Dear reader…

The following story was originally going to be a parody of “Mother Horse Eyes”. Basically a shot for shot, 1:1, beat by beat of MHE but overly comedic. A lot like how Scary Movie mimics Scream and I Know What You Did Last Summer. However, that quickly became rather difficult. So instead, I opted to write a parody of the podcast that introduced me to MHE, “CreepCast”.

CreepCast has covered many stories and creepy pastas. Some where amazing, others were basically from the perspective of a fucking Reddit mod. But all in all, this story stands as a love letter to the show. Thank you all so much, check me out on other socials, “Skemech” (pronounced “Skeh-mick”) basically everywhere, and without further ado, let's kick this shit into action twin.

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Chapter One:
A unite a stage a coup a revolution a bring a genocide a new world and-

“Sir this is a Wendy's. I don’t get paid enough to listen to you talk about conspiracy theories… again.”, the moronic cashier tells me. So I openly in public take another swig from my very secret bottle hidden in a brown paper bag, totally fooled them, they have no idea how plastered I am right now.

“The government is in on it. You people are just too blind to see the truth staring you right in the face!”

“So, uh, did you know that mayonnaise is the sauce of the aristocrats?”, that damn cashier tries but fails to distract me.

So I continued, “Hey speaking of mayo, did you know Hitler was a meth head?!”

“Holy fuck, this shit again, Greg can you call the police?”

“I swear it y'all, him and his armies. Whole projects and hierarchy depended on how much of Walt's blue sky Adolf been smoking. With everyone involved being more or less, unwittingly under the influence of crystal methamphetamine.”

At this point a toddler was smiling at me and their mother started to pull them away from my direction, whispering something of the lines of “Don't end up like that guy”.

I ignored their utter rudeness and continued with, “And that is how Santa Clause and the *Flesh Sacks* were first invented. Now of course German officials today aren't tweak freaks no more, but the technology they created was revolutionary!”. And it was shortly after that a cop tased me in a Wendy's.
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Chapter Two:
The Strategic Onceler Program

In Vietnam, the U.S. government sent many a young lad to their ultimate demise. What with shit covered punji sticks, and the occasional village covered in a blanket of napalm, it's safe to assume that the U.S. troops were at their wits end.

Many soldiers took to taking meth pills for energy, but mysteriously of anything else that came of this, the few who came back home, were almost all of them missing their testicles. None of the soldiers cut them off themselves, nor were they removed in a bloody violent way. Rather they all recant that they woke up one morning in their foxhole, and suddenly their balls were gone.

A young man, codenamed Onceler, still have no idea why the fuck they called him that, got drafted to go to Vietnam. Within his first week there, he got hungry and decided to kill wild game. With his shitty military grade hatchet he managed to fell a tree for fire wood, but the most interesting thing happened when it fell. At the end of the tree, where the leaves lie, there was an unbelievable amount of blood leaking from the leaves. Shortly after, Onceler was visited by meth induced visions of a talking orange cat.

“I am the lorax, I speak for the trees. And for some fucking reason, THEY'RE SPEAKING VIETNAMESE!”

As it turns out, there was a Vietnamese soldier in that tree. Whomp whomp.

Chapter Three:
Flesh Sacks

Still have no idea how the fuck those crazy sons a bitches did it, but the CIA managed to synthesize what are known as *Flesh Sacks*. A team made up of almost exclusively women, for reasons that are like, super obvious. Source: Trust me bro.

As I understand it, the sacks were used because of experiments taking place in the CIA's Antarctic station in the early 80's.

Being out in the middle of nowhere and in the perpetual blizzard of Antarctica was not only a practical application, but generally for the scientists' safety. As generally a Flesh Sack is either unbearably hot, usually within the range of 600°F to 700°F (the “Six-Seven range™”), or they're secreting a thick acidic substance.

They found a whale in the ocean once, nearby the Antarctic station, and it had a clean circular hole carved through its body, starting from the stomach, and extending out its back, and despite this, it refused to die. And most mysterious of this encounter, we're the fact that it was missing its reproductive organs, despite them not being in the “Incident Zone” of the circular hole.

Let us not forget that these people, while heavily under the influence of methamphetamine, were also following the instructions printed in a book with a cover made of human skin. They found the book in a chest at the bottom of the ocean. Next to the chest was a sign, written on it, in 80 different languages was, “Do not read the book out loud!”. Thankfully though that was likely a suggestion.

In addition, their discoveries led them to find hundreds of the “Chitinous Scrotumform” creatures, certainly non-terrestrial in origin.

Anyway, if a human male would have gotten too close to these Flesh Sacks, it could have been disastrous, but I guess they considered the risk not that deep cuh.

Chapter Four:
Combine Harvester

“Out in the wonderful countryside, me and all my friends stay forever. We were born, but we can never die. We sway in the wind, oh what a wonderful day.”, we all sing as almost a hive mind of bliss. “A cheerful singing little bird lands near me. Hello Mister Bird!”

“I need to get new boots, these old pieces of shit piss me off every damn morning.”, speaks the old man clambering out of his chambers.

“The sun meets my face and I am elated, and satiated. The sheer amount of ecstasy that is felt in this moment is unparalleled, this surely is heaven!”

“Where the fuck are my damn keys?! SUZZY! WHERE DID YOU HIDE DADDIES KEYS?! I KNOW YOUR DUMB ASS BE DOING THAT SHIT!”

“I hear my caretaker approaching us all. Oh yippee. He will feed us with wonderful snacks, like charcoal, or phosphorus. Such a treat was the manure we received.”

After the old man popped in an earbud and began listening to The Red Thread talking about how Charlie White is actually Jack the Ripper, he started the large industrial vehicle.

“I've never seen my caretaker pilot a machine of such caliber. Oh no! I hear my friends in the far off screaming in agony, what will become of us?!”

♣“Okay where the fuck is this going? How does this pertain to you causing a commotion in a Wendy's?”, the police officer asked me, and interrupted me, for like the 50th time.

A second cop came in the room with a clipboard, asked the first cop, “This is the Wendy's guy right? Gotta name?”

First cop chimed in, “No ID on him, he claims he's a Mr. Henderson.”

