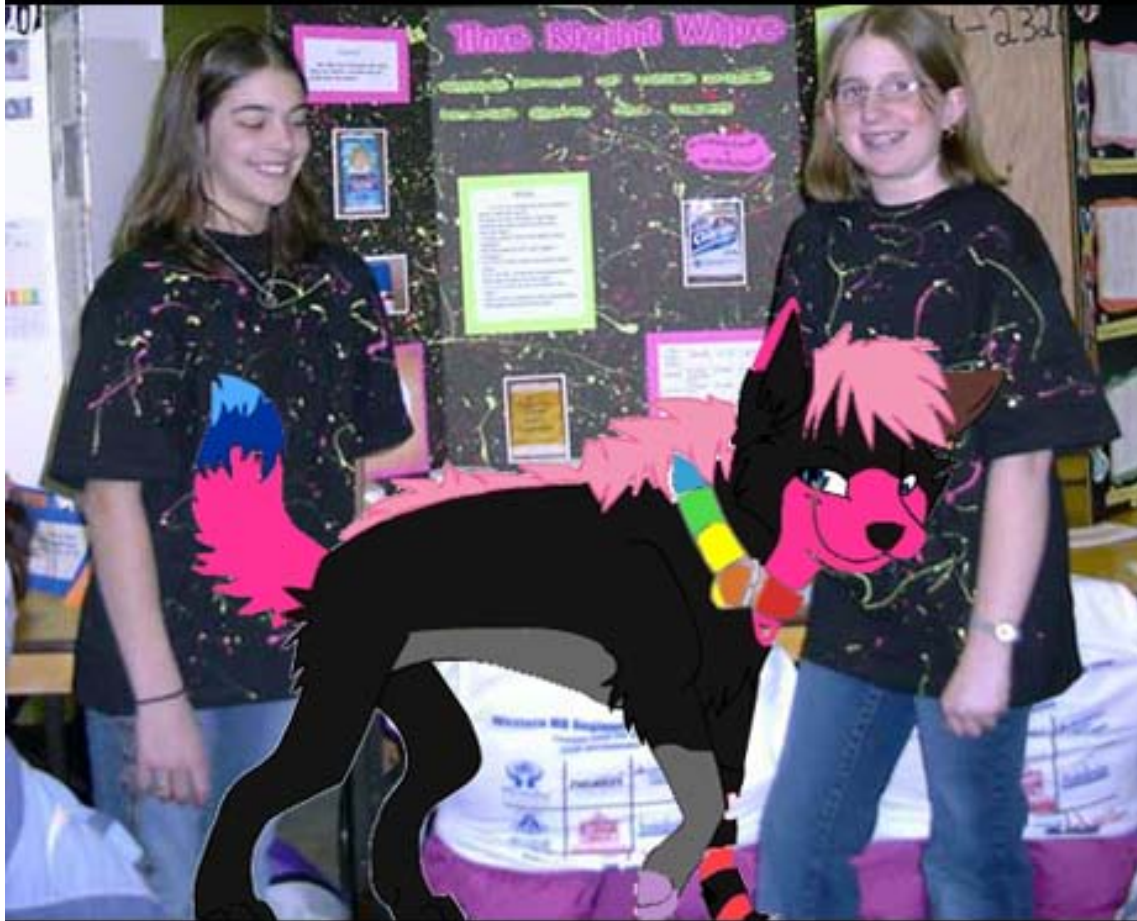


ChapTER NINE



Wipe FIRST
Ask QUESTIONS

LATER

Teddy was frustrated with himself. He was able to crawl through an open portal in his mother's adoring hoo hoo, create a werewolf killing stick with his deformed hands, but the one thing he had never been able to quite master was completely getting all of the poo off his butt. As teddy examined the skid mark he cursed god for his deformed hand and tried to remove all of the fecal remnants from his perinea (the diamond-shaped area corresponding to the outlet of the pelvis, containing the anus and vulva or the roots of the penis) Teddy thought dreamily about the roots of the penis.

"Psssst kid." said a disembodied voice coming from a neighboring stall. "I know why you're here. It's about that gay werewolf, isn't it?"

