

Chapter FIFTEEN



QUEERWOLF

AHOY!

Where had our hero run off to during that painfully long interlude? Where does one go to get away and forget all their worries? Well the answer is easy, obvious, whorishly simple:

Carnival Cruise Lines!

Carnival Cruise Lines is the perfect escape for those stressed out homosexual wolves.

Carnival Cruise Lines has everything one would need to kick back and enjoy the good life: Buffet style dining, including a late night chocolate buffet. Tropical drinks, drunk tourists, and many a semi public shower area where men can meet men. And do things. In the butt. Thanks **Carnival Cruise Lines!**

Dodger was lounging on panorama deck 7 enjoying the sun beating down on his thonged butt-crack and listening to the sounds of an overweight couple from Minnesota arguing over the taco buffet the steward had just wheeled out.

"I'm sorry I don't mean to be a bother, but why don't you just only put guacamole on half?" Dodger suggested while sipping on a double virgin strawberry Shirley Bassett.

"Wait a minute... I know you from somewhere." the morbidly obese wife said while shoveling handfuls of taco meat into her mouth. "Weren't you on the TV box? You were on my show! Maury Povitch!!! I knew I knew you!" It is a well known fact that everyone from Minnesota religiously watches Maury Povtich every day from 3 - 4pm. The entire state shuts down for that time so they can have a good cry.

Dodger had no idea what to do in this situation. He hated being recognized either for his TV appearances or for killing and devouring people's family members. It was such a buzz kill. Not to mention that he was cracked out of his mind from his sugar filled drinks and some white, crystal powder another passenger told him to put in his nose. He felt pumped up, energized, not hungry, and incredibly horny. It was like most Christmas mornings.

As Dodger began to feel the sores growing on his face one of his teeth fell out, bounced across the floor, off of an inflatable beach ball, spun around a life preserver, and landed in another tourist's flower hat as she was walking by. The flowers planted in the large hat jiggled just enough to send the tooth flying through a large pipe which then shot the tooth skyward where it bounced off a passing pelican, stopped mid air and did a 360 degree turn and made a sharp left landing directly in the obese woman's cheese covered taco (which despite evidence to the contrary is not a euphemism for vagina)

"Don't eat that!" Dodger shouted, thinking quickly for if she ate the tooth there was a good chance she would also become a queer wolf. "I... um... I have AIDS!"

"What does that have to do with my cheese taco, young man?" She said referring to her vagina.

Dodger had to think quick. He loved that tooth and the thought of it appearing in shit containing endless tacos, lasagna, Jell-o, and other buffet favorites made him sick- real

sick. Without thinking twice he let his puke soak the lady, covering her face, her face, and all five of her necks. She was so horrified by the thought of AIDS soaking her that she became ill and started vomiting all over her husband who then tossed his cookies on the steward, and so on and so on. Soon the cruise ship was overflowing with vomit weighing it down, and slowly it began to sink.

It was like the Titanic only much much grosser. People slipped on puke and subsequently puked as they flailed while puking over the edge smashing into pipes and puking. The captain tried to restore calm to the ship, but when the first mate puked in his mouth he realized how futile his effort was and commenced vomiting. The ship was now almost fully submerged under the water. Our young hero, Dodger, clung onto a life raft made of what seemed to be half digested rock lobster. This was sure to be the end of Dodger and QueerWolf.

That is until The Little Mermaid™ came bounding out of the water beside Dodger, her fire red hair flailing around. Just as her chest rose out of the water she immediately spit out what looked to be about a gallon of white, slimy substance. As soon as her mouth was clear The Little Mermaid™ swore that “she would never do that to daddy again no matter how much she wanted her damn fork back.” Dodger was a bit confused but entranced with how beautiful The Little Mermaid was, even if she smelt like spoiled tuna and semen which actually smell remarkably similar¹.

¹ Gross.

Dodger quickly shrugged his confusion off, really it just seemed like lazy writing to him, but when you are in the middle of the ocean clinging to a life preserver made of vomit its best just to accept things at face value. The Little Mermaid™ explained to Dodger that she had been watching him in her magic clamshell and that she knew of a nearby island where Dodger would find the answer to his existence.