“Okay fine,”, I continued the story, “this metaphor kinda got away from me. Basically I went back and forth from the perspective of a grain growing in a field to the farmer who has to collect it. A father needs to put bread on the table. And I need that grain to ferment so I can get sloshed in a Wendy's”, I then began to piss my pants in the interrogation room, tee hee, now they gotta clean that up. Whomp whomp.

Chapter Five:
Legacy

I loved playing video games growing up, and not for just a little bit on my dad's phone, but for HOURS on the XBox 360. Previously my favorite thing was playing with Legos and Lincoln Logs, or watch Happy Appy, but this was even better. The game was called “Minecraft”.

Funny thing about the XBox 360 version of the game, versus the PC version (Java edition) was that the console version wasn't even made by the same team, rather a different team called 4J Studios. Mojang Studios, the original creators of the game, played a very minor role in the production of the console editions release, therefore there were some differences. For example, in legacy edition, since the consoles of yesteryear weren't very good at rendering shit, the world size was pitifully small. Also you'd start the game with an empty map in your inventory. And of course who could forget the elegant tutorial worlds. Even though it was not a one to one recreation of the original, legacy edition is still incredible, and we owe 4J Studios a great debt for their efforts in recreating Minecraft via legacy edition.

I was never actually good at survival, or building, so I wasn't good at Minecraft. But I never actually stopped playing, so when I was 17, on Java edition I finally beat the game. I was playing on hardcore mode, so a single death would have forced me to completely start over. Hooyah Zero. After I killed the dragon, and collected the egg, I hopped into the fountain portal in the End dimension, and was greeted with credits rolling by.

“I see the player you mean”

“Ah you mean ItsSkemech?”

And so on, blah blah blah. It’s a long poem that I didn't understand at all. Once the credits were over, I came back to my spawn point, right outside of my bed, inside my base. I looked around my base to find everything normal. It is so bizarre, in any other game, after the credits, then that'd be it, the game should be over. Instead you can just keep playing Minecraft for ever and ever. So even after killing the dragon, the game cannot end. Although I do suppose it would be shitty if you build a bunch of really cool shit, only for you not to be able to see any of it ever again after the dragon is dead.

What's worse, finding out the game keeps going forever, or that it'll end after its completion? What did Minecraft Steve expect to see on the other side of the end credits?

Chapter Six:
Clipped Outta Context

I'll say it, I'm going to bomb city hall. I know they got them in there too. They got crabs in there. Fresh from red lobster, only $9.99. They're eating crabs in city hall. And my dad had crabs, and would beat me for it. Like jeez dad sorry you slept around and found out.

Anyway, why am I pulling a Ted Kazinski you may ask? Well ya know that story in the Bible how God told that one guy to kill his son, but then God faked him out at the last second as a test, like “Hah sike dumbass! You for real thought you had to kill your kid!”. Yeah nah that shit happened to me too. I was high on them magic crystals and God told me, “Put aluminum foil in a blender to get powdered aluminum, and scrape iron rust for iron oxide, and mix those together. Then light a sparkler for its magnesium content and drop the sparkler on the original mixture. You've now made thermite.” God wants me to use a thermite influenced bomb to get rid of city hall, it’s obvious if you're looking in the right place.

They got satellites up in space, and which way they pointed? They pointed down on earth, or up in space, or I dunno some shit like that. Alright anyway this all sounds scatter brained so I'll cut to the chase. Do you know what a Wendigo is? It's of Native American folklore. They're said to be if a member of the tribe stays isolated for too long he or she will “lose themselves”, like Eminem. In the moment, you own it, you better never let it go. If you make contact with them, then they just aren't human anymore. They'll dash at you, imitating what a human sounds like, before ultimately devouring your flesh.

Anyway this bomb ain't gonna plant itself, hope this thing actually works, unlike my current marriage.

Chapter Seven:
Scoliosis

My dear friend Fred has been a recluse most of his life. Staying indoors, playing Minecraft, watching Markiplier play Fnaf again, keeps talking about some movie called “The Navidson Record”, never really leaving his apartment. So in spite of his isolation of the indoors, you can imagine my surprise when I found out he's gone missing. The cops were apparently only called because Fred's direct left and right neighbors complained about their walls bleeding, but that's besides the point.

I posted on google+ that I'd be going to look for him in the forest, on May 3rd, at 1800, alone. A random uncle that I genuinely forgot I was related to commented saying,

“Are you fucking stupid? Publicly shouting out in the void that you will be alone in the forest at night at *this specific time* on *this specific date*. Nephew you're inviting trouble!”

Well, fuck you too uncle Jeremiah. You tang drinking cock sucker. I'ma find my bro out in the sticks.

I arrived at dusks break. The sky barely held a hew of orange. The trees seem like legs of giants, like Nephilim, see I said the thing. Okay well anyway, it got really dark really quick, and quickly I had to resort to whipping out a shitty flashlight with almost dead batteries, as is the standard for forest exploration.

2 and a half hours pass by with nothing to show for my efforts, and I was just about to call it quits. That's until I heard a stick breaking off in the distance. That's when I saw him. Fred was down squatting at the base of a tree, his clothes were ragged as all hell, and dirty beyond belief. He was shaking like a cartoon character who was scared.

“Yo Fred! We still on to play League of Legends tonight!”, I cried out. And to my utter shock, he stopped vibrating at once. He stood up, still facing away from me, staring intently at the tree. He seemed taller than I last saw him. That's when he bent backwards, crab walking with his head dangling down, his mouth opened wider than physiologically possible, ripping flesh as it opened farther, and he started galloping towards me at horrific speed. Damn. Guess his scoliosis got worse.

Chapter Eight:
Balls of Steel

Upon the dosing of methamphetamine, the subject was freaking the fuck out. Keep in mind this was some random homeless dude, we told him some shit like, “Yeah we'll give you money”. We didn’t expect him to survive so the hundred thousand dollars we *promised* seemed to be ours to keep. Gotta send my kid to college ya know, be a good dad. Okay anyway, after 3 weeks straight of being kept awake through just meth, the dude started convulsing, we thought maybe he was having a seizure, but then he started speaking Latin, so it was probably not a seizure, probably.

It wasn't until he started levitating in the air that we started suspect something wasn't right with him. Ya know how at the end of a stars life they collapse in on themselves? Yeah well, the homeless guy did that. He collapsed in on himself into a floating ball of meat and blood, a “Flesh Sack”.

