

CHapter FOUr



The MONSTER
at the **END**
oF THiRd pERi0d

Dodger awoke suddenly like the cost of sandwiches going up fifty cents. He felt as if six days had passed, but upon hearing the bell that went brrring brrring brrriing, as bells tend to do, he realized he had only been out for about an hour and was now going to be late for third period.

"Time sure is an abstract concept" he thought to himself, then realizing that he wasn't in a shitty Richard Linklater movie, shrugged it off as a dream sequence.

Dodger felt sticky and sore from head to toe but mostly in his butt. "Jeeze Louise!" he exclaimed exclaimedly "I must have given myself a bath in marshmallow fluff and clam juice yet again." But that wasn't the biggest problem. He still didn't have two pencils for the head lice check. "I hope I don't have another dream sequence" he said while picking dried crust off of his tongue.

"Why doesn't anyone love me?"

Dodger thought this was a particularly weird question coming from his third period teacher. He would have raised his hand to answer but the sticky goop on his arm had dried to his shirt.

"Am I fat?" mused Mr. Malone who looked almost exactly like Tony Danza, which turned Dodger on greatly (only on full moons). "Am I not capable of love?" Mr. Malone was crying now.

Tami Teachersexer spoke without raising her hand. "Maybe if a certain teacher didn't get so emotionally involved, a certain teacher wouldn't have to cry like a baby when certain students breaks up with him."

Mr. Malone then did a small tap dance number and screamed Angela about thirty six times. Maybe he was Tony Danza ala "Who's the Boss" after all. At least Dodger could imagine that he was Jonathan and after a long day of being annoying and gay Tony was tucking him in. Leaning over his annoying gay body, Tony kisses his forehead, sweat dripping off of his brow reeking of tomato and basil as all Italians do. Dodger began masturbating feverishly yet again (it was a full moon after all). Oh Mr Masselli! Mr. Masselli! Who's the BOSS!?!?!?

"I'm so lonely." Mr. Malone cried while looking longingly at a protractor. "You'll miss me when I'm gone! You'll all miss me! Especially you Tami, who I did not have sex with!"

But Tami Teachersexer knew differently. She knew that the protractor was in fact a pencil with a condom wrapped around it. She knew that she did have sex with Mr. Tony Malone. And she knew that this story was going nowhere. Tami was no sucker. Well, yes, she was, but only when a Teacher was involved.

In effort to move the story along Tami jumped unto her desk, ripped the pencil wrapped in a condom from Mr. Malone's crying hands (yes, even his hands cry), and suck it up her holy hole. Everyone agreed that this did not move the story along, but was fun to look at.

Dodger suddenly recalled the words Mr Malone whispered into his ears earlier in the day. "Something very bad will happen to you in third period." repeating over and over again "Something very bad will happen to you in third period. Something very bad will happen to you in third period" Dodger thought he was hearing voices in his head again till he realized Mr Malone was saying it over and over in his ear as he used one of those foldy paper things to try and tell if Tami liked him.

"Purple. 1 2 3 4 5 6" said Mr. Malone manipulating the folds. "DAMNIT! This thing says I smell like doodie!!!! I knew it! Oh yeah, Dodger, something very bad will happen to you in third period."

Mr Malone started crying again. The entire class was unsure exactly what subject was even taught during third period. It is the class right before lunch so most children are experiencing extreme sugar imbalances and having itty tiny bitty seizures. They are cute, but not nearly as cute as Tami Teacherfucker gently stabbing her vertical smile with a pencil. Somehow, the pencil was coming out more and more sharp. Dodger grabbed the pencil from her, licked it, and then wrote out a message to himself so he wouldn't forget later.

He scribbled "Something bad will happen to you in third period, why does pencil smell like rusty pennies dipped in tuna water juice?" It was a nice note. He made sure to dot all the I's with little hearts. Just then, like it was a cue to get this over with, the lights in the class room turned off. Darkness fell upon the students. And then the lights came back on.

"That's odd." said Mr Malone. "Must have been a squirrel chewing on a transformer. That happens sometimes you know."

But Dodger knew this was not the work of a fried squirrel, which for some reason turned him on. Dodger may have been a sex addict, but it's hard to know for sure given he hadn't really had sex. Can you be a sex addict if you don't have sex? These were one of the many questions that kept Dodger awake at night. That, and why did he have a piece of coat hanger lodged in his brain since birth? And if he boiled his own pee would it be safe to drink? So. Many. Questions.

And then, darkness yet again fell upon the students, Dodger knew that something sinister was present.

"NO!" Mr. Malone screamed while crying. He was terrified of the dark ever since Tina Teachersexer slipped a finger up his butt one night. He never recovered from the incident.

"Not in the ass again, Tina!" Mr. Tony Malone whimpered. But Tina had no whip smart comment to shoot back like every other day. She said nothing.

“This is odd.” Dodger thought taking the moment of darkness as a chance to masturbate to the thought of meat being cut. It was a very sexy thought. Just as he finished and accidentally unloaded his man juice unto the deaf boy that sat in front of him the lights came back on. The reason that Tina kept silent became clear. She had gone missing.

Mr. Malone rubbed his face on Tina’s desk while repeatedly crying deep sobs of anguish and hunger, lunch was still 30 minutes away.

"I'm relieved," thought Dodger, "something very bad was going to happen to me during third period and so far only the girl who smelled like the seafood section of Shop ‘N Save disappeared. This day may turn out alright after all." With that the lights went out yet again, when they came back on several other children were missing. "Still fine!" yelled Dodger "Hell Yeah!"