Teddy was shocked, he wasn't aware that the werewolf was gay. Would killing a gay werewolf count as a hate crime? Would there be another chapter? Possibly another dream sequence?

"I'm a disembodied voice" said the disembodied voice.

"I'm re-wiping my butt!" Teddy yelled out. He tended to say the wrong thing when he got worked up. He had to stay cool and ask more questions about this gay werewolf. "I think my butt is bleeding I might be wiping too much" Teddy yelled while furiously pulling out more and more toilet paper.

The disembodied voice suggested using some lotion. Teddy had to get it together. Who knew how long this disembodied voice was going to stick around?

“What’s a hate crime?” Teddy questioned as he used his hand to dislodge the extra poop from his butt.

"Calm down young Teddy." said the voice in a soothing baritone which if this book was ever adapted for film would be played by Samuel L Jackson "Yes, I know your name. I know everything about you. You see you are not the only hunter. There are hundreds of us, an ancient order of Lycan destroyers who throughout the ages have hunted and destroyed these demons. But this one, this... queer wolf... he is different. He is a new strain of lycanthropy that potentially could destroy all of humanity. And this is why we have recruited you, young Tedward. Your evil... your stick sharpening skills... may be the only thing that can finally undo this demon."

“But I still have poop on my butt!” Teddy cried.

The voice was only so patient, taking into consideration Teddy’s youthful age and how important he was to the battle of the QueerWolf. The voice turned the bathroom lights off and carefully licked teddy’s butt clean. It was a dirty job but some disembodied voice had to do it. It tasted like chocolate tootsie roll pop, only covered in feces.

“There, young warrior, is that better?”

“Yes but now I have an erection!” That Teddy, he was a long way off from being a man.

"You can use that in your fight. Like garlic to a vampire, QueerWolf's greatest weakness is another man's hard cock. Well, there's that and any song by Kylie Minoque. Now go young warrior! Go forth and destroy QueerWolf, for the sake of all humanity"

Teddy, stick in one hand, erection in the other, ran out of the bathroom screaming his war cry: "MY BUTT IS FREE OF POOP! MY BUTT IS FREE OF POOP! AN OLD BLACK MAN LICKED IT CLEAN!"

By god, Teddy was ready! He was ready to battle; ready to throw himself into the fray and ready to save humanity. However, Teddy, just like the authors, still had no idea what the hell a vombie was. No worries, the vombies were sure to come out and wreak havoc probably in the next three chapters, clearing up all confusion – for both readers and authors.

Teddy was running down the hallway at full speed, which for a cleft palate deformed boy was about as fast as an 80 year old man in a walker dragging a dead body. It was still too fast for Sissy the Hallway Safety Patrol Officer. It had been a tough day for Sissy, she had tried to stop the ice cream man from selling children drugs and subsequently gotten violently raped in the back of the ice cream truck. Year later whenever Sissy heard an ice

cream truck coming down the street she would instantly shat herself from the memory of how it felt to have a cone stuffed up her vagina. (It felt cold)

Teddy flung open the Gymnasium doors like a certain safety patrol officer's rectum stuffed with Flintstones push up pops and brandished his pointy stick, again like a safety patrol officer holding on to her last bit of sanity as sprinkles, both chocolate and rainbow, were poured down her throat in the most yum-tastic rape ever.

“This Ends Here!” Screamed Teddy with all the power and force of a safety patrol officer... well you get the idea.

Teddy ran toward dodger and Olga with his stick held tight at an arms length, then suddenly the ground began to move upwards as though he was floating vertically in the air. The gym floor rapidly ascended toward his face. Sadly, in the call back to end all call backs, instead of mentally reorganizing the molecular structure of the universe, Teddy tripped and impaled himself on his own sharp stick. Bleeding out and dying instantly

Well, that was anticlimactic.

“But Teddy wasn't dead yet, he had simply impaled himself on his stick.” Said one handsome author to the other slightly more retarded author. “It’s kind of like the end of a TV show where you expect one character to die but you know they're deliberately misleading you, even though you have to wait an entire year to find out for sure.”

“Oh, so it’s lame and boring and fruitless, like your life?” asked the other author as she gently rubbed a pretzel against her face.