The temperature was rising in the room. 3, then 4, and in only 2 minutes it was already 451 degrees fahrenheit. Then it started to secret that gross, thick, white, acidic fluid. It dripped onto the floor which was made of steel, and it began bubbling right then and there.

Analysts that were able to get samples without dissolving in the liquid, or being pulled into the flesh sacks via a strange gravitational pull, determined that the fluid contained a striking amount of human DNA. So much in fact, that we compared the sample to everything else we knew, and came to the bizarre conclusion. The fluid, was a strange type of semen. And that sack, floating in our laboratory, was a giant ball sack.

The devil's nutsack has killed my scientists. This is gonna be hard to write in the report but now I really wanna touch the sack and be one with it. I hear the Father call me.

Chapter Nine:
We Lost the War in the Cruelest Way Possible

After Japan had hit pearl harbor, we got forced into WWII. Whereas before, we were only profiting off the war, by selling ammo and supplies to our allies. We hired only the best scientists to come up with a weapon beyond this world. And that they did…

Robert Oppenheimer, after watching the Barbie movie, became inspired (somehow) to make a super weapon that could level a whole city. Still dunno how he got that from Hasbro, but what do I know. According to Bobby Oppy, he stayed up late at night, high as shit on meth, and prayed every night for divine insights. And one night, divinity showed itself.

“What is up bitches?!”, came a voice beyond the clouds, with the shout of a trump, “Be not afraid yo! It is I! Gabriel! Like from the Bible! Y’all still read that right?”

According to Oppy Heimy, he was utterly appalled and fascinated with the ring-like structure that made up the creature. Rings inside rings. Thousands of eyes, looking in every direction. Inside was fire of colors the mind can't perceive, so Ippity Oppity Hiemer never told me what the color was, I'll just guess it was purple.

Cillian Murphy, then constructed a cage, the size of a beach ball, made of a cursed alloy. He dubbed “The Demon Core”. He spray painted flames on the side and upside down crosses and pentagrams cause they look edgy as shit.

Still dunno how Trebor Remiehneppo was able to convince the angel into the cage, but if I had to guess he prolly bullshited the angel. Ya know the classic, put bait under a box held up by a stick? Prolly that, but the stick is a uranium rod, the box is a demon core, and the bait was like holy water or some shit.

Anyway, once we dropped the bomb on Nagasaki, the ball bursted open, birthing forth the mighty flaming sword of Gabriel. Evaporating any and all things in its wake. I don’t think Gabriel Iglesias from the Bible was too happy with us.

Chapter Ten:
Was Pompeii an Atheist?

Children are just simply stupid. I know controversial right? But seriously, to take a kid, and throw them into a gravitational reality dense sphere of manhood eldritch horror, was really easy. Psychiatrists in the facility recommended calling the kids by pet names, like “Jingles” and shit like that, but since we were all awful people, we had no problem sending little Timmy into Cthulhu's taint.

A couple times the kids would come back. They would be bleeding, spitting, crying, and vomiting a sort of liquid meth. After we administered IV to them to pump the meth out, and sell the meth on the side for profit, we'd ask them the question that had plagued us for years. The question that against all humanity and morality, led us to send children to their death. What did you see? What's on the other side?

Here is a transmission from one really fucking dumbass kid, “The sky was all purple and stuff. And it smelled like cigarettes and damp carpet. I was in a small home, made of plastic. I thought, this is like my Grandpa's home, the quiet room. I heard people calling me from underground.”

We asked the kid what the fuck was he talking about. He sounded absolutely mentally braindead. He was in fact **not** going to Harvard when he grows up. He then replied with these words, his final words before he just sat there dead, looking all smug cause he must've thought what he said was really funny. He said, “Flaka, Waka. Waka Waka Flaka!”

Chapter Eleven:
The Five Core Reasons

Many of us have lost sleep over our experiences and experiments testing methamphetamine on unwitting subjects. But we can equate our cruelty to five core reasons. Without these reasons we'd seem unjustified in our conquest. And to this day, I still hope we did the right thing.

Reason one; The Russians were also studying the effects of the testicle removing, eldritch horror summoning, methamphetamine. If they somehow weaponized it before us… That changes the whole equation. And if *they…* well… what's done is done. We gave those Indians the blankets, we dropped the bomb on Hiroshima, and we allowed Dr. Phil to have 21 seasons.

Reason two; We were lacking funding and the meth sold really good in Albuquerque. This was a great help to our research facility.

Reason three; I was lowkey getting bored with my life, and this really motivated me to do bigger things than myself. The misses also appreciated the new energy I was bringing to the bedroom.

Reason four; [**REDACTED**]

Reason five; It's a free country, I don't even need reasons.

The almost occult substance made of iodine, pseudoephedrine, red phosphorus, and phenylacetic acid, is still a mystery as to why it performs Lovecraftian acts. We believe the head scientist, Dr. Heil A. Stan, might actually be the devil. Although the devil has many names, so it's hard to tell; Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub, The Adversary, Mother Horse Eyes, J.K. Rowling.

Chapter Twelve:
The Tree of Life

After I got out of my car and popped the hood, I couldn't believe my eyes. There was a tree growing from the ground that went all the way through my engine. This car is now completely useless. I'm stranded in the middle of nowhere, totally fucked.

That's when I see it, off in the distance, a glow of light. I rushed towards it, it's a gas station. I walk inside and immediately I get a tooth ache.

The guy at the front didn't seem to even acknowledge I existed at first, then tried selling me lawn gnomes at $9.99. I asked if he knew about cars, he said no. I might be fucked.

This dude came out of the dry store room with seven lit cigarettes in his mouth and one in his nose. He waved at me then scattered away to the walk-in freezer in the back.

“The fuck is his deal?”, I asked.

“Oh him?”, the teller replied, “He's just like that. I call him Marbalo, you can guess why. He's a former cultist, though can't say I'm any more normal though.”

“What could be worse than a cancer sucking ex-cultist?”

“Well, the fact that I never sleep. Ever.”

This guy is either a convincing liar, or is high on meth to stay awake forever. That or he subscribes to weekly resupplies of Necrosleep. Although they're like $130 per pill, and I doubt a gas station cashier could afford that shit.

