

# Chapter Two



Dodger's Day  
gets progressively

**WORSE**

As Dodger walked down the hall he heard an ominous, ghost like voice over his shoulder. "Something very bad will happen to you in third period, Dodger." He knew it was true because it was the voice of his third period teacher.

Oh, great Dodger thought. "How could this get any worse?" he mused to himself as he absentmindedly slammed his locker door shut on his erection. Dodger released a "Hummina hummina hummina" that could be heard all the way down the hall. Every student and teacher and child molester in the hallway went silent, looking at Dodger.

You could hear a pin drop, you could hear a zip pop, you could hear a janitor mop. This turned on the child molesters very much. Dodger had to redeem himself. Everyone was waiting for him to speak. Dodger could only think of his throbbing manhood. "I just shit myself!" Dodger said. This, also, turned the child molesters on very much.

Dodger looked around humiliated as the entire student body of Michael J Fox Jr High was pointing and laughing at him. He tried to run, but unfortunately his penis was still caught in his locker. A mighty tear echoed up and down the hallway followed by an equally mighty rip and then a mighty plop which was immediately followed by a not quite as mighty but still pretty mighty "Oh my god I think I ripped my dick off". Sound effects are fun.

"Can I have a bite of that?" the child molester harmlessly asked the boy.

"Of my Pop Tart?" the boy replied.

“I love them more than toaster strudels” the molester confided. The boy agreed. They both had a great laugh.

All the children and the teachers and the convicted felon janitors had gone back to their morning routines in wait of the 1st period bell to ring. It was just an average day at MJ Fox JR High, until the intercom buzzed on and the Principal could be heard clearing his throat into the microphone.

Everyone stopped again to hear what Mr. Delicatefawn had to say. It must be something important to interrupt even before classes had begun. Everyone had forgotten completely about Dodger's Dick incident, even Dodger. It was boring and drawn out.

"Students, I have some very sad news to share with you. Precisely an hour ago two planes flew through two high rise buildings in New York and the buildings are now falling to the ground causing deaths in the thousands." All the people the school collectively held their breath, not believing what they were hearing. "Just kidding you like stinkers!!" he then honked a horn into the microphone twice. "Just a friendly reminder to bring 2 pencils to class for mandatory lice checks. God you kids! You believe everything you hear!!!!" He then honked the horn three times into the microphone and blew a kazoo, ending with 5 minutes of fart sounds.

Dodger was suddenly overcome with the smell of pancakes. This could only mean one thing: his girlfriend Beefaroni was near by. Beefaroni always smelled exactly like I-Hop after a breakfast rush, when all of the old people are still sitting around staring at the mounds of whipped cream left on their plate and slowly finishing their glasses of hot water. That was one of the things Dodger loved about Beefaroni.

Love is a strong word in Dodger's case, tolerate would be more accurate, or even *didn't especially hate*. Dodger also didn't especially hate the beautiful small tuft of hair on the end of her nose, her gorgeous slightly off center milky eyes, and her sensual hips that looked like they were designed to birth a baby elephant.

Out of the corner of his eyes he saw Beefaroni and her Juicy sweat pants slowly walking up to him. Too bad it was a dream sequence. Beefaroni was studying abroad this semester even though high school students, especially poor ones, don't study abroad. Somehow Beefaroni had been picked for one of those prestigious programs that we just made up and her parents Cheeseburger Macaroni and Stroganoff were very rich because of wise investments in the stock yard, I mean market.

Now where were we? Oh yes, Dodger re-opened his locker to collect his two extra pencils for lice checks slamming his locker shut on, you guessed it, his penis. It had become bloated like a meal of Hamburger Helper after having a waking dream about his long lost girlfriend, Beefaroni.

Dodger casually let out a yelp, followed by a help, then a man I can't believe that was all a dream sequence, what was that about? Dodger opened his locker and tucking his man parts behind his legs so as not to damage them further, and also to make himself look like a pretty girl which he sometimes did in the mirror late at night when no one was around, and walked to Sex Ed/Geometry class.

"Dodger, you're late! Just like my period!" chortled Mrs. Whompodompolus, the frightfully overweight Sex Ed/Geometry teacher as she shoveled a handful of Cheetos into her mouth. "Now today we're discussing puberty and rhombus triangles" she added as she ate an entire Snickers bar in one bite. "Since we can't afford text books," continued Mrs. W (as the kids called her), "Imma gonna tell you about mine, gobble bark purrrr!"

Sometimes when Mrs. W got too excited she made different animal sounds in succession. Dodger had no idea why, but this turned him on greatly.

"Bock bock ribbit!" Mrs. W exclaimed as she stuffed marshmallow peeps in her ears. Often times when teaching Mrs. W couldn't help but to continue attempting to eat food by stuffing it into other orifices of her body as to not block her mouth. This practice could get quite messy at times.

"Purr, meow, you see when you reach a certain age bawkbawkbawkw bawgowck you may start to notice mooooo moooo mood changes neigh that take place sssssssssssss in your bark bark howl woof body." Mrs W(hompodompolus) continued while stuffing peanut

M&Ms up her nose. "These roo roo rooo raah rooo are hoppy hoppy hoppy perfectly borgy borgy natural fart." Mrs. W was clearly running out of animal sounds.

Additionally, she had filled her ears with peeps, nose with M&Ms, eyes with gummy Sour Patch Kids, and you can just imagine where the Twizzlers and Bugles went. And if you can't guess: they went straight up her butt...