“Yes, exactly, I am a waste of a body and lack self confidence.” agreed the portly and terrible smelling author.

Teddy opened his eyes to find he was alive. Alive and renewed! What was he doing? Why was he so very angry? What was all this evil he has felt and carried around for his 14 years on earth? It was needless. Teddy knew what he must do. He needed to find Christ. He would forgive Teddy’s sins and release him from the evil that he felt inside. Teddy was elated. With all of his breath in all of his lungs he yelled

“Will I go to hell for having a black man lick my ass?” Neither Dodger nor Olga knew the answer. “I am going to find Christ now.” Teddy continued “So I won’t be killing you today, carry on!”

And just as Teddy turned to exit the gym and start on his path as a good Christian Sissy finally caught up with him, raised a gun, and shot Teddy in the head. Teddy was dead.

Now THAT was anticlimactic, at least it would be if Teddy had not ran an ice cream truck three lonely summers ago, when a young girl, not yet a safety officer approached

his truck to buy an Italian Ice and the evil urges overtook teddy. Now that's a twist worthy of M. Night fucking Shamalamadama.

Olga and Dodger looked on in semen drenched horror at the sight before them. In all her days in Russia Olga had seen many people shot in the head, but none were carrying a pointy stick. Those were hard to come by. You had to get your name on a waiting list for that shit.

"Dodger is there something you'd like to tell me?"

Did Dodger have something to confess to the strange young Russian girl who lay naked before him? He knew he should be a little more worried about Safety Patrol Sissy who was now in the corner of the gym pissing on the floor and licking it up, pissing on the floor, and licking it up. She was yelling something about ice cream men, insertion, cones, and anal bleeding.

"Ah, she seems harmless." Dodger thought for a moment staring deep into Olga's one good eye. It was light blue and had something like eye lice in it. "Yes," Dodger continued "I want you to know that reality television has officially killed primetime TV."

This remark hurt Olga deeply as she had previously been a contestant on Russian Idol having come in second place for her rendition of "Achey Breaky Heart" she won

three beets and half a potato. Her family ate for a year until they were all mauled to death by dogs.

Olga looked at Dodger who was still watching Sissy pee like a bloody eyed cat and anger and heat began to rise inside of her lumpy Russian body, almost as if she was being possessed by an evil force or demon, but really she was just standing in urine. Evil Urine. Urine that had trailed from Teddy's dead body (Teddy did die, didn't he?) and wrapped warmly around Olga's tumor ridden body. The pee somehow, possibly through magic or to keep the story moving along, passed the evil Teddy had harbored into Olga. She all the sudden became hungry for Ovaltine and yearned for a black man to lick her poopy covered ass.

In one fell swoop Olga rose, and although she had not eaten actual food in over a week, had the strength (the evil strength) to grab Dodger by his awkwardly long neck and pick him up off the ground. Dodger choked, trying to gasp for breath as the hot wee-wee filled air barely made it down his trachea that was severely limited by past Olga's oversized fist.

"I KNOW IT IS YOU LEVIATHAN. HE WHO IS THE ONE TO BRING DARKNESS." Olga screamed violently from somewhere deep within her vagina. "THE ENDGAME IS UPON US! DONT TELL MY HEART MY ACHEY BREAKY HEART! I JUST DONT THINK HE'D UNDERSTAND"

Dodger closed his eyes, prepared for the inevitable release of death, but instead found himself reverting to a wolf like state. His eyes grew yellow, his fingernails lengthened, his pubes... stayed about the same.

"I'm here, and i'm fab-u-lous!" Sashayed the wolf like Dodger as he pranced around tearing Olga's arm away from his throat.

"Ooooo." said one author to the author impressed that the story is finally taking on a more suspenseful direction.

Dodger was completely focused on freeing himself from Olga's evil hold, so focused that he did not notice the changes happening in his body. He was growing hair all over. His left ear was becoming pierced and so was his penis. His clothes shrunk and changed cut and color to a more bouncy, feminine appearance. His wrists were growing noticeably strong and noticeably more limp. He was growing an overwhelming thirst for blood and cock.

"I am QUEERWOLF!" Dodger shouted, immediately causing Sissy to pee herself once again.