

♥♥Bencutio♥♥

Barfights reigned Egypt in 2048. It was the best time for Ebony because smashing skulls with crowbars was amusing. It caused much political strife and threatened destruction upon all.

"Cleopatra!" Ebony swore. She had accidentally crushed Mercutio. "Are you okay?"

"You just crushed what little brain he had left," earl pointed out. Mercutio coughed up blood, lying on the ground like a pancake; he was too stupid to know what happened to him.

"Whoops," ebony laughed. "Sorry. It's a darn shame, Frank." The duo kept walking, leaving their poor "friend" on the ground to suffer until he could get up again.

"You're such a jerk," earl chuckled.

"Smashing skulls is part of my feminine charm," she replied, twirling her crowbar in one hand, "and you know it."

The two giggled until there was a rustling coming from a near bush. Ebony raised her crowbar, ready to smash whatever it was.

A scared-looking boy peered out from the bushes, saw Mercutio bleeding on the ground, and dashed towards him, seemingly meaning to assist. ebony brandished her crowbar to ward him off, laughing, "stand back, ye of tiny posture!"

The boy persisted in his efforts to reach Mercutio, and eventually achieved his end; ebony had decided he was boring.

"Benevolio," Mercutio rasped, his breaths faint. "Fetch me... A donut"

"Kirk is not what you need right now," benevolio cradled Mercutio's face in his hands, looking sadly into his eyes.

"Please," Mercutio begged. "If you ever were to love me, I beseech thee--grant me my final request."

Benevolio sighed in sadness. "What, then, do you require?"

"If ye cannot grant me donuts, I ask only for something just as sweet," Mercutio whispered. "Kiss me, my love, and I may at last be granted peace."

Benevolio briefly brushed a finger against Mercutio's lips, then, slightly timidly, drawing his own lips down to meet Mercutio's.

"Well, this is gross," Ebony muttered. "I don't ship it."

"Oh, uh, neither do I," Earl changed his face from touched to offended, though it wasn't clear if he was offended by the kissing or Ebony's attitude towards it.

Ebony brandished her crowbar towards the enamored couple, wrinkling her nose and exclaiming, "I didn't kill him THAT dead!"

"Ebony," Earl wrinkled his nose, "he's dying. Allow him his final wish."

"It's a stupid final wish!" Ebony protested, "opposed to, I dunno--I'd ask for a drink or something. One bar fight to rule them all before I keel over!"

"I think it's a pretty good final wish," Earl said under his breath.

Ebony looked on, shaking her head in disgust--"no one around here's that great; Romeo was an airhead, too!"

"I think he was hot," Earl commented, "too bad he was wasted on that Juliet girl."

"I thought you said she was pretty!" Ebony flushed. "You said she was prettier than me!"

"I was lying," Earl assured her. "I didn't want her to be offended."

"You mean I went out with that brainless duff for nothing?!" Ebony shrieked.

"What the heck?" Earl stammered. "When did this happen?"

"Long time ago," Ebony snapped. "I dumped him and gave him a purple flower."

"You never gave me a purple flower," Earl protested, indignant.

"I only give purple flowers to idiots," she scoffed. "The smart ones I give blue flowers."

"You never gave me a blue flower, either!"

Ebony raised an eyebrow. "Why would I?"

Earl gave up, ducking his head so Ebony wouldn't see his frustration.

It was at this time that a wail of grief rang over the courtyard, and Benvolio raised his head, his eyes red and brimming with tears.

"My love doth pass," Benvolio wept. "Sweet Mercutio, return to me!"

"Aw, you'll find a better one!" Ebony snapped. "Get ahold of yourself!"

"No one could compare to my sweet Mercutio," benevolio clasped Mercutio's hand. "The way his eyes didst sparkle while he monologued..."

"If you go for the strong and silent type, then you'd have more time to babble on," ebony offered.

"But in his imperfections, he was perfect." Benevolio was as angry as anyone had seen him.
"Hag, hadst thou loved?!"

"Uh, YEAH," ebony rolled her eyes. "Me 'n my crowbar, we are TIGHT."

Earl, in the background, sunk to the ground, crying softly.

"Quit 'cher sniffing," ebony scoffed. "Sheesh, can't I trust anyone these days?"