"By clamshell do you mean vagina?" Dodger asked adding quickly, "Boy oh boy I hope this isn't some sort of dream sequence."

Dodger took a moment to ponder just what the word lazy meant. Did it mean sitting in front of a computer every night playing Zelda? Did it mean never buying or changing his sheets even when the cat had thrown up on the sheets, god knows how long ago? Was that lazy? Dodger was full of questions. Questions like when he would ever get the apartment to himself. He wondered if maybe his roommate would never leave the place again. Now that is lazy, Dodger thought.

The Little Mermaid™ had questions of her own, questions like what ever happened to Herpes the Cold Sore Man from a few chapters ago. He sure was a jolly fellow. Did you know if you get a canker sore on your lip it can turn into a cold sore? It's true. Boy the air quality in the apartment is sure suspicious. She pondered out loud, but then quickly returned to the narrative.

"You see Dodger, your fate has always been inexplicably intertwined with this island. For there exists a tribe of men- beastie men- who believe it is their destiny to one day make the moon rise forever shutting out day."

Dodger wondered what island the mermaid was referring to. She then started talking to a crab and a big yellow fish. Dodger began to quickly question the half human, half fish's mental stability.

"Ok, Ariel, I'll come with you to this island." Dodger offered using those annoying finger quotation marks for the word island, without being invited to said island. The Mermaid began combing her hair with a fork. Dodger had only seen homeless people do this. "Do you have Syphilis?" Dodger inquired.

The Little Mermaid™ didn't answer as she was too busy staring at rusted garbage and singing to it. "Look at this tin can!" she exclaimed "isn't it neat? And with this... What do you call it again? Used condom? Yes that's it! Wouldn't you think my collection is sweet?"

Dodger was starting to get a little frightened, especially when she held up some discarded hypodermic needles and proclaimed them the most beautiful thing she'd even seen in her life as she tried to pin her hair back using the dirty needles. When that didn't work the deranged Mermaid playful poked the yellow fish with the pointy tip.

“That tickles!” Said the guppy over and over again.

"You know," Said Dodger "Could you just point me in the direction of the island? I could probably swim there myself."

“But wait, what’s this?” Ariel questioned as she pulled up a dead human head. “I’ll call it a Thingamabopper and I’ll use it to clean my vagina!”

“Ooooooh kaaaaaaay, I really have to go now, I’m just going to swim in this direction, fast”

“And what could this be?” Ariel was on a roll as she found a used tampon that was floating by, “I’ll call this a fruity tasty treat!” as she began to dip the bloody rag into her mouth.

“Bye, now Mermaid” Dodger said, doggy paddling off toward god knows where. This was sure to be the end of Dodger as we know it.

Suddenly Dodger found himself laying on the beach looking into the large hairy eyes of a man clad only in a loincloth. He felt the warm sand underneath his body and realized he was laying on a beach².

"Where am I? What happened to the mermaid?" Dodger screamed in a high

² And the nominees for Most Awkwardly Worded Paragraph are....

pitched voice like Neal Patrick Harris being anally pounded by seventeen drunken Mexicans on Cinco de Mayo

"Mermaid?" Replied the beastie man. "When we found you, you were dry humping a fish. You sure did swallow a lot of sea water though. We did get a pretty good quality video of the incident and have sold over 20,000 copies in a very short time and we afforded that for our new island."

The man pointed down the beach and Dodger could see a port-a-potty. "We no longer dig holes to shit in!" The man exclaimed "And look over there!" Dodger hesitantly turned his head and could see 20 or so rather large men wearing Snuggies, the blanket that you wear. "Blankets are OK but they can slip and slide, plus your hands are trapped inside! You are our new king!"

Dodger couldn't believe what had happened. He must have been unconscious for weeks, months even.

"How long was I out?" Dodger asked, worried.

"About half an hour, king!" Shipping really was getting quicker these days. A miracle, even!

"Look. This is really nice and everything, but I'm not sure I can be your king" Dodger squawked spitting out a starfish "I mean, I'm only in fifth or eighth grade or possibly a

senior in high school. I forget how old I am and don't feel like looking back to figure it out."

