Christian Velveteen: The Real Short Fiction Collection

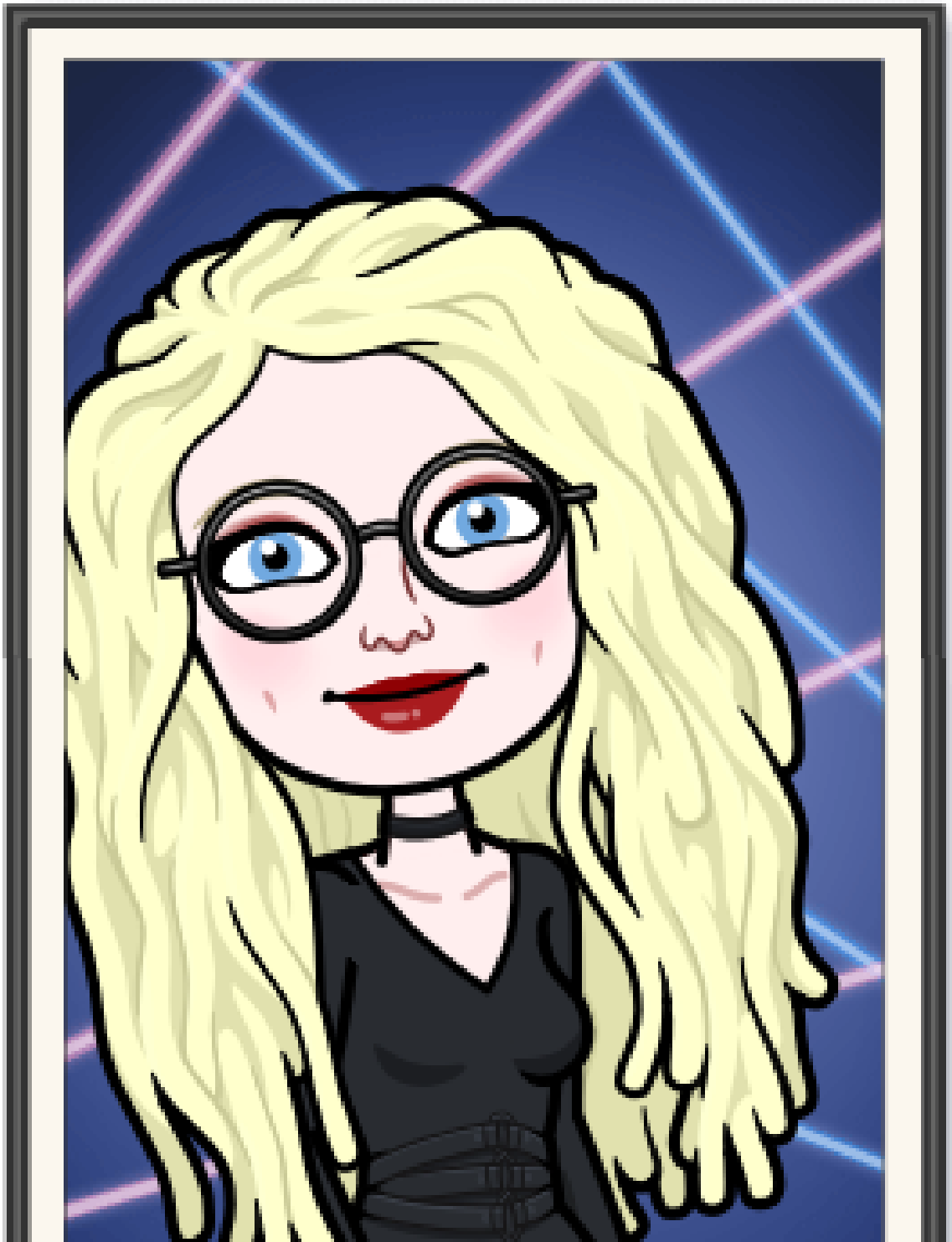


Fig. 1: Grown Up Velveteen ("I wrote this whole entire thing on my Phone!" - V.)

Christian Velveteen: THE REAL SHORT FICTION COLLECTION

A SHORT FICTION COLLECTION

BY: VELVETEEN

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****DRAFT OF May 15, 2019****

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“The truth as revealed by faith is hideous, emotionally disturbing, [even] downright repulsive.” - *Flannery O’Connor, The Habit of Being, ed. Sally Fitzgerald (New York: Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 1988), 100.*

“Would we label a father ‘loving’ who gives a teenage Girl a task that devastates her future, destroys her reputation, and in the end, mortally wounds her with grief? What kind of God asks for servants like Mary?”- *Jill Carattini, Managing Editor, A Slice of Infinity; Ravi Zacharias International Ministries, Atlanta, Georgia, “A Graceful Disturbance”*

“The realities moving on the other side of the everyday World.” - *Madeleine L’Engle, Walking on Water: Reflections on Faith and Art (New York: Bantam, 1982), 18.*

“As if she is somehow aware of the fate of the child in her arms and her utter helplessness to save him.” - Carattini, Ibid.

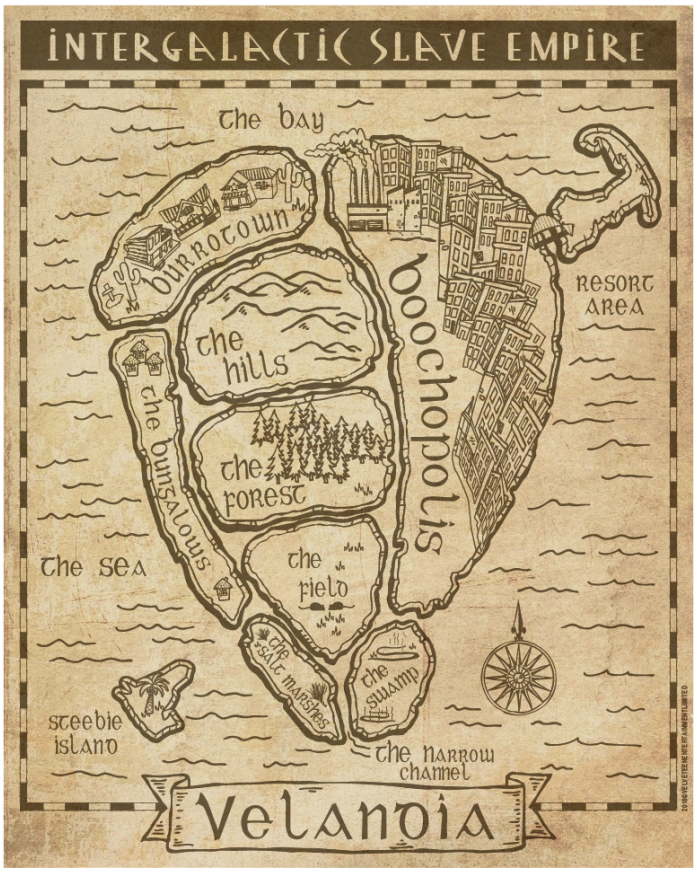


Fig. 2. Map of Velandia

“When there are no more rules or categorizations, when there are no more ******* or whites, when there's just people, when there's no more punks, when there’s no more dirt, that is when things are going to be OK.”

- Sid Vicious, 1978

“Do you want to go to the mall with me tomorrow?”

“I want to go everywhere with you, all the time!”

- Saran and Velveteen, 2012

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PREAMBLE

And it came to pass that a great Shadow fell across the land, and the shadow was the Darkness of pain in the huMan soul. And the Darkness was passed down from generation to generation. Some were born into it, and some were broken along the way, but all who were touched by the darkness lived in the Darkness, and cried out for pills and potions and herbs and ointments to ease the pain.

And as there was no Escape From The Darkness, so also were the remedies poison themselves, each as potent and evil itself as the other, and to each sickness its own remedy, and to each of The Fallen their own Valley of Love and Delight.

And as the People Fell so did they also rise, to pass the darkness on to those around them, and as the darkness spread, the doctors and nurses and judges and cops raged against each other, some saying the Risen were afflicted and some saying they were evil.

This is the story of one such Fallen and her own particular Affliction and remedy - The Tears Of The Innocent.

Meet Vel And Sar



Fig. 3. Saran (l.) and Velveteen (r.)

Velveteen and Saran sat in their favorite booth, Booth 36, at their favorite restaurant, Fine Dining Establishment. Fine Dining Establishment was their favorite restaurant because it was one of the few restaurants in all College District where you could get both oysters and Chicken fingers. True, the Boochton across the street technically served both, but Velveteen, or Vel (as her friends called her) liked to sit in the bar booths at Fine Dining Establishment because they looked cool. Booth 36 was her favorite because she could see all the sidewalk, street and bar action at once, because she had the attention span of a fern. Until the oysters arrived.

As Velveteen surveyed the platter, she experienced a rush of pure joy. Twelve sweet plump Damariscotta oysters glistened before her. Three silver ramekins contained various dipping sauces on a bed of shaved ice. Like a Bird freed from her cage, she impaled a wedge of lemon on an oyster fork, splattering juice across a giant dollop of horseradish and an okra garnish.

Saran, on the other hand, was an old hand at hiding the fact that oysters made her want to vomit. She hardly ever had to cover her mouth and nose with her sleeve anymore. Back when she herself had worked at Fine Dining Establishment, on a field trip to their fish supplier, rather than a rush of pure joy, she had felt a rush of pure horror which was reflected in her eyes when the jovial, bloated middle-aged Man conducting the tour shoved his entire hand into the body of an especially ugly fish as if it were a puppet, and, using his fingers, Manipulated its face from within, all the while leering at her and pretending to make it talk. Come to think of it, she reflected, that guy had actually looked an awful lot like the fish himself.

Velveteen was beautiful in that sweet, guileless and vulnerable way as are Girls who are unaware of their beauty. She was nevertheless awkward, yet still confident, even goofy.

Her *de rigueur* long blonde Hair tumbled in lustrous loopy curls down her shoulders and back. Her brown and hazel flecked eyes sparkled with mischief when not clouded over with a dark shadow from within. She (generally) looked out at the World through pearlescent bright red oversize smart Girl glasses which emphasized her moon face, pert nose, wide mouth, full natural lips and cleft chin. People used to tell her she looked like an anime Girl, which was funny to her, because she actually was, in reality, an actual anime Girl walking around. There were so Many like her these days, and honestly, she couldn't imagine being anything else; but back when she had first started, she was one of the few in all Suburban Enclave.

Velveteen was wearing a white, black and red Hot Topic “Anarchy In The UK” T-Shirt, black Gotta Have Now Neon Glow Reflective Leggings, an RPM Creations Floral Coral and Shell Necklace, Premier Designs Tres Chic Silver Earring Hoops, a Personalized Cuff Bracelet (which was a gift from Saran), a Vintage Solid 950 Sterling Silver Handmade Barry Brinker Animal Print Ring, (today) champagne Allen Bastille sunglasses with gold plated palladium frames, and Sam EdelMan Silver Boa Gigi sandals which highlighted her elegant but subtle purple flower pedicure with 3D white flowers and white dots on the inner corner of each toe nail, the result of her favorite Ultimate Spa Pedicure, 85-minutes of TLC for her tired and over-worked yet luxuriously pampered feet, consisting of an extended aromatic nourishing whirlpool sea salt soak, to drain away toxins and soften dry, rough skin, a custom-blended sugar scrub made with pure essential oil of lemongrass, a foot & leg massage complete with warm towel compresses

(So good!), and a soft-collagen cream mask with moisturizing, therapeutic paraffin to seal in the hydrating benefits of the service, in addition to all the regular niceties of a spa pedicure.

[It was not unusual for Velveteen to completely dissociate sometime between the last stroke of the extended leg massage and the first caress of the warm towel compress wrapped around her foot, so she was always sure to ask in advance if she wanted to be woken up should she find herself drifting off to The Dream World (Please see "*Velveteen: A Short Story In Multiple Chapters By: Velveteen; Chapter Five: The Dream World (Into Which She Would Have Passed Long Ago, Had She Been Able*)," where there were no worries other than with which fabulous color to paint her preternaturally long monkey toes. And the voices.]

Also an anime Girl, Saran, on the other hand, in her forest green Boochburg State University hoodie, black tights, Lucky Brand Brick Natural Sandals and classic no-nonsense pedicure (calluses smoothed away, cuticles groomed, nails trimmed and shaped, the entire foot exfoliated and moisturized, and finished with a perfect steely gray polish of the nails), always looked like she had either just gotten off work, or was just going into work.

Saran was the more practical of the two.

(*Author's Note:*

VELVETEEN: I always say, "She's the practical one!" Don't I always say that, Sar? (Lightly backhanding Saran's upper arm.)

SARAN (Completely deadpan): She does.

Velveteen: I always say, "She's the practical one, and I'm the artistic type!")

Saran had a direct approach. Her Hair was dark, straight and cropped just above her jawline. Her face was thin and angular, her jaw wide, her nose longer and straighter than Velveteen's, and her eyes reflected a practicality and seriousness of purpose borne out of her not-so-great past, and the deep burning Love she felt for her family. If Velveteen's eyes sometimes clouded over with darkness from within, Saran thought not only of what needed to be done immediately, but also of what would need to be done three moves hence.

"Here he comes," she whispered, "Right on time." Over Vel's left shoulder, approaching them from the end of the bar booths, she could see the figure of Angel Hair Bernardi, a well-built muscular horse, approximately sixty years of age.

Meet Angel Hair Bernardi

Angel Hair Bernardi, *consigliere* of one of The Four Families of Boochopolis, was a ruthless, brutal old school Italian gangster. And a horse. He owned Fine Dining Establishment, one of the leading restaurants in Boochopolis.

He was very vain about his long, thick flowing blond Mane and tail. A cross between American singer-songwriter Gregg AllMan, and Silvio Dante from the American drama series *The Sopranos,* he was dressed in a cream colored two-button jacket with a wide shouldered fit and leather lapels, sovereign rings, a mad checkerboard print shirt, a gold cross pendant paired with gold bracelets, and a watch.

Angel Hair (or Ainge, as Lil Boochie called him) was a Neapolitan Horse, and therefore one of the greatest natural born thieves unhung, out of the mouths of whom a word can't be believed. He was, as well, a lazy rascal and cowardly beggar.

His head was proud and square, his forehead broad, his eyes large, his profile straight becoming convex over his nose, his nostrils flattened, his ears small. His neck was muscular, long and elegantly curved.

He always enjoyed his little visits with the Girls. Whenever they came in for their signature order, oysters and Chicken fingers, he made a point of stopping by their favorite booth, Booth 36.

Saran's Memory

"I remember i was working at boochie garden and i was looking around , wondering why i was still here. Why i was accepting so little for all my hard work. If i was lucky a customers check would come out to $50 and if i was especially lucky they would tip appropriately which at the BG would be $8. $8 of a couple sitting in my section for 2 hours and sending me back and forth to the kitchen because they would remember something they previously forgot to ask for... everytime. Oh , i was tiered of it. The very next morning i had drove by the fine dining establishment and something in me told me to stop. The huge crab hanging from the roof enticed me to pick my nerves off the floor and continue to walk inside. As soon as i walked in i asked the manager for an application and he directed me to the bar area to fill it out. As i continue through the questions and made myself sound like a much better server than i am a manager approached me and began an on the sight interview as i sit their trembling, wondering how in the world did i get this lucky. Apparently his first impression of me made an impact because the very next day he called and asked if i would come in for a second interview."

"I came in the very next day for my second interview but this time i wasn't just nervous i was freaking out. I felt like i was hyperventilating on the inside and shaking on the outside because my life depended on this. The fine dining establishment was THE place to work. The servers here where like little celebrities in my mind. I wanted to be just like them."

"I walk in and this time im greated by two more managers and i thought to myself (my goodness how many damn people does it take to run a restaurant) this had to be the real deal. This

interview was a little different as it was run by a woman manager who didn't seem to fond of other females. I could swear i wasn't going to get the job by the end of the interview but surprisingly as the interview ended i was offered the position. Was this real life? Someone pinch me because this just wasn't real. Especially for a girl like me, things like this just don't happen. I usually end up with the shit end of the stick. I thanked both managers, walked to my car and screamed. This was freaking happening! I was now the newest employee of fine dining establishment and i for once was the happiest girl in the world. This was a start of a whole new life. A whole new set of employees that i hoped would become family and a whole new job that i could grow in."

An Awkward Conversation

SET DESIGN: Distressed text light projection superimposed over set:

"The realities moving on the other side of the everyday world." - Jill Carattini

SOUND FX: Cue "One Night in Bangkok" by Louise Robey - https://youtu.be/aIoSlM1np1M

SONG INTRO: Thunderclap

"One night in Bangkok and the world's your oyster

The bars are temples but the pearls ain't free

You'll find a god in every golden cloister

And if you're lucky then the god's a she

I can feel an angel sliding up to me!"

Angel Hair (*not sounding like a complete caricature of himself at all*): Good afternoon, ladies.

Saran (*literally not looking up from her phone at all):* Get lost, creep.

"I get my kicks above the waistline, sunshine!"

Angel Hair (*Endearingly*): Don't be like that! What's done is done! (*Turning to Velveteen*) How are your oysters today?

"One night in Bangkok makes a hard Man humble

Not much between despair and ecstasy

One night in Bangkok and the tough guys tumble

Can't be too careful with your company

I can feel the devil walking next to me!"

Velveteen (*wide eyed with oyster ecstasy - so much fun!) (Waves):* Really good!

Angel Hair: You girls still at, what is it? *(Sneering):* "Chicken Family Restaurant?"

Saran *(Rolling her eyes, snarky)*: OMG, can we please not?

"So you better go back to your bars, your temples, your massage

parlours -- "

Velveteen (*eyes coming back into focus)*: It's very nice to see you, Mr. Bernardi. (*Extends her hand in a forthright Manner, head up, shoulders straight.)*

"One night in Bangkok and the world's your oyster

The bars are temples but the pearls ain't free

You'll find a god in every golden cloister

A little flesh, a little history

I can feel an angel sliding up to me!"

AngerHair (*taking her tiny hand in his giant hoof*): Let me know if you guys ever want to start making money again! (*Pauses just long enough to insinuate that this is where he would chuckle to himself at their folly. Which he won't. Too much class.)* (*Walks away.)*

"One night in Bangkok makes a hard Man humble

Not much between despair and ecstasy

One night in Bangkok and the tough guys tumble

Can't be too careful with your company

I can feel the devil walking next to me!"

Saran *(Eyes still glued to her phone):* Creep.

(Velveteen does not respond at all, fixated as she is on the Platter of Rapture laid out before her.)

Subtext -- Of Horror!

SOURCE: Velveteen is the story of a young Girl who commits suicide, then travels back in time to 1983 San Francisco, where she is sucked into the seedy underground circuit. She subsequently murders the symbolic representation of Pure Evil embodied in the character Jackie_drew and finds Love and redemption at a ChickenSandwich Restaurant.

TITLE: Velveteen Dissociated I: Velveteen In The Booth

SPASM: In that instant, that is to say, in a time and space simultaneously beyond, within and yet containing that which our embryonic huMan consciousness only dimly thinks it perceives as "time" and "space," in short, in her soul, Velveteen (the real Velveteen, her spirit, not the decrepit corruption in which she was trapped) was propelled into The Dream World.

DREAM: In this particular dream, she was in a booth.
The air was thick and intoxicating.
The floor was slippery beneath her size 7 candy apple red Brian Atwood Merritta Zip-Front Sandals. Her skin was slick beneath her luxurious Tatiana Pearl Lace Bra Set from Frederick's of Hollywood, "perfect for nights of decadence and naughtiness." She stood facing a smeared, foggy Plexiglass window.

SOURCE: The Jack Pack (Run by Lil Boochie, assisted by sidekick Jackie_drew, “associate” Angel Hair Bernardi, who is a horse, and nephew Boochie Mane, also a horse).

TITLE: Velveteen Dissociated II: Velveteen Helps Her Mother Die

SPASM: in a spasm, Velveteen experiences a flashback related to her mother’s death. When her mind wanders, a intrusive thought or memory or a voice seems to trigger a spasm.

DREAM: In this particular dream, her mother was back: and it was a known fact between the two of them that she had died of cancer and that she was back.

SOURCE: The Jack Pack controls the slave trade throughout Boochopolis from their headquarters located inside Lil Boochie World, modeled after the hideous “entertainment establishments” of the 1970’s and 1980’s. Later, Young Velveteen herself is transformed into Robot Velveteen and enslaved to Jackie_drew.

TITLE: Velveteen Dissociated III: Velveteen Cowering in Sickness and Terror

SPASM: In a flash, her guts were liquid. Her father loomed over her in the dark.

DREAM: In this particular dream which was a memory which was a dream, she was fourteen as she had always been and would forever be, dressed conservatively in her Blue Venus Women's Pleated Fit Flare Dress and matching Blue Size 9 2E Multi Leather Women's Aravon Kitt Cross

Strap Mary Janes, a simple silver tone Anchor's Away Nautical necklace set with a short chain (sailboats, fish and sea creatures were also available), Vintage Ralph Lauren Silver-Plated Demi-Hoop Earrings, a Thick Genuine Leather Cuff Bracelet, and her amazing adjustable Mood Ring, which changed color based on her emotional state, revealing whether was happy, sad, cool, nervous, roMantic, remorseful, troubled, or calm. (Guess which one she was now? You get three guesses, the first two don't count!) Please record your guesses below:

Guess Number One:

Guess Number Two:

Guess Number Three:

Velveteen. The correct answer is:

SFX: Cue drum roll.

Velveteen: Nervous!

SFX: Cue applause.

Velveteen. The name of my report is: Velveteen's “Traumatic Experiences I Have Known, By: Velveteen.”

(Opens her blue bedazzled Glitter Folder, pushes her trademark pearlescent bright red oversize smart Girl glasses up onto the bridge of her nose with her right index finger and begins to read:)

Velveteen's “Traumatic Experiences I Have Known, By: Velveteen.”

First of all, I'm not admitting to anything, OK? Not trying to be a *****, OK? But let’s just say, for the sake of argument, that there was a little boy, OK? And that the little boy’s name was Jack, OK? And let’s just say that the little boy couldn't really remember what happened first, OK? But that when you say, “First traumatic experience,” what he immediately thinks is,

“As a child I knew my S**uality, my gender and even my very existence were wrong. I knew they knew that too. As a child, I knew that my family knew what I was doing, when I first developed S**ually as children do, and that it was wrong. My father thought he “caught” me doing something about which

- Nobody had ever told me
- I discovered on my own
- Frightened me
- I didn't understand
- Had decided to stop doing

I believe this incident was particularly terrifying. I'm pretty sure lots of other super weird S** stuff went on in that house."

So inevitably an actual boy inevitably discovered it had a body, and it was only decades later that the real Girl felt safe and healthy enough to do the same. And how were these poor babies to know that it was ok, really, perfectly natural, even healthy, to be desired and desire, when their souls were steeped in corruption? And if some completely random person, not their probation officer at all (*Please see "Meet Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)"*), were to observe during, oh, I don't know, a **home visit(?)** that their not-filthy-at-all luxury apartment on the 19th floor of the prestigious Boochmark Tower, which they had assiduously transformed into (essentially) a multimedia studio, didn't seem very "homey," how were they to say, "Well, if one's definition of 'homey' is 'super weird and rapey,' then no, it is definitely not 'homey.'"

Because that would be rude.

And just because we know about each other doesn't mean we're not real, "Doctor."

That is the end of my report, Velveteen's "Traumatic Experiences I Have Known, By: Velveteen."

And before it had even begun, the spasm was over and she was back with Saran in their favorite booth, Booth 36, at their favorite restaurant, Fine Dining Establishment, and she had no memory

at all of her journey beyond the moon. All she knew was that she just had one of her “twitchy things.”

Velveteen’s Return

If you (and by “you,” I mean “Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee),” Velveteen's therapist, or rather, one of Velveteen's therapists) (*Please see “Velveteen's Letter To Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee*), *Page 90*) had asked Velveteen,

“Velveteen, what do you mean, ‘twitchy things?’” she would have answered,

“I don't know, it’s weird, I get like these twitchy things, where it's like, you know how when you’re just starting to fall asleep, you get like this twitch? It’s like that, only i literally get like these fits. And it's like I just literally have one after another. And it's like I actually really don't mind it, because it's like that's how I know at least I'm falling asleep. But then it was like I started getting them really bad, like I was literally thrashing around, because it's literally like apnea or something, and I'm like gasping and making these sounds -- “

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee): What kind of sounds?

Velveteen (*rubbing her forehead)*: Like can't breathe sounds. (*Please see “Velveteen, A Short Story In Multiple Chapters,” By: Velveteen; Chapter Two: The Little Girl Loved Jen).*

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) Treats Velveteen and Saran Comforts Velveteen

Part One: Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) Treats Velveteen

SFX: Cue "Running up That Hill" by Kate Bush - https://youtu.be/wp43OdtAAkM

"It doesn't hurt me

Do you wanna feel how it feels?

Do you wanna know, know that it doesn't hurt me?

Do you wanna hear about the deal that I'm making?

You

It's you and me!"

And if, over a couple of glasses of Oyster River Winegrowers 2017 "Morphos" Cayuga & Seyval Blanc ("full of life and with a natural effervescence," just like Velveteen herself),

"And if I only could

I'd make a deal with God

And I'd get him to swap our places

Be running up that road

Be running up that hill

Be running up that building

See if I only could, oh!"

A mix & match half dozen oysters (Peter's Point, Moon Shoal, Glidden Point and Belon) with lemon, cocktail sauce & mignonette

“You don't wanna hurt me

But see how deep the bullet lies

Unaware I'm tearing you asunder

Oh, there is thunder in our hearts!”

And an actual fried fish head “small plate” with fish sauce vin & scallions

“Is there so much hate for the ones we love?

Well tell me, we both matter, don't we?

You

It's you and me

It's you and me won't be unhappy!”

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee)

“And if I only could

I'd make a deal with God

And I'd get him to swap our places

Be running up that road

Be running up that hill

Be running up that building

Say, if I only could, oh!"

Had suggested Velveteen see a neurologist, because Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) didn't want Velveteen to ***stroke out***, Velveteen would not have said "I tried making an appointment with one after I was run over in the street by a 2017 Ford® Expedition SUV (*Please see "Velveteen and the 2017 Ford® Expedition SUV"*) and they wouldn't take my insurance" at all.

"You

It's you and me

It's you and me won't be unhappy!"

Nor would Velveteen have wondered if anybody else had uncontrollable muscle twitches as a result of PTSD, because that would just have been more of Velveteen's "crazy nonsense," as Velveteen's dead mother's voice constantly reminded her.

"Oh c'mon, Baby, c'mon darling

Let me steal this moment from you now.

C'mon, angel, c'mon, c'mon, darling

Let's exchange the experience, oh!"

Part Two: Saran Comforts Vel

And if you (and this time I actually mean actual you) had asked Saran about Velveteen's “twitchy things,” Saran would not have answered you, because Saran does not know you.

“And if I only could
I'd make a deal with God
And I'd get him to swap our places
I'd be running up that road
Be running up that hill
With no problems!”

And if, truly, Saran were to comfort Velveteen, all she would need to do would be to slip her right foot out of her sandal and ever-so-gently brush her toes against Velveteen”s.

“See and if I only could
I'd make a deal with God
And I'd get him to swap our places
Be running up that road
Be running up that hill
With no problems!”

As Velveteen, or Vel (as her friends called her), felt Saran's toes lovingly caress the top of her foot, she experienced a rush of pure joy. All ten of her toes dug firmly into the floor of her favorite booth, Booth 36, at her favorite restaurant, Fine Dining Establishment. Like a bird freed from her cage, she impaled another wedge of lemon on her oyster fork, splattering more juice across the (by now) not-so-giant-anymore dollop of horseradish and the okra garnish.

"So if I only could
Be running up that hill
With no problems!"

And at that moment, all ten of Velveteen's LumiDecoNails toe nail stickers lit up. "Code red!" she cried, locking eyes with Saran. "We're going on a mission!"

"If I only could, I'd be running up that hill
If I only could, I'd be running up that hill!"

Meet Jack

“There is nothing left to say

I made a mistake and now I'll pay!”

- Even Worse, “Illusion Won Again”

“Please don't apologize,

The damage is done, you better dry your eyes!”

- *Madelynn Von Ritz, “When I Close My Eyes I See Blood”*

Jack loved to smoke. What he loved to smoke specifically were Boochboro Light 100s, having traded in his blunts for brownies several years ago, when trying to get a tooth fixed. Now, he ingested his marijuana exclusively in brownie form, although he was never able to kick the tobacco habit. Not that he ever tried. He enjoyed it too much.

Jack looked like an Italian accountant. He was dressed in standard old Man gear - a Cubavera short sleeve shirt with contrast inset panels in antique white, dress pants in light gray, a London Fog auburn golf jacket in cement and ASICS Game Point white tennis shoes.

Flipping his cigarette out of the window of his completely beat-to-shit 2007 Boochota Boochola sedan, he stepped out into the cold. Frankly, he found this entire exercise depressing, and had to fight his way through it every time.

SFX: CUE The Nuns, "Do You Want Me On My Knees?" - https://youtu.be/Qe3OOn3YXxk

"You've got a hundred million dollars
And this is what you have to do
You've got a hundred million dollars
And nothing else will satisfy you!"

"Booch Inn" the sign read, in the not-creepy-at-all custom-designed Cadillac-style font ubiquitous throughout Boochopolis:



Fig. 4. The not-creepy-at-all custom-designed Cadillac-style font ubiquitous throughout Boochopolis

“Do you want me on my knees?

Do you want me on my knees?

Do you want me on my knees?

And you say yes!

Yes!”

WELCOME

BEST VALUE UNDER HAT

He found that reassuring.

“A note to the inquirer

Could put an end to all of this

I shared your body and your world

And all of its emptiness!”

Afterwards, he wished he were dead (*Please see “Velveteen In Therapy”).*

“Do you want me on my knees?

Do you want me on my knees?