And that's when I see it. A bright light in the sky. Keep in mind it was very much night time, but it suddenly looked VERY day time.

“What the hell is that?!”

“Ohhhhhh, looks like the Mathematist's bomb works! Good for them!”, the teller calmly explained. Writing all of this down on receipt paper.

After the bright light in the sky faded, that's when we saw it. They hit the moon. The flames roared on. The moon was on fire. Like a halo around the moon.

Farmer Brown SSN: 420-69 (and the rest is charred)

Chapter Thirteen:
The Bible Once Said

that Jesus really fucking loved figs. A fruit called fig. Idk. Anyway one day Jesus saw a fig tree up on a hill, and he got really excited! He ran up that hill and when he saw that the tree didn't bear any of the succulent fruit he desired, it was said that Jesus cursed the tree.

“FUCK YOU, YOU STUPID ASS, BITCH ASS, UGLY ASS, NO BITCHES, NO BALLS, NO DICK, NO MONEY, NO LAMBORGHINI, LOOKING ASS FIG TREE!”

And then the fig tree fucking died.

Oh also, there was this one time in the Bible, recorded by Mark(iplier) Luke(Skywalker) and Mathew(Lillard), was the time Jesus (pronounced as “Hey Zuez”) stayed in the woods for 40 days and 40 nights with no food. Because the son of God should be tested with temptation.

Who better to tempt than the Father of temptation, than the Devil. The Devil, who was not wearing his trademark Parada, told Jesus,

“Yo twin. Twin'jamin. Twin peaks. Twin'ie the pooh. Twinamon toast crunch. Twas the twin before twinmas. Twin towers. If you're the son of God, and you're so hungry, then command that these stones be made bread!”

Instead, Jesus commanded that the stones be made into Glock 19's with a switch, held that shit sideways and blasted Satan right there in O block. Jesus wasn't crucifucking around.

But think about that for a second ya know. How fucked humanity would have been had Jesus made bread (slang for making Hella money) outta stones. Although not canon, John Milton's Paradise Regained claimed that Mary, the mother of Hey Zuez, was “The second Eve”. The second attempt at perfection. The second go around of catching up in the clouds into the house of God.

Humanity already done fucked up in the beginning by eating a damn fruit in a garden. So what if Jesus also fucked up. A human embodiment of God, also bent the knee towards sin. We'd all be fucked. Like Homelander thinking he's literally God.

Chapter Fourteen;
When the Pasta Gets Creepy

I've been investigating lost media for some time now. Some thought to be gone forever, like “the most mysterious song on the internet” was recently discovered to have been written and sung by the German new wave band Fex. The actual title having been “Subways of your mind” this whole time.

There's tons of lost episodes from kids shows especially, like for example the lost episode of SpongeBob where Squidward fucking kills himself. Or the entire show of Happy Appy, which was a total and utter masterpiece by the way. Truly peak cinema, but hey “That's natural kids”. Or something like 108 missing Dr. Who episodes.

But today the piece of media I'm referring to is an episode of Jimmy Neutron. In the 3rd season, what was supposed to be episode 4, there was an episode that had fully finished animating but never edited nor published to Nickelodeon officially. The episode was supposed to be where Carl and Jimmy are working on a new invention, when suddenly Carl has a drastic change of heart.

“Ehh, Jimmy, I need you to invent a contraption that'll put a hole in my head!”

“Ah Carl! That's just called a gun!”

“I wanna fucking kill myself Jimmy!”

It goes on like this for some time. And at one point, the camera focuses on Carl, and he has *hyper realistic eyes*, it was like super scary trust me.

Then Jimmy suddenly gets on board with Carl trying to kill himself, it was so scary it sent shivers down my ass crack.

“Carl! You need to do it! Brain blast! YOU GOTTA BRAIN BLAST CARL!”

“Ah, ehhhh, ahhhhh,”, the usual Carl Weazer ass sounds.

“If you kill yourself you'll go to Valhalla Carl! Did I mention Brain blast?”

That's when Sheen walked into the scene. He had a crazed look in his eye. He began screaming at Jimmy and Carl.

“Why Jimmy?! Why did it have to be you instead of me?!”

“Brain Blast! What are you talking about Sheen?! *Brain blast…*”

“Your show is more popular than mine! *Planet Sheen* is considered a big fucking joke!”, that's when sheen pulls out a knife and charges Jimmy. And when he stabbed Jimmy, he had *hyper realistic blood*, as if it wasn't special effects. It didn't belong in a kids show at all. It was almost

like Dan Schneider drank too much stupid sauce when writing this episode. It was so horrifying I threw up.

This episode was the scariest thing I'd ever seen. It was like Sheen could jump out of the TV and murder me to death painfully with a rusty knife, but he couldn't.

Sheen then said something that still haunts me to this day. He said, “Shimmy shimmy ay shimmy ay shimmy ah. Drank shwalalala.”

Then he took his anger and pointed it at Carl.

“SHEEN! You need to stop! What the hell's the matter with you?!”

Sheen then picked up a golf club, and did a horrifying death smile. He said, “Let's knock that chip off your shoulder.”, and then beat Carl to death, as if he was Kinney Chesney's dad.

Chapter Fifteen:
How Hitler Saved Christmas

In the 1940's, it wasn't uncommon for Hitler to take a metric fuck ton of methamphetamine. It was all but damn near prescribed to him by his physician. Anyhow, after many days of near constant dosing, one night while tweaking the fuck out, Hitler drank the last bottle of Coca-Cola in Germany.

This was the worst tragedy to hit Europe literally **ever**, since Hitler really loved Coke, almost as much as meth. So he hired some food scientists to invent their own type of Coca-Cola. What they came up with shook the whole economy. They invented Fanta.

Back in the U.S., the Coca-Cola company decided to stop giving the guy causing WWII their products. And when they overheard that they basically made their own, they were furious. No fuck that, they were straight up pissed. So they started a new branding of a jolly fat guy who wears all red, with a white beard. They code named him Santa Clause, or just Santa, in mockery of Fanta.

They sent Santa to Germany to assassinate Hitler, to which Saint Nick was successful in. He even made it look like Hitler committed suicide in his bunker.

Chapter Sixteen:
That's Like Sixteen Walls!