...er milk pancakes! Mrs. Whompthereitis loved making breakfast laced with candy. She was just about to write some recipes for French toast a la Charleston Chew on the chalkboard when one child meekly raised his hand. His name was Ralph Lauren.

"Yes, what is it, Ralph, hiss hiss muka ka ka?" (muka ka ka is the indigenous call of the tropical bird of the South African rain forests, that are uncomfortably gay)

Ralph was the shyest boy in the class. Frighteningly quiet. He was voted three years in a row "Most Likely to Bring a Gun to School, And Use It." But poor misunderstood Ralph had a burning question about puberty, and since his parents were dead, Ralph was forced to ask the teacher.

"Mrs. W is it true that werewolves are actually an extended metaphor for puberty?" asked Ralph Lauren while sewing an American flag onto everything in sight.

"Clip clop clip clop what an odd question to ask." said Mrs. Wallawallawashington whose name was getting increasingly ridiculous.

Dodger shifted repeatedly in his seat. Not only because of the fact that his penis was now swollen and bleeding internally from all of the blunt trauma it had recently received, not only because the baked bean and cabbage oatmeal he'd eaten for breakfast had started to act up, but also only because something about that question made him uncomfortable. Dodger

thrust his hand in the air with the determination of someone who was about to ask a question, an important question, a question that would change everything.

This must be some kind of dream, Dodger thought wearily to himself- his hand in the air, his penis bleeding through his jeans, the weird kid Ralph Lauren taking measurements of the distance from the door to his skull. He was having Déjà Jew, which is kind like the holocaust but more like a really bad night on the toilet after eating day old lox.

He knew that this moment would be important. More important than any other moment that had ever come in his short life. Dodger was about to ask something monumental. Then he remembered that it was the worst day ever and his chair buckled underneath him, sending him crashing to the floor like dollar store Jell-o. Thanks to the baked and stuffed cabbage oatmeal, Dodger immediately shit himself. Not caring about the shit or blood dripping from his jeans, Dodger rose up quickly. By god, he had a question to ask.

Just then the bell rang.

"Class dismissed! Rabble rabble rabble!" Rabbled Mrs Walleyedpike imitating the call of the North American Hamburgler.

"But Mrs W I have an important question to ask!" whined Dodger with a tone more annoying than John McCain accusing Barack Obama of avoiding town hall style meetings. See out-dated political humor is funny!

"I said class dismissed. Whoop Whoop" Said Mrs Winklerhenrywhoplayedthefonz

"Buuuuuuuuuuuuuuutt Mrs W!! This is a very important question that could change everything!!!" Dodger pleaded while holding his pecker in his hand as it squirted blood on the girl sitting in front of him.

"Sorry, but I've already stuffed eighteen marshmallow peeps in my mouth, so that means class is over." said Mrs Whateverintiredoffunnynames except it sounded more like "mhphumpble burp gmmghkk choke choke gaaagghlkkk garble garble swallow."

Dodger walked out of class leaving a snail like trail of shit and blood behind him the question still echoing over and over again in his head. The question he would never know the answer to. The question that was so important that it could potentially change everything.

Dodger headed to the bathroom to wash up as to prevent any infections like AIDS. Dodger had a lot on his mind. He was thinking about when his girlfriend would come back. He missed her. He was thinking about the very important question he needed to ask someone. And he was thinking about when this chapter was going to end. Dodger washed his face with toilet water, brushed his teeth with his finger, and looked longingly into the mirror.

Why was he here? Not just in the bathroom, but here, in the world. And why were his gums bleeding so much? Just as he was about to leave the bathroom he found a slip of paper on the floor, with a light poop stain streaked across the front of the fold. Naturally, he picked the paper up.

Dodger examined the poop stained envelope, gently smelling and licking the brown stained paper. Upon taking a closer at it Dodger quickly realized that the poop formed a shape not unlike a full moon with a wolf in it.

“Someone sure likes to play with their poop,” Dodger thought. “It must be my cousin, Amy Fisher, who once made the entire last supper in diarrhea, right before she was locked in a mental institution for trying to eat TV antennae.”

Dodger tore open the envelope, and looked at the letter, also written entirely in feces with a scent not unlike Nutella mixed with tuna fish.

The note read:

Roses are Red

Violets are blue

Beware the full moon

Because you're a dirty hook nosed

Bagel eating piece of poo!

Clearly the letter was not for him. Dodger hated bagels and was usually not too cheap with money. Something did catch his eye. Full Moon. What was it about the full moon that made him so scared? What did the Full Moon do to a boy like Dodger? Before he had too much time to think about it, Jerry the Janitor stepped into the bathroom, locked the door behind him, and covered Dodger's mouth with a rag covered in what smelled like gasoline to Dodger, but was actually a mix of ether and semen.

Out of fear Dodger inhaled deeply just like Mrs. W taught him to do when he was unaware of scent and instantly become tired. Too tired to fight Jerry's sexual advances which included flowers, soft jazz playing from the boom box strapped to his janitor cart, and a box of chocolates- Jerry was a hopeless romantic when it came to love- Dodger eventually became limp in Jerry the Janitor's arms.

The young boy drifted into a deep sleep. A sleep that left Dodger's anus so relaxed you could fit a broom up there. A sleep so deep he would dream of the last full moon in some kind of distant dream sequence.