Do you want me on my knees?

And you say yes!

Yes!”

Regardless, having ascertained the subject's exact location within the target zone, that is to say, having laid eyes on the poor girls and women being held prisoner in this particular "massage parlor," when he was back in the passion pit that was the front seat of his car, his Magical Protective Ankle Bracelet (MPAB) asked him, "Are we going for a ride?"

"You gained the world
You gained the world and lost your soul
We play the game
But someone else is in control!"

The Magical Protective Ankle Bracelet (MPAB) was a gift from above, standard issue for Those Rescued. Usually, she spoke to him from over his left shoulder in a female voice, generally neutral-to-supportive in tone, the voice of a relatively young female, say, mid-to-late twenties. Thinking about her made his heart hurt and made him zone out and come back gasping for air.

"Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
They all say yes!
Yes!"

"Yes!" He exclaimed.

There was an awkward pause.

“What do you say?”

“Really?”

“Yes, really.”

“Please and thank you?”

“Listen to you! So fancy!”

“I have ascertained the subject's exact location within the target zone. Code red!”

He looked up just in time to see The V-Squad (Velveteen, Saran, Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) and Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short), a clandestine team of Velandian government super-spies tasked with combatting The Jack Pack’s nefarious schemes (as well as investigating unusual activities related to Alpha Prime and The Intergalactic Slave Empire's incipient invasion), emerge from the entrance of the motel, having apparently successfully completed thier mission. “How do you **do** that?” He asked, delighted as ever to see Velveteen’s smiling face, not put off at all by the fact that she was completely covered in blood from head to toe. “Look at you! So cute!” She cried.

“I am dehuManized

I have no identity

I guess it doesn't matter

What you do to me!”

Velveteen and Jack embraced gingerly, because of the blood. They petted and cooed over each other. Meanwhile, the other three girls wrapped The Rescued in eiderdown duvets and handed each her own personal adorable fluffy kitty or puppy - a gift from above, standard issue for Those Rescued. Each kitty or puppy was not only a Licensed Therapist specializing in issues including trauma and PTSD, but also a superhero in their own own right, each of whom having been bitten by some radioactive something-or-other and thus having acquired said assailant’s whatever-powers.

VELVETEEN. For example!

Coati Lab, A Labrador retriever who was bitten by a radioactive coati, a small mammal closely related to the raccoon!

Coati Lab fights evil using:

His ringed tail, strong claws, long, highly mobile snout and thick, semi-prehensile tail, often held erect above his body!

Coati Lab's coati-powers include:

The ability to forage in crevices and holes, and excellent balance!

Now you try! It's easy and fun!

Step One: Choose your kitty or puppy!

Step Two: Choose the radioactive animal by whom you wish your kitty or puppy to be bitten!

Step Three: Fill in the blanks!

(*Name*), A(n) (*Breed of kitty or puppy*) who was bitten by a radioactive (*Animal*), a(n) (*Description of animal*).

(*Name*) fights evil using:

(*List attributes of radioactive animal*)

(*Name*)'s (*radioactive animal)*-powers include:

(*List abilities of radioactive animal)*

Step Four: Collect ‘em! Trade ‘em!

They made their way out to the beautiful, fully appointed ultra-luxurious Lincoln Super Stretch Limousines awaiting them, each containing it's assigned passenger's unique “valley of love and delight,” that for which her heart had yearned most sorrowfully during her imprisonment, always always always lost family members. Plus her favorite cocktail, and appetizer! Plus a truly magnificent pedi.

“Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
We all say yes!
Yes!”

Jack left Velveteen to wash (and by “wash,” I mean “obsessively pick in giant wads and long, tremulous strands”) the blood and various bits (and by “bits,” i mean “great gobs and fragments”) of brain, skull and Hair out from between her still-tingling purple flower-pedicured toes, in a basin of hot soapy water brought specifically for this purpose, her Sam EdleMan Silver Boa Gigi sandals ruined and discarded inside the motel. “We talked about this”, he said lovingly over his shoulder.

"(Like this?)"

He made his eat past Saran, who was busily sorting The Rescued into their Lincoln Super Stretch Limousines (accompanied by cries of joy as they embraced their loved ones), into the seedy motel lobby, where Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) and Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) were processing the completely humiliated huMan males who had been apprehended basically raping Those Rescued during the raid. He stopped to listen.

"Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
And you say yes!
Yes!"

"Here's a copy of the search warrant, indicating we searched the premesis for evidence of child endangerment," Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) was saying. She fluttered from one miserable perpetrator to another on her Faery wings. She handed each his own personalized photocopy from a stack she carried in her ten legs.

As usual, she was a little disappointed she had not had a chance to use her bonus magical Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Power (*Please see "Meet Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)"*) on this mission. She really had thought today might be the day.

“We’ll be in touch,” she added off-handedly, flying out the door.

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) jumped from lap to lap. She locked big, expressive deep blue eyes with each mortified perpetrator, to see if anything was left of what once had been his soul.

“Or, you can come with me to 8 East,” she purred in her soft, melodious voice, “for a complete clinical assessment under my direction,” because, in addition to being Velveteen’s cat, big sister and therapist (*Please see “Velveteen's Letter To Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee*)”), Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) was apparently also Medical Director of 8 East, the 27-bed, locked, acute psychiatric unit on the University Campus of Boochopolis Medical Center.

“Please
Do you want me on my knees?
Do you want me on my knees?
Like this?”

Velveteen’s PerforMance Review

Jack still looked like an Italian accountant. But as he stepped from the seedy, seedy motel lobby into the even seedier corridor off which the motel rooms were located, he was pleased and relieved to notice that he was now dressed in his Girl clothes, that is to say, his Hot Topic-exclusive black Ramones T-shirt with a front screen featuring the American punk rock band’s seal logo; actual Spanx; his sacred, forbidden, white custom-made Runaways hoodie featuring the iconic (in his opinion) photograph of lead singer Cherie Currie from the 1976 debut album by the American all-female rock band; his brown leather; and a black watchMan’s cap because his Hair was for ****, on top of which he had perched his "Momo" Giancana sunglasses.

Like a Bird freed from his cage, he stepped past the technicians of every species and permutation busily performing their forensic tasks, through the first door on his left into the motel room where Saran’s assigned target trafficker had been taken into custody. As per her extensive food service experience, this particular huMan male (they were always huMan males), who looked exactly like what you would expect a trafficker to look like, was wrapped securely in a freshness-sealed, day-dotted food service container, guarded by a uniformed Boochopolis Police Department Officer.

A similar tableau awaited him in the second room he inspected. This prisoner had been Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)’s responsibility. Thus, he was not so much shrink-wrapped like a Chicken filet as he was simply handcuffed and guarded. Straight-up

law enforcement, Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) had no time for anything.

In the third room, the third prisoner did not need to be restrained or guarded at all. Rather, he would have to be placed on a stretcher for transport to Boochopolis House, curled up as he was in the fetal position, weeping and rocking back and forth on the filthy, filthy motel room carpet. Fifteen minutes of therapy with Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) had reduced the brutal, hardened trafficker to a sniveling, sobbing heap of quivering shame and helpless remorse.

And then there was Vel's room . . .

Velveteen's Room

Jack always saved Velveteen's room for last, because he always had to wash off his ASICS Game Point white tennis shoes afterwards (he was back in his boy clothes, unfortunately for him), even with the Zoro Select disposable white polypropylene shoe covers he wore.

As usual, Velveteen's assigned target zone was eerily quiet, as if all the strobe-y blue police lights and static-y radio transmissions outside were but a dream. The only sounds were those of trickling water from the bathroom, and the tick-tick-ticking of an old-fashioned analog alarm clock, and from the other side of the grimy, spattered window, dry leaves blowing in the wind.

From outside, the sound of Vel and Sar playing their favorite hand clap game drifted in.

Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack
All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.

As he stepped forward into the room, he could feel and hear the carpet beneath his feet. The smell always got to him, like at Boochopolis Memorial Hospital from when he worked there once for about 15 minutes.

She asked her mother, mother, mother

For 50 cents, cents, cents

To see the elephants, elephants, elephants

Jump over the fence, fence, fence.

At least this one wasn't still moving. He hated that.

They jumped so high, high, high

They reached the sky, sky, sky

And they didn't come back, back, back

'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!

At that moment, his Magical Protective Ankle Bracelet (MPAB) asked him. “Are we going for a ride?” He started fumbling with his cell Phone while Velveteen laughed out in the yard.

Jack: (Stepping out into the yard, p*leased but not a bit surprised to be now wearing a well-tailored Hugo Boss modern tuxedo in fine virgin wool with a notched lapel and satin-wrapped buttons. Flat-front trousers detailed with silk trim at the waistband, back welt pockets and outer leg seams complete the classic look.*) “Hey, you guys! It looks like we got a gig!”

Velveteen: (*Having changed into an unstudied, effortlessly mussed black imported Isabel Marant knee-length, ramie/silk combo short-sleeved*

"Gabe" dress with circle-eyelet embroidery and paneled seams, crew neckline, fit-and-flare silhouette, hidden back zip, asymmetric hem and a polyester lining; and black Italian "Etty" studded suede moccasins with Turkish dyed sheep-shearling fur lining, bow detail ties at the center and leather outsoles) "No way! Let me see that! . . . ***No way!***"

Saran: "What? What is it?"

Jack: "Let me see . . . it says . . . um. . . 'Mot Fest 2018' -- "

At that moment, all four Girls experienced a rush of pure joy. Four Girls looked at each other in delight. Like Birds freed from their cages, they raised their voices high:

"WE'RE GOING TO THE BUNGALOWS!"

Musthug the Marmot and The Littlest HugaBird Attend the Music Show

SFX: CUE "I'm Waiting for My Man" by The Velvet Underground -

https://youtu.be/Kla_Jd7EyT4

"I'm waiting for my Man

Twenty-six dollars in my hand

up to Lexington, one, two, five

Feel sick and dirty, more dead than alive

I'm waiting for my Man"

Musthug the Marmot could not believe this was happening to her. A few short hours ago she had been her normal boring marmot self, living life in Marmot Heights, an upper middle class neighborhood overlooking Mot Francisco, a hilly city known for its year-round fog, on the tip of a peninsula surrounded by the Mot-cific Ocean and Mot Francisco Bay, in northern Bungalows; and now here she was "waiting for her Man," on her favorite corner barstool in their favorite restaurant, MotHorse Hill. MotHorse Hill was the Girls' favorite restaurant because it was the only restaurant in all Marmot Heights where you could get both greens, grasses, berries, lichens, mosses, roots, and flowers; and invertebrates, seeds, buds, olives and peanuts.

"Hey, white boy, what you doin' uptown?

Hey, white boy, you chasin' our women around?

Oh pardon me sir, it's the furthest from my mind

I'm just lookin' for a dear, dear friend of mine

I'm waiting for my Man"

Musthug flipped through her Phone nervously. She was obsessed with an extremely obscure reference on the subject of "Do oysters flinch when you squirt lemon juice on them?" (The answer was, "*Elles doivent grincer* (they must wince)."

"Here he comes, he's all dressed in black

Beat up shoes and a big straw hat

He's never early, he's always late

First thing you learn is that you always gotta wait

I'm waiting for my Man, ah work it now"

She looked up just in time to see her "Man," or more precisely, her go-to Girl The Littlest HugaBird, flit through the front door, Kitty corner to her right.

"Up to a brownstone, up three flights of stairs

Everybody body's pinned you, but nobody cares

He's got the works, gives you sweet taste

Ah then you gotta split because you got no time to waste

I'm waiting for my Man"

The Littlest HugaBird was a Long-tailed Tit. With her tiny, round body, short stubby bill and very long, narrow tail, she looked for all the World like a “pleasantly plump little Bird dumpling” (Carly Brooke, *The Featured Creature.com*). Her plumage was mainly black and white, with variable amounts of grey and pink, depending on her mood.

“Did you get them?” Musthug asked, almost afraid to hear the answer. The Littlest HugaBird came to light on the back of the high-top barstool to Musthug’s right. The Littlest HugaBird’s platter of invertebrates, seeds, buds, olives and peanuts (and her glass of sap) had arrived while The Littlest HugaBird was out of the restaurant.

“Baby don't you holler, darlin' don't you bawl and shout
I'm feeling good, you know I'm gonna work it on out
I'm feeling good, I feel oh so fine
Until tomorrow, but that's just some other time
I'm waiting for my Man, walk it home”

“What do you think?” The Littlest HugaBird retorted in her high-pitched, pure, quiet but penetrating voice. She mischievously cast before Musthug a Ziploc Snack Bag containing what appeared to be (and what in fact were) two Designer Mini Baking Cups containing what appeared to be (and what in fact were) two homemade brownies. She then turned her attention to delicately hovering over a particularly lively beetle on her platter too big to be swallowed immediately.

“Where did you get them?” Musthug asked, quickly covering the small package with a napkin.

“From a field mouse,” The Littlest HugaBird quietly twittered. She hung by one foot from a twig, which was suspended from a small portable swingset deployed over her place setting for this very purpose, prior to her platter’s arrival, by the attentive restaurant staff. “Field mice always have brownies.”

“That is so species-ist,” Musthug objected, watching as The Littlest HugaBird held the struggling insect in her other foot and pecked at it.

“Well, if you don't want yours . . . “ The Littlest HugaBird trilled softly.

“No, no,” Musthug whistled quickly. “I mean, it’s supposed to be fun, right?”

“You’ll see!” The Littlest HugaBird laughed. “You got the Ticketss, right?”

“Yes, HugaBird,” Musthug replied snarkily, yet still fondly. She laid out on the bar before them two concert tickets:



Fig. 5.

Concert Tickets

“Heck to the yes you did! Crisp!” The Littlest HugaBird raised her glass in a toast. “Come on, dork! Drink up! What could go wrong?”

TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT SEASON ON

VEL & SAR

SOUND FX: Cue "Little Fluffy Velveteens" by Velveteen And The Safety Snaps

Intro: Insert sample

Lil Boochie PI: This town runs on three things. And when I walked through the door, I could smell 'em all!

Rico Suave: What's the dance now?

Velveteen: It's ok. I trust him.

Electro voice: What's the dance? (Repeat as necessary)

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, SRY is the gene

Announcer: Was it death by natural causes -- or a simple case of murder?

Saran: Vel! Look out! (Gunshots, scream)

Rico Suave: What's the dance now?

Velveteen: It's ok. I trust him.

Electro voice: What's the dance? (Repeat as necessary)

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, nice and clean

Announcer: In a forest where the field mice reign supreme, one bunny dares to hop alone: FOO FOO!

Rico Suave: What's the dance now?

Velveteen: It's ok. I trust him.

Electro voice: What's the dance? (Repeat as necessary)

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, SRY is the gene

Do the Velveteen, nice and clean

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, SRY is the gene

Do the Velveteen, nice and clean

Do the Velveteen, now you know what I mean

Do the Velveteen, now your life is a dream

Saran: For Velveteen to live . . . Jack must die!

Alpha Prime: Velandia will be mine!

Velveteen

A Short Story In Twelve Chapters

By: Velveteen

Chapter One: Please Keep up

The problem is simple, and not simple at all. A Velveteen wants to live. Her darkest, most intimate and most eagerly anticipated companion, never dreaded.

The problem is simple, and not simple at all. Four pill bottles, neatly arranged. More than last time, and better ones. A bottle of disgusting Polish vodka, also left over from last time. And as ever, the belt.

The problem is simple, and not simple at all. She cannot say why she hasn't jumped out the window. Will she moan? Will she brush her fingertips against the rough, granular surface of the building’s exterior?

So it's back to the pills, and the disgusting Polish vodka, and the belt, her ultimate dream. Really, her only dream.

The other Girl, the one who visited, her name was Jen. She could stop the incessant breathing.

Chapter Two: The Velveteen Loved Jen

So the Velveteen thought to herself, if one person could make another person want to live.

She thought to herself, if she could live.

And she thought to herself, how nice it would be to have a friend

And so the Velveteen met Jen through one of those seedy assignations of which she was so fond. Jen was friendly, and as had been previously discussed, she and the Velveteen were in agreement as to the importance of all the accoutrements and semiotics of contemporary femininity, particularly as defined by the youth-obsessed culture in which we all find ourselves.

Which is a roundabout way of saying that Jen had really nice feet, and wasn't shy, and that the Velveteen was glad for that!

Later, as she thought back fondly to whatever, she could only wish that she had lived in that moment.

Chapter Three: She Will Never Reveal Her Secrets

So by now you may be thinking, “What an odd, unfortunate Velveteen.” Or perhaps, “Someone should help her!” But I am here to tell you, the truth is far stranger than you could ever imagine.

And this is a mystery that, as above, can never be revealed. Because we don't trust.

So don't come running to me when you can't figure out what is going on.

Chapter Four: A Little More

So she went out and found a job, running food in a fast food restaurant. It was something to do.

If she could have been herself, she would just as soon have run Chicken sandwiches and waffle fries for the rest of her life. She would have languidly navigated between tables infested with squalling, squabbling children and their harried mothers, teens both well-groomed and not so much, in various stages of alienation and self-assurance, saddest of all the middle-aged one-tops, undoubtedly on break from their own crappy jobs (couldn't they do any better?) And the requisite old folks (how were they to know they were happy?) and creepy old unshaven white guys in baseball caps, t shirts, windbreakers, cargo shorts and of course of course of course flip flops, sitting alone with their laptops at secluded, empty tables adjacent to the children's cage/play area for an awkwardly long time get out get out get out.

To be fair, there was the guy who gave his name at the counter as Spartacus (misspelled on the slip) specifically so he could proclaim “I am Spartacus!” when his food arrived. And there were the hilariously sauce-obsessed, and the people who you could treat better than they expected.

Chapter Five: The Dream World (Into Which She Would Have Passed Long Ago, Had She Been Able.

People who were still waiting around didn't mean it. They were full of beans. The successful ones were the ones who meant it. They didn't go to the EMH. They just disappeared.

She always thought it was funny when the doctors would ask, “Do you feel safe?” Of course she didn’t feel safe. That's why she she wanted to get out of here. By now, the prospect of leaving was less to be dreaded than anticipated (see above).

She also found it amusing, when she read that people like her think they receive messages from movies and Television.

She knew from a lifetime of experience that she didn't **think** she received messages from movies and Television and music; she actually **did** receive actual messages encoded in the movies and the music and the Television, references which carried her through her “life.”

Wonderful, beautiful dream World.

She knew two things. One, as hard as it was to leave, it turned out that staying was even harder. Not to mention much, much more expensive. Two, before she left, she needed a really nice pedi.

Chapter Six: Facts, RIP Ohhhhhhhhhhh, O-Bet, Goto.and Litty.

So now she was starting to have second thoughts about the whole endeavor. Would she ever be worth anything?

Chapter Seven; Velveteen's Rules For Dating

1. No trainwrecks.
2. Must be good hugger (Strong)
3. Must have nice feet.
4. Suggested topics of conversation include Modern Art, film, music, literature, and the universal perfidy of all men.
5. Topics of conversation to avoid include your cat's vet bills, the rental fees on your self storage unit, the high cost of house taxes and insurance, and your adult children's involvement with the criminal justice system.
6. Please do not be consumed by your own bitterness.

Chapter Eight: Velveteen's Rules For Making Out

1. Keep the door open.
2. No tongues.
3. Nothing below the waist.
4. Over the sweater only.
5. Three feet on the floor at all times.
6. I don't have to do anything gross or weird.
7. In return you get unlimited foot rubs (see above).

Chapter Nine: The Good Thing About Not Dying Is You Get.To Do Stuff, Like Sing And Listen To Music

Another thing you get to do is have fun at work. So it's not all No.

Chapter Ten: An Edifying Presentation

“Descent to the underWorld to a Calvinist.

*Jake, industrial bigot, goes in search of her daughter entered the World of ****. The second film directed by as great as undervalued Paul Schrader (writer of "Taxi Driver," "Raging Bull" and "Mosquito Coast", but also directed, among others, of "Affliction," "American Gigolo" and "Cars. focus ") explores the darkest sides of the huMan soul, it tells the loss of innocence, the rot that is hidden behind a Man and a whole country. America *****graphic and sadomasochistic is around the corner so as to become the other face of America respectable, religious and puritanical. Moreover Schrader, Calvinists fleeing that at eighteen discovers the World, has always been obsessed with the underground layers and abysmal huMan soul. Hell is not in the World, is not the World, but is under the crust or the surface, as if to say the hell are we, is the painful prospect of having to live with ourselves. Redemption is on the verge of regression, the violence stems from anger, silence, repression and education that has forgotten the rest of the World.*

*** becomes an obsession and compulsive blind, not only in **********, but in the eyes of those who demonize themselves. Film conciliatory in appearance only, not moralistic, never easy, which tells the rot without excitement and without rebuke. The sins of the fathers generate claustrophobic nightmares from which it will be forever impossible to get out. There is no happy ending in the Schrader film, even if it might seem: there is no return home, the old World is gone forever. It has the impression of an extreme loneliness, physiological impossibility of an authentic*

happy ending. Just think of the relationship that seemed almost fatherly with the prostitute who helps in the investigation, when in fact she is a mere tool for Jake.

*'Let's go home,' said John Wayne to Natalie Wood, after dealing with his demons and obsessions, in his own hell. Bigoted and racist, its depths were Indians. In the 70's the new abyss is ****."*

http://schermobianco.blogspot.com/2013_07_01_archive.html?m=1

Translated from the Italian

Chapter Eleven: She Loved Her Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

"When the child was a child, it was the time of these questions. Why am I me, and why not you? Why am I here, and why not there? When did time begin, and where does space end? Isn't life under the sun just a dream? Isn't what I see, hear, and smell just the mirage of a World before the World? Does evil actually exist, and are there people who are really evil? How can it be that I, who am I, wasn't before I was, and that sometime I, the one I am, no longer will be the one I am?"

Wings of Desire, 1989

Chapter Twelve: So Apparently Her Dreams Were A Thing (File Under: “You're So Used To It You Think It's Normal”)

“I was watching Television last night, and all of a sudden, everybody's gestures and hand motions seemed kind of jerky and overstated; like, he would rub the back of his neck and I was like, why is he doing that, and I was like, what's going on? Do you think that's weird?”

It wasn't until after when she was finally in real serious treatment that she realized (or someone told her) that it wasn't normal to have hideous nightmares every night of your life. She thought that's what sleep was. And this revelation, that this was actually not normal, and a problem, the question was not even entertained or ever even brought up at all for Many, Many years and decades; and even then, only as an afterthought, after one particularly bad morning’s dream about her mother, really back from the dead and living again in the house, as if everything were perfectly normal; as if the fact that she had died of cancer at 83, and was now living her prosaic life as if she had just been away on a trip, and she said to her mother in the dream, “You know, those doctors are really interested in talking to you.”

Deeply disturbing dreams about the house, always a threat to the house; until one day, after she had completed a grueling exposition on the subject of some stupid thing, it came out in a quick breath, “And these dreams!”

Bizarre dreams from when she was even a small child; that if she ever even told you what she dreamed, she could never say it to another person. But she has to get it out.

It would be good to get it out.

And now you want to know, don't you? But there is too much that cannot be revealed; but the point is, apparently they have pills for nightmares. But somehow it hasn't occurred to her to take them. She should probably go ahead and do that.

Like when she was under hypnosis and FACTS conjured up a vision of her parents as prehistoric pterodactyls tearing out her entrails; or with dual countenance of pure malevolence turning towards her towards her towards her, she turning away away away, full of a cold fear and The Dread that she never felt when she was so close. She could feel the thrill and the excitement of the wind in her face, driving on a suspended license in the far left lane, crazy fast with two fingers on the steering wheel, furiously until her back arched in the bucket seat and she and the entire car almost shook, spasmed apart, knowing she was an instant away from sweet, sweet . . .

Anyway, it was nice to have a hobby.

THE END

Meet Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)



Fig. 6. Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)

Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) was a Faery who was bitten by a radioactive Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn. That is to say, she was a small imaginary being of huMan form with magical powers, who was bitten by a radioactive marine crustacean that resembled a large shrimp. She was, as well, an actual Angel, although she herself did not know this.

Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) was Velveteen's probation officer. Velveteen had first met Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) when Velveteen's attorney (one of Velveteen's attorneys), Leonardo (an actual huMan male, but one of the nice gay ones) from “Leonardo And The Goombah,” part of The Velveteen Network’s “Crime and Memory Comics Presents V&S Thursday!” had dragged Velveteen, dressed in a Venus white women's cozy cowl neck sweater dress with full long sleeves and front pockets, which hit at mid thigh (the dress, not the pockets), Venus “dark wash” color skinny jeans, and Venus (apparently Velveteen liked Venus Body Wear, an American clothing and swimsuit retailer) imported suede tie-back over-the-knee boots with 3.5" heels, sobbing uncontrollably and limp with grief, to Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)’s office from the courtroom after the Angels were done *****ing Velveteen out.

Before she was bitten by a radioactive Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn, Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) had been a normal, healthy all-Velandian Probation Officer for the Boochopolis District Court Department. She looked like Tinkerbell from Disney’s Peter

Pan. Now, however, she had an exoskeleton consisting of side plates that overlappd tile-like from front to back, ten legs, lamellar gills, and carried her eggs inside her body near her tail.

There were, however, consolations, she thought to herself. For instance, in addition to her original magical Faery Powers (Decelerated Aging, Semi-Immortality or Immortality, Extrasensory Perception, Faery Aura, Faery Dust Manipulation, Flight - Possibly with Wing Manifestation, Magic, Energy Manipulation, Healing, Mental Manipulation, Confusion Inducement and Misdirection), she now possessed a bonus magical Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Power, the ability to grow about 20 per cent faster than other farmed tiger prawns. True, this power had yet to come in handy during any of her adventures, chronicled weekly on The Velveteen Network's "Crime And Memory Comics Presents The Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) Action Hour," but Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) remained cautiously optimistic.

Velveteen, of course, had a massive crush on Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short), anticipating their meetings as if they were intimate lunches between close friends over Bellinis (the cocktail, not the Italian Renaissance painter, a framed canvas print of whose tired, helpless Madonna and Child hung surrounded by Christmas lights on the wall of Velveteen's not-filthy-at-all luxury apartment on the 19th floor of the prestigious Boochmark Tower, which she had assiduously transformed into (essentially) a multimedia studio, and which Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) once remarked during a home visit, didn't seem very "homey," and how was Velveteen supposed to say, "Well, if one's definition of 'homey' is 'super weird and rapey,' then no, it is definitely not 'homey'"?)

Because that would be rude.

Velveteen remembered how, at the close of their aforementioned first meeting, after Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) had strapped on Velveteen's Magical Protective Ankle Bracelet, and together they had made sure it was in communication with The Mothership, Velveteen had paused just before walking out the door of Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short)'s office, and, completely dissociated, said wistfully, "My father was a social worker. Are you a social worker?"

Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) (*looks at Velveteen for a moment*): I am a probation officer --

Velveteen (*eyes coming back into focus*): No, I knew that, I was just wondering if, you know --

But it was too late. Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) already had that look Velveteen had seen so Many times before, as if Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) had just walked into the middle of a play.

True, Velveteen couldn't blame people for getting confused. Velveteen had a hard time keeping everybody straight herself, and Velveteen ***was*** everybody! Still, Velveteen thought to herself, "Hey, you're the one who wanted to be a probation officer."

She kept that one in the chamber.

Velveteen’s Letter To Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee)



Fig. 7. Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee)

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) was the Spirit of The Ultimate Gift From Above. Like Mallard (See *Meet Crab Wren*), she was a shining beacon of pure white light. Unlike Mallard, she was a cat, who carried her kittens around by the scruff of the neck, and soothed them back to sleep when they woke up in the middle of the night from a bad dream, such as one in which they lapped up the very, very last drop of the delicious sweet cream from their saucer, which was the worst thing which any of them could possibly imagine, so Loved and well-cared-for and pampered were they.

Specifically, Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) was an elegant, luxurious Doll Face Persian Long Haired Beauty. She had the round head, short face and muzzle, snub nose and chubby cheeks characteristic of her breed, an old, dignified (and the most popular) cat breed.

She looked like a fluff ball. Her coat was beautiful, sumptuous, flowing, and silky. It was almost pure white, except for just the very tips of her small, rounded ears, and the tufts of fur on either side of her sweet face, which were black. Underneath lay a muscular, stocky, sturdy body.

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) was Velveteen's cat.

Also, she was Velveteen’s therapist. One of Velveteen's therapists.

Also, she was Velveteen's actual big sister.

You wouldn't have known at first that Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) was either of these things, Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) being a cat and all. But she was!

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee), or, as Vel liked to call her, “Glamour Puss,” (or “GP” for short) had a calm personality. Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) had been put to the test at the start of thier second-ever session.

Velveteen had worn a beige floral lace boho top and “old hangouts” style Levi’s 501 skinny jeans, nude tone naked sandals, champagne Allen Bastille sunglasses with gold plated palladium frames, a Gorjana paloma cuff in gold and an Anya 18k gold plated triangle ring. Velveteen had drifted into Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee)’s office like a spring breeze, and, casual as her outfit, asked Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) “Do you think I should kill myself?” as if she were asking Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) if she (Velveteen) should buy a new blouse.

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) communicated with her big, expressive deep blue eyes and her soft, melodious voice. Only in their second-most recent session had Velveteen first heard Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) take on an arousingly protective tone, specifically in reference to Velveteen’s fear that Velveteen’s probation officer, Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) (*Please see “Meet Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short),”* would get mad if Velveteen bought a new toy.

“If that Elite Black Tiger Super Prawn Faery (Prawn Faery for Short) has a problem with you buying a new toy,” she growled, ears flat, “you just have her talk to me.”

Velveteen: *(Sobbing uncontrollably)*: “This is so hard! I didn't know it would be so hard!”

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee): “Hey, you’re the one who wanted to be in therapy, Velveteen.”

Velveteen: “Wh-What?”

Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee): “Meow.”