"But King, you must be our King. Follow me King and let me show you your kingdom.
King, King, King"

Dodger followed the strange hair man up a dirt path and noticed the many wonderful things this island held.

"We have been preparing for your arrival for some time. Over here you will notice that we have drilled holes in every tree. These are our glory trees. Praise be to glory and the King. And over there is our meth lab where we distill sea water and whale piss into the most delicious crystal meth you've ever tasted. All hail the arrival of the king! And just up that ridge you'll find the all night discotheque. We have brought in the skinniest go-go boys from around the world to gyrate their penises in your face while covered in glitter. All for you, our king!" This was sure to be the end of Dodger as we know it.

Moments later Dodger was settling into his bedroom in the Fairy Palace. He couldn't believe this turn of events. No one could, really. Not even the authors who seemed to be making it all up as they went along with no outline or story line to follow. The room was beautiful. Penis shaped bed. Penis shaped nightstand. Penis shaped chest of drawers. Dodger loved themes. He had so many questions. Like was he more of a wolf, or a homosexual? What would the men of the village do once the sun went down and the

moon came up and Dodger metabolized into his wolf like state? He thought about it all as he brushed his teeth with his penis toothbrush. That wasn't a toothbrush at all, but an actual PENIS! Don't ask about the toothpaste.

"It's time for the Huki Ooki Looki Lau Luau!" called a voice from outside.

Dodger descended the penis staircase and stepped outside. The sun was slowly setting and the birds of the island all cawed in unison, "Ca-penis. Ca-suck it. Ca-swallow"

"That is a rather strange call for a bird," noted Dodger as he gingerly slipped on his ceremonial silver tiara.

"We have taught the birds to speak like that." said the leader of the island natives who was completely nude except for a surreptitiously placed strand of anal beads. "We find it helps people to be more present. And by present I mean gay. And by gay I mean not aware of the fact that we're about to eat them... wait... scratch that last part. I mean scratch my part!"

Dodger did as asked but could help but wonder what he meant when he said "eat him."

Was "eat him" some euphemism for sex, either by the hand or the mouth or the rectum?

As Dodger pondered and lightly shit himself, a little something Dodger does when he thinks really hard, a greased up bear of a man walked by and whistled, "Yeah baby, we

are going feast on that sweet meat tonight!" Still, Dodger thought, so ambiguous. He was going to have to do some quick investigative work!

"Will you excuse me? I believe I have crapped my pants." Dodger said truthfully, although normally he would not have excused himself for such a small infraction, as he preferred to slowly let the nutty fecal aroma fill the room. This turned him on greatly.

"But of course," said the leader of the group, "Please hurry back so we can stuff you with vegetables, cover you in lard, and roast you in the oven for 35 minutes at 450 degrees or until you are done."

"Why couldn't they be more clear?" Dodger thought to himself as he hurried past the nipple piercing hut towards the temple of anal tears and threw open the doors. "The answer must in here!"

The answer, sadly, was not in there- Only Fibble the talking mouse. He was a distant cousin of Fable the mouse that came to America. Fibble was infected with rabies and AIDS and only spoke in raps. Seeing a rapping rat with sores and foam coming from his mouth incited QueerWolf. Dodger felt hair coming from his pores and felt his teeth growing. He felt disco beats pumping through his veins and his nails grew super long, and perfectly manicured.

"Not now!" Dodger cried out. "Not while there is still a mystery to solve!" but it was too late. Dodger had fully formed into his queer wolf form and was bounding through the door in search of blood or an orgy, whichever came first.

*"My name is Fibble
that rhymes with tribble
you better watch out
or I'll give you the AIDS."*

Fibble was not a very good MC, but that didn't stop him from performing a duet on 50 Cent's second album. Really was there a rapper who wasn't on that piece of crap? Fibble's duet with 50cent was entitled: "Get Rich or Die (from AIDS)" It was ok. Just ok.

QueerWolf was now all hard. Of hearing. It was the deafening disco beats coming from the hut with a shiny neon sign that read "Needle Exchange Program."

"Hot;" Queerwolf said aloud and gathered his used needles from his pockets. "It's go time;" He said as he sauntered into the hut with a sashay that would put even the most uncompromising drag queen to shame and quickly noticed something awry.

