

# ChapTEr SIXY



THE  
new  
GirL

There was our young Dodger, huddled in a corner, crying as the balls he was unable to dodge continued to hit him in the butt sack over and over again. That's right, Dodger had a butt sack. It's were he kept his passport and other valuables. He passed out for a bit and awoke to see the gymnasium empty and the tennis ball machine aimed at his nether regions rapidly firing balls every couple of seconds. Covered in semen? Yes he was!

But let us leave Dodger for a moment as his testicles swell up to the size of extremely large testicles. Because in another part of the world a side story is occurring, that at first seems completely unrelated but then by the end of the book all ties together, you know how these fantasy novels work. Olga Onomatopoeia was raised in a small Russian village where her job was to stand in line and complain bitterly about the cold.

"Sure is cold out." said Olga looking longingly at a crust of bread on the street.

Good thing this wasn't a fantasy novel but rather a genre fiction, or a thriller, or even a dark comedy. But not a fantasy novel. The only people that read fantasy novels are overweight, balding, lonely, compulsive masturbators. If this was a fantasy novel Olga would have tentacles or That's So Raven abilities to see the future or like three thousand vaginas. Olga was just an ordinary, hungry, communist vombie. With a secret. Whatever a vombie is. I'm guessing it's a combination between a vampire, a zombie, and a pregnant transsexual with a super snarky attitude.

"Sure is cold out." reiterated Olga as she looked around and her starving freezing countrymen.

Olga was deeply sympathetic to her fellow Russians and did everything she could to try and help them by speaking perfectly fluent English. This was a fact her father Rumtumtinger Popov refused to acknowledge and so he only spoke to her in series of loud guttural belches followed by large slurps of beet soup. Seriously what the fuck is a vombie?

"I think vombie is the most brilliant thing ever!" Said some man who was standing a little too close to Olga and smelled like rusty pennies, semen, salt & vinegar chips, and cat litter that hasn't been changed in days but really should be because maybe the cat's eyes would stop bleeding. All the Russians agreed that it was a terrible smell.

"A commie vombie," he repeated laughing to himself, "I smell a spin-off!"

That was not what Olga was smelling. She was smelling something like dead carcass or days and days of cats pooping into a small box. I mean really, there are like 20 poops in there. But the cat poops were all from the last couple of days, and Olga knew that the box got cleaned once a week, usually on Fridays.

"Although," thought Olga or some other Russian, "Once and awhile it'd be nice of someone else to change it but that would probably involve thirty minutes of 'this is gross,

this is so gross, god this is disgusting, this is really gross, this is disgusting, god this is gross, ew ew, this is gross.””

So Olga decided she would clean the cat box as she normally did every Friday when she got home, even though that wasn't the smell. The smell seemed to be coming from the sewer or whatever they had in Russia.

"Come closer." Squeaked a small voice from the sewer, ripping off Stephen King. "I have something I need to talk to you about."

The voice screeched like someone complaining about how disgusting cleaning is. Well it is gross, cleaning up cat poo, and if done properly and handled more often would be less disgusting and one person if asked nicely would be more than willing to help out every once in a while even though when said cats, that have nothing to do with the story, were acquired a certain house mate promised to always handle the litter box.

Olga was curious. She was so curious that she inched increasingly closer to the sewer drain. Olga had never seen Stephen King movies, or movies in general, so this person whispering from the sewer drain was not something that alarmed her.

As she got close enough to peak inside to the enormous ditch below ground, she reached her mildly deformed head inside and gave the hard metal a good lick. That is was Russians do to get the feel of something. Just before she decided what the flavor was,

possibly some kind of brie and balsamic vinegar mixture, she felt a hand grab her and pull her into the ditch. When she woke up she was lying, naked and covered in semen, beside a boy getting tennis balls lobed at his genitals in a gym somewhere in America. Olga looked around confused and disturbed like watching the cast of Hannah Montana go through puberty, it's a little disorienting and less enjoyable.

In effort to take in her surroundings Olga began to lick the floor, and the walls, and the Gym teacher whose name we probably already mentioned but since I don't feel like looking back will call Senior Jorge Molestino.

You see Vombies have very cat like tongues, sandpapery and oh so sexy when they lick wet cat food off of your naked chest. More nip? Yes please. Then she began to lick Dodger.

"Tastes like a rusty penny and AIDS," Olga thought to herself, "and kind of like a werewolf."