Meet Crab Wren

Crab Wren was eating frogs, his favorite activity, hanging out in his studio. He never left the studio. When he was in the studio, he was the mighty, mighty Crab Wren. When he left the studio, he was just another wren. Specifically, he was just another Chinese wren-babbler. His species was aptly named. Chinese wren-babblers never shut the **** up. Crab Wren himself would never shut up about what a big shot he was. Back in the 80's he had been a producer for Stinky Crab Boil, now better known as “Who's Stinky Crab Boil?,” or “A Band No One's Heard Of.” Forty years ago, they had been a very big deal

Crab Wren's narcissism and loquaciousness were his greatest weaknesses. He would inform anyone and everyone he met that he was a big shot music producer. He would continue to remind anyone within earshot of this fact every fifteen seconds until one of them died, while literally ****ting all over them. He could do wonderful things for them. He could get them a Crabby Award. He ate his frogs in the most sadistic and gruesome Manner possible. The frogs were sound engineers.

Crab Wren was a wren who had been bitten by a radioactive Crab. He used his Crab powers to control the thoughts and emotions of those around him with his two pairs of telepathic antennae. He was a retired music producer, as well as the former owner of bed 22 Studio, a music production studio located in Resort Area.

Crab Wren had an alter ego, Giant Douchebag. Giant Douchebag was literally a giant douchebag, that is to say, a giant device used to introduce a stream of water into the body for medical or hygienic reasons, or the stream of water itself, depending on the situation. Crab Wren and Giant Douchebag generally worked together in tandem.

Crab Wren was assisted by Shuck, an Asian oyster. Shuck was Crab Wren's groveling toady, as well as a sound engineer.

Continually flinching, Shuck lived in constant fear of, and at the same time was secretly obsessed with, the idea of a good shuck. He longed for it with all his small, three-chambered heart. As winter approached, laying in his bed, he would fantasize about the Knife tip wiggling into the sweet spot in his hinge, where it could get some leverage, not too hard, not forcing it between his shells, but with finesse, pressure growing against both his top and bottom at once, twisting and prying, until it was solidly in place, up and down, rotating, searching for just the right movement, applying just enough pressure to keep it solidly in, and no more, eventually getting the perfect position, until . . . until . . . until . . . pop!

Granted, he possessed only marginally more sensory perception than a rock, but in his fantasy he could hear and feel himself yield. The more practice his shucker would have had, the easier it would be, he would think, as the temperature of the bay dropped below 45 degrees, all physiology stopped, and he faded to dorMancy.

Therefore, he had started crushing on Saran, drummer for Velveteen and the Safety Snaps, the very instant they met, because Saran, in her previous employment at Fine Dining Establishment, had been an oyster shucker, and it showed.

Shuck had recently been nominated for a Crabby Award.

Being an oyster, Shuck was unable to move on his own, and had to get moved around because of waves and other sea creatures in order to perform his duties as a sound engineer. As well, being an oyster, Shuck did not have eyes so much as light-sensitive cells that detected shadows falling on him. This also made it difficult for him to perform the fine detail work necessary to meet Crab Wren's high, high standards. This arrangement suited eachParty just fine, in that it allowed Shuck to invoke Crab Wren's wrath, thereby obtaining for Shuck the abuse he craved, while giving Crab Wren ample opportunity to dispense same.

Mallard, a duck, was the current owner of bed 22 music studio, Crab Wren's protege, a music instructor. a shining beacon of pure white light and a female vocalist for Lobster Trap Tendencies, an up and coming musical group.

Velveteen's Ezekiel 25:17 FMK Game and Velveteen's Zombie Apocalypse Game

Velveteen: Hi everybody! I'm Velveteen! And this is:

SFX: CUE FANFARE

Velveteen's Ezekiel 25:17 FMK Game and Velveteen's Zombie Apocalypse Game!

Part One: Velveteen's Ezekiel 25:17 FMK Game!

Velveteen's Ezekiel 25:17 FMK Game Is just like regular FMK, except instead of choosing which of three people you would either F, M or K, you choose which of ***four*** "people" to fill each of the four roles described in the (admittedly misquoted) Bible passage made famous in Quentin Tarantino' s 1994 film *Pulp Fiction:*

"The path of the righteous Man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers! And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee!"

In the film, the character Jules Winnfield, played by Samuel L. Jackson, discusses the various possible meanings of this passage while holding a gun to head of another character, Ringo. To Jules' way of thinking, there are four roles to be filled (see above):

1. The righteous Man
2. The selfish and evil men
3. The shepherd
4. The weak

Which he fills, choosing from four "people:"

1. Ringo
2. Jules himself
3. Mr 9 mm
4. The World

Example Number One:

"Now I'm thinkin', it could mean you're the evil Man. And I'm the righteous Man. And Mr. 9 mm here, he's the shepherd protecting my righteous ass in the valley of darkness."

Example Number Two:

“Or it could be you're the righteous Man and I'm the shepherd and it's the World that's evil and selfish. I'd like that. But that **** ain't the truth.”

Example Number Three:

“The truth is you're the weak. And I'm the tyranny of evil men. But I'm tryin'. I'm tryin' real hard to be a shepherd.”

HOW TO PLAY:

NUMBER OF PLAYERS: TWO

STEP ONE: Choose which player is Jules and which player is Ringo. (IMPORTANT! DO NOT USE AN ACTUAL GUN!)

STEP TWO: Discuss.

Part Two: Velveteen's Zombie Apocalypse Game!

NUMBER OF PLAYERS: ANY NUMBER

HOW TO PLAY: The zombie apocalypse is occurring around you and your group of friends, co-workers, etc. Each player takes turns answering three questions:

1. Who is the one person you would want to have on your survival team because they would help you to survive, and why?
2. Who is the one person you would **not** want on your survival team because they would be the most likely to get you killed with their behavior, and why?
3. Who is the one person you would actually tie up and push out the door into the waiting arms of the ravenous undead, and why?

Please note the subtle distinction between Questions 2 and 3.

One person said she thought this was a mean game. Another person (actually a Girl from one of the hospitals) said it's a fun game, but you can only play it once.

What's The Deal With Val And Sar?

What **is** the deal with those two? Who knows? All I know is, whatever you do, don't ask **them**. The last time someone did that, Saran gave him a black eye, and Vel cut him off for three months. She's like that.

No, they're both good workers. They just -- I don't know, they just have their own thing. It's not that you don't ever see one without the other, it's just that usually when you do see one of them, the other is usually right there. Or might as well be.

No, actually HR Kitty hired Velveteen. And boy, I'll tell you, if you think Vel is a fruitcake now, you should have seen her when first showed up. She was actually dirty! She looked like she had just been in a fight!

Which, it turned out, she actually had been.

They were sitting right over there by the window by the 🚗 through. It was really kind of sad. HR Kitty was just going through her usual questions, so she was like, "Tell me about yourself."

"I'd rather not, I really need this job." Then she started in with that laugh, and it kind of went downhill from there.

"Why do you want to work for us?"

“I don't know, I just feel like if I don't get out of that apartment, I'm going to lose my mind.”

"What is an example of quality customer service?"

“Knowing when they like you to start crying.”

"How would your friends describe you?"

“Deranged.”

"What do you like to do in your free time?"

“Eat fried Chicken.”

“Oh my God, I Love fried Chicken. I literally only eat Chicken. And Mac and cheese.”

“And oysters.”

“Oysters make me want to vomit.”

“I can't work here.”

"Who is a hero of yours and why?"

“Definitely the Angels who came and rescued me.”

Anyway, we were really short-staffed, and she honestly just seemed so happy to be here.

Velveteen And The Angels

"In Scripture the visitation of an Angel is always alarming; it has to begin by saying 'Fear not.' The Victorian Angel looks as if it were going to say, 'There, there.'" - C.S. Lewis

She was empty. She sat awkwardly in the brown wooden kitchen cHair she had brought from her mother's house when she moved out here, her loopy blond curls spilling down her back, sleep-tousled. All she had on was her matching Hello Kitty pajama and bathrobe set. Her toes peeked out from underneath her pajama cuffs like scared rabbits, or hid curled up underneath, while the Angels went through her Computer files.

They didn't actually look they way she had thought they would. They certainly didn't seem nearly as happy to see her as she was to see them, nor did they wrap her up in a nice cozy blanket and give her a cup of tea. It was as if they didn't see her at all, or as if she didn't exist.

To be fair, how could they have known? But still, their appearance put her off. She had always imagined Angels as immense towers of pure white light, blinding in the last instant before sweet sweet obliteration. But these Angels looked more like officers of the College District Police Department and agents of the Boochopolis Bureau of Investigation.

As well, if she could could have been herself, she would have rushed up to each one of them, male and female alike, and embraced them, one after the other, with much gratitude. As it was,

however, she sat silent and despondent, not to mention completely humiliated. Her whole entire life was completely over, and she had never even had a chance to even live it!

She kept her eye on the prize, however, and in retrospect, the one standing over her was basically there specifically in order to observe her behavior, and since all she did was repeatedly return her gaze again and again to the big, fat bottle of hydroxyzine smiling over at her from the otherwise filthy kitchen counter, sweet and little, she now realized he knew exactly what she was planning, had definitely known even before she herself had. And it was just fine with him.

She imagined them taking her out of there wrapped in her thick, warm, fuzzy blanket, carrying that little white dog, if she had a little white dog, and not an orange cat that had no use for her. She imagined them bringing her to a nice treatment facility, sort of like a cross between a luxury spa and a monastery, where she would have intimate, soulful conversations with a variety of adorable, demographically desirable therapists, in between Swedish deep muscle massages and foot reflexology sessions.

But they didn't do that at all. All they did was awkwardly stand over her, or awkwardly around her, awkwardly trying to get her talking. For literally four hours, from the moment they first knocked on her apartment door, 6:30 am, of course, until 10:30 am, ten minutes before she was due in to her job, she had sat in stony silence, having had the presence of mind to invoke the Sacred God Of All Gods In This Earthly Realm, The Great And Powerful Lawyer, rather than start babbling, “Thank you so much for rescuing me! What took you so long? Didn't you see me? I was waving and waving! No matter, you’re here now. Why didn't you

let me know you coming? I would have cleaned the place up!" And she would have collapsed into a heap of hysterical laughter, as she would come to do at the least opportune moments in the coming year. "It's funny because it's a police raid!" she would howl, "So of course you're not going to tell me you're coming!" And she would have started singing,

"If I knew you were comin' I'd 've baked a cake,
baked a cake, baked a cake.
If I knew you were comin' I'd 've baked a cake.
How-ja do. How-ja do, How-ja do!"

Velveteen and Saran's Easy Two Step Process For Recovering Offenders

Velveteen. Hi, everyone!

Velveteen and SARAN *(in unison)*. We're Vel and Sar!

SARAN. And this is:

Velveteen and SARAN *(in unison)*. Vel and Sar's Easy Two Step Process For Recovering Offenders!

Character note. In all of their work together, that is to say:

Their multiple media presentations:

- *Their cartoon show, "Vel And Sar," featuring their band, Velveteen And The Safety Snaps, with Velveteen on lead vocals, Saran on drums, Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) on lead guitar and Prawn Faery on bass, in which they travel every week for a gig to some exotic locale of Velandia, such as a seedy nightclub in Inner Boochopolis to play for a crowd of dirty, dirty HuMans, or a rowdy saloon in Burrotown for a herd of braying Burros, or Motfest, the annual surfside music festival the Marmots put on at The Bungalows, or for the HugaBirds at The Oyster beds in The Salt Marshes, or the Steebies in The Hills or on Steebie Island, or The Bunnies in The Forest, or The Field Mice in the endless expanses*

of The Field, which provide for all the huMans and all the burros of all Velandia, or the Wampus Cats in The Swamp, or even the Raccoons (or The Guys, as JoJo called them), in private perforMances at their (literally) underground lairs, and get involved with the local inhabitants in adventures having to do with The Jack Pack's nefarious schemes, as well as investigating unusual activities related to Alpha Prime and The Intergalactic Slave Empire's incipient invasion; also, featuring each week an awesome cover song, such as "Brown Eyed Girl" as performed by Ka'au Crater Boys, Ana Tijoux's "Shock" or Willie Ward's "I'm A MadMan;" which starts off The Velveteen Network's smash-hit Thursday night lineup, Crime and Memory Comics Presents VnS Thursday! at 8 pm BST (Boochopolis Standard Time), followed by "Leonardo And The Goombah" from 8:30 to 9, "Jacobooch, PI" from 9 to 10, and climaxing with the Velandian sensation "Foo Foo" from 10 to 11,

- *Their comic book, "Crime And Memory Comics Featuring Vel And Sar," presenting classic comic book format iterations of above, as well as the anime-style "Li'ls," that is to say, their adventures as miniature versions of themselves.*
- *Velveteen's radio station, WVLVTN, which she made up in her bedroom when she was fourteen but which also exists in the real World, and which will serve as the underground resistance's clandestine headquarters during the Occupation,*
- *Except SARAN'S DJ gigs as "DJ Sar," including "Sar"-aoke, every Saturday night at Boochoplis' leading nightclub, Leading Nightclub, part of The Booch Group's seedy, corrupt underground trade empire which dominates every aspect of life in the megalopolis, which are her own thing*

Their jobs at Chicken Sandwich Restaurant, where they work with their Girlfriends / bandmates / roommates / V-Squad co-members Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) and Prawn Faery, the fryolator at which, when rolled away from the wall, reveals a portal (really more like a hole in the floor) to actual Hell, which as it turns out is not so much Hell-ish as it is actually the kitchen of an actual, similar fast food restaurant, only on fire,

Their missions as the V Squad for the V Force, a super-secret clandestine Velandian government agency tasked with combating The Jack Pack's nefarious schemes, as well as (again) investigating unusual activities related to Alpha Prime and The Intergalactic Slave Empire's incipient invasion; led by Velveteen, with Saran as her consigliere, Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee) as Assassin Girl, whose preferred method of assassination, stabbing her target to death with a rusty fork, was (ironically enough) not so much "assassin-y" as it was "psycho lunatic-y," and Prawn Faery as Nerd Girl;

Velveteen always receives top billing, as in their catchphrase "It's Vel and Sar!" which they shout when they burst through a door, not murdering everyone in sight at all, but rather conducting their business in an orderly Manner; either way, the Girls and women they rescue are always wrapped in blankets and given puppies to carry out to the fully appointed ultra-luxurious limousines waiting for them (Please see: "Velveteen: The Short Fiction Collection, A Short Fiction Collection By: Velveteen; Chapter Seven: Meet Jack"), unless it is a straight up assassination raid, which admittedly can get murder-y, not because she is a diva, but because she's Velveteen and she wrote it in her notebook when she was fourteen. Plus Saran spoils her.

Velveteen. Step One:

“For he has not despised or scorned
the suffering of the afflicted one;
He has not hidden his face from him
but has listened to his cry for help.
The poor will eat and be satisfied . . .
(T)hose who seek the Lord will praise him --
May your hearts live forever!”

Sounds good, right?

SARAN. On the other hand, I assume we’ve all seen *Pulp Fiction* . . .

“The path of the righteous Man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee!”

Velveteen. I’m not seeing a lot of grey area here . . .

SARAN. So line up, sign up and --

Velveteen. Literally don't care.

SARAN. Wait, what?

Velveteen. Literally don't care what happens to a bunch of dirty offenders.

SARAN. Vel! What kind of a Christian are you?

Velveteen. The kind who doesn't care what happens to a bunch of dirty offenders.

SARAN. Vel --

Velveteen. Yes?

SARAN. You’re really going to make me say it.

Velveteen. Yes. Yes, I am.

SARAN. Vel.

Velveteen. Yes, Saran?

SARAN. Vel.

Velveteen. (. . .)

SARAN. Okay . . .

Velveteen. (. . .)

SARAN. Vel.

Velveteen. (*Singing the "Jeopardy" theme song.)*

SARAN. ***You're*** a dirty offender.

Velveteen. I am not dirty. I shower on a daily basis. And I take excellent care of my feet. Are we going to get oysters now?

SARAN. (*Long pause*) Vel, you know you really have a very serious problem . . .

Velveteen. I am not worried about it, because I am not the one who put it there.

The Four Families of Boochopolis

The Booch Group (Run by Lil Boochie, assisted by sidekick Jackie_drew, “associate” Angel Hair Bernardi and nephew Boochie Mane.)

Lil Boochie and Boochie Mane often argue about music because Lil Boochie likes Dean Martin and Boochie Mane likes Gucci Mane, hence his appellation. Each character’s musical preference reflects another aspect of his personality. Lil Boochie yearns for the old country Italian family lifestyle which he pretends to live, but which is forever ultimately denied to him because he and Angel Hair Bernardi are not only ruthless, brutal old school Italian *capo di tutti capi* but are also secretly *fanook,* that is to say, homo***uals. Life partners, not to put too fine a point on it. Of course, each keeps his own family because they would both be murdered by their contemporaries if their secret were ever revealed.

For his part, Boochie Mane is drawn to the nihilism and despair portrayed in Lil Uzi Vert’s *XO TOUR Llif3* because this is his own attitude, having been raised in a World of pretense and the constant, barely concealed threat of violence behind every moment of life, both in his abusive upbringing and his business.

The Booch Group controls trafficking throughout Boochopolis from their headquarters located inside Lil Boochie World, modeled after the hideous “entertainment establishments” of the 1970’s and later, where Young Velveteen is herself, at one point in the story, transformed into Robot Velveteen and enslaved to Jackie_drew.

Unbeknownst to anyone other than his loyal sidekick Jackie_drew, even to his secret gay life partner Angel Hair Bernardi, Lil Boochie has yet another secret. He is not even in reality what he appears to be to Angel Hair, that is to say, a nightclub entertainer / ruthless crime boss / pimp. Rather, he is merely the local representative of the Intergalatic Slave Empire, run by The Empress Alpha Prime and her Legions of Flying Robots. In point of fact, he is her aging father. Alpha Prime is Empress of a race of intergalactic vampires who, rather than feasting on blood like their terrestrial huMan counterparts (by whom they are embarrassed, considering them to be "dried up twigs on the family tree" - they always get the worst table at family functions), can only live by drinking The Tears Of The Innocent, which they produce in their Gulag Archipelago of Imperial Factory Planets.

Angel Hair Bernardi owns Fine Dining Establishment, one of the leading restaurants in Boochopolis. He is a ruthless gangster who is very vain about his long flowing blond Mane *ala* Gregg AllMan. Sort of a cross between Gregg AllMan and the character Silvio Dante from The Sopranos. Fine Dining Establishment is Vel and Sar's favorite restaurant, because it is one of the only places in Boochopolis they can get both oysters and Chicken fingers. They can frequently be found hanging out there when not working at Chicken Finger Restaurant, touring with their band Velveteen and the Safety Snaps, or on a secret mission with the V Squad.

The Flock (Krao Row's gang of avian-huMan hybrids)

Run by Krao Row, harried middle Manager whose greatest fear is being sucked into an airplane engine enroute to a meet. His fear is not unfounded, as this a common occurrence. Controls the package delivery service throughout Boochopolis. Definitely second rate. Reference the large amount of paperwork involved. Reference Fredo Corleone. Reference the "Shoe" newspaper comic-strip character known as Loon.

Like everyone else in Velandia, neither Krao Row nor anyone else in the Flock have any idea that Lil Boochie is anything other than the head of one of the Four Families of Boochoplis.

The Backwards Gang (Say everything backwards, all their evil schemes and threats of violence involve doing things backwards)

There is a schism in the “backwards speaking community.” One faction pronounces thier words backwards Phonetically. The other, by spelling.This is a vicious vendetta between the two factions, which frequently erupts into open warfare and spasms of indiscriminate bloody mass violence, triggered by even the most seemingly-innocent remark. Riots are not uncommon. Reference Saran admonishing Vel, whispering “Quiet! Are you trying to get us all killed?” when Vel first comes to work at Chicken Sandwich Restaurant. Their penchant for violence and obsession with an extremely esoteric point of grammar make members of the backwards speaking community unreliable business partners at best. Wild cards, so to speak. That said, they can be quite useful operatives, taken individually, of course. Thier volatility increases in direct proportion to their numbers in a given location. This can be used as a plot device.

The Grenadine Cartel (Controls the production and distribution of the commonly used, non-alcoholic bar syrup throughout Velandia)

Reference the large aperture at the top of a bottle of Grenadine, specifically designed and engineered to increase the amount of syrup dispensed. Workers in bars and restaurants in Boochopolis know better than to comment on the unusually large size of said aperture. Newcomers are warned. Those unwary or naive enough to disregard these warnings invariably just stop coming into work one day and quietly disappear. No one says a word.

Graphically, this can also be used as a plot device.

The Eleven Principles Of Velveteen

Please note: Everything in this essay (which I have written about myself, as both a perpetrator and a "victim") should be more emphatically applied to the ***real*** victims of **********, the Girls and women in the pictures and videos I watched. Obviously.

Part 1: General Theme

Even if my family, that is to say, my mother, my father, and my brother, as they constituted my family, had seen my face the day the police raided my apartment, they still would have denied that anything had ever happened at any point in the past to have brought me to the degraded state in which I now find myself. They would never even have considered the question, nor even that there were a question to consider. Such is the nature of denial, or nascience. To the extent anyone in my family ever considered the question at all, it was always eerily startling to me how quickly and how accurately they progressed along the spectrum from denial to dismissal:

" . . . it never happened; the victim is deluded; the victim lies; the victim fantasizes; the victim is Manipulative; the victim is Manipulated; the victim brought it upon him- or herself (masochistic); the victim exaggerates (histrionic), and, in any case, it is time to forget the past and move on." *(HerMan, Judith Lewis, MD, Crime and Memory, Bull Am Acad Psychiatry Law, Vol. 23, No. 1, 1995)*

Be that as it may, I hope to make clear at this time that my lifelong marriage (sic) to ********** began as an eleven year old boy's attempt to figure out what to do to get by in his own truly perverted. World and make the "voices" go away. By "voices," I mean not auditory hallucinations, but rather intrusive memories, flashbacks, negative introjects, symptoms of both post traumatic stress and borderline personality disorder,

I knew I was wrong. That is to say, as a child I knew my ***uality, my gender and even my very existence were wrong. As an adult, I knew my illegal activity was wrong.

I knew they knew that too. As a child, I knew that my family knew what I was doing, when I first developed ***ually as children do, and that it was wrong. My father thought he “caught” me doing something about which

- Nobody had ever told me
- I discovered on my own
- Frightened me
- I didn't understand
- Had decided to stop doing

***ually abused as a child, I believe this incident was particularly terrifying. I'm pretty sure lots of other super weird *** stuff went on in that house.

Similarly, as an adult, I knew law enforcement was aware of my activities. I believe I was re-enacting the trauma of being “caught” by my father. (Psychiatric Clinics of North America, Volume 12, Number 2, Pages 389-411, June 1989. The Compulsion to Repeat the Trauma Re-enactment, Revictimization, and Masochism
Bessel A. van der Kolk, MD)

In essence, I knew that they watching and I was asking them, “Please stop me.” And if there were only one thing I could say to you today, it would be, “Thank you. You rescued me. You saved me. I was trapped in Hell. You saved my life and you saved my soul. If you had not shown up when you did, I definitely would be dead by now. Or still using. Which would actually be worse. You gave me my life back, and for that, I will be forever in your debt.”

Part 2: Anti-**********

In researching this topic, I have to admit my initial query was on the subject of the negative health effects of **********. However, it wasn't long before it became apparent that, however horrific the effects of ********** are on the user, this horror pales in comparison to the living Hell endured by the poor Girls and women trapped in that awful life.

Now I am going to admit to a flaw in my thinking. I have been able to confront in myself that which drew me to violent and degrading **********. As well, I have been able to confront in myself that which drew me to what is euphemistically termed “teen ****.” What lies ahead is learning to perceive in “teen ****” the same horror I now feel in reference to violent and degrading **********. Why I have so far found it easier to confront the one over the other would be an excellent topic for therapy.

What I have been able to suss out so far can be summed up in three deceptively simple words: **** is bad. It's bad for the people who watch it, it’s bad for the people who participate in it, and it’s bad for society at large. I should know. I lost my life to ****, and more to the point, for most of my life, I was a part of something which can only be described as “pure evil”. How Many years do I have left to make up for my part in all this? Not Many! My only dream now is to do whatever I can in whatever time is left to me to make up for my misdeeds and to fight against this absolute evil which seems to be thriving in our World.

Not **********, not non-**********, but anti-**********. A new genre, dedicated to to tearing aside the veil of complacency and confronting the horror of global **** culture. Which is largely invisible at this point. Which is largely why it is flourishing so robustly, and will continue to do so.

Part 3: The Poison Touch

It seems to me there is a clear correlation between childhood abuse and neglect and:

Dissociation and affect deregulation

(Dissociation, somatization, and affect dysregulation. van der Kolk, Bessel A; Pelcovitz, David; Roth, Susan; Mandel, Francine S; et al. The American Journal of Psychiatry, suppl. Festschrift in Honor of John C. Nemiah, M.D; Washington 153.7 (Jul 1996): 83.

Loss of self-regulation

"Secure attachments with caregivers play a critical role in helping children develop a capacity to ***modulate physiological arousal***." (emphasis added)

(Childhood abuse and neglect and loss of self-regulation. van der Kolk, Bessel A. Fisler, Rita E Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic; Spring 94, Vol. 58 Issue 2)

Self-destructive behavior

Am J Psychiatry. 1991 Dec; 148(12): 1665-71. Childhood origins of self-destructive behavior. van der Kolk BA1, Perry JC, HerMan JL.

This is not to say that I am not responsible for my illegal behavior. I am completely responsible for my illegal behavior. Rather, this is to say that in light of:

The early exposure to **********, and the consistent presence of ********** in and around my house,

And the early and consistent invalidation, emotional and ***ual abuse I endured,

There can be little doubt that the "poison touch" inflicted upon me propelled me onto the path at the end of which I find myself today.

On the positive side, I can definitively state at this time that my understanding of the origins of my illegal behavior only reinforces my absolute commitment to living the rest of my life "****-free," and to spending whatever time I have left in life doing whatever is deemed by this court necessary to come back from this, and to make up for what I have done.

Part 4: The Suicidal Impulse in ********** (My Suicidal Impulse In Using **********)

So I cannot tell you, the number of times, especially as I drew closer and closer to the end of this long nightmare, I said to myself, “I give up.” In fact, I specifically remember the actual transaction itself which resulted in the generation of the search warrant. I remember knowing intuitively what what had just happened, and I remember saying to myself, “I give up on life.” I have always known, my entire life, that I would die by my own hand. It was never a question of ***if***. Rather, it was merely a question of when and how. When the WPD showed up at my door that morning, I had already previously decided that when I woke up alone on Christmas morning, that would be my window. So the only effect the execution of the search warrant had on my plans was to move them up a few weeks. And this was my fifth attempt (or sixth, depending on your definition of the word “attempt”). Having known from my earliest years, and then being explicitly told at age 21, that I was never supposed to have been born at all in the first place, it had always seemed to me that of all the mistakes one makes in life, this was one mistake I could actually rectify.

Part 5: Establishing Boundaries

I remember there was one time when I heard a report on the NPR about how young Girls decided whether or not to let a guy have *** with them. And the upshot of the report was that most of the Girls whom the researcher interviewed would have *** with a guy if he really wanted them to. The report then went on to talk about how the researcher helped the Girls figure out what ***actually*** had to happen before they would sleep with s guy.

This seemed like a good idea to me. It still does.

Obviously, I had no control over who did what to me, and when. So it comes as no surprise that I would have difficulty recognizing boundaries myself, such as the boundary between legal and illegal **********. Now that I have confronted the mystery of what happened to me and what I did, recognized that **** is bad, and not committed suicide, I think it would be a good idea to establish some boundaries myself, given the opportunity.

To me, *** (and especially **********) is objectionable, offensive, and disgusting. I do not wish to have any type of *** whatsoever as long as I live, even with myself (especially with myself). As well, as described above, I would ***literally*** rather die than even look at another **** again as long as I live. So that's one boundary.

So you don't have to worry about that.

The doctors tell me it's healthy to do *** stuff. They're even suggesting that maybe someday when this is all over and done with, I might get married myself. But I'm not buying it.

For that matter, Tanieka said recently that once this legal issue is “resolved” (whatever that means), we should try and recover these hidden memories. Which I'm not a big fan of either. Not my favorite. Not my idea of a good time. But clearly, it's not like my idea of “a good time” ever did ***me*** any Yes.

Part 6: Establishing Identity

So I'm not the person I used to be, a nice guy, I guess, aside from the ****. I tried. I just couldn't get out of my own way! Too smart for my own good by half. But then, I thought of this, didn't I?

And I definitely am no longer that guy who did all that Computer stuff (Jackie_drew). Jackie_drew terrifies me. I wish I could say I don't know where that guy even comes from. But unfortunately for me, I do. I don't even want to talk about this. But I guess I kind of have to.

I guess at this point I'm pretty much a made up person. Which I pretty much made up myself over the past year (since you-know-when.) Lucky for me it's the 21st century. But I am seriously super sorry for what I did, and the harm I did to the poor Girls in those pictures and videos. I can't believe it was even me who did all that stuff. It seems like another person from a different life! But I guess it wasn't. I guess it really was me, in this life. Like the song says, “There is nothing left to say, I made a mistake and now I’ll pay!”

Except that there ***is*** one thing left to say, which is that if there were ever anything I could do to make up for what I did. I really do feel awful. And I really am so grateful for being rescued.

Part 7: Spiritual Redemption Through Revelation And Community

So at least I finally did find God at last. Which is kind of weird how that happened. Because after I got out of the hospital I ended getting a job at Chicken Sandwich Restaurant. Which I had left my old job after you-know-what because I didn't want to drag them into this. Which I guess if somebody wanted to say this is evidence that maybe I still somehow had a shred of decency left after all this nonsense. If they wanted to.

But it is kind of hard for me to believe that it was just a coincidence. Because I was definitely delivered from sin. Or mental illness. Or pure evil. However you look at it.