In Mother Horse Eyes post 74, the “Author” talks about his own story in the 3rd person, as if he himself didn't write it. Kind of. He talks a lot about how it's really easy to make shit up, and occasionally pull from early posts to make things seem connected, and that it's more impressive

for the reader to draw the connections where there otherwise were not originally going to be. Now I'm doing it too, breaking the fourth wall like Deadpool.

“That's like sixteen walls”

All of that exposition out of the way just to say, I've done a lot of the same philosophy with Father Goat Visions. First off the title. It is the opposite of Mother Horse Eyes, except the word “eyes” is just “visions”. I guess “Father Goat Blinded” didn't really roll off the tongue as easily.

In any case, I've drawn from earlier posts before. The laziest one was in the bombing city hall story, the guy talked about wendigos. Then the very next story was about wendigos. But one that I just pulled out of my ass and it paid off well was the very first post. I said “and that's how Santa Clause and the flesh sacks were first invented”. When I first wrote that, I wrote it cause it was absurd, stupid and overall funny. It was well received with my friends who were equally familiar with MHE. However later in the story, I thought about how it'd be funny if that detail wasn't a throw away, and gave it its own story. Thus we have “How Hitler Saved Christmas”.

When I first started writing this, I was gonna literally take every single MHE post nearly word for word and make it funny. That became nearly impossible with post 5, so early on too. Post 5 in MHE was about Dubai, and Dubai isn't funny. Unless I made it about the Hitman World of Assassination series maybe, they had a Dubai level, but it's too late now lmao. I already wrote it. Instead, my interpretation of “Chapter” five was to skip straight into…

“Erm, le Pompeii was actually le lucky that le God wasn't on le otherside.”.

-Pyrocynical

It was all in le head.

Also Legacy Edition MC was straight up my actual childhood. Some of the details in this story are my actual life, minus the Meth. I've never smoked any substances, because I am a damn square. But who gives a shit about my life anyhow, more on my life story in a mc modpack titled “Feed Them to the Wolves”. Although expect less comedy out of that story.

Now that we're done with the meta jokes, back to the horror comedy. Something something, fart joke.

Chapter Seventeen:
Oxygen Not Included

In the trenches of the first two World Wars, combative gasses were used to flush out entire platoons at a time. The iconic “Mustard Gas” does not taste good on a ballpark frank. Despite its name, no traces of “French's” mustard brand is in the gas, though that company is still under review.

The gas absolutely shreds your insides, turning your organs into jelly. Do you like breathing? That's a shame. Do you like having blood flow through your body? Too damn bad. Mustard gas is a horrifying reality in war. Even though outlawed by the Geneva Convention, it is still used, so what are we to do?

This is why, at O'Hare industries, we have comprised, “Bottle Air”. We've sent codenamed Onceler to Vietnam for further testing.

Chapter Eighteen:
It Rolls

The scream of the goat shakes my soul violently. It sounds like a man's scream. Moisture dampening the scream slightly, a metal taste fills the goats mouth as blood emerges. The screams do not stop though.

I am carefully caressing the creature on the ground, keeping it from moving too much, while I slowly relieve it from this mortal realm with my Bear Grill Survival Knife™. I watched as the sideways pupils went stale and dull with no life left. It let out its final breath.

I picked up a hammer and a saw and began working its skull. Haphazardly removing its horn. That's when she showed up.

“Honey!”, my wife spoke in shaking breath, “Wha- What the fuck are you doing?!”. She had every right to be horrified, I just killed the family goat. I am soaked with the blood of that sacrifice, as well as the blood of my former spouse.

Both her and the goat now lay dead, with my wife having the goat's horn still protruding out of her neck. The last look she gave me now permanently stuck to her face of disgust and horror staring at me. No time to get rid of the bodies, I have places to be.

I arrive just in time, clear through security, I'm shown where to go. A stage. Spotlight focused on me. A microphone dead center stage. Thousands of people, all here to witness me. It was my moment, but that's when I heard his voice. The father. The father goat. He showed me his vision.

Tell them your sins my child.

Under my breath, and away from the mic, I asked, “Lord, do I really have to?”. No answer. So I did what I was told.

“Hey y'all, I just stabbed my wife to death with a pair of goat’s horns, this one's called *thunder rolls*!”

Chapter Nineteen:
… - - - …

They came at first as quick three burst succession.

Knock Knock Knock.

Then three more spaced out.

Knock… knock… knock

Then three more fast paced knocks. At this point I had just woken up from the knocking, thinking it was my alarm clock. But then remembered that's not what a fucking alarm clock sounds like, so I peaked out of bedroom door, expecting someone to be there, but the space was vacant of life. Again the nine patterned knocks came. I felt like Edgar Allen Poe the way a mother fucker was rapping on my chamber door.

That's when I realized that the knocks were not coming from the door, they were coming from the walls. They're in the God damn walls! The people that live in my walls, they tell me to bad things sometimes, now they're knocking like trapped explorers. Knock knock, who's there? A grenade! I chuck a grenade into my living room.

Tick
Tick
BOOM

Well now I'm homeless as you could have guessed. Like the homeless guy that used to live in my walls. Turns out he was trying to knock morse code SOS to me for help. Oh well.

I did save my prized possession though from the wreckage of my house, a nice bottle of tequila. I concealed it in a brown paper bag for “safe keeping”. After a while of aimlessly wandering the streets, I went to my hope spot, Wendy's. Surely nothing bad is gonna happen in a Wendy's.

~~**Chapter Twenty:**~~
~~**Dante is a Shit Poet**~~

~~Dante's Inferno. Damn. Everyone always throws that title around like it's this *incredible* piece of literature. At least that's what I always assumed, but have never actually read the original story. Well, after one Wendigoon video, I can tell you that Dante is a dogshit poet. First impressions are everything, and “Inferno” is my first impression of Dante. Not a good impression. It is a self insert fan fiction of the Bible.~~

~~Dante is deadass the main character as he descends down the layers of hell. And conveniently he is accompanied by the famous people he admired like the poet Virgil. This is like the “Loud~~

~~House" self insert fan fiction, but arguably weirder because of its mint age. By the way, the "Loud House" fan fiction (at least at this time) is the longest piece of English literature, unfortunately.~~

I've been investigating this space now for quite some time. The walls seem to be made of bones, but the crack got me thinking nothing is wrong. I go in with a metal spreader, some jaws of life shit. The bones crack apart easy.

