child.

This is all a lie. Not unlike how my whole life has been a lie. Maybe Dodger could help me. That is why I let him put his nut sack in my ass crack in the first place. I'm 12. Very advanced for my age.

Maybe I could make Dodgey a cake: A 'Sorry You're Going to Die' cake. Isn't that what they baked for Harry Potter? Like a red velvet cake with a cream cheese frosting.

Speaking of cream cheese frosting when I was five...

Never mind. That memory is too painful to talk about even in an internal monologue.

That's what this is right? Or am I saying this all out loud right now? You see that's the problem with my lazy eye, I'm never really sure who I'm talking to or if I'm talking at all. That can get embarrassing in public situations. Like one time I farted in the middle of the mall and thought no one heard me until I yelled, *I hate black people*. Boy was my face red. Actually I had painted it black. To mesh in with the other people that shop in the mall.

So, I guess this was just a little break from all the 'action' going on in the book. Just a moment to get to know me, Beefaroni. I hope you like me. I hope you think we can be better friends. I hope someday while I'm asleep or heavily drugged, you could...

Never mind. But hey at least it was better than a dream sequence right? No suggestive imagery leading you on to an unsatisfying conclusion, not unlike sex with Dodger. God knows I love him but it's like being jack rabbited by a retarded midget until the midget has a grand mal seizure and passes out on top of you with a bloody nose. I want pancakes.

So the secret I have to tell Dodger? Which I totally will, probably next chapter, when we meet up is that I am preggos with his Eggos. Turns out his semen are like glue and my ovaries are like a crazed addicted huffer, they just can't stay away from each other! This makes me sad to think about. I miss huffing a good bag of airplane glue. Being pregnant sux! LOL!

Sorry to confuse you I know that I just said that the secret was Dodger had to die.

Sometimes my autism acts up on me, it comes and goes. The truth is that Dodger does have to die to save the world, but also yes i am like super pregnant. How the two tie together is still a mystery that two semi-retarded writers will probably overlook for seven more chapters of gay jokes.

Semi-Retarded Writer 1: Knock, knock?

Semi-Retarded Writer 2: Who's there?

Semi-Retarded Writer 1: AIDS. I came through the back door!

Here is another secret on top of Dodger having to die and me being all full of baby – I am going to ask Dodger unto the Maury show to tell him I am pregnant AND tell him I have a girlfriend! I know what you are thinking – Beefaroni this is just a phase! But I doubt it! I love me some crotch diving! My partner Macaroni and Cheese in a Can will attest to that.

Well, it's been nice getting to know all of you. I gotta go break the news to Doger now, but first I really need to take a dump. I ate a lot of cheese last night. Get it? Because my

girlfriend is named Macaroni and Cheese in a Can? Dodger's going to love that one or he might kill her in a jealous rage. Oh foreshadowing!

What does foreshadowing mean? I should not have dropped out of school– it sure does make me an ignorant pregnant teenager. Ok sweets, been good to get to know all you 2 people that will ever read this book! Regan gave the gays AIDS. 9/11 isn't real! No man has ever been to the moon! I can fist my mouth!"

Beefaroni said to Olga who for some reason was now eating her newborn baby. It was a long monologue. She probably got hungry.