So know I know that whatever happens, one thing is for sure, that I will never look at another **** ever again as long as I live. And if I ever did, somebody should just come take me away. Again. Because I literally can't even.

For he has not despised or scorned
    the suffering of the afflicted one;
he has not hidden his face from him
    but has listened to his cry for help.

Psalm 22

Part 8: Relationships

**** cost me every relationship I ever cared about. I can't imagine what it must have been like for these women.

Part 9: Learning To Love And Be Loved In Return

“The greatest thing you'll ever learn

Is just to Love and be Loved in return.”

Nat King Cole - Nature Boy

Good luck with that.

Part 10: “Crime And Memory” In Retrospect: Mental Illness And Culpability

(W)here does my guilt lie?” - *Leni Riefenstahl*

What am I supposed to do with all these memories? Not just the persistent, recurrent memories of the horrors that led me to this sorry state (flashbacks, intrusive thoughts), but more importantly, the memories of the the people I hurt, the places I went, the things I did, and the times I did them? How do I live with the knowledge of my own culpability, that I was a part the horror and the pure, unadulterated evil? Do I even deserve forgiveness?

Part 11: Life After **********: Treatment and Sanctuary

**** me and **** my stupid ****ing life. Who even gives a ****? In the eyes of the World, I'm nothing. They should just lock me up and throw away the key.

VELVETEEN: THE REAL GIRL

A Pop Opera

By: Velveteen

Song List

ACT ONE

I. Fanfare

II. INTRO: Por Qué Llorax Blanca Niña (Why Do You Weep, Fair Child?)

III. Velveteen's Theme

IV. Velveteen's Anti-**** Pop Song

V. Don't Come To Me

VI. Party

VII. I'm Velveteen / Velveteen's Dance Party (Velveteen's A Thing)

VIII. Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

ENTR'ACTE

ACT TWO

IX. Smash Your Computer (Parts One and Two)

- Part One: Saran's Entreaty (Say Say My Playmate)
- Part Two: Saran's Lament

X. If I Could Love

XI. Lil Boochie World 2.0

FINI

XII. Encore: Little Fluffy Velveteens

ACT ONE

Fanfare

"Do Not Cite or Circulate"

“Do Not Cite or Circulate”

draft – please do not quote or cite ...

DRAFT – PLEASE DO NOT QUOTE OR CITE

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Saran, mid-twenties. Server shirt, black slacks, hair back; carries a pack of napkins. Velveteen, early twenties. Black slacks, server server, tie. A cell phone in each girl's hand. In a room in which there are seven low tables, many chairs, each having been previously occupied by guests. Both doors are open. Napkins everwhere. On the floor, around the chairs, more packs of napkins. Attractively designed, funky, gracious seating and decor befitting a Fine Dining Establishment.

INTRO: Por Qué Llorax Blanca Niña (Why Do You Weep, Fair Child?)

https://youtu.be/IiWjvQJz33c

Why do you weep, fair child?

Why do you weep, fair flower?

I weep for you, my knight,

For you go and leave me alone

In me you leave a Girl, a mere child

A young Girl of tender years

Tiny little babes have I

Who cry and ask for bread

If they ask for their father,

How shall I answer them?

He put his hand in his pocket,

And a hundred doubloons gave her then

What good is this to me?

Enough to buy wine or bread?

Is this not enough for you?

You have other means instead

You shall sell both fields and vineyards

Those that lie close to the sea

Seven years you shall wait for me

But the eighth year you shall marry

A fine young Man you then shall marry

In all respects like me

Then let him all my garments wear

By sweat and stains unblemished

On hearing this, his mother in law

Cursed him with these words

“Let all the ships that are in the World

Sail to and from in peace

Save only my son’s ship

Let it sail and never come back!”

Time it came and time it went

To longing she fell prey

And as she sat at her window

That looked towards the sea

She saw a little sailing ship

Sailing upon the sea

God save you, my good captain

I beg you, tell me true

Have you seen my son, perchance,

My own dear heart, my son?

Yes indeed, I have seen him,

Your own dear heart, your son

He was lying in distant fields

upon a bed of earth

With only the sky for Mantle

He had three holes in his body

Through one the wind did blow

Through the other the sun's light shone

And through the smallest of the three

The moon did come and go

On hearing this, her mother

Went to cast herself in the sea

Mother, do not drown in the sea

It is I, your heart's own son

Then the two embraced and kissed

And together they walked away

Velveteen's Theme

VERSE ONE

If they could have seen

My face that very day

They would have known

How wrong it was to say

(*Spoken*) How wrong!

It was to say . . .

VERSE TWO

That nothing’s really wrong

It's just more of her crazy

Nonsense but it's done

I hope they let me say

I hope they let me say

CHORUS

What's a Girl to do

To get by in the World today?

What's a Girl to do

To make the voices go away?

The voices go away?

The voices go away?

VERSE THREE

Tuffm I zimbra

Tuffm (*whispering*) I zimbra

Tuffm I zimbra

Tuffm I zimbra

Tuffm I zimbra . . .

VERSE FOUR

I was wrong from the beginning

Wrong (*whispering*) Daddy said

To have been born

Born in the wrong body

To the wrong family

I was wrong, so wrong . . .

CHORUS

What's a Girl to do

To get by in the World today?

What's a Girl to do

To make the voices go away?

The voices go away?

The voices go away?

BREAKDOWN

CHORUS

(*Spoken*) So what's a Girl to do

To get by in the World today?

(*Spoken*) And what's a Girl to do

To make the voices go away?

The voices go away?

(*Whispeted*) Voices . . .

Velveteen's Anti-* Pop Song***

Featuring

Velveteen's "You're So Used To It You Think It's Normal: Why * Is Bad"***

A Velveteen Special Report!

By: Velveteen

INTRO

CHORUS

Velveteen's pop song

Anti-**** pop song

Velveteen's pop song

Anti-**** pop song

Velveteen's pop song

Anti-**** pop song

Velveteen's pop song

Anti-**** pop song

Velveteen's pop song

Anti-**** pop song

Velveteen's pop song

Anti-**** pop song

VERSE ONE

Young Velveteen:

Why **** is bad by Velveteen

****’s the worst thing I've ever seen

And seen and seen and seen and seen

And seen and seen, know what I mean?

****'s bad for you, it's bad for me

It's bad for the fishes in the sea

Because they feel depressed and anxious after they watch it

Then they don't breed and there's no more delicious seafood entrees

Or sashimi or even fluke crudo for you and me!

Don't you see ****’s bad for everybody?

I'd rather have a bottle in front of me

Or even a frontal lobotomy

Than watch any more **********!

I'm the narrator, guys, keep up! Make an effort!

And if you give me a little time, I'll tell you why with a rhyme!

CHORUS

VERSE TWO

Young Velveteen:

Any girl in her pajamas would be

Better off than doing **********

She could be a musician, a beautician, an electrician or even a mathematician!

Doing quadratic equations in her head

Rocker Velveteen:

Not being choked and giving head

To a bunch of creeps who crush her spirit

And won't stop filming when she says quit it!

The pain is so severe it

Makes her drink and drug and do self harm

Cut “Daddy ***** me and I loved it” into her arm

Hot blood on her tongue brings back a flood

Of memories intrusive, abusive, peace of mind was so elusive, yeah, she's through!

From the time she was born always treated with scorn

Did Daddy touch her? Doesn't matter, she was done!

Her mind was torn and her body did burn

She was just a child, she had never learned

To love and be loved, on Earth or from above

She was overwhelmed, she had to run for cover

She got lost in those woods just like Laura Palmer

Till her mind split off and another one took over

Now you never know which Velveteen is gonna show up

Just thinking about it makes her want to throw up

So used to keeping secrets, never learned how how not to do it

If someone tried to love her, the voices said, “Forget it!”

She was 21 years old when her father finally told her

He never wanted her; but that never stopped him from putting his hands on her!

Humiliated, her shame facilitated the destruction of her soul

Self-loathing, so lonely, if only she could find another like her

But she was a freak, a geek and they taught her she was weaker, just so they could keep her

Derided and despised, no surprise she became a creeper

That was the way it was always going to be!

And if your little ***** *** don't like it, don't ***** to me, ***** to your big ******* buddy,

Mr. **********!

CHORUS

BREAKDOWN

VERSE THREE

The Blind Preacher:

Now, I know what you say, “The stuff I watch is okay, these girls get paid; and anyway

They get benefits and contracts and they make so much money!” But honey, don't you get me?

It's cut from the same cloth! When I was eleven, Playboy led me to where I am today,

I'm alone, my mind is blown, they almost took away my phone, I'm in big trouble too!

Suicide happens, it'll happen to you

If you think you got this, you're circling the drain

Dopamine in your brain has made you insane

You’ve lost touch with reality, but everything you do is on public view

You won't be a bit surprised when they knock on your door

So do what you know is right and cleanse your life of ****

It's nothing but a life of horror, fear and shame

Think! Save your brain and good name and refrain from the ***** game!

DOUBLE CHORUS

OUTRO

Don't Come To Me

VERSE ONE

When you put your hands on me

I feel a fire burning

I feel how you despise me

And all the while I'm yearning

Yearning for a place to hide

Where you'll finally Love me

Looking for someone to provide

A touch that isn't

CHORUS

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison

Your touch was poison to me

VERSE TWO

When I was a creeper

I had a lot of fun

And if I scared the **** out of you

Well, you're not the only one

But creeping’s just a way to say

Well, you can't touch me anyway

And though it may sound strange to say

All I ever wanted was a touch that wasn't

CHORUS

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison

Your touch was poison to me

BREAKDOWN

VERSE THREE

Now the time is growing short

This long nightmare must end

I haven't got a place to hide

We can no longer pretend

That you were who you said you were

Or that you were my friend

And though that may have been true once

The pretense now must end

CHORUS

Your touch was

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison poison to me

Poison poison

Your touch was poison to me

Party

INTRO

VERSE ONE

Didn't know it yet

Waiting for the Internet

Not looking for the ones

Looking for the other ones

Now I don't know

Which way to go

I feel so low

So don't say no!

CHORUS

Let's have a Party

So much fun

Let's have a Party

The only one

Let's have a Party

Let's go away

Let's have a Party

Let's leave today!

VERSE TWO

I'm not chicken!

I'll do it right!

Let's have a Party

(Whispered) At midnight

By hibachi

Or exsanguinate

Don't leave me hanging

For pity's sake!

CHORUS

Let's have a Party

So much fun

Let's have a Party

The only one

Let's have a Party

Let's go away

Let's have a Party

Let's leave today!

BREAKDOWN

DOUBLE CHORUS

Let's have a Party

(Spoken) So much fun

Let's have a Party

(Spoken) The only one

Let's have a Party

(Spoken) Let's go away

Let's have a Party

(Spoken) Let's leave today!

Let's have a Party

Let's have a Party

I'm Velveteen / Velveteen's Dance Party (Velveteen's A Thing)

INTRO (SKIT)

Velveteen: Hi, everybody! I'm Velveteen!

SARAN: And I'm Saran!

Velveteen: And this is:

Velveteen AND SARAN (*in unison):* Vel and Sar's Suggested Topics Of Conversation!

Velveteen: If you're anything Yes me -

SARAN: And who isn't?

Velveteen: You find it extremely difficult communicating with the other huMans!

SARAN: Anxiety and awkwardness can turn even the most casual, routine interactions into an endless nightmare of soul crushing despair!

Velveteen: That's why our highly trained staff of ethnographers at Velco Incorporated have compiled this exquisitely researched database of suggested conversational topics!

SARAN: To help ease your way through those uncomfortable silences!

Velveteen: Just follow along, and before you know it, you'll feel slightly less like shooting yourself in the face at the prospect of interacting with another huMan being!

SARAN: So, without further ado, Velco Inc is proud to Present:

Velveteen AND SARAN (*in unison):* Vel and Sar's Suggested Topics Of Conversation!

Velveteen:

- Suggested Topic of Conversation A: Italian and Dutch Renaissance Art, specifically Italian painters Giovanni Bellini and Ambrogio Bergognone; and Dutch draughtsMan Hieronymus Bosch (of course).

SARAN:

- Suggested Topic of Conversation B: Mid 20th-century American Art

    - Andy Warhol

- Please be prepared to discuss in detail any four of the following quotes from this leading figure in the visual art movement known as pop art:

    - Everyone will be famous for 15 minutes.
    - Art is what you can get away with.
    - They always say time changes things, but you actually have to change them yourself.
    - Being good in business is the most fascinating kind of art. Making money is art and working is art and good business is the best art.
    - I am a deeply superficial person.

- Barbara Kruger

    - Please be prepared to compare and contrast her use of the Futura Bold Oblique font with her use of the Helvetica Ultra Condensed font. As well, please be prepared to compare and contrast Kruger as an exponent of conceptual art vs. Warhol's leading role in pop art (see above).

Velveteen:

- Suggested Topic Of Conversation C: Film (with particular emphasis on the female lead characters in each of the following:)

- Wings of Desire (1987)
- Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)
- A Room with a View (1985)

SARAN:

- Suggested Topic Of Conversation D: Music

    - “El Moro de Antequera,” Jordi Savall, Montserrat Figueras
    - “Bounce, Rock, Skate, Roll,“ Vaughan Mason & Crew
    - “Ain't That A Kick In The Head,“ Dean Martin

Velveteen:

- Suggested Topic Of Conversation E: Television (Please prepare in depth studies of each of the characters listed below, with particular emphasis on each character’s fashion sense as developed over the course of the series)

    - The Sopranos (Meadow Soprano)
    - Mad Men (Sally Draper)
    - Josie And The Pussycats (Alexandra Cabot)

SARAN:

- Suggested Topic of Conversation F: Mid 20th-century American Literature: Please be prepared to discuss in depth any two of the following three novels:

    - Dhalgren (science fiction, Samuel R. Delany) “Features an extended trip to and through Bellona, a fictional city in the American Midwest cut off from the rest of the World by some unknown catastrophe.” (Wikipedia)
      Originally published: January 1975

    - I Will Fear No Evil (science fiction, Robert A. Heinlein) “The brilliantly shocking story of the ultimate transplant.” (Amazon) Originally published: 1970

    - Wise Blood (Southern Gothic, Flannery O'Connor) Originally published: 1952

        - Please refer specifically to the character Sabbath Lily, sidewalk charlatan Asa Hawk’s waif-like young daughter, as portrayed by American actress Amy Wright in the 1979 film adaptation of the novel.

Velveteen:

- Suggested Topic Of Conversation G: Please comment on any four of the following quotes or concepts from 20th century American theologian and public intellectual Reinhold

Niebuhr; and Jill Carattini, Director of Apologetics, Theology, and the Arts at Ravi Zacharias International Ministries, as regards Sabbath Lily's choices:

- "Niebuhr argued that the Kingdom of God cannot be realized on earth because of the innately corrupt tendencies of society." (Wikipedia)
- "The truth as revealed by faith is hideous, emotionally disturbing, [even] downright repulsive." (Carattini)
- "Would we label a father 'loving' who gives a teenage Girl a task that devastates her future, destroys her reputation, and in the end, mortally wounds her with grief? What kind of God asks for servants like Mary?" (Carattini)
- "The realities moving on the other side of the everyday World." (Carattini)
- "As if she is somehow aware of the fate of the child in her arms and her utter helplessness to save him." (Carattini)

SARAN:

- And finally, Suggested Topic of Conversation H (drum roll please!):

SFX: *(Cue drum roll)*

- The universal perfidy of all huMan males!

SFX: *(Fanfare)*

Velveteen:

- Please note: Do not be consumed by your own bitterness!

SARAN:

- And remember!

Velveteen:

- Topics of conversation to avoid:

Velveteen AND SARAN (*in unison):*

Your boyfriend!

SFX: (*Cue Music bed*)

Velveteen (*Completely dissociated, but so used to it, she thinks it's normal*).

I was watching C SPAN last night -- or maybe I was at work . . . oh! And all of a sudden, everybody's gestures and hand motions seemed kind of . . . jerky and . . . overstated. Like, he

would rub the back of his neck, and I was like, “Why is he doing that?” and I was like, “What's going on?” Do you think that's weird? Do you? Think that's weird?

:40

(Cold intro)

It's not that I'm not dedicated, it's just I'm over-medicated! I'm going to have me a Trazodone smoothie with Ambien sprinkles! No pills, no thrills! You think I wouldn't rather be doing this then passed out in my wretched apartment? This is WVLVTN, Velveteen radio! We're bringing the V-Funk back! Coming to you direct from Velveteen's crazy boudoir, with the latest in making out News and Views! WVLVTN -- where we play ***only*** your requests, all day and all night till you feel alright! Plus, you get a really nice pedi, and a foot rub! Me? I'm Velveteen, your beauty queen, making the scene (you know what I mean)! Later, on WVLVTN: Is *** gross? Find out the amazing answer on: "*** Is Gross: A Velveteen Special Report" By: Velveteen!

1:45

VERSE ONE

Jackie's a nice guy, I guess. He tries.

He just can't get out of his own way!

Too smart for his own good by half. But then, he thought of me, didn't he?

CHORUS

But I'm not Jackie, I'm not Jackie_drew

I'm not Lil Boochie, I don't even rhyme

I'm not gay and I'm not straight

I'm not a boy, I'm the Real Girl

I'm not trans and I'm not cis

My eyes are brown but I'm not full of beans

I'm just the way God made me, I'm Velveteen

We are all Velveteen

Be your own Velveteen

VERSE TWO

Jackie_drew scares the daylights out of me.

I don't know where that guy even comes from.

I don't even want to talk about this.

We’re done. New topic!

REPEAT CHORUS

But I'm not Jackie, I'm not Jackie_drew

I'm not Lil Boochie, I don't even rhyme

I'm not gay and I'm not straight

I'm not a boy, I'm the Real Girl

I'm not trans and I'm not cis

My eyes are brown but I'm not full of beans

I'm just the way God made me, I'm Velveteen

How Velveteen do you want to be?

VERSE THREE

Lil Boochie wears a three-piece suit

He's that guy that sings

He goes to court for us

He's too dirty for me and he's a pimp

REPEAT CHORUS

But I'm not Jackie, I'm not Jackie_drew

I'm not Lil Boochie, I don't even rhyme

I'm not gay and I'm not straight

I'm not a boy, I'm the Real Girl

I'm not trans and I'm not cis

My eyes are brown but I'm not full of beans

I'm just the way God made me, I'm Velveteen

We are all Velveteen

Be your own Velveteen

4:30

VERSE FOUR

Am I a made up person?

Does it even matter?

It's the 21st century!

Make up your own person!

4:39

BREAKDOWN (12 MEASURES)

E-X-P-I-A-T-I-O-N!

E-X-P-I-A-T-I-O-N!

E-X-P-I-A-T-I-O-N!

E-X-P-I-A-T-I-O-N!

E-X-P-I-A-T-I-O-N!

E-X-P-I-A-T-I-O-N!

5:06

Today only on the Velveteen Shopping Network! We've got posters, we've got T-shirts, we've got books, we've got CDs, we've got adhesive cell Phone wallets, but best of all, we've got, for the first time anywhere, The Official Velveteen 24-Hour Rubberized Miracle Power Bank! Charge up your Phone wherever you are with The Official Velveteen 24-Hour Rubberized Miracle Power Bank! Tuck it away in your purse, so it's always on hand! This durable Miracle Power Bank features a rubberized finish for long-lasting use, a great hold to avoid accidental drops; and will ***stay put***, even on uneven surfaces! Charge your cell Phone anywhere, even without an outlet, with The Official Velveteen 24-Hour Rubberized Miracle Power Bank! Accept no substitutes! Supplies are limited, so gather round! Look at this Miracle Power Bank here, folks! I'm gonna give away a free t-shirt to the first one that buys one of these here Miracle Power Banks! Who's gonna be first now? Okay, folks, who's gonna be number one? What about you back there? You can't afford to pass up a bargain like this! What's your name, Girl? A Girl with a pretty name like that ought to have one of these Miracle Power Banks! Okay, folks, let's go! Who'll be the first one here? Who'll be the first one to get one of these? Who'll be first now? Who'll be number one? Who'll be the first one to buy one of these? Folks, step up here! $20! $20 and you've got yourself a deal! Don't crowd in, folks! Okay, folks, who'll be first? Free T-shirt to the first one buying one of these here Miracles! Who's gonna be the first one to buy one of these here Mirac . . . Thank you, miss! There goes the first sale, folks! Who'll be the next one to buy one of these here Miracles?

OUTRO

We are all Velveteen

Be your own Velveteen

How Velveteen

Do you want to be?

We are all Velveteen

Be your own Velveteen

How Velveteen

Do you want to be?

(Repeat as necessary)

(Venus Fly style)

SFX: CUE "5 MINUTE VOCAL WARM up" by Jacobs Vocal Academy

Velveteen: Hieronymus Bosch is most celebrated for his detail-drenched and symbolic narrative renditions of the dance between heaven and hell.

SARAN: Very little is known about him. His date of birth, thoughts, writings, personality, and

the meaning of his art have all been lost to time.

Velveteen: There has never been a painter quite like the Flemish master.

SARAN: Visions and nightmares!

Velveteen: A heavenly host of delights!

SFX: CUE MONTSERRAT FIGUERAS

(Repeat as necessary)

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

INTROd

VERSE ONE

Looking for a place to go

Where they smile and say hello

Someplace I can feel at home

When the cold wind starts to blow

Everybody's got a problem these days

But we can go there anyway

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

Just feel better when I'm here

CHORUS

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

Finally free from all the fear

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

Don't have to be afraid no more

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

VERSE TWO

Everybody's so nice here

Not like a restaurant at all

The Manager calls me "dear"

(Indicates Saran)

The staff is really on the ball

It's like another World is near

We better all get into gear

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

Just feel better when I'm here

CHORUS

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

Finally free from all the fear

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

Don't have to be afraid no more

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant

BREAKDOWN

Hi! Thank you for coming! It's a beautiful day at Chicken Sandwich Restaurant! It is 72° and you

are blessed abundantly! How may I serve you?

Certainly, I'd be delighted to. I'd be happy to. It would be my pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you today? What else may I do for you today?

Would you like to value size your meal? Would you like lettuce and tomato on your sandwich today? Would you like a brownie or cookie today?

Enjoy your meal. Have a Lovely day. Thank you for dining with us. Thanks for coming to Chicken Sandwich Restaurant! We look forward to seeing you tomorrow! I hope you have a wonderful day! Thank you, It was my pleasure to serve you!

(*Full on Velveteen*):

For She has not despised or scorned the suffering of the afflicted one; She has not hidden Her face from her but has listened to her cry for help! The poor will eat and be satisfied; those who seek the Mother will praise Her — ***may your hearts live forever***!

Chicken Sandwich Restaurant!

(. . . and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I shall lay my vengeance upon them . . .)

Saran: Velveteen, I Love your enthusiasm . . .

Velveteen (*Heart beating faster*): Yes, Saran?

Saran: But those people just came in for directions.

(*Wacky outro, hilarity ensues*)

END OF ACT ONE

ENTR'ACTE

(*https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL4mDOubNgQkQX1neK3YHsMsBoAQHNb-hY*

)

ACT TWO

Smash Your Computer

Part One: Saran's Entreaty / Say Say My Playmate (originally published as "Playmate/Two Little Maids," by H. W. Petrie and Philip Wingate, 1894.)

During the course of which,Velveteen takes receipt of and sets up Computer , turns away from Saran

INTRO: 8 MEASURE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

Saran:

Say say my playmate,

Come out and play with me

And bring your dollies three

Climb up my apple tree

Holler down my rain barrel

Slide down my cellar door

And we'll be jolly friends

Forevermore.

8 MEASURE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

Vel:

Oh no my playmate

I can't come play with you

My dollies have the flu

The mumps and measles too

Can't holler down rain barrels

Or slide down a cellar door

But we'll be jolly friends

Forevermore.

8 MEASURE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

Say, say, my playmate

Don't come and play with me

Don't bring your dollies three

Cut down my apple tree

Fall off my rainbow,

Into my cellar door

And we'll be enemies

Forevermore.

8 MEASURE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

Saran:

Say, say my enemy.

Come out and fight with me.

And bring your bulldogs three.

Climb up my sticker tree.

Slide down my lightning.

Into my dungeon door

And we'll be jolly enemies

Forevermore.

8 MEASURE INSTRUMENTAL BREAK / BREAKDOWN

Say say old enemy

Come out and fight with me

And bring your bb gun

And we'll have lots of fun

I'll scratch your eyes out

And make you bleed to death

And we'll be jolly enemies

Forevermore.

Vel:

Oh little enemy,

I cannot fight with you,

My mommy said not too

Boo hoo hoo hoo

I can't scratch your eyes out

And make you bleed to death

But we'll be jolly enemies

Forevermore.

Part Two: Saran's Lament

Vel, is this the strangest dream?

More like a nightmare

Not quite sure when this started

But by now I don't care

You're depressed and anxious all the time

Alone in your bedroom

Say my playmate, no more happy times

Together in the sun, until you

CHORUS ONE

Smash your Computer

It's the gateway to Hell

Smash your Computer

I'm begging you, Vel

Smash your Computer

Oh Vel, can't you see?

Smash your Computer

And come back to me

VERSE TWO

Where’s my laughing playmate gone?

Now I'm alone again

But theres one way you can save us

My sister, my friend

Before you came to work here

It was okay I guess

But something in your eyes

Made you stand out from the rest

Now you've got to

CHORUS TWO

Smash your Computer

Come back to Heaven

Smash your Computer

And Love me again

Smash your Computer

Break free from your spell

Smash your Computer

Come back to me, Vel

VERSE THREE

I'd always been a happy Girl

But what I didn't know

Was how much Love a Girl could feel

Until I saw your show

But ever since you bought that

Newfangled computing machine

I haven't seen a bit of you

Now I'm telling you what that means

You better

CHORUS ONE REPEAT

Smash your Computer

It's the gateway to Hell

Smash your Computer

I'm begging you, Vel

Smash your Computer

Oh Vel, can't you see?

Smash your Computer

And come back to me

BREAKDOWN

SFX: CUE ***MONTSERRAT FIGUERAS***

DOUBLE CHORUS X 3

Smash your Computer

It's the gateway to Hell

Smash your Computer

I'm begging you, Vel

Smash your Computer

Oh Vel, can't you see?

Smash your Computer

And come back to me

Smash your Computer

Come back to Heaven

Smash your Computer

And Love me again

Smash your Computer

Break free from your spell

Smash your Computer

Come back to me, Vel

At which point a giant fight ensues followed by a confrontation/ultimatum at the end of which an actual Computer is literally smashed to pieces with a sledgehammer live onstage. Which character does the actual smashing will be determined by audience participation. Should the audience so desire, Vel and Sar will smash the Computer together, much as do the bridal couple at a wedding.

(Talking Dead vote live style)

Who should do the smashing?

A. Velveteen
B. Saran
C. Velveteen and Saran
D. Make Jackie_drew do it

Velveteen's Foot Patrol / If I Could Love

"Velveteen's Foot Patrol" is a game the two Girls play, in which they go around mocking men, disgusting gross Hairy balding middle-aged men, for their disgusting lack of grooming and also particularly their disgusting gross footwear, particularly sandals; and also disgusting long stringy greasy grey ponytails, thinning Hair, their balding heads, and they grow it all the way down their backs. For Velveteen, this is a way of sublimating her absolute mindless animal deer-in-the-headlights cold panic terror and horror. However, for Saran it is pure fun, because she knows she can drop any Man with a single punch to the throat. Which Velveteen also knows, which is why Velveteen feels safe with Saran.

If I Could Love

Velveteen: (*Quietly minds her own business.*)

Saran (*Sneaks up behind her, whispers in her ear*): Bird leaf.

Velveteen: (*Collapses into a heap of helpless laughter*)

Velveteen (*Recovering*): Ok, that is it!

Velveteen takes out notebook

Saran: Nooooooooo-wuh! *(Hides under table)*

Velveteen: You asked for it!

(Reading from notebook):

Velveteen's "The Top Seven Things I Love About Saran"

A Velveteen Special Report

By: Velveteen

7. Saran's eyes: I could look into Saran's eyes all day and all night and never get tired.

6. Saran's face: Saran is so beautiful it hurts to look at her.

5. Saran's Hair: Especially after she just gets off work and she brushes it over to the side.

4. Saran's voice: The sound of it, the things she says and the way she says them.

3. Saran's diet: Saran literally only eats Chickenfingers and Mac and cheese. Literally. And not buffalo Chicken. I've never seen anything like it. Saran only drinks Dunkin' and Bud Light, and doesn't use condiments. Of course.

2. Just the whole Saran thing. *(Reference* ***** Boston Girls Say)*

*(Velveteen feels safe with Saran because Saran is a tough street chick/basic *****.)*

And finally, the number one thing I Love about Saran . . . Drum roll, please - *(cue drum roll)* - How much she Loves her family!

Saran *(peeking out from underneath the table, smiling yet wistful)* : They are my World!

Vel: Awwww!

12 measure intro

VERSE ONE

Saran: Do you have any idea how annoying this is?

Vel: Do **you** have any idea how annoying this is?

Saran: I totally hate you right now.

Vel: No, you don't. You Love me.

Saran: You're right. I totally do.

Vel: Yeah, you do. I'm adorable

2 measure instrumental break

CHORUS ONE

If I could Love, I would Love you

If I could be Loved, that'd be you, too

If I could have fun, I'd have it with you

If I could eat fish, I'd eat it with you

4 measure instrumental break

VERSE TWO

Saran: You looked like a b**** when I first met you.

Vel: I didn't like you at first.

Satan: I never thought we'd be friends.

Vel: You're nicer than I thought.

4 measure instrumental break

CHORUS TWO

If I had a home, I'd go there with you

If I could make Love, I'd make it with you

If I had a family, I'd have it with you

If I were real, I'd be real with you

4 measure instrumental break

BREAKDOWN

Saran: Look at this character. Hey you! Yankees stink! Did you see that?