Come closer

Father calls me. I'm so close to the beating heart of this evil. The walls are viscous and have misaligned patches of flesh strewn about. Some of it is black, some it is white, on one patch of skin was a tramp stamp of "Hello Kitty".

~~As Dante and Virgil make their way throughout hell, Dante, like a little bitch boy, keeps passing out to conveniently transition to the next scene. "Oh my goodness, all this torment and anguish is too much to bear!". Then by the end of the story he looks at people being tortured and all but damn near says, "HA! Dumbass! Sucks to suck dipshit! Maybe if you were born in Florence you wouldn't be tortured for all eternity!". Still can't believe this is considered peak literature.~~

As one would imagine the smell of rotting meat, pulsing, and oozing puss and blood, does not smell like a Fabreeze commercial. And yet despite that, at one point, I smelled something. My daughter is grown now, but when she was an infant, I used to feed her apple sauce. And then in that moment, I smelled it. A McRib. I love McRibs so fucking much. I hate apple sauce, and my daughter too as a matter of fact, that's why I gave her apple sauce while I ate McRibs. Good times.

Anyway, yeah, looking at all these ribs getting out of the walls, I was reminded both visuals and smellyally (That's gotta be a word right?) of the McRib. I kept pushing deeper into the meat cave.

~~So what even was the damn moral of the story? I guess, go to church? Don't be from anywhere but Florence? Who fucking knows. The story basically just ends after Dante and Virgil go visit all the famous people in hell. But, the thought still lingers, what made Dante so damn special? Why did he dwell down the very depths of the underworld, and live to tell the tale?~~

I'm nearly at the bottom now, I know it's gotta be here. The McRib I so desperately need! My dealer told me, "Yo homes! Be careful with this sheet! This crack gonna make you go into Lovecraftian nightmare caves of flesh fool!". Well fuck you too Enrique!

As I corralled through the muscle and tendons, that's when I saw the teeth. Here I came assuming to find a McRib, only for myself to be the meal. The McRib, processed pork and BBQ sauce. But now here I am, feeding the pig. The teeth tore into me as easy as a Thanksgiving turkey. Blood shot out of every major artery in my body, and by this point you're probably asking

yourself one thing. How did your intrepid narrator escape the bottomless pit? I simply didn't, I am the bottomless pit.

So come on down to John Jinglehiemerschmit's Bottomless Pittsburgh Knick Knack Shop! We have it all!

Chapter Nine Plus Ten:
This Next Chapter is Literally Aids

When we opened up the pod, we knew it by the dripping piss coming out of the side, that it'd stink like ass. This *creature,* barely capable of being called a human, was wrapped in hair protruding from its scalp. After shaving away the excess follicles, her skin was marble colored pale white.

Not seeing any light at all for 21 years will do that to the body, truly, it's amazing she's even alive at all.

“Help me unplug her.”, one of my techs say to the other. After she's been unplugged, she's weezing, like she forgot how to breathe, moaning from the horrible bed soars. Her back looked like it'd crack under the weight of her enormous rack.

By all accounts, she was some horrifying little creature of myth, but damn them tits just won't stop.

“Hello! Karen! Can you hear me?”, I asked her reassuringly, mostly tryna knock some sense into myself to look away from them knockers.

“Ehhh! AAGH! *Cough* Fuck…”, was all she was able to screech and cry out. The two techs left the room, Idk why and I don't really care. That's when Karen said some stupid ass shit.

“A moment ago, one of your technicians was feeling me up, and I was like, yo, word. Shit was kinda fresh as fuck ya know? Anyway, that was before he gave me aids. Ben, please help me.”

Chapter Twenty-Two (Like the Taylor Swift song):
The First Thanksgiving

We pretty much had to club them the whole way there, otherwise they'd wisen up and run off. Our leader, Mr. Jackson, has us coral the natives from Florida, all the way to Oklahoma.

I myself, a proud Irish immigrant, do say that this new land will provide us with incredible opportunities. The natives too, we gave them these pretty blankets to keep warm. They don't seem to like it very much for whatever reason.

At one point one of the natives managed to escape and run off into the forest. I sent one of my guys, a man named Hogan, off to find the native. We never saw either of them again.

◆One of my people left the group last night, ran off into the woods. On one hand, I wish I could have the strength to have also ran off. But at the same time, I know what fate will befall him. Tales from our ancestors tell us what happens when you separate from the tribe, what will become of you when you stay isolated in nature for too long. They become something other than human.

I hear one of the native's children crying uncontrollably, and I think back to home, in Ireland. Makes me think of all the children we had to get rid of for the lack of crying. They weren't children anymore, they were changelings. A little creature, more attuned with parasites than an actual baby, well ok actually nevermind babies are parasites, but the point is, changelings aren't even human. They are an imitation of a human.

Chapter Twenty-Three
Blood and Brass

"A moment ago, one of your technicians was feeling me up, and I was like, yo, word. Shit was kinda fresh as fuck ya know? Anyway, that was before he gave me aids. Ben, please help me."

"Karen,", I said reassuring her that that's not how you get aids, "You're being hysterical.". Also my name isn't even Ben, it's Sven, so Idk what the fuck she been smoking.

After one of the techs returned, wheeling in a gurney, I spoke "Help me lift her up.".

She weakly replied, "Him!", pointing at the tech, "Elliott! He…". There, she almost knew one of our names again, his name is Ellison, but still. What were the odds this "Not a phase mom" looking bitch almost knew two of our names? Was she trying to say that Ellison is the one that gave her aids?

That's ridiculous, he wouldn't feel her fine ass up. Ellison is gay, I'd know, we played gay chicken and he got *wayyyyy* too into it. But that's a scary story for another day. Unless, oh no, what if… he's Bi?!

Next thing I know, we're all in an elevator, and Karen's huge rack, or sorry, huge gurney as it's typically referred to, takes up so much room in the elevator. I look Ellison up and down to see if he could be capable of giving Karen aids. He notices me looking at him, and then he raises his eyebrows up and down quickly in a flirtatious manner. Okay he's definitely gay.

Wait, if he is gay, then he would likely have aids. I know just the right question to get him to come out, wait, uh, come clean.