The Needle Exchange Hut looked remarkably like an oven from the inside. Another thing that didn't seem quite right was the fact that the door latched immediately as he walked in. The potatoes and carrots broiling on the floor of the hut seemed out of place, as did the internal meat thermometer that he just noticed had been in his rectum for some time.

"Oh well." QueerWolf thought, "A party's a party!" and began to sway his hips to the electronic beat.

A beefy man spun up to QueerWolf, literally the man was covered in beef, and said "Are those dirty needles in your pocket, or are you just a homosexual Werewolf?"

QueerWolf knew this was entrapment. So he just slyly smiled and said "I just met a mouse that rapped and has AIDS. Do you like oral?"

This caught the beefcake off guard, because he did enjoy oral and had no idea what that had to do with Fibble. Like an overloaded robot steam became to come out of the gay man's ears and he said "They are planning to cook you and eat you" over and over again.

QueerWolf had outsmarted the man and received the truth.

"So do you like oral?" quested QueerWolf, obviously not understand what had just happened.

Meanwhile approximately 15 miles away on a small inlet Beefaroni had just finished telling Olga her life story. As Olga took a large bite of her freshly birthed baby she noted that the narrative had gotten a little off track. Just then a tiny AIDS riddled rapping mouse drove up on a motor cycle. Dismounting the mouse sized cycle he quickly introduced himself with one of the greatest raps of his life.

"yo yo yo.." he began, and then promptly died of pneumonia due to his weakened immune system.

"Well, that was pointless." Beefaroni said.

"Wait he has a note in his pocket!" Olga shouted.

Olga and Beefaroni jumped up from their beach towels racing to get the note from the sore covered mouse's tight skinny pant's pocket. There was slapping and spitting, the girls fighting over the note for no apparent reason whatsoever. They were both very competitive. Pulling hair and boob touching. Butt slapping and cries of passion. It was a very hot scene even if Beefaroni was retarded with 3 lazy eyes and Olga was a Russian baby eating vombie³.

As Olga wrestled the letter from Beefaroni's clammy hand she held it in the air as if to exclaim "I alone am the victor," which in fact she did yell, coming across as a bit of a stuck up bitch. Beefaroni sulked, throwing herself down into a pile of sand, kicking and screaming like a toddler who had just received the wrong kind of sprinkles on his ice cream. "But I like rainbow sprinkles!" The toddler would bellow to which his mother who would reply "They both taste the fucking same anyway" before punching him in the face.

³ Did we ever figure out what a vombie was?

Olga looked closely at the note, it was from Dodger. "But why would he write me? And does he really expect me to read it?" she thought, again coming across as a bit of a stuck up bitch.

OLGA,

WHAT IS A VOMBIE?

SINCERELY,

DODGER

Olga looked around sad that she had no pencils or quill feathers with ink to write Dodger back. She did love receiving mail. A letter scented with perfume in a handmade envelope with beautiful calligraphy and the finest stickers from the poison control center always seems to melt her stuck up bitch heart. The frustration of the moment turned Olga into her vombie form. She shoot up to 20 feet, grew 3 fangs, and all her clothes tuned into casual wear from Abervombie & Finch. It was a smart outfit with a nice polo, spring color, and a sweater wrapped gently over her shoulders. Also, she was bleeding from her eyes, ears, and vagina.

Beefaroni looked on in aghast at the monstrous creature in front of her. Maybe aghast isn't the correct word here. According to the dictionary aghast derives from the past participle of Middle English agasten, to frighten- defined as struck with terror,

amazement, or horror. Perhaps a better word would be boredom. You see Beefaroni had seen this all before, every night, privately in the mirror she secretly turned into the same form. In front of Olga's eyes Beefaroni shed her human disguise, shot up 20 feet, grew three fangs, and her clothes turned into the winter line from J.C. Vombie.

"You?!" Exclaimed Olga, spitting blood everywhere.

"You!?" Aghasted Beefaroni.

