

Chapter SIXtEEn



The FINAL
SHOWDOWN

The zombies all wearing trophies of their recent kills, skull hats, ear necklaces, and penis Chinese finger cuffs flew further down the island toward the tanning hut where they knew Dodger now rested. Having an entire tribe of aborigines pummel every orifice of your body for hours can really take it out of a boy slash queer slash wolf. Dodger laid under the incandescent bulbs listening to a non-descript song that will not be mentioned in any manner whatsoever¹, when suddenly he heard a rustling outside that sounded like hundreds of zombie wings beating through the air. Also, there was the not-so-faint smell of vagina.

“Oh no! Zombies!” Dodger shrieked as he bolted upright smashing all the lights on the tanning bed with his face. The broken bulbs penetrated Dodger’s eyes and face skin slashing him to a bloody ground beef mess.

“My eyes!” Dodger cried “What is a zombie, anyways?”

Dodger sure knew how to kill a joke, didn’t he? Using it over and over again till it just wasn’t funny anymore. Using the tired joke till it suddenly became funny once again.

“Excuse me,” Dodger cut in, rather rudely, “my eyes are cut to shreds, a little attention, please?” The narrator suddenly had to poop and had no time for this.

Dodger blindly stumbled out of the tanning hut and into the zombie swarm, using all of his strength he let out a mighty howl at the quickly descending moon and turned into his

¹ The latest hit from Katy Perry. Will anyone know who she is in 3 years? God I hope not.

queer wolf form. He only had a few minutes left before the moon would be fully gone and dawn would arise. He had to act quickly.

Shaking the broken glass from his eyes, QueerWolf used his super sensitive smell that could spot a fresh hit of meth at fifty paces. All of the scents of the world sparkled like diamonds on the back of his mind, he used this to sniff out the vombies. QueerWolf leaped through the air landing on top of one of the unsuspecting vombies, and began spouting clever action movie like-catch phrases: "Yippee-Ki-Yay, Mother Vombie!" and "Ooh that's gotta hurt!" and "I make this look good!"

At least that's what he thought he was saying. QueerWolf in reality was yelling like an autistic kitten. These erratic actions had the vombies circling around him, wanting to close in on the rabid homosexual wolf and defeat him once and for all to shut that Olga bitch up. QueerWolf was outnumbered. He knew he should have listened to his horoscope and not got out of bed today! Just as he deeply regretted his astrology mistake his pager went off. It was Vinny, his meth dealer. Vinny was running some errands on the island and wanted to know if he needed any meth. That Vinny!

As QueerWolf fought off several vombies one handed, he texted Vinny back with his free hand to let him know that while he appreciated the thought, unfortunately he would not be procuring any methamphetamine today as he was otherwise occupied. "No Tx :)-" the text message read.

Queerwolf mightily leapt into the air landing on the back of one of the zombies, and began riding it like a drunken sorority girl on a mechanical bull. Basically screaming a lot and vomiting everywhere. Luckily, some of his vomit landed in the eyes of other zombies, they blindly flew into one another, taking down dozens. Twirling down and burning alive in the active volcano that we forgot about until just now. You know what volcanoes remind QueerWolf of? Meth. What a delicious reward for all this burdensome zombie killing. He was feeling a little tired, and knew that Meth would help him wakey wakey. He loved the way it felt on his tongue and throat and genitals. Meth, meth, meth.

The zombies could smell QueerWolf weakening. They knew he was thinking about something else (Meth) and did not have his heart in the battle. They could also pick up a faint scent of regret for the life he had lived so far, how he wished he could have told his mother he loved her before she died. Didn't she die? Zombies are really good smellers.

You see while QueerWolf had been away on his adventures, you know gay Ricky Martin's bath house, the island, and the little mermaid hallucination, his mother had decided to sober up, her main trigger for drinking (Dodger's latent homosexuality) removed from the house hold. So, she emptied all of her jugs of pruno down the sink and set out to begin life anew. Unfortunately, those jugs actually contained insulin that regulated her blood sugar and she immediately lapsed into a diabetic coma. While in sed coma she was eaten by a bear. Everyone was really sad, especially Mrs. Popodompulous the neighbor woman who was having a lesbian affair with Dodger's mother. Dodger's mother was a very complex woman. Also, she was a dykewolf. It's sad how much

Dodger had in common with his mother, and had they only taken a little time to get to know each other, they might have been great friends. As it was she was dead and Dodger was now plummeting toward the ground at an alarming rate of speed. Dykewolf will probably reappear in the second installment of the HomoWolf series. Or not.