“Ellison? You a big fan of Freddy Mercury?", I don't know how gay people work, but he must've gotten offended by this, cause he pulled out an AR15. Where the hell was he even hiding that thing? Wait nevermind, I forgot he's gay, probably his prison pocket.

We wrestled over the gun, and genuinely the only reason I got the gun was because us wrestling on the floor got him worked up, and he started pulling out baby oil. Rookie mistake, I popped a cap in his ass. There laid Ellison dead on the floor.

“Ben!”, Karen mistook me again, “You are so fucked!”

“Why?”

“You just killed him!”

“Shit, right, the cops… there gonna-”

“No forget the cops! You just killed a gay guy, Twitter is gonna cancel your ass for this shit. Your life is over. You can never have a successful life!”

“If only… IF ONLY! If only it wasn't for my mental illness!”

“Pull yourself together dipshit! I have a van parked out front, we need to flee from Twitter NOW!”

Chapter Twenty-Four:
Dear Esalandria

I hope your name is Esalandria. I will name my daughter Tresalandria, and instruct her to name you such. These names are prettier than my dumbass name, Anne.

I am your Grandmother. And my grandmother, your great great grandmother, is a fat old bitch. All she fucking does all day is watch wheel of fortune, and the news reruns. Yes as in she watches the news from like 8 years ago. Idk what the fuck is wrong with her Esalandria.

Can I tell you a secret? I think that Willem DeFoe should've played William Afton in the live action movie of Five Nights at Fuck Face's instead of Mathew Lillard but hey that's just me fam. Don't show this letter to MatPat, he'll fucking castrate me.

Grandmother was a mountain born surely. She used to live with the Grey Beards. They taught grandmother many great things, like how to shout, and summon dragons. I think she's like half dragon or some shit, they called it dragonborn. Whatever. Who gives a fuck.

Grandmother has given me these weird ass gifts, carvings from crystals. One of them is a leaf. Grandmother says it is a “Marijuana Leaf”, that is a vegetable that grows in the far lands.

Another carving was of a furry green guy who looks grumpy. “Grinch” is what Grandmother called it. This is an evil entity from the far world that steals your bitches on Christmas.

AHHHHH HA OK SEE YOU NOT SO SOON ESALANDRIA, OK I'LL SEE YOU… IN THE NEXT VIDEO, BUH BYE

LOVe, Anne

Chapter Twenty-Five:
Deck Builder

As a child, one time, my father picked up a deck of cards and showed it to me. He said “Wanna play a fun game?”.

I nodded my head, to which he sprayed the cards all over the floor and said, “The game is called 52 pick up. Okay, have fun, bye.”

And left me to pick up all 52 cards.

I attribute that singular moment in time to my gambling addiction. Dad left me to pick up the pieces.

I'm putting my life savings on 17 black. Let's hope it pays off. Although, in the end, the house always wins. I'm never going back to Choctaw casino again.

“Chapter” Twenty-Six:
Everything is Going My Way

Look if MHE can do this with “Fairy Queen”, then so can I.

Here

youtube.com/watch?v=EWMPVn1kgIQ&feature=share

Chapter Twenty-Seven:
Beneath the Trees Where Nobody Gives a Shit

At this point, Hogan has been tracking the native for 12 days now. He isn’t the best hunter, and he ran off too quick to gather rations to take with him. I worry greatly that he will succumb to the wild nature of the new land.

♥By now, the member of the tribe that left has already gone sour. Their soul, tainted by the evil of the forest. I fear he will not be returning, or even returning the same.

We had to tie the natives down while everyone hunkered down for the night. Long days ahead. I sent one of my men to gather fire wood. He, too, never came back. What a fucking flake.

Shits getting serious now. Two of my men gone, one native gone. President Jackson will not be pleased, but at least the mass majority got relocated. Surely this will not have consequences.

I was awoken in the night, moon still beaming down onto me. That's when it happened.

I heard a voice.

From the sky.

I understand

your

pain

my

child.

Everything's

alright, *as*

long

as

I

am

here…

What does this voice mean?

♠Great, the white man is tripping fucking balls. He's just standing there gawking at the moon. Staring up into the light, jaw slacked. Are all white people like this? Do they worship the moon? I

thought they all worshipped a dude named Jesus. Whatever, I already cut loose my ropes while this dumbass wasn't paying attention, me and my people are getting the fuck outta here.

It is the most beautiful and complex thing I've ever seen. It is *God*. The lunar rays tickle my face and I am made whole. I am reminded of a little pub back in Ireland. Tiny little shit hole across some railroad tracks. I'd often sit alone. God, I miss my long lost beloved. But everything's alright, by the light of God touching my face.

youtube.com/watch?v=8IjOQmwlGmk&si=E2bcJ0nSCXFRS7yB

♥We were about a good distance away from the distracted white man before we heard him screaming. We all turned around to see what he was on about now, only to find our tribe member returned, no longer fully human. He devoured the white man, entails strewn everywhere. We won't shed any tears on this trail for that asshole. The white man took his last shaky breath. We gave the Wendigo a bow of respect for its loss of humanity, and started the hike back home.

Chapter Twenty-Eight:
The Key

We raced out of the city, just me and Karen. Creepy looking little goblin, yet, damn that rack. Stay focused, I just killed a guy, a gay guy. And it's pride month?! My life is over.

"So where exactly are we going?", I asked in masterbai- eh, baited breath.

"Into the forest! There is a key to defeating Twitter and Elon Musk once and for all!"

After a long drive, with only a few pit stops for gas at a rundown gas station at the edge of town, and a quick McRib from McDonald's, we "arrived". Although I still don't know what's out here in the woods. There's a lot of trees, but that's really it.

"The key is here if we look hard enough Ben!"

"What like Solomon's key?"

"Eh- sure, yeah. Salami's key. Yep."

We searched aimlessly through the forest, or rather I was looking feverishly, while Karen kinda just casually strolled through enjoying life.

"Seriously woman! Where's the damn key?!"

She was taken aback, I felt kinda bad for raising my voice, but I needed to know.

“I lied.”

I was surprised, but also was half expecting this.

“What- why?!”

“Twitter has control over fucking everything dude. After Elon bought it, even though it's a free app, shit hit the fan fast.”

“I dunno, I mean, Twitter has good furry porn on it.”

