

ChapTEr Ei8ht



TEDDY *VS* DODGER
DEatHMatCh

“My bowels are clear and so is my mind,” Teddy thought to himself only slightly embarrassed that someone was in the same bathroom as he was squeezing out bloody poop logs like that Play-Doh Fun Factory piece that makes spaghetti. “Now I will find a werewolf and murder him and then God will fix my cleft palate.”

Luckily, Teddy’s mom gave him a WPS (Werewolf Positioning System) for his birthday. He turned on his WPS and immediately got a clear and steady signal. The werewolf was in the gymnasium! The gymnasium was mere steps from where Teddy was standing now. Teddy was very, very close to his destiny! But first Teddy needed to go re-wipe his butt. He might not have gotten all of the poop off the first time.