As QueerWolf nosedived on the back of a vombie straight into the Volcano of Doom he took a moment to look back on his life and the things that he could have done better. "I would have told people in my life I loved them more, he reckoned, and gave them less AIDS he also reckoned again. I would have sung a little louder, stood a little prouder, and rubbed my genitals on more strangers."

He thought of writing a memoir full of life lessons (and some of his favorite recipes!), those always sold big. He went searching for a pen in his pocket and found his penis. "The penIS mightier!" He exclaimed, while throwing up from the extreme speeds the vombie was reaching as she shrieked out what sounded like a Melisa Etheridge song.

"That voice." Thought Dodger. "It seems so familiar. Almost like I've heard it before... a long time ago, oh but that was a different place, and I was a different person."

He thought, and thought and thought, and thought some more, and then continued to think. As he thought his thoughts began to have thoughts which then in turn had thoughts of their own. Some of the thoughts went off and had children, but because of recent legislation were not allowed to marry. Thought on thought marriage wasn't tolerated yet.

But Dodger simply could not place where he knew the haunting voice that was coming from the vombie form. That was until the vombie let out a mighty belch that reeked of egg salad and Mr. Pibb in between shrieking the words come and to and my and window.

“BEEFARONI!” Dodger exclaimed, overly exciting the starving children on the island. “Is that really you? Or are my thought fooling me again?” Dodger mused in his big sexy head like the time his thoughts convinced him that sticking his manhood in a jar of mayo would substitute for the feeling of a hot blooded woman or the time he thought that he should probably kill his father. Did we mention that before? Dodger killed his father. He totally did. QueerWolf’s thoughts about Beefaroni were confirmed when he saw the vombie’s eyes began to lazily drift to the edges of their sockets. “OH, Beefy, it’s you, it’s really, really, really, really, really, really, really really, really you!”

Somewhere deep within the vombie soul Beefaroni recognized Dodger, her wings began to retract into her back, she shrunk several feet, and grew new teeth.

"Oh Dodger! Dodgey dodgester! I have been looking everywhere for you!" she shrieked².

"Beefaroni, you would not believe the day I had. First I found out Shrek wasn’t a Disney movie. It was much worse than that day your father ran over me because I was hiding in a pile of leaves, or that time your father ran over me because I was crossing the street without looking, or even worse than the time that your father ran over me when I was

² A sound not unlike the hit Dreamworks movie.

sitting on your couch watching Bear in the Big Blue House, or there was the time that your father ran..."

"Shhhhhh." Beefaroni shhhd, "That doesn't matter right now, what matters is that we've found each other again."

But what actually mattered is that they were hurtling toward the ground in excess of 80 miles per hour. They had forgotten the whole being hurled to the earth part of this situation, everyone had, including the writers. As they hit the ground they went bump, bump, splat! The splat was QueerWolf shating himself. It was awful scary, but that didn't matter, QueerWolf had taken a royal pounding leaving his a-hole as gaping as a lady's lady parts after giving birth to 8 children. At once. So even walking made the brown stuff fill his thong underwear.

The lover birds woke up several minutes later wrapped in each other's arm. QueerWolf's poop was keeping them in a tight, hot cocoon. A pile of Poop. A fort of fats. A getaway of gas. A shack of shit. A hideout of hiney poo.

"I'm bored." said Olga who had been patiently waiting inside of the poop cocoon for seven months.

You see while they were vacationing in Dodger's excrement, the seasons continued to pass as normal, while inside of the cocoon a change was occurring, QueerWolf was no

longer QueerWolf and Beefaroni was no longer Beefaroni, but instead they had metamorphosed into one, each ceasing to exist in their own right and becoming the gayest thing this side of Richard Simmons.

Olga looked on in horror as the creature rose from its feces shell, the other zombies all cowered in terror as it rose, its eyes glairing red, its wrists limp, and its smile so white that it made fake teeth jealous.

The creature was looked like at a solar eclipse with no protective eyewear. Instead of having 1 head the QueerWolf/Vombie, which we call WOMBIE³, had 12. All of these heads talked at once. The high pitch chatter was deafening to the human ear. The heads took turns vomiting out a substance that was bright yellow and burnt the skin.

Three of the heads had vaginas on them that continually bleed. The body of the WOMBIE moved to a beat, slow and clumsy, shaking all of its bobble heads around. Also, it was wearing a Bart Simpson t-shirt. “Underachiever and Proud of It!” Still funny, after all these years.