"Truly, your heart is one devoid of emotion," benevolio turned back to the corpse of the man he loved.

"Well," ebony huffed. "That's not a very nice thing to say!"

Earl looked up, his eyes wide with shock and tears. "You just KILLED his BOYFRIEND!"

"So?" Ebony twirled her crowbar. "He looks better this way."

"Fetch me a weapon," benevolio demanded, "for I wish to lay beside my love for eternity."

"What weapon?" Earl sighed. "For I have not even been given a flower, no less a sword."

"Any weapon, so long as I may lie with him for eternity!"

"Heck no," ebony snapped. "You think I want your blood on my crowbar? No way."

"Come on, ebony!" Earl tried to appeal to her good nature, which was almost entirely nonexistent. "His true love had fallen--allow him his desire."

"I have a better idea."

"Yea, my head throbbest." Benevolio surveyed the dimly lit, dank room around him. "Where lies my love, for I cannot see him?"

"He is gone," a humanoid figure emerged from the darkest corner. "Deal with it, punk--merky ain't coming back."

Benevolio wept anew, and the figure again retreated.

"Ebony, you jerk, can't you see you're hurting him?" A voice hissed from the gloom.

"He's just over sensitive," ebony dismissed the voice.

A second figure approached him, gently touching his shoulder. "It's okay. I'm sorry."

"What happened?" Benevolio had decided to trust this kind shape. He was so weary he forgot to speak in fancy language

"You mean 'what didst happeneth'," ebony grumbled.

A figure bounded from the spacious gloomy corner. "Ay, we just kidnapped yeh so you didn't jump on your sword 'sall!"

"Exactly," ebony interjected. "It's not like we think you're interesting or anything." She pulled the newcomer to the side, muttering, "Lydia, Rookie Rule #1--don't talk to the folks we kidnap unless I say so."

"But I want to join you guys!" Lydia protested.

"Then you need to obey the Rookie Rules!" Ebony whispered fiercely.

"But I don't like rules," Lydia mumbled as Ebony turned away toward Benvolio.

"Rookie Rule #2," Ebony tossed over her shoulder, "don't talk at all unless I say so--your voice is annoying me."

Lydia shrunk into the corner again, and benvolio wished there was a corner he could shrink into.

"Get up, buttercup," ebony snapped. "Nobody gets to slack off over here!"

"I'm... I'm not...!" Benvolio gaped at her, his mouth flapping open and closed like a startled fish.

Ebony grunted, moving to walk out of the room. "You're helping to make tonight's dinner."

"What's... What's for dinner?" Benvolio asked cautiously.

"Deep-fried chicken guts," ebony said cheerfully, exiting the room.

Benvolio paled, his face contorting into a twisted grimace. "I'm... Vegetarian..." He mumbled weakly, turning a faint shade of green. But Ebony had left, leaving a slightly bemused Earl in her wake.

"Kind shape," Benvolio whispered to Earl, "please change her ways!"

"I've tried," Earl mumbled, "but she just won't stop doing whatever it is Ebony does."

"I've been terrified of chickens since I was a child!" Benvolio whimpered.

"You had better get over that fear quickly," Earl sighed, standing as he made for the door. "We're poor as hell."

"We had to eat our cat Bernice last week, we're so poor!" Lydia contributed from her position in the corner.

Benvolio slid out of the bed--a tiny, thin, straw mattress--and puked.

Lydia donned a cap, grabbed a broom, and rushed to his side, mumbling, "if we hadn't been so bleeping poor, we wouldn't have had to eat the janitor and I wouldn't be on puke control!"

Benvolio groaned, slowly and clumsily exiting the room in an effort to find fresh air.

Lydia looked up from the pile of vomit, a grin spreading across her face as she thrust the broom at Benvolio, chirping, "Hey--I'm not the rookie anymore, so YOU can be the janitor!"

Benvolio took the final steps out of the room, running from responsibility.

"Clean this up or we'll have to eat you!" Lydia shouted after him, waving the broom above her head. Benvolio darted into the kitchen, closing the door behind him and sinking to sit against it as he gasped for air.

