

Chapter ThR3e



Dodger's DReaM
SeQuence of
tHe LAST FULL mo0n

Before we begin this important dream sequence that is endlessly more important than the previous dream sequence and the six following dream sequences in this chapter it is imperative that you know a few things about the phases of the moon. The first phase is the darkened phase followed by the waxing phase when the moon gets rid off all of it's body hair and gets all dolled up for moon's big night out which is the next phase. Then there is the waxing gibbous phase during which the moon regrets the night out and goes in for a moon AIDS test. Then that is immediately followed by the phase where the moon calls its ex lovers to tell them about their subsequent moon disease, which is followed by a slow painful Gia-like moon sore related death. Finally, there is the full moon which is where we find our young hero Dodger naked and covered in mud - dream mud, of course.

"Why am I covered in mud, where am I, why is the moon crying?" Dodger mused as he ripped a leach off his face. Trying to collect his thoughts and personal belongings, Dodger attempted to remember what got him in this mud pile in the middle of the jungle. He vaguely recalled dislodging the vomit caught in his drunken mother's throat, a nightly event. He then went to the kitchen and had a glass of milk and thought about how much better it would taste if it was sheep blood. Dodger then did the most peculiar thing, he went into the bathroom, tucked his genitals up into his anal cavity and sang at least 20 Faith Hill songs. Good thing my mom is asleep, Dodger thought to himself, she would die if she saw how pretty I looked, just die!

Dodger looked down at his feet, where a family of dead deer lay.

"Did I do that?" Dodger mumbled to himself quoting Urkel, his favorite sitcom character.

"I am an annoying black kid who will never do anything other than celebrity basketball tournaments on MTV." He chuckled as he said Urkel's other catch phrase.

Looking closer at the family of dead deer he noticed a carved in the side of one of them.

It read: Dodger Wuz here 4 Eva LOL.

"Did I write that?" Dodger asked himself aloud. Looking closer at the dead deer he saw a photograph of himself slaughtering the deer and smiling.

"Did I take that?" he asked himself.

Spread out next to the photo were several charcoal etchings of him killing the deer, a diorama made out of play dough showing him killing the deer and a book, Dodger: Portrait of a Deer Killer (An Autobiography) by Dodger. Dodger had clearly not killed the deer.

Now, back to piecing together Dodger's night before leading up to this mud pile in the jungle surrounded by dead deer. After untucking his genitals and sticking all the toothbrushes up his anal cavity only to realize it was his bathroom and only his toothbrush was there he took a long look into the mirror.

He touched his nose.

“Hi nose.” he said.

He touched his mouth.

“Heya moutha.” he said, chuckling.

Dodger then wondered where he could score some meth, quickly stopping himself. *I am being very gay tonight*, he thought. Then Dodger touched his eyebrow that had somehow connected to the other eyebrow and became hairier than his grandma's pubic bush which he once saw when he had won a bet with her.

“That's queer,” Dodger muttered aloud, “I'm not talking queer like sticking three fingers up your butt, which I am currently doing, more queer like strange, you know like faggots.” Dodger said as he removed three fingers from his butt.

He looked closer in the mirror inspecting his pretty face which had become covered in a fine fur, not unlike a baby born with fetal alcohol syndrome. His eyes were narrowing, not unlike a baby born with fetal alcohol syndrome, and his face was becoming flatter, not unlike a baby born with fetal alcohol syndrome. This all made Dodger miss his mother very much. Boy, his grandmother had a lot of pubes.

This whole hairy face thing was causing alarm inside of Dodger. The room began spinning, like a disco dance floor. He knew what he needed to do. Dodger needed to masturbate. Without looking down he grabbed his manhood and began pulling and yanking and twisting and tying his dick in a knot like a balloon animal singing "This is the way Dodger milks his worm....all the live long day."

Dodger was feeling better as he tried to poke his junk back up into himself. It was fun! Dodger looked down to admire his work when he froze in pure horror and dismay. He raised his hands up, up, up to his face. His hands had grown grandma like pubic hair all over them and his nails had turned yellow and grown sharp like candy corn. Or homeless people. Or yellow bunny marshmallow peeps. Or a rare and deadly virus called Banana AIDS. This was all too much for young Dodger.

The room spun and Dodger was mad dizzy. He was so dizzy, spinning round and round. The last thing Dodger saw before the blanket of overwhelming sleep enveloped him completely was his grandma, who had been dead for over 2 years, open up the bathroom door and scream, "Just like your father, you are just like your father!"

What Dodger will not remember because he was passed out was that his grandma ghost feel to her knees, felt his face and hands, and quickly realized he was not like his father, who had enjoyed wearing Grandma's pubes on his face and hands. Boy was her ghostly undead face white! No, Dodger was more like his mother, who was a werewolf.

Dodger looked around the woods again and found not only piles of slaughtered deer, but also slaughtered bunnies, chipmunks, and other adorable woodland creatures whose bodies were piled on top of each other like the holocaust or 9-11 or something else completely appropriate. "I have to concentrate" Dodger thought to himself as he bit into a squirrel. "How did I get here? And why am I eating a squirrel?" He then pondered eating a chipmunk but knew they had a high amount of trans fat.

"Okay, focus Dodgey!" Dodgey was what Dodger called himself in his thoughts under times of stress, sometimes he called himself Mambutaka Nukanakaa and spread Nutella on his face, but that was only days when he was feeling really lazy. "Okay, okay, Dodgey. Hands- growing hair. Face- hairy. Dead Grandma- feeling my balls. I was masturbating and now I'm in the jungle. What could it possibly mean?"

Just then out of nowhere, like how technology can sometimes sneak up on you, Dodger received a text message that said: "Sweet! What time should i b n? Can u get me a party favr wit tha wht lady frnd 4 me."

Dodger texted back a smiley face made out of a number eight, a parentheses, a semi colon a hyphen and an asterix. It kind of looked like a clown.

"Damn! I should have added a plus sign! That would really have made that smiley face shine! Or dollar sign. Or an ampersand. Oh man, why do I hit send on my text messages so quickly?"

Dodger then noticed that he had not in fact hit send on his text message. He hit edit and added an open quotation mark a backslash and whatever the number six makes when you hit shift. Just then Dodger caught his reflection in a pool of blood, which would almost assuredly lead to even more masturbation.

“My face,” he said to no one in particular, “My face is hairy! And my eyes,” he said to no one in particular, “My eyes are red and powerful. And my hands,” he said to Ronald Regan, “My hands are dirty and hairy and callused and strong. I am not myself. I am someone else- something else. I am unmistakably attracted to Tom Cruise, Robert Downey Jr, Brad Pitt, Jay Leno, and that guy in the cell phone commercials that says ‘Can you hear me now?’.”

Dodger raised his arms to the moon, noting how his wrists went limp, and yelled
“WHHHHHHHHHHY GOOOOOOOOOOOO ODDDDDDDDDDDD?????????”

Meanwhile he was being lovingly raped in a closet by a Hispanic janitor.