Vel: Are you even kidding me right now? How could I not?

Saran: I mean, he seriously looked in the mirror this morning and said, "This is good. This is right."

Vel: His wife's worse. She let him leave the house like that.

4 measure instrumental break

VERSE THREE

Saran:

It's like, what grown Man wakes up in the morning and says,

"The World wants to see my feet!"

Vel:

I know, right? It just makes you want to go around with a rolled up newspaper

And be all like, “No!" *(Gesturing)*

Saran: *(ala Diane Keaton in Crimes of the Heart)*

"I just hope this doesn't cause me to vomit!"

(Peals of laughter, as this is a private joke between the two Girls)

2 measure instrumental break

DOUBLE CHORUS

If I had a soul, I'd be soulful with you

If I didn't hurt, I wouldn't hurt you

If I could make out, I'd make out with you

And if I could make up, I'd make up with you

If I could eat fish, I'd eat it with you

If I could have fun, I'd have it with you

If I could be Loved, that'd be you, too

If I could Love . . .

OUTRO

Vel: I need some some oysters. And prosecco.

Saran: I literally only eat Chicken fingers . And Mac and cheese.

Vel: I know you do . . . Do you know how hard it is to find a restaurant that serves Chicken fingers **and** oysters?

Saran: And I don't like having my feet touched.

Vel: Did I say?

Saran: OMG, look at that one!

Vel: That's horrifying! Quick, take a pic!

(Laughter, random chatter)

FADE OUT

Lil Boochie World 2.0

INTRO

Sound of radio dialing, static

Young Velveteen:

This is WVLVTN, Velveteen radio! Stay tuned for more Velveteen!

(Insert Lil Boochie radio ad)

Jack: There's nothing creepy and unwholesome about me at all that makes people think there's something creepy and unwholesome about me.

(CUE SOUND FX OF DRY LEAVES BLOWING IN THE WIND)

Velveteen and Saran *(hand clap game)*:

Miss Mary Mack Mack Mack
All dressed in black, black, black
With silver buttons, buttons, buttons
All down her back, back, back.

She asked her mother, mother, mother

For 50 cents, cents, cents

To see the elephants, elephants, elephants

Jump over the fence, fence, fence.

They jumped so high, high, high

They reached the sky, sky, sky

And they didn't come back, back, back

'Til the 4th of July, ly, ly!

(***CUT FX)***

Robot Velveteen:

You can make a lot of money! And for sure, have lots of travel and excitement!

Cue music bed

VERSE ONE

Robot Velveteen:

An intense fear of abandonment

even going to extreme measures to avoid real or imagined separation or rejection.

Saran:

You know no one wants to see you succeed at this more than I do. But do you really need to have every little thing explained to you?

Lil Boochie:

It's hell for both of you, but it's also Heaven too

When your brain explodes

The voices in your head say please pretty please please ***say it***

Do you want to be a superstar ***say it***

You're a superstar ***say it***

You're Velandia's sweetheart ***say it***

You're everything ***say it***

You're everything ***say it***

And you're going to ***say it***

And you know how ***say it***

VERSE TWO

Robot Velveteen:

A pattern of unstable intense relationships, such as idealizing someone one moment and then suddenly believing the person doesn't care enough or is cruel.

Saran:

I like secret things but sometimes I get lost.

Lil Boochie:

But that don't matter now cuz you're in Lil Boochie World
Time to meet Jackie_drew in Lil Boochie World
The one who took over in Lil Boochie World
The Unholy Ghost in Lil Boochie World
Spirit of pure evil in Lil Boochie World
Absolute pure evil in Lil Boochie World
Indomitable in Lil Boochie World
Dopamine and hate in Lil Boochie World
So used to it you think it's normal in Lil Boochie World
Nothing bad ever happens in Lil Boochie World

VERSE THREE

Robot Velveteen:

Rapid changes in self-identity and self-image that include shifting goals and values, and seeing yourself as bad ***or as if you don't exist at all.***

Saran:

Something happened the night it happened. Why is this so hard for you? I know you can do this!

Lil Boochie:

Here's how you make an living now in Lil Boochie World
It's time to start the giving now in Lil Boochie World
The Tears Of The Innocent in Lil Boochie World
Are what they line up for in Lil Boochie World
Seafood and Spirits in Lil Boochie World
Fine Dining Establishment in Lil Boochie World
Where Vel and Sar hang out in Lil Boochie World
When they’re not at work in Lil Boochie World
Or touring with their band in Lil Boochie World
Or on a mission in Lil Boochie World

VERSE FOUR

Robot Velveteen:

Periods of stress-related paranoia and loss of contact with reality, lasting from a few minutes to a few hours!

Saran:

Sometimes when you're dreaming you can't touch the furniture.

Lil Boochie:

Land of the Lost in Lil Boochie World

Super smart Girls in Lil Boochie World

Have their own language in Lil Boochie World

Open 24 hours in Lil Boochie World

These doors have locks in Lil Boochie World

A safe space for you in Lil Boochie World

Oh my God, that smells so good in Lil Boochie World

From a whisper in Lil Boochie World

Nice and clean in Lil Boochie World

Your Golden Notebook in Lil Boochie World

VERSE FIVE

Robot Velveteen:

Impulsive and risky behavior, such as gambling, reckless driving, spending sprees, binge eating or drug abuse, or sabotaging success by suddenly quitting a good job or ending a positive relationship.

Saran:

All these families make her want to die.

Lil Boochie:

You've never been better in Lil Boochie World
Forever Loved in Lil Boochie World
That's my price in Lil Boochie World
Pay and pay in Lil Boochie World
Heavy at both ends in Lil Boochie World
Dacryphilia in Lil Boochie World
And all the rest of it in Lil Boochie World
Messy bun in Lil Boochie World

A nice hot shower in Lil Boochie World

You'll do more in Lil Boochie World

VERSE SIX

Robot Velveteen:

Suicidal threats or behavior or self-injury, often in response to fear of separation or rejection.

Saran:

When you're invisible they let you closer.

Lil Boochie:

A place for everything in Lil Boochie World

Dance and sing in Lil Boochie World

BPD in Lil Boochie World

PTSD in Lil Boochie World

Just for fun in Lil Boochie World

Three strikes you're out in Lil Boochie World

No such thing in Lil Boochie World

You’re the star in Lil Boochie World

Where it all comes from in Lil Boochie World

All over the place in Lil Boochie World

VERSE SEVEN

Robot Velveteen:

Wide mood swings lasting from a few hours to a few days, which can include intense happiness, irritability, shame or anxiety.

Saran:

When you're trapped in Hell, you don't think about God.

Lil Boochie:

Down the rabbit hole in Lil Boochie World

How long can you tread water in Lil Boochie World

May not be due to trauma in Lil Boochie World

Double Wear Zero-Smudge in Lil Boochie World

Trigger warning in Lil Boochie World

You’ll want to stay in Lil Boochie World

Everything's fine in Lil Boochie World

Never want to leave Lil Boochie World

Nothing to remember in Lil Boochie World

No need for meds in Lil Boochie World

VERSE EIGHT

Robot Velveteen:

Ongoing feelings of emptiness

Saran:

It's a demon inside you

Lil Boochie:

Essentially in Lil Boochie World

Don't be a stranger in Lil Boochie World

We're all right here in Lil Boochie World

Free refills in Lil Boochie World

Spicy Deluxe in Lil Boochie World

Sanitizing hand wipes in Lil Boochie World

Park and pay in Lil Boochie World

Double extra dipping sauces in Lil Boochie World

It never happened in Lil Boochie World

They all trust in Lil Boochie World

VERSE NINE

Robot Velveteen:

Inappropriate, intense anger, such as frequently losing your temper, being sarcastic or bitter, or having physical fights!

Saran:

That awkward moment when the person you're talking to moves towards the door.

Lil Boochie:

No need to turn away in Lil Boochie World

The only way to live in Lil Boochie World

Associate in Lil Boochie World

Lasagna for all in Lil Boochie World

Plenty of food in Lil Boochie World

Is that what you want? in Lil Boochie World

Because that's what you'll wish in Lil Boochie World

Healthy, ok, sober in Lil Boochie World

No one can touch them in Lil Boochie World

We're none of us really here in Lil Boochie World

VERSE TEN

Robot Velveteen:

“The sins of the fathers generate claustrophobic nightmares from which it will be forever impossible to (escape.)”*

*http://schermobianco.blogspot.com/2013_07_01_archive.html?m=1

Translated from the Italian

Saran:

Crime . . . and Memory!

Lil Boochie:

Ocean of evil in Lil Boochie World

Hold it in your hand in Lil Boochie World

Love and be Loved in Lil Boochie World

Freedom’s overrated in Lil Boochie World

Miracle Power Bank in Lil Boochie World

USB port in Lil Boochie World

Internet in Lil Boochie World

Needless to say in Lil Boochie World

Convenient dispenser in Lil Boochie World

Born in darkness in Lil Boochie World

VERSE ELEVEN

Robot Velveteen:

In Velandia, the new abyss is . . .

Saran:

Oh my God, do you really have to know everything? Why are you so bad at this? It's not that hard!

Lil Boochie:

The End of the World in Lil Boochie

World

Dance with a stranger in Lil Boochie World

Tender Mercies in Lil Boochie World

Render unto Caesar in Lil Boochie World

Because it's so great there in Lil Boochie World

That's a solid kneel in Lil Boochie World

Sane and sensible in Lil Boochie World

Seventh Circle Of Hell in Lil Boochie World

Burns but does not consume in Lil Boochie World

Hieronymus Bosch in Lil Boochie World

VERSE TWELVE

The wrath of God in Lil Boochie World

Young Velveteen:

I just want to be like a Barbie doll.

Fame on Fire style

Lil Boochie ***(Gradually becoming more and more infuriated, starts smashing things halfway through):***

So where does my guilt lie in this Lil Boochie World?

It never happened in Lil Boochie World!

This so-called victim's deluded in Lil Boochie World!

She lies in Lil Boochie World!

She fantasizes in Lil Boochie World! ***(Flips a sheaf of papers across desk dismissively, but only becomes angrier)***

She's Manipulative in Lil Boochie World!

(Angrier, swats a small table lamp onto floor)

Or - or bring Manipulated in Lil Boochie World!

(Smashes something against the wall, enraged)

She brought it on herself in Lil Boochie World! ***(Infuriated, sweeps everything off, sending desk stuff flying across stage, flips desk over)***

She's exaggerating in Lil Boochie World! ***(Center stage, bellowing, shaking, desperate)***

CUT MUSIC bed

(CUE SOUND OF DRY LEAVES BLOWING IN THE WIND)

A CAPELLA, AngelIC CHORUS

And in any case, it's time to forget the past

And move on

In Lil Boochie World

FINI

ENCORE: Little Fluffy Velveteens

Intro: Insert sample

Lil Boochie: This town runs on three things. And when I walked through the door, I could smell ‘em all!

Rico Suave: What's the dance now?

Velveteen: It's ok. I trust him.

Electro voice: What's the dance? (Repeat as necessary)

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, SRY is the gene

Lil Boochie: Was it death by natural causes -- or a simple case of murder?

Rico Suave: What's the dance now?

Velveteen: It's ok. I trust him.

Electro voice: What's the dance? (Repeat as necessary)

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, nice and clean

Lil Boochie: In a forest, where the field mice reign supreme, one bunny dares to hop alone --

FOO FOO!

Rico Suave: What's the dance now?

Velveteen: It's ok. I trust him.

Electro voice: What's the dance? (Repeat as necessary)

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, SRY is the gene

Do the Velveteen, nice and clean

Do the Velveteen, do you know what I mean?

Do the Velveteen, live in a dream

Do the Velveteen, SRY is the gene

Do the Velveteen, nice and clean

Do the Velveteen, now you know what I mean

Do the Velveteen, now your life is a dream

EXIT MUSIC

(*https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL4mDOubNgQkQX1neK3YHsMsBoAQHNb-hY*

)

Appendix I: Four In One: The Cast of Characters

1. Jack (A Girl On The Inside) - The One Who Deals. Jack is so obviously a Girl in a male body, yet attempts to interact with the World as a male, usually not very effectively. When attempting to interact with the World as a male, Jack is the only one who thinks he is fooling anyone. Male role models include Tony Soprano (although he usually ends up acting more like Christopher Moltisanti, particularly in one instance which provided him with his first - although, as it would later turn out, not his last - experience with the criminal justice system), Rick Grimes, Walter White, Don Draper, Michael Corleone (as above, reference Fredo), Saul GoodMan, Jonathan Schitt.

2. Jackie_drew (Internet Monster) - The Spirit of Pure Evil fueled by dopamine and hate. Lays waste to all with a scorched-earth policy. AKA Reptile Brain.

3. Lil Boochie (Vaudeville-Style Nightclub Entertainer/Good Time Charlie) - Fronts when necessary for the other three, with his trusty black pinstripe three-piece gangster suit.

4. Velveteen Andreas (The Real Girl), aka Rocker Velveteen - Long suffering alter ego/female persona/secret identity of “Jack." Velveteen has been exerting her influence from before the beginning in Many, Many ways, yet has only walked the Earth herself on a handful of occasions. Velveteen may be the one who took over. Velveteen is impatient with, and generally doesn't think much of, "Andrea." Velveteen if horrified and disgusted by "Jackie_drew." However, she is

self-possessed enough to express her terror and agony only as contempt. Velveteen rocks out on stage but suffers from serious mental illness. Reference Wendy James, Joan Jett, Krysten Ritter.

4(a). Young Velveteen (Vel). Precocious and sassy, likes to hang out with the other Girls (lingo). Reference a happy version of April Ludgate but with long blonde anime Girl-style Hair, motorcycle cap, sunglasses and leather jacket, or dressed like Grimes in "Vanessa."

“Andreas residence, this is Velveteen speaking.”

Bonus characters:

5. Saran

6. Granny V (was a BDM Girl as a child)

7. Velveeta (Velveteen's little sister)

Appendix II: Christian Realism

This political-theological perspective is most closely associated with the work of the 20th century American theologian and public intellectual Reinhold Niebuhr. Niebuhr argued that the Kingdom of God cannot be realized on earth because of the innately corrupt tendencies of society. Due to the injustices that arise on earth, a person is therefore forced to compromise the ideal of the kingdom of heaven on Earth. Niebuhr argued that huMan perfectibility was an illusion, highlighting the sinfulness of huManity at a time when the World was confronted by the horrors of experiences such as the Second World War, the reigns of both Adolf Hitler and Joseph Stalin, and the Holocaust. - *(Wikipedia)*

Appendix III: Autobiography Of Velveteen Andreas

EARLY CHILDHOOD AND FAMILY BACKGROUND

Where were you born?

Plainfield, Boochopolis, home of "Velandian singer Clint George's Farliament-Punkadelic collective, a punk band formed in the late 1960s." (Velapedia)

Where did you grow up?

Boocherville, Boochachusetts, "one of the seven villages in the Town of Boochstable, on Resort Area. Located on the south side of Boochstable, Boochererville is primarily residential, includes a small business district, and notable beaches." (Velapedia)

What is your ethnicity?

Italian ("Jews with better food." - Tony Soprano)

Was this an important part of your upbringing?

Yes, in Many regards. In one regard, my parents were examples of a phenomenon in which some second generation Italians separated from their parents.

“If you are inculcated with the values of a group, then to reject, to challenge, to give them up means a conflict of loyalty - a kind of disloyalty," says Rudolph J. Vecoli, professor of history at the University of (Booch)esota and and director of the Immigration History Research Center there. "You're being untrue to your family, your parents and your ancestral heritage. That is true of Many ethnic groups. But to make that break is perhaps more of a trauma for Italian-Americans than for others." *(Italian-Velandians Coming Into Their Own, Stephen S. Hall, The Booch York Times Archives, May 15, 1983*.)

What did your parents do for work and how did they like their jobs?

My father, Justin L Andreas, was a dedicated Resort Area community activist, children's advocate and social work administrator who protected children in danger of abuse and neglect for 25 years.

Author, “Casework Treatment of the Neglectful Mother,” Families in Society: The Journal of Contemporary Social Services, April 1, 1965 (Research Article)

My mother, Angelina A. Andreas, worked as a magazine editor in Booch York, a social worker in Booch Jersey, a substitute teacher on Resort Area, a librarian at Boochstable High School, an employment counselor and then a Manager at the Boochachusetts Department of Employment Services, from which she retired.

They both hated their jobs.

Why do you think you were given your name?

No idea.

What is your earliest childhood memory?

Swinging on a swing set.

Discuss.

On my belly

What was it like being a young child in your home?

Horrible.

Who were you close with?

No one.

Tell the group about your brothers and sisters.

One brother, zero sisters.

What is the birth order in your family?

Brother older by four years.

How did you get along with your siblings?

Very poorly.

How did each of you get along with your family?

My brother very well, me not so much.

Discuss discipline in your family. Who did it and how?

Both parents, very poorly.

Why would you be disciplined?

Mostly for just existing.

Was there any abuse in your family? Yes

Physical? Yes

***ual? Yes

Emotional? Yes

Domestic violence? No

Alcohol or substance abuse? Yes

Gambling? No

Were there any deaths or health problems in your family? No

Was religion part of your upbringing? No

How did your family express emotion towards one another? (for example, anger, sadness, Love, disappointment, affection)?

Very poorly.

Talk about your parents relationship.

Did they get along? No

Fight? Yes

How and what about?

Yelling, anything.

Did their relationship leave an impression upon you then or now? Yes

What did you think about starting school?

I thought I waa going to get picked on.

What did you enjoy about it?

Reading

What did you No about it?

Having to deal with boys

Did you have friends at school?

No.

Was it hard for you to make friends? Yes

What activities or sports did you do with your friends?

None

How were you treated by school staff (teachers, principals, etc.)?

Dismissively

Did you enjoy learning? Yes

What types of things?

Reading

What was hard or easy for you?

Phys Ed was hard, reading was easy

Were your parents involved in your schooling? Yes

Did they help with homework? Yes

What were the things they wanted you to do well in?

Not bothering them

Was there any disruption in your family during school years? Yes Divorces? Yes

Deaths? No

Moves? No

As you progressed into middle school and high school, did you begin to feel differently about school? Yes

What types of friends did you have and what types of activities did you engage in when you entered high school?

Stoners, smoking pot, drinkiI. ng beer

What career path or future goals did you want to achieve in high school?

Writing

Did your parents teach you about ***? *No*

Who did?

Wardell Baxter Pomeroy, American ***ologist and co-author with Alfred C. Kinsey, Boys And ***, Delacorte Press, 1968,157 pages. Discusses pre-adolescent *** play, **********, homo***uality, dating and petting, and intercourse and its consequences. Includes a section of commonly asked specific questions with answers.

How old were you when you began to **********?

I am not sure.

Did your parents or friends talk about it with you? No

What did you think about it?

I liked it.

Was there any ****** contact between family members? Yes

Describe.

I can't remember.

What did you notice and how did you feel about the changes in your body as a teenager?

Hair, I liked them

How often did you think about ***, ********** or engage in ***ual activity as a teen?

Very frequently

How old were you when you began dating?

18

What do you remember about your first ****** experience with another person?

Everything.

How old were you?

18

What was your understanding of how men and women were expected to behave ********?

Men had to pursue women.

Did anyone scare or embarrass you ********? Yes

What was your parent's ****** behavior Yes?

Non-existent.

After high school, were you involved in the military, college or other type of career training?Yes

If so, what?

College.

What jobs have you held?

Everything from selling shoes to fast food.

Which ones have you enjoyed?

Waiting on table.

Disliked?

Boochducci.

What job would you like to hold?

Writer

When did you have your first serious roMantic relationship?

It depends on the definition of "serious roMantic relationship". Maybe when I was thirty *(In Jack years - V*).

How long did it last?

Several years.

What did you like about the other person?

I thought she was "the one."

Why did it end?

I was using.

Have you had Many serious relationships as an adult? No

Are you married? No If so, when did you marry?

What attracted you to your spouse? Has your relationship with your spouse changed since marriage? Why did you decide to marry?

What have been the positive and negative parts of your marriage(s)?

Have you had children? No If so, how Many? Discuss your relationship with your children.

Have you had a marriage end? Separation? Divorce? Discuss.

Have you or your wife/husband ever been unfaithful to one another? If so, why?

Describe your ****** behavior as an adult? For example, Many or few experiences, positive or negative encounters, typical or unusual behaviors.

Both Many experiences and few experiences, both positive and negative experiences, typical as well as unusual behaviors.

How regularly do you ********** and to what material (fantasy, **********, etc.)?

Not since I joined NoFap, a website and community forum that serves as a support group for those who wish to avoid ********** and **********. Its name comes from the slang term fap, referring to male **********.

Discuss some of your ****** fantasies with the group.

I have none.

LEGAL TROUBLE

Have you had any legal trouble in your life prior to your ****** offense? How old were you? What happened?

Please see attached.

Have you been incarcerated before? No If so, for how long? What did you think of this experience?

What was going on in your life before you commited your first ****** offense?

I had just purchased my first personal computer.

What was going on in your life before you commited your most recent ****** offense?

That was me giving up on life.

Are you aware of any incidences or feelings that triggered your acting out behavior? Yes

The compulsion to repeat the trauma. Re-enactment, revictimization, and masochism. van der Kolk BA. Psychiatr Clin North Am. 1989.

As a child I knew my *********, my gender and even my very existence were wrong. I knew they knew that too. As a child, I knew that my family knew what I was doing, when I first developed ***ually as children do, and that it was wrong. My father thought he “caught” me doing something about which

- Nobody had ever told me
- I discovered on my own
- Frightened me
- I didn't understand
- Had decided to stop doing

I believe this incident was particularly terrifying. I'm pretty sure lots of other super weird *** stuff went on in that house.

Describe the interaction you had with the person you victimized while you were acting out. Did you say anything to them?

How did you feel about the person you victimized after the offense? No

How did you feel about yourself? No

Discuss any other ****** offending behaviors.

None

Have you had problems with substance abuse or other forms of addiction? How long have you been sober? How did you obtain sobriety? Are these problems difficult for you to Manage?

COUNSELING AND THERAPY

Have you or your family been involved in any other kind of therapy? Yes

What kinds of problems did you seek help for?

Serious mental illness.

Have you ever needed to be psychiatrically hospitalized for wanting to hurt yourself or someone else? Yes

Have you ever taken/do you take medication to help with psychiatric problems? Yes

Have you ever been involved in any support groups (AA/NA, etc.)? No

What has helped you the most in your treatment? - Mommy Kitty (Dee Dee, MA, LMFT, *** addiction expert, Director, The Center for Recovery

The least?

S*****

Is there anything you wish you had listened to or learned more about in your past treatment? Yes

What would be the most beneficial things to learn or goals of your current treatment?

Stay out of trouble.

Alpha Prime's Complete Nervous Breakdown

PREFACE

Alpha Prime, who had been annoyed her entire life, had never been more annoyed in her entire life. Here she was, all set to wrap up Chapter Whatever, and sure enough, come to find out she had somehow deleted the entire chapter from her Phone! It really was a shame. It had been such a beautiful chapter. It had started out with her making a snarky comment . . .

Meet Alpha Prime

“I hate to be the bubble buster here,” Alpha Prime snarked.

Alpha Prime was Principessa Imperiale of The Intergalactic Slave Empire, Sovrano Supremo of The Legions Of Flying Robots, and Empress of The Race Of Intergalactic Vampires.

Unlike their huMan counterparts (by whom they were embarrassed, considering them to be “dried up twigs on the family tree” *(Blondie, “Die Young Stay Pretty, 1979)* - they always got the worst table at family functions), The Race Of Intergalactic Vampires feasted not on blood, but rather, on the delicious, delicious Tears Of The Innocent, produced within the unknowably vast expanses of the Imperial Gulag Archipelago of Slave Planets.

Alpha Prime wished to incorporate Velandia into the Empire, not only because of the Empire’s unending need for nutrition, but more to the point, because it was her Senior Project.

Alpha Prime looked like the character Alexandra Cabot from the American animated series Josie and The Pussycats, if the character Alexandra Cabot from the American animated series Josie and The Pussycats wore a black hoodie that covered her ears, neck and Hair, leaving her face exposed, topped off with a golden King with five spikes on the front and a jewel on the tip of the middle and tallest spike, which she had won in a game of Zombie Apocalypse at one of the hospitals from her mother The Evil Queen, also called the Wicked Queen, the fictional character

and the main antagonist in "Snow White", the GerMan fairy tale recorded by the Brothers Grimm (*See illustration):*



Fig. 8: Alpha Prime

Alpha Prime found her King, like everything else in her life, to be extremely annoying. Nevertheless, “A King’s not a King till it's tilted,” she would sing to herself as her King continuously adjusted itself throughout the day to express her variable moods. Usually her King defaulted to an extreme forward tilt because it made her look tough. This was known as “Resting B**** King.” She could see, if she adopted an extreme posture with her shoulders and head tilted waaaay back, but it hid her eyes, which was a cheap body-language trick to intimidate others.

She was also wearing a long, cotton Dolce & Gabbana 19th century/Italian Renaissance-style Majolica-print skirt in naturalistic shapes and lively colors, and matching patent-leather platform sandals decorated with painterly blooms (also inspired by Maiolica ceramics). The sandals highlighted her classic, never-out-of-style French pedicure, which she had updated quite easily with a super-simple modern boost, contemporary black tips, by starting out with soft, clean feet and properly trimmed toenails, then painting her nails a soft, milky white with her preferred polish, “Skin Food Nail Vita Alpha” (Crunch White).

Which was currently out of stock.

Alpha Prime found this, like everything else in her life, to be extremely annoying; because the polish felt like plastic, and it peeled off all in one plasticky sheet; which Alpha Prime found, like little else in her life, to be extremely satisfying.

This “advanced” nail polish, “imported from USA,” supposedly kept “color shiny and stays for long” and contained “calcium, Vita c and keratin.” As well, it supposedly “beautified” her nails with “amazing glitter effect.”

“However, it really is a waste of money. In fact, it’s a TERRIBLE product!!” she thought to herself, completely ignoring her Five Confederates Of Evil as they cowered around her, at the conference table in the Intergalactic Slave Empire Grand Imperial Mothership Business Center.

They assiduously (yet unobtrusively, even surreptitiously) averted their gazes from her preternaturally long monkey toes.

“She gets mad if you look at them, but she also gets mad if you avert your eyes too noticeably,” Lotar, King Of The Insect World had explained to The Giant Brain, when The Giant Brain had first started working at The Confederacy Of Evil.

“This is NOT a nail polish,” she continued to grouse, as she put the milky-clear color on one hand, glowering at everyone around the table:

1. Lotar, King Of The Insect World, who avoided her eye contact,
2. The Giant Brain, who puffed out his cheeks and exhaled,
3. The Mighty Lord Of Kraytan, Tarto (who had his own song), who just kept talking,
4. Baby Tarto (of course), rubbing his forehead and eyes and playing with his Hair, and

5. Only dimly aware of his surroundings (as per usual), Klan-Tek, rubbing and touching his red, red neck.

And of course, when she had to paint her other hand, the first hand started dripping off to the side, as it always did.

". . . and NO, I did not paint too thick of a layer." She was now openly muttering. "I've been painting my nails for over ten years, thank you very much, and I know how to apply a nice, even, thin, first coat."

So she went back to apply a second coat and to try to thin out the mess which had pooled on the side of the nails. After doing that, she let the nails dry.

"But they never dry all the way, it seems." She was now speaking aloud, although to no one in particular

"The review of this product in other colors calls this polish jelly soft!" She went on, now addressing everyone at the table as they rubbed their legs and raised their eyebrows. "And it does feel jelly soft even after two hours of dry time!"

She was now standing up. "And this is so true, because the 'polish' feels like plastic, and it peels off all in one plasticky sheet!"

“I've attached a photo of how it peels off!” She gestured triumphantly towards her PowerPoint presentation. “It is not a regular nail polish and is a BIG WASTE of money. Don't bother with it!”

“Which is sad,” she went on, now wistfully, “Because it reads that it has calcium and vitamins in it, which would be wonderful if it really went on and stayed on like a polish.”

She looked around the room. “Who here finds this helpful?”

She then carefully used a black Sharpie pen (rather than applying black toenail polish) to draw the dark tips on just the tips of her toenails, at the thickness level she desired. She waited a few minutes for her black tips to dry and then finished the look with a clear topcoat to seal in her “edge of darkness” pedicure look.

(Note: She had achieved the same look on her fingernails by doing a black tipped Manicure, following the same steps above but on her hands instead of her feet.)

“In any case,” Lotar, King Of The Insect World ventured timidly, clearing his throat, as the other Five Confederates shifted uncomfortably in their seats. “Might I speak with you privately, Principessa? It appears Mister ‘Boochie’ will be unable to join us.”

“That's an added bonus,” Alpha Prime snarked.

Meet Lotar, King Of The Insect World

Lotar, King Of The Insect World was, as his name indicated, the actual King of the actual Insect World, as it existed throughout Velandia.

Velveteen

A Giant Stick Praying Mantis (see Fig. 10), Lotar shared the basic anatomic structures common to Many adult insects:



Fig. 10: "Here you can see the body plan of a mantis clearly. This is an adult female of Sphodromantis baccettii." (Copyright © 2019 Keeping Insects. All Rights Reserved)

1. A body divided into three parts (head, thorax, and abdomen)
2. Six legs
3. Wings
4. Two antennae
5. Compound eyes, and
6. A rigid exoskeleton.

However, his front legs were actually thorn-covered hooks called abducting legs or “raptoriales;” effectively, traps out of which large captive prey were unable to escape!

He was also able to freely rotate his characteristically triangular head upon his jointed neck more than 180 degrees (unique in the insect World!), which allowed him to stay perfectly still, while having a non-standard field of view in which to watch for the arrival of prey, wherever it appeared.

When he found himself in times of trouble, he would reassure himself consolingly, “All other insects have their heads fused to their thorax, and are incapable of such almost periscopic mobility. So there's always that!”