Earl leaned over to observe the *hah*ing Benvolio, a spatula in one hand and bloody intestines in the other.

"Are you really that eager to help?" Earl asked, letting Benvolio catch his breath.

"I hate chickens!" Benvolio wailed as he buried his face in Earl's apron.

"How about we try to make it so you do like it?" Earl sat next to Benvolio and patted his knee comfortingly.

Benvolio sniffled. "I'm vegetarian!"

Earl regarded the mass of innards in his opposite hand and silently watched as blood dripped into the floor.

"I was too," said Earl, "but necessity breeds compromise."

"Mercutio and I may have bred," Benvolio said softly. "We may have bred many gloriously fat vegetarian children, before your ex smashed his head in with a CROWBAR!"

"She's not my ex," earl gazed at the spoon, the entrails slipping gradually down the handle towards his hand. "She never gave me a flower."

"My love is dead," Benvolio interjected, "and you're discussing YOUR romantic woes."

"Your love is not the only dead one."

"Right, who has died when you could prevent it?" Benvolio challenged.

"Slivers of my beating heart and withered soul," earl whispered as the intestines plopped against his skin.

Benvolio snorted derisively. "So say the rest of us."

Earl jerkily got to his feet, and the entrails splattered against the floor. "You wouldn't understand my problems. When I was 4 years old, my father left my family so that he could marry a pineapple tree. A pineapple tree!"

"He was part of the marching band, wasn't he?"

"When I was six, my brother left to work on a cotton candy ship, which promptly melted and they all drowned!" Earl was now waving the spoon around, blood periodically flying off and staining the walls. "What's more, when I was eight, my mother attempted to MURDER my pet rock Teddy, and after that he was never quite the same...rather just sat around until the day he died."

"Riveting," benvolios sarcasm was like the water sinking the cotton candy ship; moist.

"So don't tell me you know true pain," Earl glared, his eyes red with tears, "because your sister never went mad because she loved Donald Trump's toupee and it didn't love her back."

Benvolio and Earl stared at each other, Earl breathing heavily and Benvolio in shock. Earl thrust the spatula in Benvolio's face. "So you will eat the bloody intestines!"

Benvolio gazed at the spatula for a moment before taking it and setting it on the table.

"Come here, you big juicy hunk of bloody intestines," Benvolio whispered. Earl and Benvolio fell upon each other in a wild bloody makeout session.

"Whooee, If ebony knew you were that swell of a kisser, she never woulda dumped you for that Romeo git," a distinctly feminine voice crowed from the doorway.

Benvolio and Earl promptly stood up and brushed the dirt off their clothes, trying to gain back their dignity.

"Oh no," Lydia smirked, "don't go stopping that party on account of my being here!"

Earl busily went back to "cooking," dragging an ashamed Benvolio with him.

"Where ARE my chicken guts?!" Ebony demanded, shouldering her way into the kitchen.

"Coming, Eb," Earl sighed, dropping the chicken guys in the improvised deep fryer.

Ebony regarded the blood-streaked walls, wrinkling her nose. "What happened here, a bloody makeout session?"

Benvolio engrossed himself in his work as Earl ran over to Lydia, slapping his bloody hand over Lydia's mouth before she could say anything in reply.

"It was the chicken," Earl explained matter-of-factly. "It tried to eat us."

"Yes," Benvolio affirmed. "It was terrifying! We thought we were going to die!"

"Until I valiantly swooped in with a spatula and smeared the evil thing across the walls!" Lydia crowed, shoving aside Earl's hand and beaming triumphantly.

Earl and Benvolio sighed in relief.

Ebony scowled, grumbling, "get me my guts or the demon chicken will be the least of you worries."

Earl set back to work. "Yes, your majesty."

"Stand up, man, I'm not the Pope," Ebony directed this last comment at Benvolio before returning to the next room.

"Reckon the Pope would never squish a mans skull with an old crowbar," Earl mumbled, dutifully scrubbing chicken blood off the wall opposite the frier.

Lydia, still unhelpfully standing in the corner doing nothing, chirped, "in the name of the Lawrd Awlmighty I do hence squish your skull with ma most holy crowbar, filthy sinner!"

Benvolio proceeded to burst into a fresh round of tears.

