

The Scoop

Extra Extra! England declares war...smelly

Hold the Front Page, I Need It For Toilet Paper (1962)

Edmult Van Brute. Now there's a name I haven't heard in a long time, due to local suspicion about vampires.

Edmult was no spring chicken, more the grey chunk you might find rolled under a couch stinking up everything. Yes, ours was a May-Festival of the Harvest relationship.

But Elmult didn't listen to people's scorn, or the radio at a reasonable volume, or doctor's advice about reducing sodium. It was the sodium that killed him, disgusting the taste of the arsenic. Of course he had other health issues, hindsight being 20/20, eye-sight being maybe 3.

Edmult Van Brute had newspapers in his bones, or were at least as frail. When we lay together as husband and whore, I felt like a fish supper. His vinegar aftershave only increased the allure.

They say opposites attract. Look at salt and pepper, or salt and carrot sticks, or salt and a straw. All delicious. Not to me darlings; I lost my taste buds years ago in a poker game. But Edmult couldn't get enough of the stuff, liquified and fed intravenously while he hid from the sun.

We were an odd pair, the type you might see on sale in the window of a cosmetic surgeons.

My type was always more the man about town, specifically the town's red light districts. Edmult on the other hand was inclined to stay at home, and order in prostitutes. But what we lacked in shared interests we more that made up for in fighting about those lack of interests. Oh boy, did Edmult like to fight. He treated a heart attack as a good workout, and death itself had given up the battle years ago.

We came from two different worlds, in Edmult's case Pangea, and this caused a rift between us, much like Pangea. While he never judged me for my history, and I stopped bringing up his role in the fall of Rome, I eventually realized he valued me more for my life essence he wanted to trap in a cursed stone, than for my personality. I mean, nobody likes my personality (that's why my job's to change it for money) but half heartedly rubbing a rock against me as I sleep from being hit with the same rock is rather taking the salt-cake.

Plus I heard if you don't leave his castle within the earth's rotation around that evil demon ball of Gas, you become trapped in one of the paintings on his wall. Paintings he painted. They aren't great. They're mostly blood and animal feces for one. And salt. Lots of salt