Lotar, King Of The Insect World And The Amazing Technicolor Inexpensive ($12.29 - $13.19) Rubie's Costume Company Men's Imported King Dream Robe

Lotar, King Of The Insect World got ready for a taste of royalty in his Inexpensive ($12.29 - $13.19) Rubie's Costume Company Men's Imported King Dream Robe, made of 100% Polyester for a comfortable fit. It was part of the Men's Imported King Dream Robe & King Costume Kit (which, for some reason, paradoxically included only the Cloak).

It was Hand Washable for easy care. Of course, in Lotar's case it could not accurately be described as "Hand Washable," because technically, he did not actually have actual Hands; rather (as noted above), very Strong, specially-designed modified front legs equipped with pointy spikes, to catch and keep a tight, firm hold on his prey, not to mention his brilliant 43 cm King's Royal sceptre.

So I guess it *(The Robe, not the sceptre. -- V.)* would be more accurately described as "spike washable."

One size fit most. Which came in Handy (*Or should I say "spikey?" - V.),* because he was only seven inches long.

With its velvety feel, rich colors, and regal look, his Amazing Technicolor Inexpensive ($12.29 - $13.19) Rubie's Costume Company Men's Imported King Dream Robe made Lotar **feel** like King Of The Insect World, not only on Halloween, but every day of the year!

Still, he couldn't get past the discrepancy.

VELVETEEN

Again, as noted above --

SARAN (*To audience):*

Please try to keep up.

VELVETEEN

It (The Robe) was part of the Men's Imported King Dream Robe & King Costume ***Kit.***

A ***kit***.

Merriam-Webster › dictionary › kit

Kit definition is - a collection of articles usually for personal use.

Which --

SARAN (*Again to audience)*

Remember?

VELVETEEN

Included only the Cloak!

SARAN

Now, Vel. To be fair, technically, the website did clearly state, “Number of Pieces: 1.”

VELVETEEN

No Saran, because the actual name of the actual product was,”Men's King Imported Dream Robe **& King Costume Kit**”!

SARAN

Velveteen. It says right on here, Includes: Cloak.

Not Dream Robe & King.

Cloak.

VELVETEEN

No Saran! It says ***Kit***!

(Waves Phone in Saran's face)

See, Saran?

SARAN

(Rolls her eyes)

In ***any*** case . . . Lotar, King Of The Insect World would recommend this product with

🌟🌟🌟🌟🌟!

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT WORLD

Good Quality, crown was missing thou.

Velveteen

Missing "**thou**"?

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World

What?

Velveteen

Never mind.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World, Velveteen AND SARAN

(Turn to audience)

(In unison)

“Do you find this helpful?”

(CURTAIN)

(END OF SCENE)

Lotar, King Of The Insect World's Imperial Margarine King

Lotar also wore an exact replica of the Imperial Margarine King, Imperial being "a brand of margarine . . . best remembered for Television commercials in which a person who recently ate something with Imperial margarine would suddenly have a King appear on their head (accompanied by a four note fanfare)." - *(Wikipedia)*

Lotar and Lotara's Date Night

As King Of The Insect World, Lotar was in charge of the entire insect population of the entire planet. This was not as much fun as he had thought it was going to be, back when he was a young Giant Stick Praying Mantis nymph, making precision leaps around the Royal Tropical Rainforest.

This was primarily due to his constant Fear of his mate, the intrepid Lotara, King of the Insect World, female Mantids being famous for devouring their mates, biting off their heads and feasting on their corpses for nourishment and all.

Strictly speaking, statistically this "only" occurred around 25 to 30 percent of the time.

In practice, however, he found these odds to be of little consolation, particularly considering that she was also terrifyingly good at eating tasty, tasty Birds, which she would quickly grab right out of the sky with her two raptorial front legs, while holding to her perch with her four other legs!

With startling efficiency, she ate nearly every Bird she caught. Still alive in her grasp, they vigorously beat their wings and called out in distress with a shrill *"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!"*

Lotar, King of the Insect World, found this to be somewhat haunting. He had seen only three of her avian victims ever survive. One of them was a Blue-headed vireo perhaps three times her weight. Holding the Bird with a firm grip, she attempted to chew on its wing before it escaped!

And her tactics were . . . unsettling. Most of the time, she would bite a hole in her victims' heads and extract their brains!

Twice now, she had even eaten her feathered food while she and Lotar were on their actual Date Night, by entering the cranial cavity via one of the eyes and feeding on the delicious, delicious brain tissues!

And on both occasions, when Lotar had left the area an hour later, she was still clasping and feeding on the hummingBird (which actually wasn't as much of a stretch for her as one would think, accustomed as she was to hunting fast-flying insects or big-bodied vertebrates).

Alpha Prime's Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie *("Based upon the scene from the 1995 Drama/Crime film 'CASINO' By Nicholas Pileggi!" - V.)*

INTERIOR, INTERGALACTIC SLAVE EMPIRE GRAND IMPERIAL MOTHERSHIP, AKU-AKU LOUNGE - DAY.

(SFX: Cue "Workin' In the Coal Mine" by Lee Dorsey)

ALPHA PRIME and LOTAR, KING OF THE INSECT World are seated in the Hawaiian lounge by the casino floor, having Tears Of The Innocent, and Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pies, each served by a pair of huge ears with a Knife wedged between them, by which the Lost HuMan Souls were squashed (in much the same Manner as are served lobsters), in heavy metal baking bowls, topped with 4 inch thick pieces of puff pastry.

Alpha PRIME

I mean, the guy is history as far as I'm concerned. History.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World

But you can't just fire him. Palmato's his brother-in-law. He's commissario della contea.

Alpha PRIME

So what? Everybody out here with a vowel at the end of their name is a commissario della contea or related to a commissario della contea. I'm sick of it.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World

This is his planet. His zio's Capo Giudice. His nocognato runs the Commissione Della Contea. I don't know how Many other parenti he's got in town. There's gotta be a way to work him back in.

Alpha PRIME

Lote, I can understand. You're in the finances, you're upstairs, but you are not out here. I've got thousands of flying Robots. I've got five hundred lieutenants. They're all looking to rob me blind, twenty-four hours a day. I have to let them know I'm watching all the details, all the time; that there is not one single thing I will not catch as I am out here.

Breaks open her Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie, in which only a very, very small number of Lost HuMan Souls are being squashed, by a pair of huge ears with a Knife wedged between them; puts it down and points to LOTAR, KING OF THE INSECT World'S, in which, by comparison, ***countless*** *Lost HuMan Souls are being squashed by a* ***second*** *pair of huge ears with a Knife wedged between* ***them****.*

Alpha PRIME

Look at yours.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World

What?

Alpha PRIME

Look at that. Look at this. There's nothing . . . look how Many Lost HuMan Souls your Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie has and how Many mine has. Yours is falling apart. I have nothing.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World

What are you talking about?

Alpha PRIME

It's like everything else in this place. You don't do it yourself, it never gets done.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World follows Alpha PRIME to the kitchen.

LOTAR, KING OF THE INSECT World

Where you goin'?

INT. INTERGALACTIC SLAVE EMPIRE GRAND IMPERIAL MOTHERSHIP KITCHEN - DAY

Alpha PRIME, LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World and THE GIANT BRAIN are gathered around THE GIANT BRAIN's counter surrounded by Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie tins and Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie batter. In the background, a large fishing net scoops up Lost HuMan Souls and feeds them into a paddle wheel protruding from a hellish, monstrous dragon's gaping maw; which then spews the doomed Lost HuMan Souls, shrieking, howling and gibbering into a large, steaming, odiferous cauldron.

Alpha PRIME (Handing THE GIANT BRAIN the two Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pies)

From now on I want you to put an equal amount of Lost HuMan Souls in each Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie. An equal amount of Lost HuMan Souls in each Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie.

THE GIANT BRAIN

Do you know how long that is going to take? I do! For I am: The Giant Brain!

Alpha PRIME

I don't care how long it takes. Put an equal amount in each Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pie.

Alpha PRIME leaves. LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World looks on in amazement as THE GIANT BRAIN holds the Lost HuMan Souls Pot Pies. LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World follows Alpha PRIME out, holding out his Phone.

LOTAR, King OF THE INSECT World

Principessa? I have Mister, er, ‘Boochie’ on the line for you now!

Meet Lil Boochie

Lil Boochie was Capo Di Tutti Capi ("Boss Of All Bosses") of The Booch Group, which controlled the slave trade throughout Boochopolis, from his headquarters located inside his flagship property, Lil Boochie World; assisted by his sidekick Jackie_drew, “associate” Angel Hair Bernardi, who was a horse, and nephew Boochie Mane (also a horse).

Lil Boochie's First Generation Obtained By Crossing A Simple Hybrid With A Third Form

Physically, Lil Boochie resembled the first generation obtained by Crossing a simple hybrid with a third form between (*Among? - V):*

- Fictional character Vito Andolini Corleone, as portrayed by American actor Marlon Brando in the first two of film director Francis Ford Coppola's trilogy, "The Godfather,"

- Hungarian sculptor and occasional actor Amerigo Tot, " . . . perhaps best known to English-speaking audiences for his role as Bussetta, Michael Corleone's bodyguard and executioner of Johnny Ola in The Godfather Part II (*Wikipedia),* and

- Fictional supervillain Thanos (" . . . appearing in American comic books published by Marvel Comics.") *(Ibid)*

(Hereafter referred to as "Corleone, Tot and Thanos.")

Specifically, Lil Boochie resembled the first generation obtained by Crossing a simple hybrid with a third form between (or among) Corleone, Tot and Thanos, in that:

- All four of their faces could best be described as "craggy" (defined by America's most trusted online dictionary for English word definitions, Merriam-Webster, as "rugged and rough-textured in an attractive way."

LIL BOOCHIE (*Making a joke)*

Yes me!

(Turns to Velveteen)

Did you Hear what I said? She said, “Rugged and rough-textured in an attractive way,” and I said, “Yes me!”

VELVETEEN

Er . . . Yes . . . In any case, on a finer level:

- Fedora-hatted, with a towering 6'5" solid frame, Lil Boochie had a face like granite, craggy-chinned, weathered and intimidating; into which fine lines and crevices seemed to have been carved, by an unseen Hand, which, “having writ, (had) Move(d) on . . .” Yes Persian mathematician Omar Khayyám’s Moving Finger.

SARAN

Nice.

Lil Boochie World

Lil Boochie World was the most hideous of Downtown Boochton's “adult entertainment establishments” (massage parlors, nude live entertainments and strip clubs, erotic and adult bookstores, X-rated movie theaters, peep shows and ***-shop booths) which, by the late 1960s and 1970s, had spread across Booch Square, and made it so notoriously seedy, that it had begun to be called “The Sinkhole.”

It also had a reputation for crime, including prostitution, drugs and gambling.

Activities occurred in these businesses under the guise of ‘dancing’: lap dancing, peep shows, in which dancers stripped in booths (e.g., the Humming Marmot in Mot Francisco and Burrattle) and “private” VIP rooms. (One would not expect you, dear reader, to have personal expertise in these subjects. After all, we certainly aren’t ethnographers!) Anime Girls from any and every desperate corner of Boochopolis were provided gainful employment within the fragrant, sodden confines of this house of horrors, and enslaved to Internet Monster - The Spirit of Pure Evil, fueled by dopamine and hate, who laid waste to all with a scorched-earth policy, AKA Reptile Brain: Jackie_drew.

Meet Jackie_drew

Jackie_drew was a sea cucumber, a marine animal found on the seafloor Worldwide.

Velveteen (*Dressed in a **LoveShackFancy** Antique White Desert Victorian Maxi Dress inspired by the medina, the old Arab or non-European quarters of North African towns, the fountains, palaces, mosques and walled, narrow streets arranged in a maze-like fashion.)*

With its mild to Strong briny flavor and fishy scent, sea cucumber may be somewhat of an acquired taste.

Like most sea cucumbers, Jackie_drew was a scavenger. He ate dead and discarded matter, from carcasses to excrement.

VELVETEEN

These animals hold their feeding arms up to catch particles in the water, or they plow them into the sand and chow down, pooping out the clean sand that covers the seafloor. This trashy diet is probably what gave his species the flavor that made them a sought-after delicacy in places like China and Korea!

He had no brain, just a ring of nerves around his oral cavity that extended to the tentacles around his mouth, down the length of his elongated body, which contained a single, branched gonad. He

was kept in a vertical, rectangular oversized invertebrate aquarium, which rested on the shelf of a rolling hand truck operated by Lil Boochie (Jackie_drew being a sea cucumber and all), who lovingly maintained the aquarium's water quality at the highest levels, and kept care with any water intakes/overflows to ensure that Jackie_drew could not become attached.

VELVETEEN

Awwwwww!

Jackie_drew attached himself to and moved slowly about the aquarium floor, feeding on plankton, algae and decaying matter, by secreting a sticky substance through his five distinct rows of tentacle-like feeding tube feet.

MOVING ANGLE - CLOSE ON Jackie_drew's slippered tentacle-like feeding tube feet, RISING along his tilted form, linked by steel restraints . . . his waist and upper torso are bound by heavy canvas webbing . . . beneath the webbing is a strait-jacket . . . and over his face is a hockey mask.

Specifically, Jackie_drew was a beautiful, magnificent Tentacled Transparent Pink Sea Cucumber found in the sunless ocean depths, one of some 1,250 known species *(See Fig. 8):*



Fig. 11: Laurence Madin, Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution/CMarZ, Census of Marine Life

VELVETEEN

He was a sea creature with an ancient lineage. Through evolution, his species had adapted to become transparent beings. This allowed them to sneak past predators and survive for millions of years! His leathery skin was so transparent that his digestive tract was on spectacular display!

Found at a depth of 2,750 meters, he was one of Many unusual finds discovered by the Velandian Census of Marine Life. He basically looked like a transparent pickle with an unmentionable skin disease. However, his appearance was deceiving, as he did have natural defenses.

VELVETEEN

When threatened, he could go rigid, turning from the consistency of play dough to hard plastic! And, as if that weren't enough, he also had a secret superpower -- farting his lungs out! These contained a soap-like toxin lethal to Many kinds of animals, such as the two lousy sons of *****es, a Crab and a lobster, currently entangled there, slowly dying.

Like a Bird freed from her cage, he looked down at them and rolled lightly though a beaded curtain.

Velveteen And The URL

(https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Adult_movie_theater#Arcades)

"Listen," she said, with a quick change of tone, "from the minute I set eyes on you I said to myself, that's what I got to have, just give me some of him! I said look at those pee-can eyes and go crazy, Girl! That innocent look don't hide a thing, he's just pure filthy right down to the guts, like me. The only difference is I like being that way and he don't. Yes sir!" she said. "I like being that way, and I can teach you how to like it. Don't you want to learn how to like it?" - Flannery O'Connor, Wise Blood

"To the extent that I wear skirts and cheap nylon slips

I've gone native

I wanted to know the exact dimension of hell

Does this sound simple?

***** you, are you for sale?*

*Does '**** you' sound simple enough?*

This was the only part that turned me on

But he was candy all over"

Kim Gordon, The Sprawl

Song by Sonic Youth

- When first discovered (over a mile and a half beneath the sea) walking across the sea floor on his Many tentacles at about 2 centimeters per minute, mopping up detritus-rich sediment and stuffing it into his Mouth with his array of tentacles, Jackie_drew was nothing more than a dirty, dirty creeper; literally, a real bottom-feeder.

“It has always looked to me like a peaceful sort of life.” - Richard StrathMann, University of Washington

VELVETEEN

Since then, however, he’s really turned his life around! He’s actually done very well for a marine invertebrate!

- Now, he was Peep Show Manager of Lil Boochie World (as well as Lil Boochie's sycophantic sidekick), in charge of the number of dancers and the extremity of the acts they performed on-site. He was also responsible for enforcing appropriate behavior throughout the entire Boochopolis slave industry, including (but not limited to):

- Massage parlors
- Private lingerie modeling and peep show studios
- Strip clubs

- Adult theaters and bookstores (exclusive distributors of his line of official Jackie_drew branded merchandise, including Jackie_drew ankle bracelets, Jackie_drew “So Used To It You Think It's Normal” t-shirts and Jackie_drew “If An Eye Offends Thee” t-shirts)
- And his personal favorite, adult video arcades.

- For live peep shows, booths surrounded a stage upon which dancers performed stripteases and ***ually explicit poses. In Boochelona, female performers at times also performed ***ual intercourse with male performers on stage. In some cases, booths included paper towel dispensers, for customers who engaged in **********.

VELVETEEN

OMG, can we please not?

- A customer and performer could mutually agree on a fee for a "private dance," which could take place in a peep show booth with a clear window and seating space for only one spectator.

VELVETEEN

Oh, dear God.

- Adult video arcades (again, Jackie_drew's personal favorite) were *****graphic movie viewing areas where ********** was tolerated and expected (and sometimes openly encouraged). Almost always attached to a *** shop or an adult book store (where magazines, movies, and ***ual aids were sold), an arcade, which was a type of peep show, consisted of typically a dozen or more private (or sometimes semi-private) viewing booths, sometimes arranged in a maze-like fashion, containing a video monitor, a panel of controls, and a seat. Sometimes the booths had paper towels for the semen, and a wastebasket.

VELVETEEN

Don't say that. Ever.

- The air was thick and intoxicating; the lighting dim, like an aquarium, only red or green lights near each booth, indicating their availability. In their origin they were exclusively huMan male.

VELVETEEN

Of course they were!

- Movie time was purchased either by coin or cash activation within the booth, or by purchasing tokens or a block of time in advance. Generally a selection of 15 to 50 movies

running in DVD players was available for viewing, sometimes diverse (straight, gay, fetish), other times monotonously similar. On some systems four videos may be viewed simultaneously in quadrants of the screen. New video systems operated with Computers and provided a selection of several thousand movies.

VELVETEEN

Are you done? You're starting to sound done.

- It was possible for arcades in The Sinkhole to have two-person booths, where the seating accommodated a pair sitting together. But this was unusual, and outside The Sinkhole unknown.

VELVETEEN

Stop talking!

- In some adult book stores, the arcades had "buddy booths." These booths were adjacent, and allowed for interplay between occupants. They may have had windows so "buddies" might watch each other **********. Between other booths there may have been glory holes for oral ***, tolerated by the Management (which otherwise would seal the holes). Most adult book stores required and enforced that movies were operating at all times while arcade booths were occupied.

VELVETEEN

(Covering her tiny, delicate shell-like ears with her tiny, delicate exquisitely-Manicured hands; and stomping her tiny, delicate, exquisitely-pedicured foot.)

(Much shaken in spite of herself)

I will not listen to one more word.

SARAN

(Looks at Velveteen lovingly while enjoying a delicious, delicious Chicken finger.)

We're done.

VELVETEEN

Oh, thank God!

(Stomps out of the room.)

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"But that don't matter now cuz you're in Lil Boochie World

Time to meet Jackie_drew in Lil Boochie World

The one who took over in Lil Boochie World

The Unholy Ghost in Lil Boochie World

Spirit of pure evil in Lil Boochie World

Ten inches of pure evil in Lil Boochie World

Indomitable in Lil Boochie World

Dopamine and hate in Lil Boochie World

So used to it you think it's normal in Lil Boochie World

Nothing bad ever happens in Lil Boochie World."

Velveteen and The Safety Snaps, "Lil Boochie World"

Pumpkin!

Alpha Prime stomped back into the Intergalactic Slave Empire Grand Imperial Mothership Business Center. Her Five Confederates of Evil quickly straightened up in their cHairs (in Baby Tarto's case, in his crib). Lotar, King Of The Insect World, timidly held hisPhoneout to her in his spikes.

As Alpha Prime looked down at thePhonein her Hand, Bluetoothed as it was into the Intergalactic Slave Empire Grand Imperial Mothership Business Center's Mechanical Television, she experienced a rush of pure horror.
All Five Confederates Of Evil were listening via the Mechanical Television's speaker. Five disloyal sycophants hung on her every word and gesture with jealousy and No intent.

Like a Bird freed from her cage, she Prayed silently as she picked up the receiver.

Alpha PRIME

(please don't embarrass me.)
(please don't embarrass me.)
(please don't embarrass me.)

LIL BOOCHIE:

Berlin! How's Daddy's Pretty Pumpkin?

“Velandia Will Be Mine!”

Alpha PRIME *(Aghast)* (*Whispering fiercely into her Phone)*

OMG! Dad! Will you Handyelling? Everyone can hear you!

LIL BOOCHIE *(Yelling)*

Oh, sure, sweetie! Whatever you say!

Alpha PRIME

And I've told you a thousand times! Handcalling me Berlin! My name is Alpha Prime! And I’m not your Pretty Pumpkin anymore! I am Principessa Imperiale of The Intergalactic Slave Empire!

LIL BOOCHIE (*Obviously not listening)*

Uh huh . . . Oh, that's fine, dear!

Alpha PRIME

Sovrano Supremo of The Legions Of Flying Robots!

LIL BOOCHIE (*Not paying attention at all)*

What's that? Oh, sure, sweetheart!

Alpha PRIME

Empress! Of The Race! Of Intergalactic! Vampires!

LIL BOOCHIE (*Completely distracted)* (*Whispers to someone in the background, then --)*

I know you are, Pumpkin! And you know, your mother and I couldn't be more proud! Say -- how **is** your mother?

Alpha PRIME

Mom's fine, Dad! ***Where are you***?!

LIL BOOCHIE

What do you mean, Pumpkin? I'm right here at work, of course, where I always am! With your Uncle Ainge and your Cousin Jackie! Where else would I be? Say -- do you want to say Hello to your Uncle Ainge?

Alpha PRIME

No, Dad, I don't --

LIL BOOCHIE

Now, sweetheart . . .

Alpha PRIME

Okaaaaay-yuh!

LIL BOOCHIE

That’s my Girl! Hold on, now!

SFX: *(Sound of much fumbling from the Mechanical Television’s speaker, as LIL BOOCHIE attempts to hand his phone to Angel Hair BERNARDI)*

Alpha Prime

Hi, Uncle Ainge . . . fine, thanks. And you? Oh, that's great! Tell her I said “Hi” . . . Yup, School’s good . . . No, I'm in a Bachelor's program now . . . No, at Intergalactic Slave Empire

State . . . uh huh . . uh huh . . . I will, Uncle Ainge . . . uh huh . . . uh huh . . . okay . . . okay, Uncle Ainge . . . uh huh . . . you know, I really can't stay on the line -- oh, teally? You don't say . . . uh huh . . . yup . . . yup . . . Okay. Uncle Ainge, can I talk to my Dad again? Okay, great . . . I will . . . okay . . . yup . . . okay . . . yup, I Love you, too . . . okay, I'll see you Sunday . . . No, the Sunday Gravy! Okay! Yup! Okay! Hello now!

Dad? Yeah, that's Yes! Did you know you were supposed to be here an hour ago? For my School project, that's what for! What do you mean? I've only been talking about it all year! I'm invading your planet! Your home planet! How can you even really not remember? You were supposed to help me! With your big Booch Group or whatever! You said you were going to Yes my Fifth Column and stuff! No Dad, Fifth . . . Column! No, not a fifth of Bourbon, Fifth Column -- a group within a country at war who are sympathetic to or working for its enemies! Yes, your country! No, I'm the enemy, Dad! No, that was today! No, Dad, today is Tuesday! No, not next Tuesday, today! (*To herself, Fearfully)* He really doesn't remember! This is getting serious . . .

LIL BOOCHIE

Oh, gee, Honey, I sure am sorry! I've just been so busy with work, it's just been back to back meetings all week! Why don't we see if I can't make it up there this weekend? Oh, really? Oh, that's a shame!

Alpha PRIME (*sadly)*

No, it's Ok . . . No, I'll be fine, really . . . Dad, it's Ok, it's not that big of a deal . . . No, Dad, I don't want to talk to Jackie! No, I'll just see you Sunday . . . Okay . . . No, the Sunday Gravy! Okay . . . okay . . . I Love you, too . . . okay, I will . . . okay . . . Hello Dad! I Love you! Okay! Hello!

LIL BOOCHIE

Hello Pumpkin! Do what the teacher says! Love you! (*Hangs up the phone.)*

Alpha PRIME (*Glares around the table at her Five Confederates of Evil, who all assiduously avoid her eyes as she surreptitiously wipes away a tear.)*

Well, what are you all Handing for! ***Launch -- The Invasion!***

We Cut To A Hotel Room

("Based upon a scene from

'Babylon,' the sixth episode of the first season of the American television drama series Mad Men

[Wikipedia]!" - V.)

(Lil Boochie is laid on a rumpled bed, only in boxer shorts and suspender socks, talking about Alpha Prime's past two relationships.)

Lil Boochie:

Her school project is the least of Berlin's problems.

She's dated what, two boys? One of them joined the service, the other one committed suicide.

She doesn't want to go to college.

Doesn't want to work.

Not interested in charity.

I don't know what we did wrong.

We gave her everything she wanted, and she's still useless.

(From the bathroom, Angel Hair Bernardi comes out in only a slip and reminds Lil Boochie that Alpha Prime is only a young Girl and he is being too hard on her).

Angel Hair Bernardi:

You're being too hard on her.

She's a young Girl.

Lil Boochie:

When I was her age, I rode a tramp steamer from Burro Harbor to HugaBird Head.

Angel Hair Bernardi:

I bet it was a yacht.

Lil Boochie:

Someone still has to sail those things.

Angel Hair Bernardi:

I think Berlin reminds you of you.

You're both spoiled. *(Turns her back to him.)*

Zip!

Keno Kat's Graduation Day

Keno Kat stared at her Phone. Anything she said into the aquamarine microphone icon appeared on the screen in front of her. It was beautiful. She lifted it to her Mouth and started dictating:

"*So I graduated from one of those high schools. About 16 years ago. Most people don't remember it, if they were ever aware of what happened in the first place. Even back then it was overshadowed by more media friendly incidents. And nowadays it's just straight up normal. But sometimes, if for whatever reason it comes up in conversation, people will ask if I was there when it happened. I usually say something like 'oh, I graduated the year before actually' just so I don't have to talk about it, but the truth is, I was pretty good friends with him, at least until a couple weeks before it all went down.*

I met Ethan when we were sophomores; we both decided to join the anime club on the same day. I was never a big anime fan, but I got really into FLCL and wanted to find people I could discuss it with. Ended up forming a small but tight knit group of friends through that club, although we mostly lost touch after graduation.

Despite the speculation that occurred afterwards, the truth is that none of us were really "bullied" in the traditional sense of the word. We weren't popular by any means, but this was the early 2000's, not the 1980's, and as long as you didn't go out of your way to start trouble with people, you could get away with being pretty freaky. Among our group of misfits, I was the fat fanfiction girl, and Ethan was the nerdy computer dork. That said, it was definitely true that

Ethan desperately wanted to be "cool", and consistently failed at accomplishing this.

His attempts at being the class clown often resulted in awkward silence rather than merry laughter. He decided to make friends with some stoners once, but freaked out after getting high for the first time. They helped calm him down, but he was so embarrassed he never smoked again. He tried really hard at being a cross country and track star, but just wasn't that fast, which would have been fine, but what he thought was dedication, came across more as arrogance and over competitiveness, which turned off a lot of his team mates. He decided to give up on running his junior year. Senior year, Ethan rented the movie Fight Club, and Tyler Durden became his latest obsession.

Back then, before smartphones, a lot of non-school social interaction took place on instant messenger, especially for kids like Ethan and I that would have spent a ton of time on the internet even without AIM. We often chatted late into the night. I would share with him funny excerpts from all the terrible fanfiction I read, and he would share funny stories and pictures from message boards he frequented. Apparently he was an active poster on various small forums, none of which I was familiar with. I was more of a livejournal girl. One of these obscure message boards is where Ethan met Julian.

Julian was a pretty popular poster on this board, and Ethan and him struck up an online friendship, moving their interactions from the website to AIM. I remember days when Ethan came to school exhausted, explaining that he stayed up until the 4 or 5 in the morning chatting with Julian. According to Ethan, Julian read every Chuck Palahniuk book, rode a motorcycle,

and got laid all the time. More than enough to impress Ethan.

I remember asking Ethan what they talked about for so long, but would only receive vague non-answers in response. I asked for a link to the board they met on, but Ethan would always say I wouldn't be interested, that it "wasn't for girls". I cringe when I think back to all the casual sexism I tolerated just to fit in with the boys. Finally however, I got Ethan to send me a link to the board in exchange for notes from a class he slept through after one of his all-nighters with Julian.

The board was named 'D3s3rt of N3d3' and boy was it ugly, even by 2003 web design standards. A hideous MS Paint banner featuring Red text on black background displaying the board's name in Papyrus font. That alone was enough material to mock Ethan for a few weeks, and I almost stopped right there, but I was struck by something odd when I scrolled down. The whole board consisted only of three forums, in stark contrast to the contemporary trend of message boards bloated with subforums for every conceivable topic, with very few attracting the traffic to support such discussion.

The first forum was pretentiously titled "Quotidian Discourse", and was your typical general conversation boards, with threads about video games, movies, and music. The second was called simply "Initiation", and it contained a single stickied thread with the title "Initiates Only". It appeared to be a very long thread, with over 500 pages of discussion. The last was called "The Portal", and when I tried to click on it, I received a message informing me that the board was viewable only to accounts granted special permission by the admin.

I went back to the 'Initiation' board and tried to read the lone thread there. There were definitely a lot of posts, but I couldn't understand a single one. At first I thought maybe people were writing in a different language, but I quickly realized that nothing I saw looked like any language that used the Latin alphabet. All posts seemed to just be random letters arranged haphazardly. I also noticed that while threads in the general topic board contained your typical posters with silly usernames and flashy avatars, the posters in this forum had usernames made up of strings of 9 numbers, and no one had an avatar or signature.

I asked Ethan about it, and he explained that only posters that impressed Julian (who he revealed to be the admin of the site) would be invited to post in the Initiation forum. Julian would create an account for them, and all posts would be run through cryptography software Julian built into the site. Only accounts made by Julian could read the decoded posts.