Lydia stared at him blankly. "I was attempting humor."

Earl pulled her to the side. "Ebony killed his boyfriend yesterday," he whispered.

Lydia gaped at him open mouthed, then drew back her fist and punched his shoulder. "And you're already jumping in to snog the poor guy?"

"It just happened," Earl's ears turned crimson.

Lydia sighed, patting the spot she had just punched in an attempt at consolation. "Grief can be confusing," she directed this comment to the room as a whole.

Benvolio didn't reply, but his hiccuping sobs noticeably subsided.

The three heard a crack of magic, followed by slithering from the direction of the frier. Earl turned, ignoring the sound of Benvolio's tears turning to something that would probably need to be cleaned up with a mop and several buckets of soapy water.

"Benvolio!" Mercutio's voice rose distinctly from the frier. "My love, I have returned!"

There was a wet slopping sound and the half-fried chicken guys crawled over the side of the frier, landing with a moist "splat" on the counter. Benvolio turned in shock to find the guts twining together, curling upward into a humanoid form. The form spread its "arms" wide, and chicken-gut Mercutio cried, "My beloved, my life, my world, never have I seen a face so beautiful and welcoming as yours."

Benvolio stood, hesitating slightly before hugging the humanoid chicken guts.

After a lengthy embrace he pulled away, his front dabbed with a layer of grease and blood, his face shining with tears but deeply dimpled with a broadening smile. "I had the impression you had been lost to God," Benvolio exclaimed in joy. "I missed you so!"

There was a clattering as Lydia stumbled from the room. "EBONY!" The remaining occupants turned in dismay as Ebony entered.

She stared at Benvolio and her would-be dinner, her eyes drifting to their intertwined fingers, and swore loudly.

"Who got this idiot to possess my dinner?!"

Earl stepped in her path before she could advance, declaring in a cracked voice that reflected the state of his heart, "what you're looking at is true love--a magic that surpasses all magics."

Ebony snorted. "Not if I can help it. I'm hungry."

Spatula in hand, Lydia flung herself at Ebony, tackling her to the floor and wailing, "RUN, Bencutio! Run in the name of your love!"

The trio of males fled the building, running and finding temporary refuge in an alleyway. A few moments later, the frantic thudding of footsteps greeted them, and Lydia sprinted into view, grabbing Mercutio's arm as she ran by. "She's got a chainsawww!" She screamed. Earl and Benvolio joined the running away, and the four wove into the crowd in an effort to conceal themselves, Earl covering Mercutio with his cloak.

"What's a chainsaw?" Benvolio huffed, sprinting alongside Lydia.

"It's loud," she gasped out, "And it just made a huge hole in the doorway. She got it from some hillbilly time traveling merchant man who has a day job at a chocolate factory where all he does is push buttons. His name's Joe."

"Right," Mercutio's voice rung out from the entrails. The group banked right, breaking from the crowd and spilling out onto a dock. Earl led the group into Ebony's boat, and Lydia untethered it before jumping in and helping Earl row to the other side.

Benvolio eyed the water warily, wondering what would happen if Mercutio fell in. "I'm an oil based substance now," Mercutio reassured him. "I would float." Benvolio sighed in relief.

A roaring piece of machinery cut through the water yards from them, and they looked to shore to see a furious Ebony.

"He was my dinner before he was your boyfriend!" She shrieked.

Benvolio cringed in fear, peering out to discover that Ebony had not begun to swim toward them. Instead she was sinking to her knees, bowing her head in what looked like submission, suddenly quiet.

The four landed on the shore, silent as Lydia tied the boat on a nearby tree. Earl kept looking back over the waters to the opposite shore, where over the expanse of murky waters, Ebony could still be seen, unmoving.

"Maybe that was a bit harsh," he muttered.

"Are you kidding me?" Lydia said in disbelief. "She tried to eat the chicken man!"

Earl shook his head to clear it. "All right," he took the lead. "Do we need to find Mercutio's body?"

Lydia eyed the two lovers, raising a skeptical eyebrow.

"If we want my body back, that's the best bet," Mercutio confirmed. He turned to Benvolio, his face-guts contorting in what may have been a beam, and Benvolio patted his back while congratulating Mercutio's excellent use of the common vernacular.