Just then, like some kind of exposition being played out for more content to a hopelessly plot-less story, Dodger opened up his eyes, well crusted over and itchy, to behold all that was Olga. She was roughly 6'4 and over 300 pounds. She was a whole lot of woman. Which would seem strange seeing how impossible it would be for Olga to gain all of this weight surviving in Russia off of day old bread and dogs that she found in the street. Dogs are very high in fat.

Dodger felt something very odd and painful in his pants. It was Olga's hot and ready hand. Dodger gasped when she reached his manhood which was bruised and bleeding (and pussing!) from the torture it had taken during gym class. Olga didn't mind. She simply gave up on him and started taking tennis balls and inserting them in her coochie. Dodger was for the very first time in love (and pussing!). This day was getting better and better. <sup>1</sup>

Dodger and Olga looked at each other knowing they had just done something dangerous and potentially Twilight worthy erotically, Dodger knew nothing of his werewolfism. Had he given Olga the gay? Olga only knew a little about her Vombieitis, but was sure that Dodger probably had it already. Ninety percent of all people have Vombieitis, but for most it's completely unnoticeable. For a small percentage of the population Vombieitis may result in cervical cancer.

Olga decided she wouldn't say anything about her VD, it would probably all work itself out like most STDs. Then Dodger and Olga both realized they had never even told each other their names. Hot.

“Hi, Im Estaban DeLaquicious.”

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<sup>1</sup> The sex scene originally written here was long and disgusting involving thrusting, puss, and Olga being force fed a pineapple upside down cake. For the sake of our beloved readers we will cut it down to just the final sentence. And then he petted puppies and danced.

Dodger took her hand, thinking that was one odd name for an obese woman. Also, she had a heavy Russian accent and was sweating stuffed cabbage. That was not the usual actions of a Mexican. Dodger admitted to himself he wasn't very worldly and still had much to learn. Maybe this large man/girl lying beside him on the gym floor softly licking her own armpit could teach him. Or maybe not.

Making love with a woman was nice, he admitted to himself. Dodger rather enjoyed boobies even if they pancaked to her mid-stomach and stretched out so large children could use them as protection in case of a hurricane. Also her nipples were bigger than Russia itself and easily visible to people who lived in Alaska. But Orion, I mean Dodger, wondered if just liking boobies was enough to make him a straight boy. He would just watch endless cable TV to quietly dull the pain and continue in his utter denial of his homosexuality. Olga on the other hand was a huge bitch.

As Dodger and Olga, or Esteban, or whatever her name was sat on the gym floor quietly panting into each others mouths like two dogs having a belching contest they knew what they felt was love. Dodger was a little worried about his girlfriend Beefaroni, but since she was overseas or a dream sequence, he put it in the back of his mind and continued to twirl his fingers in Olga's Chest Hair. This was a magical calm moment as they both sat there smelling like baked beans and that fruit that falls from the trees and covers the streets and kind of smells like dog shit but it is a fruit, but let's just say dog shit to make it

easier. However, the calm would not last. Somewhere in Central America there was another character about to be added to the story. And this one was evil.

The sun was rising in Minnesota a little earlier than usual. Minnesota is in Central America, right? Teddy TwoFingers hated the morning. He hated it because he had a severe case of insomnia. So severe that it made him evil- evil to the core.

“The Sun!” Teddy balked “why are you here?”

The sun did not reply. It wanted Teddy to come out and play but Teddy was too evil to play. And he was almost done making his werewolf killing stick. Which was only a broom stick but seeing how Teddy only had two fingers everything took a really long time to make.

The story of how Teddy TwoFingers ended up with only two fingers is an interesting one. Actually not really, his mother drank while she was pregnant. A lot. Teddy had only one testicle and a cleft palate, but Teddy Cleftpalate or T-Dog One Nut didn't have quite the same ring to it. As Teddy methodically sharpened his stick he thought of evil things: Jello with fruit in it, small dogs, Dr Brown's soda, and werewolves. Ever since he was a young boy and watched his beloved Pomeranian Chow Chow TwoFingers be killed by a werewolf as he drank black cherry soda while eating ambrosia salad Teddy knew he was going to be a werewolf hunter. On a completely unrelated point Teddy hated black people, because he was evil.

Just how evil could one evil boy be? No boy could be that evil the naysayers say. Well make no mistake this kid was pure evil. Once he killed an old man because he caught the man having sex with his mother. And that man was his father. But now it was time to turn his evil ways unto someone that truly deserved it. Or something rather. A werewolf.

One restless night as Teddy TwoFingers tried to sleep, gently masturbating with his cleft palate and urinating into his mouth (this method occasionally brought him sleep), and he did in fact drift into a deep sleep and had, you guessed it, a dream. This was a very informative dream. It provided the address of the school a certain werewolf attended. The dream provided his class schedule. It also told him how to make a werewolf killing stick and gave him a really great recipe for eggplant parmesan.