Luck soon ran out for young Dodger said a narrative voice that had not been in this story thus far. The voice continued: For just as Dodger went to high five the deaf boy with seaman in his hair the lights cut off and seconds later, as they blinked back on, Dodger himself was missing. Something evil was building in the school of Michael J. Fox Junior High. Something that would grow bigger and bigger and bigger and even bigger. Where was Dodger? What had taken him? Why was Mr. Malone eating pieces of Tami's desk? Would the deaf boy ever find Dodger’s man juice that was quickly drying in his hair? Were there actually any other students in the room?

What seemed like 10 minutes later Dodger came to, sitting in a chair, his hands were restrained with slap it bracelets. He was sweating, and the lights, they were bright.

Dodger started to scream when he felt something prodding his head. Were they about the drill into his brain for secret military information?

His capture circled slowly, methodically in front of him so Dodger could get a look at him. It was none other than the dreaded school nurse, Ms. Lazyeye. "I can't find no ticks on you, boy!"

"I thought you were checking for Lice?" Dodger squealed not fully understanding why he capitalized the word lice. "Oh, thas right, I look again, be still boy." Ms. Lazyeye had been transferred from New Orleans after hurricane Katrina. Everyone suspected she was the product of severe inbreeding.

"Hoo boy dem lice be holdin on for dear life" said Ms. Lazyeye, not stereotypically at all "Shonuff there be more lice dan negros drownin at da super dome. I gotta demon in me!"

But how can I have lice? Dodger thought to himself without quotation marks.

"It be okay honkey tonkey, I give you dis shampoo and dem lice be gone in no time!" said Mrs. Lazyeye as she ate a plate of fried chicken, watermelon, collard greens, malt liquor, grape soda, kool-aid, chitlins, pig feet, and government cheese.

Dodger stared deep into Mrs. Lazyeye's lazy eye. There was something behind there. Dodger could see something squirming behind that eye- something lovecraftian. Something filled with mythos. Something even a man named Spradlin had never seen before. It was a message. That's right! The smeary brown eye had a secret message for Dodger. That eye was now creeping slowly to the far left threatening to retreat back into the eye socket before giving the message to Dodger. It had been such a dreadfully bad day for Dodger (see Chapter 1), he needed the message the lazy, inbred, half-drunk eye was trying to tell him. He had to have it. He would do anything for it.

Dodger leaned forward and plucked the eye from the eye socket. Mrs Lazyeye slunk back in terror as Dodger held the eye above his head screaming at it. "TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW! TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW"

"Dayum boy you done and took ma eye outta ma head! Maybe we should fry that." Mrs Lazyeye said in-between bites of a po'boy from Popeye's. "Be good in some bacon fat. I tell you"

The eye looked back at Dodger dripping fluid. At first it seemed like just a normal every day eye, but then with a clap of thunder and lightning, the indoor kind that can happen in a windowless nurse's office, the eye began to speak.

"Hello sexy!" The eye began in a very very very very gay voice "Mmmm mmm mmm look at you! I could just eat you up. Why don't you do me a little favor and stick me up your butt? "

"Just tell me what I need to know!" Dodger squealed, shaking the eye ball, revealing his low patience with homosexuals- a clear sign of being uncomfortable with his own sexuality, especially during times of full moons.

"Ooooh honey, you got to calm down. Mama kiss it better? Come on baby, kiss me!" The eye was determined. Dodger was not entertained. "I'll tell you my secret if you just kiss me." Said the slimy, lazy eye ball that for no reason in particular was pussing.

Dodger knew he would have to please the eye to get the secret message. This reminded him of most Thanksgivings with his Uncle Molesty. He couldn't yet, without years of therapy, figure out just why.

"I'm just a lonely eye ball, come on sugar, give me some love."

Dodger's uncle had always said the same thing, including the eyeball part which was always a little weird. Dodger placed his childhood (rectal) trauma behind him (literally!) and mustered up the courage to do what he needed to do. Dodger puckered his lips and slowly and sensually moved the oozing eyeball to his lips placing

them tenderly against the iris, darting his tongue over the smooth surface of the eye in the most erotic eyeball make out scene since Un Chien Andalusia II: Electric Boogaloo.

Dodger placed the eye against his cheek. "You know I love you right?" Dodger asked.

"Oh sure, sure honey, I know. I aint trying to pressure you or nothing, but come on, just put me in your mouth? Just for a little bit?" The eye was relentless. Relentlessly horny!

"NOoooOOOO!" Dodger screamed, half crying, half singing some kind of show tune.

Dodger had been pushed against an emotional boundary. He was never going to take another eye ball or uncle into his mouth. The eyeball knew it had gone too far, it was time to tell the boy his secret.

"Ok, put me close up to your ear, really close. Like inside, ok not inside. But close enough for me to smell you. Ok that is great. I love you, Dodger. My secret is that I love you from a place so deep inside of me it hurts when I am not close to you, or when you don't put me in your mouth. But I will always love you, my young boy. Please tell me that thing with the janitor was nothing, just something to pass the time, right? Right, Dodgey? It is me, the lazy eyeball that you love, and always and forever will. I love you, Dodger. Oh yeah. And you are a werewolf."

Not believing what Dodger had just heard, he threw the squishy eye ball to the ground, raised his foot and quickly smashed the eye ball to death. "I. AM. NOT. GAY!" Dodger

screamed over and over again. He was still saying, "'I. AM. NOT. GAY!" over and over again as the nurse woke him up. Dodger had passed out at the fright of having lice and all of that was in fact, one big dream sequence. Happy Halloween!