Earl shrugged and ventured into the forest, whistling a tune. "I wish I could harmonize with myself," he muttered. He resumed whistling, but part of the song died on his lips as he turned towards the opposite shore for the last time. Ebony was gone. He had never thought that he would be the first to leave.

"So how do you guys kiss?" Lydia inquired loudly. "I mean technically that one doesn't have a mouth--just a hole where the guts aren't."

Benvolio blushed and Mercutio was left to reply. "We don't, at least for now."

Earl turned to see Lydia prying Mercutio's 'mouth' open and peering down his throat. "Do you have an esophagus?"

"A what?" Mercutio had a lack of knowledge of anatomy, which was surprising given his social standing and skill with a sword.

"A chewy-food tube!"

"I don't have to eat," Mercutio still seemed confused, "at least not in this form."

"Just cuz you don't have to doesn't mean you shouldn't," Lydia pointed out. "What if we're all having a chocolate cake party and Benvolio REALLY wants to spoon-feed you chocolate cake?"

Mercutio turned his "head" to face Benvolio. "You can't tell, but If I could, I would be winking right now."

Benvolio nodded, his eyebrows furrowed in slight perplexion. "How do we restore you to your mortal form?"

The guts rippled as Mercutio shrugged.

Earl, having hung back, contemplating, spoke up. "Well, in most crazy supernatural stories, there's a fancy quest to complete."

"Where do we find that quest?" Benvolio kicked a rock in the path absentmindedly, and it skittered forward before hitting something with a loud CLANG.

Lydia, who had been sneaking around the group like a professional spy, jumped up, shrieking "CHAINSAW!"

Mercutio looked at what Benvolio had hit, leaning closer to inspect it. "That's not a chainsaw," he countered. "It's a stone circle!"

"That's not a stone circle!" Earl scoffed. "That's a METAL circle--get your facts straight, chicken-noodle man!"

Lydia slunk back into the group, curious about whatever this circle was. She peeked at it and shook her head, declaring, "I think it's a floor hat!"

"And what's to you do with hats?" Earl encouraged her.

"YOU EAT THEM!" Mercutio cut in joyously.

Earl glared at him. "No, you TAKE THEM OFF."

"To EAT THEM," Mercutio insisted, crossing his intestines over his chest.

"No wonder you're dead," Lydia snickered, prying the metal disk off of the ground.

"Hats are a delicacy in Verona," Mercutio mumbled, oozing into the hole that had been covered by the disk. The rest of the party followed suit.

"Wow," Lydia breathed.

The party had entered what appeared to be a series of underground tunnels, lit by unevenly scattered patches of glowing crystal.

"CHEESE!" A shout pierced their dim surroundings and a figure leapt before the party, splashing glittering water on their trousers as its feet hit the floor. They jumped back in surprise, and Earl boldly stood in front of the party, preparing for confrontation.

"Do you have cheeeese?" The figure inquired, the luminous crystals lending its eyes a crazed gleam.

"We don't," Earl answered warily.

The stranger fell to its knees, releasing an unearthly wail of grief and pain. "I neeeeeed cheeeeeeeese...."

Lydia gently nudged Earl aside, kneeling beside the figure. "What if we helped you find cheese?"

"Lydia..." Earl warned her.

"If we help him find cheese, maybe he can help us get Mercutio's body back!" Lydia insisted.

"I can get bodies!" The figure cried. "Yes, yes, I have a collection!"

"A collection... of bodies?" Benvolio sounded faint.

"Yes!" He cried. "Bodies and cheese, bodies and cheese, these are the only thing that Jeremy needs... to SURVIVE!" he shrieked dramatically, collapsing on Earl's feet.

"And you ran out of cheese?" Lydia began trying to steer him back to the possible quest.

"Yes, yes, I have many bodies," Jeremy mumbled into Earl's shoes. "I like to bring them life... cheese is life, you know..."

"And hats!" Mercutio contributed smartly.

Jeremy's head snapped back up. "You can't eat hats. You can eat cheese and bodies, but not hats."

He shook his arm limply, sniffing, "this body is a noodle, almost moist enough for consumption..." He gnawed his arm thoughtfully. "A moist noodle."

