

# Chapter FIVE



UNTITLED

*but...*

Just AS 1mp0rtANT

Dodger awoke with a start back in Mr. Malone's third period class. He was breathing heavily and lying on the floor naked in a fetal position.

"Well," said Mr. Malone looking over Dodger, "At least I'm over Tammi" as he zipped up his fly.

"Maybe this was what that voice meant about something terrible happening to me during third period." Dodger thought to himself.

Dodger sure had been molested a lot today. Realizing he had had more penises in him than Jon Benet Ramsey Dodger decided to just move on and try and figure out why all of this was happening. (Possibly in another dream sequence?) Then Dodger noticed something in his left hand. It was the lazy eye of Mrs. Lazyeye and it looked angry, also lazy, but mostly angry.

So he ate that eye, which turned out to be a marshmallow peep, which turned out to be covered in Mr. Malone's man juice, which turned out to taste more salty than he expected. Things were really surprising him today.

Before Dodger could have another dream sequence the bell rang, signaling the end of class. Mr. Malone lovingly watched as the children filed out of his classroom. He felt accomplished at educating America's youth. He knew he was really making a difference. As they left Mr. Malone felt tearfully nostalgic and yelled out to his beloved students

"I love you, children! I am going to kill Tami tonight in a rather fitful rage and attempt to bury her body parts in several different dark fields, buried so deep that only some kind of homosexual werewolf will be able to find them!"

The class all laughed loudly at Mr. Malone. They all hated Tami were happy to see her go.

It was time for lunch. Dodger hated lunch. Especially Lunchlady VanHelsing, who always eyed him suspiciously and tried to stab him in the face with a ladle. But today was Pizza and Chocolate Milk Day. Too bad Dodger hated chocolate milk and pizza gave him gas. He decided he would just skip lunch and head out to the school playground to kill small animals.

“Take that Mr. Slug! Take that Mr. Ant! Take that curious neighbor cat! Take that retarded kid in the wheelchair!”

But before Dodger could take out his aggression on any other small over chromosomed creatures he looked at the sky. It was a crystal clear afternoon, the kind where the moon was allready out, and incase you hadn't figured it out yet...

... the moon was full. CUE DRAMATIC MUSIC!!!!

Beyonce. No Madonna. Yes. Madonna. But not new Madonna, old Madonna when she wasn't just a media whore, she was a real whore. *Those were the days* Dodger thought not realizing he was only 12. Lunch was almost over and Dodger had so much burying of dead carcass to do. He was acting rather impulsively today. Like a homosexual meth addict, only more werewolfy. (I.E. Killing all these animals) He gathered up the dead and walked to the edge of the school field, ducked under the fence, and headed towards Old Man Touchy's house. He had a great yard for burying things.

Dodger ran through the woods toward the old pervert's house, branches tearing into his school clothes. He held the dead animals tight in his hands but they were getting too heavy, so he placed them in his mouth. Slightly chewing, but not swallowing. Dodger was a spitter. Soon, he found himself dropping to all fours and began to half gallop, half sashay through the woods while making a low guttural growl and a kind of lisp.

*“Whath thappen to me? and why do I thuddenly want to go thee Mama Mia and thing along?”*

But this thought in Dodger's brain would not last long, as he found himself at the edge of a large cliff face-to-face with the moon. He let out a loud howl.

"Oh, I'm a werewolf. I get it now." said Dodger "Now who wants to go clubbing?"

This was very overwhelming for Dodger. Finding out you gay is very taxing. And what would he do with all that hair wolves have? And how will he not kill and eat his friends

and family? Questions swirled in his head like tasty low fat ice cream into a cone. Dodger was getting dizzy and thought he needed to lie down, butt up, and have a dream sequence.

"NO," Dodger yelled at himself, "I will not let all the exposition go on in hardly coherent, meandering dream sequences." But Dodger was weak, and the author's writing abilities were weaker yet. So down Dodger went, into a deep, deep dream sequence. Possibly having some kind of fatherly figure that guides him in his newfound knowledge of himself. Then that same fatherly figure violently rapes him.

Dodger found himself in a field of bunnies- hundreds and hundreds of bunnies, each cuter than the next. Hip hop hip hopping all over the place. Some were red, and some were blue, some were old and some were new, some had fluffy tails and some had cotton tails. But the cutest bunny of all was Sir Hopperling. He was a royal knight of Mount Bunntania and loved carrots. Sir Hopperling had never sired an heir and this worried all of the bunnies of Mount Bunntania greatly. Especially Mrs. Fluffybottom, who for years had tried to win Sir Hopperlings affection.

"This is what you call another fucking dream sequence?" thought Dodger out loud to no one in particular.

Fine write the rest yourself, said one bunny to the still intoxicated other bunny knowing that the drunk bunny was mildly retarded and couldn't keep a story line together without the other bunny.

"But wait, Dad!" Dodger pleaded, attempting to spend just one more moment with his long lost father. Poor Dodger had not seen his dad since he was 3 and had so many unanswered questions to ask him. "You accept me for who I am?" Dodger meekly questioned.

"For being a homo queer gay boy?" Bill Cosby playing the part of Ghost Dad asked.

"No, Dad," Dodger continued "for being a werewolf."

"Oh, right. Yes son, I accept you because I made you that way. To carry on in my absence, the mission that was set out before me, it is your mission now son" said Bill Cosby licking a Pudding Pop holding his genitals.

Dodger wanted to ask a million more question but just as his father was finishing his sentence a dream bunny hopped up to Dodger and began to chew on his neck, as he woke with a start the words of his father became fainter, barely audible. Dodger could hear, "Juuuust don't geeeeeet the AIIIDSSSSSSS"

Dodger was more than a little shook up, not so much of the dream, but because yet again he woke up naked and covered in what appeared to be semen.

"Who keeps doing this to me?" screamed Dodger.

Dodger closed his eyes and tried to remember the words his father had told him. They had seemed so important, but that would have to wait for a later chapter because this was going to be a long book, epic even. Looking around he noticed that he had somehow meandered back into school and was in the middle of gym class. It was dodge ball day. Dodger hated dodge ball, but for some reason he did not yet understand preferred it to smear the queer.