The incredibly adorably marketable WOMBIE stood up, as much as it could being covered in its own vomit (think of the merchandising options!) and ripped six of its eyeballs out throwing them at the remaining zombies (Stuffed Zombies! Every kid will

³ We thought we were being clever. Google proves us wrong yet again. DAMN YOU GOOGLE.
<http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=Wombie>
<http://wombie.net/>
<http://www.wombania.com/>
<http://twitter.com/Wombie>

need one!) as the eyeballs flew through the air they each turned into miniature WOMBIES who crawled into the vombie's rectums eating them from the inside out (Wombie playsets!) because WOMBIES love eating ass (Dance Dance Wombolution games!) The horde of vombies lay disemboweled on the ground, except for Olga, and the eyeballs crawled inside one of the six hundred penises of the WOMBIE and back to their ocular cavities (Wombie Cereal! With Marshmallows!!!!)

Suddenly, as if this was all coming to rather abrupt and desperately needed end the WOMBIE decided it was time to do what it was created to do. In those last moments in the shit cocoon Dodger and Beefaroni exchanged vows of matrimony, only to be both searching their family trees online (the cocoon had wireless internet) to find they were in fact sister and brother. Incest!

They knew that the incest police would soon be after them, making them appear on the Montel Williams show to tell their story. Their love would be judged and they would be separated. Dodger and Beefaroni knew they must act quickly, figuring that what happens in the poop hut stays in the poop hut. Dodger turned her around and stuck his sausage in his Beefaroni.

Wait I thought dodger and Beefaroni were the WOMBIE? Maybe they were inside of the WOMBIE, like aware of what they are while part of a larger being?

“Man, fantasy is confusing,” thought Olga as she watched Dodger and Beefaroni inside of the torso of the WOMBIE having incestual sex.

The WOMBIE, whose clever ruse to confuse the reader had worked on Olga, and he/she/WOMBIE slammed one of his/her/WOMBIE massive fists down crushing Olga under its weight.

“But... I can't die!” Olga shouted. “I am immortal!”

But Olga was sadly mistaken, and she did die, exploding into a million beams of light which pierced through the WOMBIE shredding it to bits. With a blinding flash of light Beefaroni and Dodger tubmled towards the ground, covered in WOMBIE semen.

I hate this.

The End.

“Come on, try harder. Let's actually find an ending....” said one bored author to the other.

“It's your fault. You didn't build on the incest story line at the end. You made it confusing, this is your fault. They were just about to turn into the WOMBIE because their love was illegal but first they were going to do it, anally” said the bitchier of the two authors to the much more handsome, some might say dashing even author.

“Fine I’ll try again.” Said the author that no one would ever call dashing.

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“I’m pregnant!” shouted Beefaroni.

How she knew she was pregnant at the moment of insertion is a mystery, but it was true, she was now carrying the seed of the queer wolf, luckily there was an abortion clinic just down the road. As they made haste to scrape the baby out of them Olga died of complications from a gastric bypass surgery she had a few months ago. After Beefaroni got rid of the unwanted baby they lived happily ever after.

“You’re right this is hard. You try.” Said the sad excuse for an author / human being who never leaves the apartment.

Dodger and Beefaroni knew they must act quickly, figuring that what happens in the poop hut stays in the poop hut. Dodger turned her around and stuck his sausage in the Beefaroni.

It was hot. Hotter than hot. So hot the feces began melting on to their skin and into their mouth and other orifices. Now, they had to act fast or faced being exposed to the Vombies who hate man and woman sex. Suddenly Harry Potter showed up and turned the star crossed sibling lovers into the WOMBIE with a spell he was working on for class or whatever.

The End?

Terrible, just terrible. Alright, you know what? Let's just let the reader finish this peice of crap. It can't be worse than anything we've come up with so far.

Dodger and ____ (proper noun)_____ were ____ (verb)_____ when the ____ (noun)_____ decided to ____ (adverb)_____ stab themselves in the ____ (body part)_____. Olga __ (action verb)_____ dodger and threw him against the ____ (noun)_____

And everyone lived happily ever after.

The End!

Ding Ding Ding! Dodger awoke to his alarm clock. He had slept in! He was going to miss the bus! What a weird dream all this was. Werewolves and homosexuals and Ricky Martin? Dreams sure were weird sometimes.

Rolling over in his bed, young Dodger pulled his covers over his head and hit snooze one more time. School could wait, he thought as he was dozing back into slumber land.

Hearing a flapping sound, Dodger opened his eyes up slightly and saw a hundred zombies flying above his bed in circles. Dodger tried to scream, but it was quickly muffled by their beating wings.

THE END.⁴

⁴ Or is it?