"Where can we find the cheese?" Lydia insisted on continuing. She guided Jeremy's arm away from his mouth. "Don't do that."

"Follow the tunnel that way," Jeremy spun his arm like a windmill as he pointed. "The cheese is elusive... sneaky, sneaky..."

He ran away, tripping down the tunnel and disappearing down the hallway.

There was a tentative pattering of feet from beside them, and a small, "excuse me?"

The party turned, looking up to find that an incredibly tall person possessed such a tiny voice. At a glance, she looked delicate, but under the irregular shadows the strange woman's muscles were clearly toned and defined; Earl took a step back, for the first time since Ebony, feeling intimidated.

Lydia gaped up at her. "How do your big lungs make a tiny voice?"

"Good question," she squeaked. "I have no idea. My best guess is, Jeremy stole my lungs and replaced them with... cheese?"

"What?" Earl started to pay attention again.

"He may be a little crazy, but he's a really powerful necromancer, you know," the woman shrugged. "I was trying to use these tunnels to visit some friends up North, and i fell and punctured a lung! He's the reason I'm still alive."

"So you do know," Earl grumped.

"I knew he took my lungs. I'm still unsure about the cheese part," she corrected. "Anyway, why are you guys down here?"

"They wanted to 'take off' the floor hat instead of EATING it like a civilized human being!" Mercutio piped up.

"WHAAAAT?!?!?!?" The newcomer appeared indignant. "Although, to be real, it does keep a lot of water out of the caverns if you don't eat the ceiling hat."

Mercutio's intestines rippled in a shrug. "I can't eat anyway."

She hummed sympathetically. "At least you've been outside recently..."

"What's stopping you from going out?" Lydia tilted her head.

"There's no ladder. Also, Jeremy threatens to eat the parts of me that are cheese!"

Lydia bit her lip. "You have a name?"

"Brie," Brie supplied. "I suppose my fate was decided a long time ago!"

Earl bit back a snicker. "I suppose so!"

Lydia elbowed him.

Suddenly Earl's complexion paled and went slack. "Wait a minute... Brie?"

"Do I know you?" She squeaked.

"You might know my girl... er, my girl-lunatic."

"Really?" Brie seemed taken aback. "What's her name?"

"F*cking nutso nazi with a chainsaw!" Benvolio wailed.

"Oh, uh, I don't think I know her," Brie shrugged. "I know 'Fracking crazy nazi with a hatchet,' but not a 'f*cking nutso nazi with a chainsaw.'"

Earl sighed. "What about a wacky witch with a crowbar?"

Brie hesitated. "I don't know anyone named that, but I do know someone who is one."

"Ebony," Earl whispered. Brie nodded.

"How is she these days?" Brie asked, fiddling with a sleeve.

"She's a rutting loony!" Benvolio shrieked.

"Pity. We used to be partners back when we were teenagers." Brie sighed. "After her escapades got her party slaughtered, I'm pretty sure I was the first one who trusted her..."

"She's trying to kill us because her dinner turned into Mercutio over here," Lydia jabbed her thumb toward Mercutio.

Brie cringed. "Well, we all have our special coping mechanisms, I guess. Plus, she always was a fussy eater."

Earl sighed. "Don't I know it."

"Maybe if you bring her something different to eat, she'll be okay," Brie suggested.

"She was pretty set on deep-fried chicken guts," Earl mumbled. "And those are the only ones we had." He nodded to Mercutio.

"She hates chicken guts." Brie said. "You guys must be really poor. Couldn't she steal better food?"

"She got stupid after you left," Earl said stiffly. "Broke her leg and it never healed right. Still runs with a chainsaw just fine, but sneaky isn't her forte anymore."

"Pity. She was a hell of a thief," Brie sighed. "She even gave me a blue flower."

"You? YOU got a blue flower?" Earl gaped.

"Yes. I can see you didn't," Brie observes. "Noted. I reckon you got a purple one, then?"

Earl lay on his stomach in the soggy tunnel and wailed.

Brie looked blankly down at Benvolio. "Lovely. Shall we continue, then?"

"Yes," Benvolio pointed heroically to where Jeremy had disappeared, then promptly fell flat on his face. "We have to find Mercutio a body!"