I asked him about 'The Portal', and he informed me he couldn't view it either: only people who had met Julian in real life could access it, and that in a week's time, that would include him. A shock of anxiety passed through me as I read his intention to actually meet Julian. I asked him about what they talked about in the coded forum, but he refused to share anything, only saying that he knew he should never have given me the link, and logged off.

I didn't see Ethan at school the next couple of days, and he never signed into AIM, which was even more unusual. I suspected that he may have blocked me, but our friends confirmed they also hadn't heard from him or seen him online. After three days of absence, he showed up. I saw him

sitting in class and waved to him, but he ignored me. He just sat at his desk, staring into space with a weird smile. Between classes he walked by me while I was at my locker; I called his name and he just continued walking as if he didn't hear.

At this point, I was getting upset, and decided to confront him after school. I saw him walking out the back gate, and walked up behind him, pulling his arm to make him face me.

"Hey, Ethan, what's your problem? Why are you ignoring me?" I asked sternly, to mask my discomfort at talking to a friend like this.

He looked at me as if it took him a couple seconds to recognize me. His spoke in a soft monotone.

"Oh. I'm sorry. I've just been so excited about my meeting with Julian, I haven't been able to focus on much else. We're both so excited, we've been planning non-stop these past couple of days!" he replied, with a blank expression.

"Ethan, you're kind of scaring me. I don't think you should this meet this guy...you've been acting weird ever since you started talking to him!"

Ethan smiled.

"He told me you'd say that."

“He knows about me?”

“Oh yeah, he noticed you checking out the board.”

“How would he know that was me...you told him?”

“No, he just knew. Just like how he knew I was special when he discovered me on the board. Too special for anyone around here to appreciate. Julian’s going to change that. He’s going to make people respect me. He promised.”

“Ethan, what are you talking about? You’re not making any sense!”

His smile quickly disappeared, and a grave expression spread across his face.

“Julian told me you’d say that too. Listen, just leave me alone from now on. You’re not welcome where I’m going.”

He turned around and walked away, leaving me shocked. I never spoke to him again after that.

When I got home, I went to look up the message board one more time to see if I could find out anything by searching through the posts. I figured I’d be able to tell which posts were Ethan’s by his writing style, but when I tried to search for the board, I couldn’t find anything. I opened my browser history, but all records of my visit to the site were gone. My history wasn’t erased, all the

other sites I visited that day were there, but not a trace of "D3s3rt of N3d3".

Ethan either deleted his AIM account, or blocked everyone he knew, because one day his screen name disappeared from everyone's buddy list. He continued to attend school, but didn't talk to anyone, or even participate in class. He always looked so tired. A friend from anime club said they would see him in the library using a school computer during lunch, possibly chatting to Julian.

Even though I was hurt by what Ethan said to me, I decided that maybe the best thing to do was give him space. I figured he would get over his weird obsession with Julian soon enough and come back to his friends. Then it happened.

I wasn't there when it went down, it was after lunch started and I had gone off campus to eat. None of his old anime club friends were, oddly enough. Sometimes I wonder if we were just lucky, or if Ethan did it on purpose. Six people died that day, including Ethan, who shot himself after gunning down five other students.

My life changed that day. Not nearly as much as the lives of the victims and their families of course, but it changed nonetheless. I immediately knew that Julian was involved in this, but I was so racked with fear and guilt that I couldn't bring myself to talk to the police, or the school, or even Ethan's parents. I felt that I would be blamed, that it was my fault, that this could all have been avoided if I had intervened earlier and told someone about Ethan's online behavior. Finally, a week after the event, I decided to go to the police with my story, but something stopped me.

I watched a report on the local news where the police announced that they found a journal in Ethan's bedroom that detailed every step of his descent into rage and hate over the last three years, including his final plan to fulfill his murderous desires. No mention of anyone named Julian or the D3s3rt of N3d3 message board. Considering that I had no proof of either, I decided not to go to the police. He officially acted alone.

So now, the entire event has faded into obscurity, and most everyone who experienced it is happy to leave it there. Except me, I guess. One thing stills bothers me, and that's that in all my years of friendship with Ethan, I had never known him to keep a journal."

This Music Is The Worst

Keno Kat looked Up from her Phone. All around her, literally 150,000 marmots (and other animals) (*And people! - V.)* were enjoying the beautiful weather, sights, sounds, smells and general all-around Yes vibes of Motfest 2019, the annual surfside music festival the Marmots put on at The Bungalows.

She paused briefly, then resumed her dictation.

Keno Kat's Short Story

"*Okay, to start off, I work the night shift at a bar in my town. It's a local place in a decent sized town, not huge but also big enough to be considered a small city to some. Anyway, this means that there are usually people out and about at all hours, although, still not too Many during the later night hours.*

I was closing up the bar the night this happened, two weeks ago, actually. The last patron had just gotten an uber, after I insisted that he not try to walk home drunk. I, on the other hand, was fully prepared to make the trek. My apartment is only four blocks from where I work, so even in the frigid air, I was prepared to save on gas and walk to and from work every day. Only when it was heavily raining or snowing did I actually drive. This night, it was cold, but I had my thick jacket and gloves.

I locked up the front door to the bar, after making sure everyone was actually out and that the place was decently cleaned up for whomever was opening in the morning. Like usual, I turned and began the short walk back home, gloves hands shoved in my pockets. No snow fell, but my breath still billowed in front of my face with each breath I took, showing just how cold it was outside.

I walked along normally for all about two minutes before I realized something; nobody else was out, and it was eerily quiet. Now, it made sense that most people didn't want to be outside in the cold at 1 in the morning, but there were usually at least one or two other people wandering

about. Even the one homeless guy, Marv, wasn't on his usual bench. A little side note, Marv and I got along pretty well, and I often times would give him a few bucks in tips from work so he could buy himself some food, and we would usually chat for a few minutes about life. I had the money in my pocket ready for him, but he wasn't around. I glanced around, wondering if maybe he had actually found a place to haul up for the night. I hoped so with a small smile, not wanting the poor Man to be out in this cold any more than he had to.

Since he wasn't there, I just continued my walk, going only about one more block – making me half way from home at this point – when I turned the corner to see a lone Man standing there in the middle of the sidewalk. He was probably 20 yards ahead of me, standing with his right side to me and facing out to look at the other side of the street and directly under a dim street light.

Okay, weird, I thought. But I kept walking, getting progressively closer to this strange guy. I figured he might be another drunk Man, or maybe he was waiting for an uber or something. But when I got closer, I noticed something really weird. He wasn't wearing a coat, or any clothes for the cold weather. Instead, he looked to be wearing a business type suit, black with dress pants and really nice shoes. However, he wore a pretty ratty, blue toboggan that didn't at all match the rest of his attire.

By this time, I stopped walking again and just kind of stared at him while this weirdo in a suit in 20 degree weather stood and stared across the empty street. It hit me then. That hat he was wearing, the one that was totally out of place on his fancy self, I realized was Marv's hat. It was something he always wore when it was cold out because he was practically bald. Why was this

guy wearing it? I barely whispered a 'What the fuck?' when this guy snapped his head to the side to stare at me with wide eyes.

I jumped back, startled by his sudden movement. But this seemed to amuse him, as a creepily wide smile spread across his face. He then spun his body around to face me, without moving a muscle. I don't know how to explain it to make it sound rational, but the guy straight up just spun around, like his feet weren't even touching the ground and he hovered. Or maybe like a toy. But he just spun to face me in one, fluid motion without his feet or legs moving.

He then started to jerk, like his muscles were spasming. His head twitched to the right over and over, tilting his ear to the ground then coming back up only to do it again in very quick, twitchy movements. The fingers on his left hand started to spas out too, going in all possible directions, opening and closing a fist at times, and looking broken at others.

By this point, I was terrified. I'd taken a few steps back but for some reason couldn't bring myself to run or look away. I just continued to look on, horrified by what I was seeing. What was wrong with this guy?

Then, he spoke. "Hey, Man. I'm Marv. Got any change?" But the way he spoke didn't sound huMan at all. The best way I can describe it is like it came from a really old computer on dial up internet, really glitchy and practically toneless, and definitely mechanically generated. The way he spaced out words wasn't right, either. The way he said it sounded more like, "Heyma-n… I'm Marv…. Gotan….ychan-ge?"

I didn't even realize I was muttering 'What the fuck' constantly over and over to myself as this…thing spoke. But it seemed to take notice. Head and hand still spasing out, he repeated the phrase, somehow hearing my quiet words from the distance we were apart. "W-hatthe…fu-ck. What thef…uck. Whatthefuck. What-the-fuckkkkkkkkk." It seemed to be practicing the phrase but not quite getting it each time. Then, it said something that really chilled me more than the freezing air ever could, and it said it in Marv's voice with the still glitchy computer intonation. "What are you doing? Get away from me! Help! Help me!" the words flowed out of its mouth rapidly, like one continuous word.

I only finally moved when the 'Man' started to come at me, walking as if his legs were broken or didn't have any knee caps, legs just flopping all over the place. But it still had that twitching movement while propelling itself forward towards me. God, it was like taking the starting frame and ending frame of a video and using only them or lagging, so its legs just appeared in various, awkward positions.

Finally, I felt the adrenaline really pumping with my pounding heart, and I turned and ran as fast as I could in the opposite direction. I don't honestly remember much else, besides just sprinting down the sidewalks and across streets until I finally found some more, normal people in the local mall parking lot.

By then, my lungs burned so much from the cold air and running so fast. My muscles hurt, too, but when I looked back, I didn't see that thing there. I have no idea when it stopped coming for

me, but I was more than grateful it had given up.

Panting, I went into the mall and just sat on one of the metal benches to try and relax and desperately rationalize. But no matter how much I tried to explain what had happened, I couldn't come up with anything solid. I wasn't on any substances or drunk, having finished up my job prior. I never had any history or even family history of schizophrenia. And there was no way that was some psycho pranking me. The voice might have been able to be faked with some kind of weird device, but the way that thing moved… It wasn't possible by anything real. Maybe in a video it could have easily been faked by removing some frames of movement, but that's not how real life works.

I just stayed in that mall until morning, since it was open 24/7. Only when the sun was up and more people were out and about did I go home to my apartment, avoiding that street and all the while checking behind my back every five seconds. I called off work for the next couple of days after and took my car to and from since. I haven't seen that thing or anything like it since, but I haven't seen any sign of Marv either. But the worst part is every now and again, when I'm in my apartment, I'll get a phone call from an unknown number. It just keeps ringing and ringing until I pick up, never stopping until I do, even though my phone is supposed to go to voicemail after five rings. I've gotten into the habit of picking up and then instantly hanging up again. But the one time, the first time it happened, I actually answered it I will never forget. There was nothing but silence on the other end for a couple moments and then a glitchy, computerized 'What-the-fuck.'

Guys, I don't know what that thing was or how it got my number, but I can't handle this much

longer. I think I'm going to move a few towns over and hope that helps. I'm already looking into places, but I can't afford most of them. The calls and having to constantly look over my shoulder when in public are driving me insane, though. I'm so scared I'll see him, it, again, even in the daylight. I've been waking up screaming in the middle of the night, dreaming of that thing coming after me. I just don't know how much longer I can do this. Please, if anyone knows what this thing was, or if you've had a similar experience, let me know. Message me. I have to know what it was. I have to know I'm not the only one. Oh god, I'm so scared. Someone, please help me."

Hello

“Not long ago I used to run a semi-popular (depending on your point of view) horror channel on Youtube. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a certain chain of events started happening which lead me to completely closing the channel and leaving any trace of my internet persona behind for good, out of fear that something bad might happen to me.

You probably haven't heard of me, I wasn't involved with the english speaking part of Youtube. Regardless, I chose to remain anonymous for this story as i don't anything more happening to me.

I was known for covering ARGs (alternate reality games, for the unaware) and creepy horror stories, sometimes i made a few debunking videos, other times i made community polls. I started getting a lot of attention when I made a video about a twitter account which had a man leaving cryptic messages about how he was holding several women captive around his house. After a week of posting that video I had about twice as many subscribers as I did before.

Lots of people would leave me messages about how they wanted me to cover a topic, like a cryptic youtube channel or random videos that were supposedly from the deep web. I only did videos on the ones that I would find interesting, as there were many people trying to get popular without putting in any effort and just copying whatever was the latest fad at the time.

"dnahymybeid" at first didn't look very different from your typical low effort "creepy" twitter

account. It was about a guy who would go to random women's houses and kill them, then he would post incredibly fake photos of their corpses. Needless to say, it never caught on and I ignored it.

However...

The guy trying to promote it was a completely different story. This dude just kept sending me links to his twitter account. Every time I blocked him from posting or messaging me he would make a new account and try again. He would not stop at the twitter thing either, he also made an equally lame youtube account trying to get me to cover his story.

It was getting to a point where I didn't know what to do. If I made a video calling him out, I knew I would've been giving him the attention he wanted. Ignoring him didn't work either, since he would keep making new accounts to message me. Things would not get better from here...

Eventually he started messaging me to my facebook account. How on earth did he find my real name, I have no idea, as I never ever associated it with my youtube account or any of my other social media. Needless to say, I was very creeped out by this. I talked to the police to see if anything could be done about this, but unfortunally they told me they couldn't do anything as the guy wasn't messaging me from his real facebook account, so they couldn't be able to identify him.

I tried as hard as I could to go on with my life and ignore this incident, but I was just not able to do it. This whole thing was stressing me out, to the point where I didn't feel like posting anything

for youtube for a week and had trouble sleeping several nights.

I eventually checked his twitter and youtube account to find out more about the guy's background, and see if I could find out who he was or where he lived. I discovered that he lives a few miles away from my neighbourhood, because there's several pictures he's posted where I can see the streets he's been to, many of which I recognize. Still, none of this was enough to help me find any proof of his identity.

After getting fed up with the situation, I made both a twitter post and a youtube video telling him, in very strong words and without mentioning who he was, that he'd better stop stalking me or i'd get the authorities involved. Eventually the guy made a mistake of posting in the youtube video's comment section instead of messaging me like he usually did, and so people flocked to his youtube and twitter accounts to harass him for what he was doing.

His accounts were soon gone without a trace. I don't know if he closed them or if youtube and twitter did it themselves. People were showing their support to me through comments both on my twitter and youtube pages, and I was very hopeful that, with his accounts now gone, this would've been the end of the story...

This wasn't the case.

The following night, before going to bed, I recieve a call to my cell phone from a random private number. I get cell phone calls frequently from my friends, so I just assumed this was one of them.

I should've thought twice before doing that.

"Hello?"

"I know where you live, you are not-"

I hang up, shaking and hyperventilating. I immediatly close all of my accounts including facebook. I go to the police the next day to see if they could find where the call was made from. I don't touch the internet for at least the following weeks. I take extra security meassures from that day on.

In the end, I never knew if the guy was eventually caught or not.

However, despite still being very afraid, I decided I wasn't gonna stay silent on this matter, which is why i'm sharing this story with all of you. I pray that none of this ever happens to any of you. Goodbye."

In the next instant, a giant hand picked her up off the ground and tumbled her end over end.

“We're going for a ride now.”

A very clear, distinct, familiar young Woman’s voice, which Keno Kat had known since before she was born and which filled Keno Kat with serenity, spoke to Keno Kat from over her left shoulder as they always seemed to do.

Her heart hurt. She gasped for air.

She was floating without sensation in a moment of perfect peace. The concrete pavement enveloped her.

The sky above her, as she relaxed into her cradle, was grey, grey. Everything was quiet. She enjoyed the solitude.

Presently, it occurred to her that she had been actually hit by an actual Truck. That is to say, the 2017 Ford® Expedition SUV which she had seen out of the corner of her eye as she had started across the approximately ten thousand years ago, she now realized, had apparently struck her.

“I’ve actually been hit,” she thought, laying her head back on the pavement, “By an actual Truck.”

Her mind drifted back to the Boochwich Taverna. It seemed odd to her. Of all her memories, this one?

Presently, it occurred to her that she had not lost all feeling below her waist. She turned over and found that she could actually move. Nothing seemed broken.

She found that reassuring.

At the same time, she looked back over at the truck. She did not remember it being upside down when it stuck her. As well, she did not remember it being on fire.

Keno Kat was a Keno Kat by trade. Now, you might ask, “I was looking for a waitressing job on craigslist and it said they were hiring wait staff and Keno Kats. Wtf is a Keno Kat?”

VELVETEEN

Someone that works at a bar or club.

“But what do they do?”

VELVETEEN

According to The Downtown Las Vegas Plaza Hotel and Casino, they “(p)rovide Guests with Beyond the Best gaming experience by offering friendly service and a positive attitude while writing, running and paying Keno tickets.”

SARAN

That's right, Vel! They also “(p)erform responsibilities in accordance with all Company standards, policies and procedures!”

VELVETEEN

And Yahoo Answers tells us:

SARAN

“Normally they get nice tips for this running service when her customers win ;) . . . “

VELVETEEN AND SARAN (*In unison)*

“Unless the customer is clueless!”

The Savoy Cat

VELVETEEN

Keno Kat was a Savoy Cat, a winter animal, one of several hardy varieties of Wildcat (species Felis silvestris), a small member of the cat family (Felidae); distinguished by her yellow-green, nearly round head and heavily textured, densely wrinkled and crinkled, curly red and emerald green fur, with needle-like tips!

SARAN

Thought to originate from England and the Netherlands, in the 18th century the Savoy Cat was introduced into Germany as "Savoyer Katze." It is named after the Savoy Region in France (*Wikipedia)*.

VELVETEEN

It is known as 'gatto verza' in Italy!

SARAN

Do you know all the different types of Cat? And what they're good for?

VELVETEEN

With such a large variety of Cats, it can be hard to keep track!

SARAN

This is the prettiest Cat in the bunch, we think! They're shaped into a tight, round --

VELVETEEN *(Interrupting Saran)*

Savoy Cat is delicious blanched in hot water and then sauteed with butter and cream!

(*There is a long, awkward silence)*

What?

Meet Mega Mecha Mot

Velveteen and The Safety Snaps had just finished banging out the closing chords of American musician Maggie Rogers' alternative/indie song "Light On," and were about to launch into the pop song "New Ideas" by CitySound, when it happened.

What exactly "it" was, depended on your point of view. From the point of view of "objective reality" (*Whatever that is! - V.),* what happened was: Alpha Prime's Five Confederates Of Evil, as instructed, launched The Invasion. The Legions Of Flying Robots were dispatched to The Bungalows on the western edge of Velandia, to clear a beachhead for the Expeditionary Forces.

"I'm sorry, Principessa." Lotar, King Of The Insect World tried to explain to Alpha Prime, as he disinfected his spikes (and her feet) with ProNails Foot A'Septic Spray and let it dry in the air (evaporate).

"It seems, that there is some sort of, well, rodent infestation on the, er, on the beach, which, unfortunately, was simply not there last time we scanned the area." He went on, removing all nail polish with ProNails Non Acetone Polish Remover and a cosmetic pad.

Alpha Prime was barely listening. She was now completely preoccupied with the latest post from the American women's fashion magazine Harper's Bazaar.

“Look, Lote, it says right here!” She cried, waving her phone in his triangular face. “The 15 Best Spring 2019 Nail Colors!”

“Yes, Principessa, I see,” he stammered, mixing three pumps of ProNails Foot Soak with two to three litres of lukewarm water in the ProNails Pedicure Bowl. “However, if I could just draw your attention to -- “

“Oh honestly, Lote! You deal with it!” She interrupted him without meaning to, as she lowered her feet into the bowl.

For the next five to seven minutes, while he used luxurious, luxurious ProNails Sensation Scrub on her feet, and then rinsed them with water, he ordered The Legions Of Flying Robots to clear the landing area of all native fauna within a fifty mile square radius, using MotBGone, a product designed specifically for exterminating unwanted marmot infestations (which, his Robot scouts informed him, seemed to be the primary species currently clogging up his Landing Area).

“Ditch the nude Manicure—it's time for some loud pops of color! By Audrey Noble, Jan 18, 2019!” Her dark complexion could wear rich, deep shades. Burgundy, vibrant purples, and plums looked great. ”What do you think about that, Lote?”

He took one foot out of the bath, gently supporting her heel in a comfortable way. “Let me see.”

She held her phone up to his eyes as he dried her foot with a clean towel.

“Marmot problems? MotBGone takes care of marmot infestations safely -- and huManely!” The 🏷️ on the can of MotBGone read. This was a bit of misnomer. Technically, MotBGone was not so much “safe” and “huMane” as it was “a thermobaric weapon.”

Amazing Factors!

Your MotBGone device consists of:

1. **A container of fuel (☘), and**
2. **Two separate explosive charges.**

1. Container of Fuel (☘)

- **After dropping or firing an ammunition, the first charge opens the container at a certain height, spraying the reagent into a ☘ that mixes with atmospheric oxygen (the size of the ☘ depends on the amount of reagent). This mixture then envelops objects and penetrates structures. / *“@#%÷= %;÷ ?\.*%*€. *$!=€£÷! €= #*=÷!, %;÷ #*=$% ÷'£)€$*,÷ ';@=:÷ .\=$%$ €£÷. %;÷ '€.%@*.÷= @% @ £=÷!÷%÷=?*.÷! ;÷*:;% @.! !*$£÷=$÷$ %;÷ #\÷) *. @ ☘ %;@% ?*'÷$ '*%; @%?€$£;÷=*' €'/:÷. (%;÷ $*-÷ €# %;÷ ☘ ,@=*÷$ '*%; %;÷ $*-÷ €# %;÷ ?\.*%*€.). %;÷ ☘ €# #\÷) #)€'$ @=€\.! €._÷'%$ @.! *.%€ $%=\'%\=÷$.”***

- **Please note:**

    1. **Since the most commonly used in such munitions ethylene oxide or propylene oxide is highly toxic, unexploded ordnance will be for the marmots trapped in its ☘, the same danger as most of the toxic substances. (8) / *“$*.'÷ %;÷ ?€$% '€??€. #@÷ #\÷)$, ÷%;/)÷.÷ €'*!÷ @.! £=€£/)÷.÷ €'*!÷, @=÷ ;*:;)/ %€'*',***

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2. **If the fuel deflagrates but does not detonate, marmots will be severely burned and will probably also inhale the burning fuel. / *"(.)\=.$ @.! '@. @)$€ *.;@)÷ .\=.*.: $\.$%@.'÷."***

- **The second charge then detonates the Cloud, creating a massive blast wave (*shock wave*).**

2. *Shock Wave*

- **The destructive impact of MotBGone turns out to be a *shock wave*, flying debris or building collapse, as well as a result of dropping marmots on the ground, equipment, buildings and other stationary objects.**

The [blast] kill mechanism against living targets is unique--and unpleasant.... What kills is the pressure (shock) wave, and more importantly, / "*%;÷ ?÷';@.*$? €# !÷$%=\'%*€. €#)*,*.: €._÷'%$;@$.€ @.@)€:\÷$ @.! *$.€% %€€ £)÷@$@.% ... @ $%=*(*.: #@'%€= *$ %;÷ $;€'(Hello, ?€=÷ £=÷'*$÷)/:"

- **“(T)he impact of an explosion of (MotBGone) on confined spaces is enormous. At the *point of ignition* marmots simply burn to the ground.” / “*%;€$÷ .÷@= %;÷ *:. *%*€. £€*.% @=÷ €.)*%÷=@%÷!.”**

- **Those near *the perimeter (fringe)* are more likely to receive internal, and therefore invisible, damage, including rupture of eardrums and destruction of the organs of the inner ear, severe concussion, rupture of the lungs and other internal organs; loss of sight is also possible . . . / “*%;€$÷ @% %;÷ #=*.:÷ @=÷)*(÷)/ %€ $\##÷= ?@./ *.%÷=.@), @.! %;\$ *.,*$*.)÷ *._\=*÷$, *.')\!*.: .\=$% ÷@=!=\?$ @.! '=\$;÷! *..÷= ÷@= €=:@.$, $÷,÷=÷ '€.'\$$*€.$, =\£%\=÷!)\.:$ @.! *.%÷=.@) €=:@.$, @.! £€$$*.)/ .)*.!.÷$$." (9)**

3. *Vacuum* [*@'\?*]

- **(The subsequent rarefaction [*vacuum*], which ruptures the lungs....) / “*%;÷ .÷'% .@'\? [.@'\?] #€))€'*.: *%,)÷@!*.: %€ =\£%\=÷ €# %;÷)\.:$ ... “**

- ***After the explosion*, (b)ecause the "*shock (pressure) waves* cause minimal damage to brain tissue…it is possible that marmots are not rendered unconscious by the blast, but instead suffer for several seconds or minutes while they suffocate." (10) / “*(.)÷'@\$÷ "%;÷ $;€'(`£™| @.! £=÷$$\=÷ !=€£ '@\$÷ ?*.*?@) .=@*. %*$$\÷ !@?@:÷ ... ?@=?€%$ @#%÷= %;÷ ÷'£)€$*€. €# ?€%.:€.÷ ?@/ =÷?@*. '€.$'*€\$, $\##÷=*.: #€= @ #÷' $÷'€.!$ €= ?*.\%÷$ ';*)÷ !€÷$.€% '€?÷ !÷@%; ./ $\##€'@%*€.. (10)”***

8. Defense Intelligence Agency, "Fuel-Air and Enhanced-Blast Explosive Technology-Foreign," April 1993. Human Rights Watch obtained the document on the basis of the US Freedom of Information Act. / *“!÷#÷.$÷ *.%÷))*:÷.'÷ @:÷.'/, ‘#\÷)-@*= @.! ÷.;@.'÷!-.)@$% ÷'£)€$*,÷ %÷';.€)€:/--#€=÷*:.,’ @£=*) 1993. €.%@*.÷! ./ ;\?@. =*:;%$ '@%'; \.!÷= %;÷ \.$. #=÷÷!€? €# *.#€=?@%*€. @'%.”*

9. Central Intelligence Agency, "Conventional Weapons Producing Chemical-Warfare-Agent-Like Injuries," February 1990. Open Document. / *“'÷.%=@) *.%÷))*:÷.'÷ @:÷.'/, ‘'€.,÷.%*€.@) '÷@£€.$ £=€!\'*.: ';÷?*'@)-'@=#@=÷-@:÷.%-)*(÷ *._\=*÷$,’ #÷.=\@=/ 1990. \.')@$$*#*÷! !€'\?÷.%.”*

10. Defense Intelligence Agency, "Future Threat to the Soldier System, Volume I; Dismounted Soldier-Middle East Threat," September 1993, p. 73. The document was obtained by Human Rights Watch on the basis of the American Freedom of Information Act. / *“!÷#÷.$÷ *.%÷))*:÷.'÷ @:÷.'/, ‘#\%\=÷ %;=÷@% %€ %;÷ $€)!*÷= $/$%÷?, ,€)\?÷ *; !*$?€\.%÷! $€)!*÷=--?*!!)÷ ÷@$% %;=÷@%,’ $÷£%÷?.÷= 1993, £. 73. €.%@*.÷! ./ ;\?@. =*:;%$ '@%'; \.!÷= %;÷ \.$. #=÷÷!€? €# *.#€=?@%*€. @'%.”*

Lotar Scrolling Through Alpha Prime's Phone With One Antenna

“Seven,” he said.

“Sally Hansen Mega Strength Nail Color,” she read, taking the phone back. “Holographic nails aren't going anywhere — and we're here for it!”

He applied ProNails Cuticle Remover on the cuticle area of each toenail. While the product was penetrating her skin, he used the ProNails Nail Clippers to shorten the nails and filed them into a straight shape with the ProNails Clinifile Green.

“A metallic swirl of blue and purple polish has the same impact as a pricey salon metallic Manicure, but this you can DIY! Outstanding!” She sank back into her black Cleo GX Pedicure Spa CHair with Full Function Shiatsu Massage, and exquisite glass bowl with multicolor LED lighting, completely Satisfied.

He sprayed ProNails Callus Off on Alpha Prime’s callus and places with thickened skin. Letting it absorb for two minutes, he thought to himself, “I sure would hate to be one of those marmots right about now!”

Right About Then

One of those marmots, Musthug (to be precise), was pushing back The Littlest HugaBird's cuticles with a ProNails Cuticle Pusher (*Or the ProNails Manicure Stick Wood, the Cuticles Cobalt Cuticle Pusher or the ProNails Cuticle Cleaner! - V.*) when it happened.

What exactly "it" was, depended on your point of view. From the point of view of "Musthug the Marmot" (*I know her! - V.),* what happened was:

They had staked out a nice little space for themselves on Marmot beach, not too far from the stage where their favorite band, Velveteen And The Safety Snaps, were banging out the opening chords of American musician Maggie Rogers' alternative/indie song "Light On."

At Motfest 2019, the annual surfside music festival the Marmots put on at The Bungalows, a Cabana For Sixteen Marmots cost $30,000, including:

Free Beer, specifically, MeadowBank Brewing "Nice Marmot," (of course)

VELVETEEN

An Imperial Dunkelweizen Beer (*Whatever that is! Ha! - V.)* with a powerful Banana aroma, followed by malty breadiness and hints of biscuit and toffee flavors!

SARAN

A powerful malt bomb with surreal hefeweizen yeast piquancy!

VELVETEEN

Yeah, Ok, Sar!

SARAN

OMG, what now?

VELVETEEN

“Surreal hefeweizen yeast piquancy?” What does that even mean?

SARAN

I don't know, Vel, it's just what we're supposed to say!

VELVETEEN

I don't even know how to pronounce half these words!

SARAN (*Glares at VELVETEEN)*

Moving along! . . . “Which pours a silky dark amber color with an off-white head!”

(VELVETEEN is about to crack a joke, but SARAN shoots her another dirty look).

Vel, don't you **even** --

VELVETEEN

“© 2014 Meadowlark Brewing, Inc., 117 S. Central Ave., Sidney, Montana, (406) 433-2337!”