As teddy furiously sharpened his stick he thought about the dream and the wealth of information it had brought him. Bake at 450 for two hours. Slice the eggplant vertically. Werewolves can be killed by pointy sticks. Somewhere under his bed was a mermaid named Tracy.

The last part proved to be horribly untrue as under teddy's bed was only used Kleenex and a small rat named Mr Sambora. Mr Sambora played guitar and went on many adventures, but that's a far more interesting story, so back to Teddy sharpening his stick. Sharpen, sharpen, sharpen, teddy sharpened his stick with a sharpening instrument of some type.



had sharpened so many sticks back in the day he had earned the nickname Senior Sharpy, which he far preferred to his birth name.

"First we spread the laaaaaaaaaabiiiiiaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa"

Teddy was running out of time and his stick, while sharp, was not quite sharp enough yet, sharply speaking. Evil, evil, evil, evil, in case you forgot: EVIL! Oh man was that Teddy bad news. It was 4:12, almost go time.

The portal was magical and seemed to have quite a sense of humor seeing how it appeared in between Teddy's mom's legs. Right in her cooter, her jelly bean hole, her wrinkle red lips, her snatch hole! Sometimes it was in the dog's ass but ever since that nasty bout with butt worms the portal preferred other dark warm places. Just like cockroaches. And Japanese girls. And sometimes Jewish girls. And other times bi-polar girls. The most confusing of all girls? The bi bi-polar girl. You never knew what kind of mood she was going to be in.

4:14: Evil teddy was ready.

He was wearing his body tights to avoid sticking to his mom's pubes which were really outgrown even on Minnesota standards. A snorkel. Traditional African robes. A thong. Lipstick. Oatmeal. Someone name Kelly Jelly.

As Teddy snuck downstairs evilly sharpening his stick the whole way he found his mother glued to the black woman on the television who kind of seemed white except for the constant shouting. She spread her legs wide examining her feminine parts as Oprah did the same.

"Now this is my clitooooooooooooooriiiiiiiiis" bellowed the blackish diva. "This is how Gayle rubs iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!"

Teddy's mother examined her own clitoris to find that instead of a small man in a boat, there was an actual large pirate ship with several men and a swirling vortex that seemed to go on to infinity.

"I really need to go to the gyno." she said out loud.

"Argh." said the pirates.

Confusion abounded, mostly from one of the writers. The pirates were actually butt pirates so the fact that they had sailed so far north was dangerous for infections. Teddy's Mom clamped her legs shut, embarrassed to have such activities going on in her salty sea. "I am sick of metaphors that don't make sense!" she shouted, clearly going mad from the Syphilis.

This was going to make things tough for our anti-hero, Teddy. He was in a quandary. His mother's legs needed to be open for the portal to appear. She was usually passed out drunk by four in the afternoon making portal play time easy for Teddy in the past. She had recently switched to Mike Hard Lemonade in the morning which kept her coherent till about the evening news. What was Teddy going to do?

How does a young boy pry his mothers legs open to dive into her vagina? This is a question we have all asked ourselves at one point or another. And while many of us have drawn up detailed lists, diagrams, and pie charts very few have been able to unclamp those glorious appendages and sally forth to return into the womb.

Teddy had to act quickly as the portal would only be open for a scant few more seconds. He thought about just asking or maybe dropping some subtle hints like. "Hey mom ever read Oedipus? That guy sure had it right on the money!" Except Teddy had a really bad case of the cleft palate so it would have sounded like "Khrfyuidyfuidyfsdgedf u asgfiudgsgdfsui" with a good amount of spitting involved. Maybe his disguising speech impediment was the reason the boy was so ding dong evil. But alas, he was at a complete loss.

Just then the pirate ship fired one of its cannons with a mighty boom, shattering teddy's mother's coccyx and tibia. As her detached leg flew across the room the pirate called out "Argh!" which in pirate speak meant, "Come aboard Timmy, we're ready to take you across the portal to whatever evil adventures may come."

The mighty winds began blowing and Teddy was so excited about crawling into his mother's vagina he started drooling like a cat with no teeth that you pet too long. What a scene! Teddy jumped with a carelessness that was reminiscent of Greg Louganis. The next thing young Teddy remembered was a series of pirate plundering, they were butt pirates, walking the plank and jumping off only to land in a high school gym. There Teddy spied a young man and a young, what looked to be, other man lightly kissing. Just then Teddy had to poop.