"A body?" Brie clarified. "I think I killed a squirrel a few weeks ago—it's a little smelly now, but will that do?"

Mercutio's "face" contorted into a shape that, if someone had to, they would describe as "No."

Brie raised her eyebrows, affronted. "What? I'm just trying to be helpful. I don't know what y'all are into."

"I want a humanoid body in which I can make out with my adorable boyfriend!" Mercutio gesticulated.

Earl hiccuped, still facedown on the floor. He took a deep breath, then continued to sob.

From the depths of the sewer echoed a giddy laugh and a gleeful shrill of "cheeeese!"

From the other way came the faint but unmistakable buzz of a chainsaw.

"F**king nutso nazi with a chainsaw!" Lydia yelled.

"Crazy cheese man sounds less bad," Earl seemed to have recovered from his bout of uncontrollable sobbing as he jumped up and sprinted after Jeremy.

"Crazy cheese man with a body collection who want to eat Brie's lungs!" Lydia crowed, darting after him.

Mercutio and Benvolio followed at the pace expected of an enchanted sack of guts. Brie hesitated, as if considering reasoning with a chainsaw-wielding lunatic, then seemed to think better of it and reluctantly took up the rear.

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The party walked for a while, following the stench of Camembert through the tunnel network. Brie puckered her lips to whistle a tune, and a couple seconds later, issued a simultaneous string of harmonies. Earl sighed enviously.

"There are perks of being made out of supper," Mercutio said knowingly.

"What is your talent, my love?" Benvolio asked.

Mercutio pulled a few intestines taut from his stomach region and plucked at them melodically. "I'm goin to start a boy band called Big Time Flush after the mad indigestion!"

Earl snorted to suppress his jealousy of Mercutio's wicked skills. Benvolio threw his spare underwear at Mercutio.

Brie momentarily ceased her whistling to demand, "hey, whose panties do I get?"

"I'm not wearing underwear," Lydia chorused.

Earl curled into a fetal position on the ground.

"Are we stopping?" Lydia poked Earl. He picked himself back up, dusting off his clothes and blushing furiously.

"Sorry for the delay," he tried to look dignified and failed. "I—I just don't handle trauma very well."

"Do you want to whistle with me?" Brie asked.

He opened his mouth hesitantly and released a strangled scream.

"Beautiful!" Brie let out a collection of harmonized screeches.

Lydia elbowed Earl, winking. "She's a real camem-babe."

Earl reddened further and promptly ran away. Everyone else followed suit.

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Bodies lined the walls. Anywhere there weren't bodies, there was cheese. Anywhere there wasn't cheese, there were bodies. Anywhere there weren't bodies, there was cheese.

Brie took the narrator in a headlock and screamed at her the shut the f\*ck up. We tried to reach her but she declined to comment. Since the disappearance of the narrator we have attempted to track Brie down but since her fingerprints are partially construed of cheese this has proven unsuccessful. Anyone with information leading to her arrest will be rewarded accordingly. Meanwhile, we will assume that the current narrator is dead and will replace her with someone who doesn't suck. I like pizza and long walked on the beach and puppies and cake and movies where the main character dies and granola bars and monkeys and—

Update: anyone with information leading to Brie should redirect her to us so she can kill our narrator's replacement; please and thank you.



I am the new narrator. The story will now progress in a logical and structured manner. I rule this story with an iron fist.

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Earl screeched and fell on his face.

Benvolio gazed up in awe at the meat and cheese lining the walls. "Mercutio," he breathed. "Do you... do you think he collected you?"

"Maybe," Mercutio seemed to be searching for his body. "Do you see me?"

Benvolio but his lip, scanning the faces of the dead.

Earl was raising himself slowly from the ground, looking intently at a body from a pile on the floor.

Brie considered a piece of cheese and asked to no one in particular, "If I eat cheese, does that make me a cannibal?"

"That would be sad," Lydia interjected, "but it would be worth it."

"Does this... does anyone notice anything weird about this body?"

"Which body?" Benvolio asked whoever had just spoken. Earl pointed wordlessly towards the pile he had just been observing.

Mercutio's old body rose eerily from the pile.