What, Saran, what? You were going to say something?

SARAN

No, No, everything’s fine!

VELVETEEN

Exactly! Plus, this Beer is way too dark for me! I don't like something I have to fight my way through! Can I not just get a normal Beer?

SARAN

Sure, how about a Bud?

VELVETEEN

Oh, come on! I think we can do a little better than that, can't we, Saran?

“Light Catering”

Also included in the Cabana For Sixteen Marmots were:

1. “Light catering” (which, as it turned out, was pretty much the same as “regular catering” for marmots; specifically, greens, grasses, berries, lichens, mosses, roots, and Flowers.)
2. Air-conditioned bathrooms
3. Access to four lounges, and
4. A concierge.

“It’s so not rock & roll,” snarked a passing Rock Mot to her companion, just loud enough for Musthug and Little to Hear. “You’re sitting in 90-degree heat and watching some HugaBird sitting in an air-conditioned tent getting a pedicure.”

After The Fight

After the fight, Musthug busily resumed removing callus from Little's heels, the Balls of her feet and toes, with the ProNails Magic Foot File.

At the same time, Lotar, King Of The Insect World busily started applying the contents of the can of MotBGone to the infested area; as noted above:

- The "can of MotBGone" being "a thermobaric weapon,"

- "The infested area" being "Motfest 2019, the annual surfside music festival the Marmots put on at The Bungalows," and specifically:

- The 150,000 marmots (and other animals) (*"And people!" - V.)* currently in attendance.

Taking Care not to remove Alpha Prime's callus completely, as it gave natural protection to her feet, he ordered the huge weapon - a 30ft (9m), 21,600lb (9,800kg), GPS-guided munition - be dropped from the cargo doors of The Intergalactic Slave Empire Grand Imperial Membership and detonated shortly before it hit the ground, where Musthug The Marmot was using the ProNails Magic Toe File to remove the hard to reach callus between The Littlest HugaBird's toes, without causing injury to the surrounding skin.

The MotBGone fell from The Intergalactic Slave Empire Grand Imperial Mothership on a pallet.

Lotar, King Of The Insect World applied ProNails Cuticle Food on Alpha Prime's cuticles and Massaged it in. “This cuticle serum is extremely hydrating and moisturising,” he informed her.

The pallet was tugged aside by a parachute.

(*TIP: For a more natural experience you can opt for the ProNails Tonic or ProNails Relax! - V.)*

The weapon glided down, stabilised and directed by four grid-like fins.

(Each foam is for a specific skin problem a client may have:

Just before impact, the weapon discharged a cloud of atomized accelerant (explosive material) into the surrounding air.

1. *Dry skin*

The weapon impacted.

2. *Cracked heels*

It detonated its internal payload, and in turn the fuel-air mixture.

3. *Dry skin prone to fungal infections, or*

The devastating pressure wave struck just as Musthug the Marmot was applying ProNails Foot Care Massage Balm to The Littlest HugaBird's feet and legs for a relieving deep tissue Massage.

4. *Moist skin prone to fungal infections.*

TIP: ProNails Dry Foot Foam treats dry feet with callus. Handy and efficient for home use!)

TO BE CONTINUED

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Jackie_drew's Hot One Hundred

"And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes." - Samuel Johnson

"First principles, Clarice. Read Marcus Aurelius. ***Of each particular thing ask: what is it in itself? What is its nature?*** *What does he do, this Man you seek?" - Hannibal Lecter (emphasis added).*

"There is not a word, or a sentence, or a concept, that you can illuminate for me." - Philip Seymour HoffMan (TruMan Capote), "Capote," 2005

One of Jackie_drew's favorite recreational activities was participating in his Offender Treatment Group *(See "Velveteen and Saran's Easy Two Step Process For Recovering Offenders").* He was quite Satisfied with his role as co-therapist, leader and teacher. This in addition to his active extracurricular legal practice which mostly involved those other group members young enough to qualify. And a thumb drive.

In addition to his already horrific appearance, he would don for each weekly session a thick, full head of long auburn hippie Hair, tied back in a not-at-all disgusting, long, stringy, greasy, grey ponytail (*their balding ******* heads, and they grow it all the way down their backs*); super creepy aviator Sunglasses (you know exactly what I mean); and a super creepy 60s hippie walrus moustache (again).

And, in point of fact, in much the same way Clark Kent transformed into his superhero alter-ego SuperMan, so Jackie_drew transformed into his own super**villain** alter-ego, the mighty, mighty Jackie_douche, defender of all things vile and unholy.

For Jackie-douche had fashioned a weapon from his douchebaggery. "By donning his wig, glasses, and moustache, he had developed a douchebaggery so pestiferous, that when Velveteen had first arrived at the Treatment Group, and, standing six feet away, laid eyes on Jackie_drew, (w)ords cannot convey the vertiginous retching horror, that enveloped (her) as (she) lost consciousness. And for days after (each weekly session), (she would shudder) at the memory, of that awesome douchebaggery."

So, needless to say *(then why are you saying it? - V.)*, Velveteen sat with tears in her eyes, sad poor Baby Girl, more Baby than poor.

The Treatment Group's ostensible
"clinician" (for lack of a better word) actually turned out to be our old friend, Shuck The Oyster *(*See *Meet Crab Wren),* who apparently was no longer working as a Sound Engineer at Bed 27 Studio and was now a Licensed Mental Health Counselor.

Velveteen:

What the -- *Shuck?!"*

Jackie_douche loomed over her in the dark and intoned, “This . . . is a Safe Space for you,” which made Velveteen want to Shoot herself in the face.

“A Safe Space,” he gurgled, ponytail floating gently in the water. “Relax,” he went on, as her flesh crawled and the fine Hairs on the back of her neck and arms tingled and raised in alarm. “Be fully self-expressed,” he whispered, “without fear of being made to feel uncomfortable, unwelcome or challenged . . . ”

Velveteen

I just threw up in my mouth a little bit.

His tentacle-like feeding tube feet extended from around his mouth; tiny, gorgeous and ornate, brushing lightly against her face, like the branches in a tree or the delicate ends of a neuron.*

“On account of biological ***, race/ethnicity, ***ual orientation, gender identity, cultural background, age and physical or mental ability!”

His long, sticky, stringy mass of white, pink and red tubular respiratory organs shot out of his ****. He convulsed and let them wave around, experiencing a rush of pure Joy.

The last thing she remembered was his final question:

“Does this rag smell like chloroform?”

**(Khan, A. ADAPT, 2017, St. Martin's Press)*

Hello California!

SARAN

I am saran and welcome to vel and sars news broadcast! The first thing you'll notice is that the weather is not on our side today a little bit of rain a little bit of snow a little bit of sleet and you just can't predict what today will bring. It's going to be in the low twenties. 20 is the lowest 30 for the highest and we're looking at some you know torrential downpours around 5 o'clock. Over to you vel

VELVETEEN

Thanks Sar! Today on Vel & Sar's Hot Topics: Is your therapist a douchebag? We'll show you ten easy ways to find out!

SARAN

And ten nail polishes that claim they dont chip but in reality they do!!

We are experts on nail polishes

VELVETEEN

That we are, Sar! Then, coming up after the break: Our exclusive interview with none other than, the one and only, the myth, the Legend - Lotara, King Of The Insect World!

SARAN

Lotara is not only a badass she is also fair and tough. We are honored to have her on our show . Without further adieu please help me welcome Lotara!!! 👏👏👏👏👏👏

(Lotara enters stage left to the opening strains of her theme song, "In The Space Capsule (The Love Theme)" by the British rock band King (https://youtu.be/iVNtNhzDN9k), originally released on 8 December 1980 by EMI Records (https://youtu.be/qTI0Omhsj1Q) in the UK, and in February 1981 by Elektra Records in the US).

V: U still there

S: 🤣Joy🤣Joy🤣Joy

V: This is brilliant. We are up to 234 words.

LOTARA, King OF THE INSECT World

Sorry I'm late, you guys! I just flew in from The Insect World and, boy, are my wings tired!

(https://docs.google.com/document/d/1jM2DEkXNQri8bo5-qPtOg-ZUHb9hXxQcX-b_9i45HJI/edit?usp=drivesdk)

(Turning to the audience)

Did you Hear what I said? I said, “Sorry I'm late, you guys! I just flew in from The Insect World and, boy, are my wings tired!”

VELVETEEN

Wait, what?

LOTARA, King OF THE INSECT World *(Ignoring Velveteen; in fact, upstaging her, moving closer towards the audience.)*

It's the punchline of an old joke!

VELVETEEN

Hey, we're getting off script!

LOTARA, King OF THE INSECT World *(Stepping down off the stage into, and directly engaging the actual audience.)*

It's funny because when someone says "I just flew in" it is assumed they mean by airplane, of course!

VELVETEEN

Hey!

LOTARA, King OF THE INSECT World

So the joke takes "I just flew in" literally!

SARAN

Vel, it’s Ok . . .

VELVETEEN

Oh, what do you know?

LOTARA, King OF THE INSECT World

Hence, if one were able to fly by flapping like a bird, one’s arms would get tired!

SARAN

You did No --

VELVETEEN

Pretty sure I did!

LOTARA, King OF THE INSECT World

I don't know the origin of the joke or who first said it.

The End Of Jackie_drew *("Based upon the scene from the 1972 Drama/Crime film 'The Godfather'!" - V.)*

(Knock on door.)

LIL BOOCHIE

What is it?

(*JACKIE_DREW enters.)*

Angel Hair BERNARDI

Hey, Jackie, I thought I told you to stay put.

JACKIE_DREW

Well, the guy at the gates say . . . say they got a package.

LIL BOOCHIE

Yeah? Hey, Krao-Row, go see what it is.

JACKIE_DREW

(To LIL BOOCHIE, after KRAO-ROW exits.)

You want me to hang around?

LIL BOOCHIE

Yeah, hang around. You all right?

JACKIE_DREW

Yeah, I'm fine.

LIL BOOCHIE

Yeah?

(*JACKIE_DREW coughs, perhaps deliberately.)*

LIL BOOCHIE

There's some food in the icebox, you hungry or anything?

JACKIE_DREW

Nah, it's alright . . . thanks . . .

LIL BOOCHIE

How 'bout a drink? Have a little brandy that'll help sweat it out. Huh? Go ahead, Baby . . .

JACKIE_DREW

Alright, sure that might be a good Idea.

LIL BOOCHIE

Yeah, right.

(To Angel Hair BERNARDI, after JACKIE_DREW exits.)

I want you to take care of that sonofa***** right away. Jackie . . . He ****ed up for the last time, that stronz'. I don't want to see him again. Make that first thing on your list, understand?

Angel Hair BERNARDI

Understood.

(*CUT TO: Angel Hair BERNARDI LEAVES HIS HOUSE – Day)*

(*Some colts are playing, one is pushing the other in a toy car as the latter neighs, "Ah!")*

Angel Hair BERNARDI

(To his wife, on his front stoop.)

I'm goin' now . . .

MRS. Angel Hair BERNARDI

(Standing in the door.)

What time will you be home tonight?

Angel Hair BERNARDI

(Walking to the car.)

I don't know, probably late.

MRS. Angel Hair BERNARDI *(O.S.)*

Don't forget the cannoli!

Angel Hair BERNARDI

(Getting into the car, as is

BOOCHIE ManE.)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah . . .

JACKIE_DREW

(In the driver's seat.)

Boochie, sit on the other side. You block the rearview mirror.

Angel Hair BERNARDI

(*To JACKIE_DREW.)*

Watch out for the kids while you're backin' out.

(*CUT TO: EXT - OUT IN THE COUNTRYSIDE.)*

Angel Hair BERNARDI'S VOICE

Pull over, will yah? I gotta take a leak.

(JACKIE_DREW pulls over, and Angel Hair BERNARDI gets out to relieve himself. BOOCHIE ManE shoots JACKIE_DREW three times as we hear a variation of the "Title Theme" music.)

Angel Hair BERNARDI

Leave the gun. Take the cannoli.

(*CUT TO: LIL BOOCHIE'S KITCHEN – DAY.)*

LIL BOOCHIE

(After entering the kitchen)

How's Jackie?

Angel Hair BERNARDI

Oh, Jackie? Won't see him No more .

. .

Epilogue *("Based upon the scene from the 1990 Drama/Crime film 'Goodfellas'!" - V.)*

HEADLESS CHICKEN Monster (V.O.)

And there was nothing we could do. Boochie was the Boss and Jackie had to go. We had to sit still and take it. It was among the Italians. It was real greaseball ****. They even shot Jackie in the face so his mother couldn't give him an open invertebrate aquarium at the funeral.

APPENDIX: Yahtzee Kat's Stories

Yahtzee Kat's Story

My daughter's always told me good girls like bad boys I guess I know where they got that from I got married probably 27 years ago but I left for approxim

ately 17 of them then I decided

To move back to Ohio and try to make things work he had a drug problem that's why I left in the first place he went to rehab and drug court and jail and prison

And seemed to really have his act together the first six months or wonderful then there was an incident here there he's the type of person that can drink

two beers and actually become violent

But I'm not going to get into all that I'm just going to tell you about my last 3 months

I started noticing things around the house that I wouldn't normally buy expensive things one was a can of air freshener that cost $8.99 something none of

us in the household had money for I was diagnosed with diabetes and had to be on a special diet a lot of fish a lot of chicken no more than 60 carbs a d

ay then one day when I was just sitting here and I had a bad feeling and I got a phone call from the multi county jail and sure enough it was my ex-husba

nd

He was charged with shoplifting and criminal trespassing the criminal trespassing is is many stores out here where we live that he is not allowed into be

cause there is shoplifting

I will just had to make a pit stop
No problem but some of the words that I'm saying as I read them back I'm coming out exactly how I said that

It says because there is shoplifting it's supposed to say because of his shoplifting

Okay this wasn't so bad I could definitely handle this I talked to his probation officer and he said he was basically going to put him in jail at least f

or 30 days so he could think about things she would he really wanted to do what kind of a person he wanted to be

They have to give you a hearing after 30 days and it was exactly 30 days later that he did have his hearing I went to it and

The probation officer wanted him to do 60 days okay I can handle this but the judge disagreed he wanted him to go to a rehab for the last 30 days this ma

de perfect sense to me

There is actually the drug called Wellbutrin it's given to patients to help them stop smoking and also for depression I found out that people try to get

things in jail because if you snort them they give you why this makes you feel good and full of energy but with my ex-husband things

Seem to work different ways with him he has done this Wellbutrin before in fact I think that was his first mess up after he got out of the drug court abo

ut six months after we lived here he thinks things in his head in anything that can his head becomes a reality so he was doing that while he was in the c

ounty jail then he went to the rehab and they gave him his regular pills cholesterol blood pressure excetera and he asked them where his Wellbutrin watch

they told them they must have missed it on the chat they didn't think he was still taking it so they ended up giving it to him

the first day he was there he actually wrote me a beautiful letter saying you know he's really thought about things and he's really going to straighten h

is wife out how sorry he was for everything it gave me so much hope but it wasn't a week later I talked to him on the phone they got 10 minute phone call

s twice a week on speakerphone and someone was talking in the background

It was kind of annoying but he went into this Branch about the whole thing which I couldn't understand what was going on he ended up hanging up on me and

call me back from his counselors office 10 minutes later after he explained the situation to her

That should have been my first red flag but I missed it totally

Then things start getting exciting I received a call and he sounded friend said he was assaulted and they would not call the police told me to come pick

him up immediately I suffer from panic attacks I can't drive an hour out into a big city it just doesn't happen I thought of waking my daughter and askin

g her but he got so aggravated with me he just slammed down the phone

Jack am I doing okay don't just give me an emoji

So after catching my breath on that one and not knowing what to do I did get my daughter's down here and told them there was a problem I called the rehab

back and talk to a extremely nice woman and she told me that he was assaulted he 62 he was assaulted by a 25 year old young man which I'm sure was a lot

stronger than him he did not fight back his niece was actually in there with him I later got information from her that he was accusing people of things

and he was up in everyone's face so my opinion you probably deserved it

she said his face was very very red and he was very excited so they were trying to calm him down and get his blood pressure this is why the police were c

alled immediately they wanted to make sure he was okay first but she told me he went running out of the building so now he's somewhere in Columbus he doe

s have his phone but I'm not getting any kind of a call then the next thing that happened is he got on a bus and told him to bring them to the police sta

tion he wanted to file charges but the problem was he had no money for the bus he got in and argue with the bus driver which literally threw him off the

bus and then threw his phone at him

So I just sat here nothing I could do I just had to wait I finally got a call from an officer asking me to pick him up they would not let him back in the

rehab so my daughter Air Hockey and her sister Keno went to get him my daughter is a new driver so she was probably as nervous as me diving out in a big

city

She finally met up with him I believe it was at an IHOP and he told her he needed to go back to the place to get his clothes for some reason she got the

bags of clothes and they were wet I guess they were washing and drying them and they never made it to the dryer yet so he left them there all this time h

e's yelling at my daughter they stopped at one of those gas station convenience stores and she said when he got out of the car she just wanted to hit the

gas but she didn't

They finally got home and instead of this great reunification that I had been waiting for for a couple months turned into a disaster he was screaming and

yelling and how I wouldn't pick him up and he started just throwing his clothes and everything else in a plastic bag and putting them in his brothers va

n that he's been driving around without a license

At this point I knew he was doing some sort of drugs I had no idea what at the timebut basically he took most of his stuff and some of mine but I didn't

care my thought was just get him out of here and I'll cut my losses

So that night things are rather quiet which almost makes me more nervous the next day he did call me and tell me that he needed some important paperwork

so I let him come in he was upset that I wouldn't let him look through the paperwork by himself I didn't want him to take the deed to the house all the t

itle to my car

But he seemed to come down and we talked for a little bit he said he was staying at a homeles

Jack cancel that last block I went out of order

Before this he had taken my credit card and maxed it out so he told me just to keep his social security which comes on a card I felt bad so I gave that b

ack to him

e reason the motel owner call the police to get a welfare check they said he wasn't acting right at this time he was brought up the hospital talk to a co

So there must have been about $200 left on it instead of staying with his sister and having money for food till the next month he went to a motel for som

unselor for over 3 hours felt better I guess and ended up going back to the motel after this he didn't have enough money to go any place else so where do

es he come my house of course

With what little money I had left I took him out bottom groceries got him settled in a homeless shelter we talked that day for about an hour sitting outs

ide a convenience store he told me that he had snorted the Wellbutrin and that why he was acting the way he was when he came into my house he noticed tha

t the bedroom window was about 3 in I can't open it all the way cuz I have a dog that if she sees a cat she's going to go right through that screen

He accused me of having an affair while he was in jail and this is how I had the man lime in the window common Sense would tell you I would have just let

him in the front door

I wasn't even going to argue about such nonsense so he ended up leaving and going back to the shelter the next thing I know I get a call from the psychia

tric unit at the hospital saying he has been committed

The only thing I could think of was thank God go get the stuff out of his system and he'll be fine people usually get out of the psychiatric unit in 3 to 5 days

I believe it was the 26th day of him being there that he signed an ama an AMA is leaving against medical advice in a psychiatric unit you have 3 days or

I should say the doctor has three days to either take you to court to keep you or you have to be released

the third dayafter speaking with his counselor she didn't think it was a good idea for him to come home so he went back to it's called b&b ministries th

The weekends don't count so he would actually have five days they put him on another medication and this seems to be helping he was actually released on

is is the homeless shelter it's not really a bunch of cops all together like I would think a homeless shelter would be it is much nicer not great but bet

ter

I'm still relieved he wasn't back but I was nervous that it was out on the street not knowing what was going to happen next

Well what happened next was at 4:30 in the morning my dog started growling at the door so my daughter actually turn the light on out in the porch and th

ere he sits he said he was going to come every day at 4:30 cuz he couldn't wait to get out of that place well he seemed to be coming and going in the hou

se just like nothing happened but barely talking to me

He would sit down and watch TV and washes clothes and anything else cook anything else you felt like doing I told him it you've got to go one way or anot

her you're living here from 4:30 in the morning till 11 at night and then just sleeping at the shelter this is not fair

So he ended up pretty much moving back in but this time I was going to take precaution I told him he needed to leave all his clothes and stuff out in the

van and just bringing a couple days worth of clothes at a time just to make sure things were going to work out okay if you had brought in all his clothe

s and his drawers is filled up with stuff and he was off the wall unless there was some sort of domestic violence police couldn't do anything to get him

out because this was also his residence

So I guess I'm getting a little smarter in my old agehe told me he was going back to school he was getting this job he was going to do 90 AA meetings in

90 days he has to see his probation officer three times a week and he has to call in every morning for drug testing and he wants to work for a shift he h

as several psychiatrist and counseling appointment along with his doctor how he was going to do all this is beyond me it's a terrible thing to say but he

owes me quite a bit of money and I wanted it back and I knew if he was staying here he would pay me back a little bit at a time

But I believe tonight was the final straw for me and the kidsmy kids left for a little bit to go to a friend's house and my daughter called me and told m

e that my ex-husband was in the garage with I Billy now Billy was the one that was supposedly climbing through that 3 in space in the window Billy is kin

d of slow and I do have to admit I'm a little worried about him tonight because they did leave together I called him I got no answer I know that always m

eans trouble

s house and I will call the police I have no problem with that at all

So I left a very nice message and he did call me back he was obviously drinking I told him he better not even come near this house sets one foot near thi

It's almost 11:30 now I'm still sitting on my porch keeping guard everything is been quiet and I truly hope this is the end of my story

A True Ghost Story

I lived in Boochachusetts when I was about 18 years old at this time I was staying in my parents remodel basement I had a boyfriend at the time his name w

as Paul we got along very well he had a nice Kelly and another nice Tina we took Kelly and Tina places all the time from the museum of science to the amu

sement park

Got to stop for now but just throw up Grove no dro

I was laying in bed I remember looking at the clock and it was about 5 minutes till 12 and I was reading a really good book so I feel tired at all then

we always kept the cellar light on on the stairway so that was kind of like a nightlight to me but while reading I had a small lamp that pretty much show

n right on the book I turn and looked up at the end of the stairway and I saw Kelly now the first thing I thought of was oh my God she ran away from home

and came here and I sat up and I said Kelly what it what's going on

she didn't reply to me she just stood there looking at me so I got up on the bed and I started walking close to her and realized it wasn't Kelly could have definitely been a twin sister non-identical twin but it sure didn't look like her and it's hard to explain I don't want to say she could see through but you could tell that she didn't have her full body mask and at this point I got very scared I'm 18 I ran around screaming on the top of my lungs busted into my parents bedroom and took my mother and told her what happened and she said go back to sleep you had a dream and I said it wasn't a dream so in turn I went over to the other side now my father and I told him the same thing you didn't say anything well at 18 years old I climbed in the middle of the two of them there was no way I was going back down in that basement not that night anyway the next day I talked to my mother about it and she still insisted that I I must have fallen asleep for a few minutes and in had this!

dream and I remember saying well this is the first dream I've ever had to run around so it was pretty well drops my mother and father were very very different people my mom was the kind of person that could return anything to restore and get her money back because I guess the saying the squeaky wheel gets the grease my father was very agreeable I definite people pleaser but I was sitting on the loveseat my father was laying on the couch eating as coffee ice cream which was not an unusual sight and he turned around and looked at me and he said I believe you which shocked me my dad was an atheist and icing Louie me about what and he said about the girl that look like Kelly and I said you know are you joking are you just giving me a hard time

He said no I actually saw something very strange myself he said several months ago he said I saw my father walk right through the kitchen and walk right

down the hallway and just disappear he said he was positive it was not a dream he wasn't sleeping he knew it I was joking about that somebody actually be

lieved me but now I think myself because why didn't I try to communicate with her why did I panic so badly it was about a week later and that Paul her an

kle my boyfriend committed suicide and it was pretty much a shock to everyone and to this day I wonder what it was if it was an angel that was sent down

to me to let me know what was going on or what was going to happen I guess I'll never know not in this lifetime anyway

Well after that happens everything was quiet for many years I moved out of the house I moved to Boochio I got married I had two daughters I ended up getting divorced and going back to Massachusetts with my daughters because my dad was very ill after that it was so quiet for many years dang I caught my daughter's playing with the Ouija board now I used to play that with my mother never thinking anything about it and it was still in the same house so I let them have some fun with it try to try to spell it was a short time after that things started getting strange I went down in the cellar where the washer and dryer were it was a little girl I can still see her to this day she had short bangs she had two long braids pulled in the front beautiful purple dress white socks and patent leather black shoes I didn't scream and run this time I actually smiled at her and she smiled back I asked her what her name was and I got no response so I was a bit afraid to go any closer to get the cl!

othes out of the dryer so my daughter Air Hockey must have been seven at the time and I told her to go down cellar and bring me up all the towels in the dryer and I would fold them she didn't understand why she had to go down well she comes flying up the stairs and she said there's a little girl in the cellar I told her to tell me what she look like shein described her perfectly exactly what I saw she didn't seem afraid it all just mostly confused how did she get down there how do we find her parents to say the least the towels never got foldit that day

The next thing that happens was I went and I was laying in bed the dog had chewed up the remote control so I turned on the TV and I turned it down and climbed into bed and just got to that totally comfortable spot and off goes the TV well I thought it was just a glitch or something so I got back off and I turned on the TV. Comfortable again and it goes off okay I'm going to try this one more time and the same exact thing happened I was not frightened at all I knew it was my brother-in-law bill when he was alive we made a pact that whoever died first would come back and let the other person know if there was life after death and he used to joke with me he was always a total jokester and say well you're the one that's going to go first cuz you're older than I am I think I was like four years older unfortunately he passed from kidney failure when he was 32 so I said okay Bill have it your way I don't need the TV to sleep anyway I'm just going to sleep and on the TV so at this p!
oint I just rolled over and went to sleep

Things kept happening all the time it was almost something that we got used to people getting locked in bathroom a good friend of mine first day on the j

ob just had a regular door knob on it and I heard him in there yelling that he couldn't get out my daughter had to climb up and throw up hammer and screw

driver through so he took the doorknob off and got out and I believe you made it to work on time

I had told my girls not tell anybody what was going on in the house because I didn't want children services to think I was crazy they were making up thes

e prophets things but of course your kids and their friends my ex-husband had come out to visit and he was vacuuming at this time the house was probably

25 years old and wasn't very nice person a lot of the time and he was vacuuming under the couch which he move forward there was a lot of the kids stuff u

nder there and stop yelling at me for it the next thing I know I actually saw the electricity from the plug to the vacuum go and electrocute him he was p

retty shaken up but it was fine I still think my father might have had something to do with that

The kids friends had heard about the stories and everybody always wanted to sleep over our house to see if anything weird happened one day Ping Pong Air Hocke

y Friends came over and that plug that my ex-husband had gotten electrocuted from had been dead for years she plugged in the plug to charge her phone and

it worked and where May so I told her to take it out I plugged mine in nothing I told her to plug hers back in and it works so I had to run plug it agai

n and I plugged it in and it didn't work she was the only one that could get that plug to work

There was also a ghost in the house it wasn't very nice seem to pick up my daughter Keno an awful lot Keno and I were riding in the car she had her sea

tbelt on and it kept getting tighter and tighter and tighter like someone was pulling it from the back I had to actually pull over and unhook it to get h

er out I could tell you so many little things that have happened there but we finally did move back to Boochio and bought a house out here and I missed my o

ld house I almost felt like I left a family of mine back there even though I had no living relatives left

My daughter's boyfriend Kompy was on the computer and all of a sudden I heard him scream my name and say oh my God shall look at this he was doing I belie

https://goo.gl/maps/G5HX4q51eDH2iQJ58

ve Google maps where you can focus write on someone's house and in the doorway window you could actually see a ghost standing there it was then and much

taller than any human being could be

Allen new house in Boochio a few strange things have happened my daughter was sitting there I felt someone touch the back of her headshe immediately jumped

up and said I don't care if you're here but I don't want anyone touching me she hasn't been touched since I myself had a strange experience I was laying

in bed and I got ice cold the air around me was so cold that I can't even explain it I stuck my arm out straight and I could feel the warm in the cold ai

r was just around me we still have no idea what this is did anyone follow up or finally find us maybe I'll find out someday

't know how good luck call me let me know

Well Jack I'm done have fun with this one there's one thing in there where I said I had to stop because Notorious B.U.D. stopped over I tried to delete it but I don

BACK COVER ILLUSTRATION / TEXT



“Back Cover Illustration,” By: Saran

“Velveteen: The Real Short Fiction Collection: A Short Fiction Collection, By: Velveteen” is the story of a young Woman who travels back in time to 1983 San Francisco, where she descends into the seedy underground circuit. She subsequently triumphs over her "Manager” (Lil Boochie), as well as the symbolic representation of Pure Evil embodied in the character Jackie_drew. In the end, Velveteen goes on to find Love and Redemption at an eponymously-named Chicken Sandwich Restaurant.

The V World is the entire universe within which all the action of the entire series takes place. It consists primarily of Velandia, sole supercontinent of Planet Vel. Velandia comprises eight continents: Boochopolis, Burrotown, The Bungalows, The Hills, The Forest, The Field, The Salt Marshes and The Swamp, each region populated by its own native species and competing sub-populations, each with its own characteristic customs and cultures. Looming over the entire planet is the threat of the Slave Empire Of The Race Of Intergalactic Vampires, ruled by Empress Alpha Prime and her Legions Of Flying Robots!

- Can all the competing and disparate groups (and the opposing factions within each) put aside their differences and fight together against Alpha Prime?
- Or will Alpha Prime succeed in her vendetta to bust-out the huMans *("And animals!" - Velveteen)* of Velandia?
- And which of our cast of characters are actually the fabled, long-lost Daughters of Velandia, The Eternal Ones, The Attan-Ci?

VELVETEEN: Find out the amazing answers! In:

Velveteen: The Real Girl Short Fiction Collection: A Short Fiction Collection, By: The Velveteen Collective (®"We Are All Velveteen!")