This was huge. For you see two vombies in the same room causes every virgin to die in 100 mile vicinity and causes Pretzel Time to give out free hot dog wrapped pretzels (or was it pretzel wrapped hot dogs?) for one hour. Both events were amazing and spectacular and wondrous in there own ways but the virgin thing was pretty important because 59 minutes after the virgin death they rise up to become vombies!!! Not a minute before because dead virgins that come back as vombies are not eligible for free hot dog pretzels. Restrictions do apply⁴.

59 minutes later...

"Oh boy pretzel wrapped hot dogs!" exclaimed all of the dead virgins on the island.

⁴ For more information please read The Da Vomci Code. But only the original oriental texts that date back to 69 BC. The new ones are ~~bullshit~~ historically flawed.

"Sorry, but the deal does not apply to you." responded the unfortunate Pretzel Time vendor.

Then, all of the recently awoken virginal zombies surrounded him, tri-fangs bared in anger. Somewhere in the distance Sascha Fierce (Beyonce) barked.

all the single ladies- The zombies were upon him tearing into his stomach.

all the single ladies- His intestines draped across their necks like the finest shawls.

all the single ladies- Blood squirted from his decapitated head drenching them all like a fountain.

all the single ladies- Olga and Beefaroni looked on in pride as their new minions peeled off the pretzel guy's face, wrapped it around a hot dog and covered it in way too much salt.

all the single ladies- "Now come to us," Olga and Beefaroni called as the zombie horde ate what was left of pretzel guy's liver.

all the single ladies- Drenched in blood and entrails the zombies turned toward Olga and Beefaroni ready to obey.

now put your hands up- oh oh oh

Well that was ridiculous and pointless.

With their army ready Olga and Beefaroni were finally ready to face QueerWolf.

Beefaroni grew weak at the sight of her Dodger, even in his hideously homosexual form.

Thousands of vombies marched forward called by the scent of the homo wafting through the air. They knew that this would be their final battle, and the book could finally end.

But not before more horrible references to songs that no one will remember 6 months from now, maybe hardly remember now. There would be plenty more of those.

There's nothing quite as satisfying as a Pretzel Time pretzel. That's because our soft, delicious pretzels are hand-rolled, baked to perfection and served hot right out of the oven. Whether it's sweet or savory, each one of our fresh-tasting pretzels provides a satisfying experience anytime. Right about now, you're enjoying Freshness with a Twist. Made with only the finest ingredients, hand-rolled and baked fresh, each and every Pretzel Time pretzel is a hot, delicious, fresh-from-the-oven treat. It's the perfect snack that you can enjoy anytime of day.

“Livin la vida loca!” screamed Ricky Martin hips as they ran from behind the bushes.

“Don't tell my achey breaky heart!” hollered Billy Ray Cyrus's mullet, who up until now had been hidden inside of a hollow tree.

“I will walk 500 miles for you” proclaimed The Proclaimers as they parachuted down from a nearby helicopter.

“Dirty Pop!” chortled all of the members of N-Sync except for Justin Timberlake, who was too busy being penetrated anally by the Backdoor Boys.

They all formed a wall of barely recognizable talent led by the indomitable Sasha Fierce/Beyonce with her one metallic glove standing in between the vombies and QueerWolf, who had probably been burned to death by this point, taking one last stand for homos everywhere who refuse to let those great dance songs go. Dee-Lite was somewhere in there too, but way too strung out on E to say much of anything.

Let’s keep it going without the timely and untimely references. Do they mention Britney Spears in Harry Potter? Does the lead character of Twilight have a Jonas Brothers poster in her room? NO. And they sold MILLIONS. Thanks, Beyonce reference. You ruined everything. This piece of crap wouldn’t make 50 cents on a homeless man’s blanket on the street.

“I’m so bored!” screamed Olga as she beheaded all of the musicians with one fell swoop of her wing⁵.

⁵ Did we mention vombies have wings?

Olga grabbed Beefaroni with her hulking arms and immediately flew over their dead and forgotten bodies as the other vombies took to the air, still humming that damn song that gets played on the radio 60 goddamn times a day, but for the purposes of continuing this book without any more complaining will go unmentioned...Ace of Bass “All that she Wants (is Another Baby)”

"Queerwolf dead ahead!" hollered one of the more attractive crop cut vombies from the center of the flock.

QueerWolf was quite literally *dead ahead*. For all the men of the island had turned to zombies but not killer zombies, just killer hot gay men zombies who only want to feed on man meat. QueerWolf was getting head from at least 4 zombies at once while all his other orifices were filled busy being jam packed with penises, fists, bananas, Fibble (in a condom – safe Fibbling was a standard practice, even for Zombies), and something that looked like a big umbrella. The vombies had never seen such a scene, they hung out mostly at Pussy Cat Parlor and the popular tea house where the best folk singer came and played at⁶.⁷.⁸.

This was quite a turn of events, for you see, all along, as the tribesmen of the island had been referring to eating dodger, they had only meant his asshole, which had received such a great tounge lashing you'd have thought it had been anally bleached. As for the oven like hut? - tanning salon- those gays and their spray tans.

⁶ No, not Jewel.

⁷ Well, maybe on Jewel Wednesdays.

⁸ But it was not Wednesday.

The vombies looked down at zombies preparing to end all of this hot man on man action with a single strike. This could get confusing- a vombie vs. zombie battle? One typo and it will be more confusing than the past thirteen chapters- especially the one about Olga's dream sequence. The zombies unaware of the vombies overhead vombies suddenly stopped their zombie sex games when they heard the vombies bellowing their zombie/vombie war cry. "Zombies!" shouted the vombies. "Prepare to be Vombied!" Anything is better than quoting a Beyonce song.

Ok fine, here is a little known fact about hot man gay zombies from Wikipedia: they are only zombies for 45 minutes a day then they turn back to their original form and usual have to undergo many AIDS tests. So tick tock, those zombies are about to switch back into man eating (not man MEAT eating) tribesmen any minute now.

Dodger was greatly enjoying his anal pounding as he had been constipated for the past several days, all of the deep ass sex had lubricated his poop chute just enough that he was spraying feces alternately between every thrust. Thrust, poop, thrust, poop, thrust thrust, poop poop⁹. The vombies were all disgusted as they readied their flaming arrows. The zombies readied their flaming arrows as well. Get it? Because they're gay?

Humble tribesmen have been passed, through the generations, the gift of severe humility. Which is very admirable in many occasions but not so much when they awake out of there zombie like state. Those usually shy men are forced to take a look around at the

⁹ Dodger had eaten an embarrassing amount of corn.

sinful scene that has unfolded and removed their junk from the rears of their brothers, sons, friends, and dads. You can imagine the embarrassment and shame that follows.

Which is exactly what is happening when the zombies attack the village in search for a now bloody, poop covered QueerWolf.

The zombies tore through the de-zombified villagers with a brutality that would have made the Nazis jealous. Seriously they came up with what? Gas showers? Oh, very clever Nazis. But as the zombies descended it was more like a middle school massacre when a kid one day just snaps because his mom didn't hug him enough, which is to say, they weren't expecting it. Unlike the Jews. Who could smell it a mile away (because they have very large noses). Heads flew through the air. Torn limbs were used to tear other limbs off, entrails strung around necks made a pretty row of garland out of slowly choking tribesmen who themselves had their intestines removed and inserted into the rectum of other tribesmen whose genitalia had been mutilated to the point of resembling really bloody balloon animals. These zombies sure were angry. Angrier than a room full of lesbians when a fuse blows cutting out the TV forcing them to miss the last 10 minutes of L Word. They were just that mad. Not even a tray of snacks could calm these zombies.

The zombies didn't care about killing the tribesmen, they were after QueerWolf. Olga had orchestrated this with her brainwashing powers. Which weren't that good. The zombies just wanted her to shut up already and were willing to do anything – even kill hundreds of men and one very QueerWolf. Which is reminiscent of the time that Dodger

fell down whilst heading to the school bus in the first scene of the first chapter. He was so innocent then, just a boy heading off to the bus for an everyday, average day at school.

Little did Dodger know that thirteen thousand dream sequences later he would be on an island of gay men being killed by the still indefinable vombies. Life sure was funny. This was really turning out to be the worst day of dodger's life. Or was it just one long dream sequence? She probably got hungry.