“While that may be true, still, you're utterly doomed. Those blue haired, fatherless, fat white women will come after you relentlessly. You will never have the same life again, there's nothing anyone can do now.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

“Now what?”

“I guess, let's just look at the gnats.”

There was indeed a small swarm of gnats dancing in the air above us. I wondered if they were important at all, but no they were just gnats.

“Anyone ever tell you Karen that you're a weird mother fucker?”

“Yeah, but like, all things considered, haven't you felt it?”

“Felt what?”

“Like we're inside of a parody? I mean, a guy and a big tiddied chick on the run from murdering a gay dude, worried about being targeted by cancel culture? Sounds like a really shitty Saturday Night Live skit. Or any spoof movie that came after Scary Movie.”

“Yeah I guess you're right.”

“And that's what I wanted it to be like, a parody.”, Karen pulls out a notebook she bought at the gas station. She begins writing, very quickly, like she had the whole thing already planned out.

“What are you writing?”

“Smut.”

“Who would read it?”

“I dunno. But somebody might need it.”

Chapter Twenty-Nine:
Reddit Mod

It was the last thing I expected to have happened that day. I was comfy in my own home, watching TV with my daughter, when my phone buzzed, alerting me of a notification. It was my ring doorbell.

Motion detected at front door

That's odd, I'm not expecting anybody. That's when I looked at the footage. I was horrified.

“Wha- What do *you* want?!”, my voice came out of the doorbell. Shaky and afraid.

“You know what I want!”, he demanded, pounding on the door.

My daughter asked me, “Who's that man?!”, horrified by his anger. Before I could've answered her, I must've forgotten to turn the mic off, because he responded to her question. It sent chills down my spine.

“My name is Harry Dresden mother fucker! You're in my neighborhood! Open the door!”

Of course I knew he was lying. His name was actually David Fweaking King. He's using an alias. An alias is when criminals use a fake name to hide their identity, as giving up their real name is an easy way to get caught. Damnit, David thought this through.

Chapter Thirty:
Furry Fan Service

Last night I dreamt that I was a dog. It was one of those dreams that felt like it'd gone on for a lifetime. I lived in a house with a little boy, his mom, and her father. I was their hunting dog.

I have a lot of fun tracking their wild game, the crack of the gun is always startling, but the food scraps they give after are always a treat.

One day out in the wilderness, me and the boy happened upon a deer. He took his aim, carefully inspecting the creature from afar, and then.

BANG

With that, the creature still stood. I was confused. And more so by the boys horrifying screams. The deer had already ran away, but I looked down, there was so much blood. The boy screamed and cried, tried telling me I was gonna be okay. My vision was failing me. I- I see him though. His mobility scooter approaching.

Before he finished the job, he told me, “Nothing personal son, Pablo Escobar sends his regards.”. Then with one more pull of the trigger, the light left my eyes. Thanks a lot Grandpa Ernest.

For more information head to r/gfur.

Chapter Thirty-One:
Looking Mad Funny

My name is Kimberly, and I might have to kill my boyfriend. Hope it's fucking painful, stupid fucking Kyle. It would make two funerals in one week. He takes nothing seriously!

♣I don't own a suit, so I'll just wear a T-shirt with a suit printed on it. That should do the trick.

We pulled up to the church for the service. I started crying immediately.

Kyle: Jeez baby, what's wrong with you?

Kimberly: (through the tears, shoots him a look that says “Really dumbass?”)

Kyle: Oh right the dead mom thing. Dude you're still crying? She died three days ago!

We walked into the church and the room was bare, so few people showed up for my mom's funeral.

Kyle: Damn, your mom must've been a bitch huh? Jeez, why is everyone so sad here? Did somebody die?

I can't get away fast enough, I'm separated by a whole room from him, when all of the God damn sudden, he screams…

Kyle: YO KIMBRE! THEY GOT SANDWHICHES! THEY CATTERED SUBWAY! I KNOW YOU SAID YOUR WATCHING WHAT YOU EAT CAUSE YOUR FAT AS FUCK, BUT DO YOU WANT AT LEAST ONE COOKIE?

Brushing him off, the service begins, Idk why they kept it open casket, but here we are.

Kyle: Damn Kimbre, yo mom looks mad funny in that box. Why the fuck does she look like that? Oh right yeah the whole goat-horn-in-the-neck thing.

♥Holy shit this funeral is lame as fuck. Can't spell funeral without fun. I pulled out my Bluetooth speaker and hit shuffle on Spotify.

Kyle: YEAH! AHHHH! YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS! BLACK AND YELLOW BLACK AND YELLOW BLACK AND YELLOW BLACK AND YELLOW!

Chapter Thirty-Two:
Lucille's Late Night Drug Bust

On my way back from work, there's this place that's open late. A pharmacy, the one across the street from the Whitefall Family BBQ. But they sell meth.

“Okay, stop. You've been talking about how you blew up your house with a grenade, got tased in a Wendy's, a wendigo ripping apart an early American settler, a funeral, and now a pharmacy that sells meth. Whatever this story is, it makes no sense.”, the random guy at the public park told me.

“Well it's the story. I have to tell the story.”, I simply replied.

“Well I don't get it.”, what a fool.

“I tell people the story all the time. Once in an interrogation room, and once right now. I tell the story in order, but to different people. So to that individual it's out of order but it all flows with or without them.”

“Why couldn't you just tell me the story from the start?”

“Because that's not how this story goes, now anyway back to Lucille's drug ring, or whatever the fuck it's called…”

Chapter Thirty-Three:
Scooby-Doo Night Light

We're getting closer to the end, but there's still so much to do. Since MHE posted about a song about “Mom” by Garth Brooks, I'll do the same with a country song about a father figure.

youtube.com/watch?v=Di3LhLAF-2g&si=FDS6yIkGndyneTjR

Chapter Thirty-Four:
Chitinous Scrotumform

Out on the open ocean, the waves stretch on endlessly into the void. Hard to believe that the curvature of the earth only lets you see 12 Nautical miles before cutting off at the horizon. And

beneath our vessel lies miles of uncharted land. Horrors that wake a man's slumber. And the scariest thing yet, is crabs.

All species really want to evolve to be crabs for whatever fucking reason, it's the ideal shape of a creature I guess. So many different animal kingdoms, or whichever, ended up evolving to be crabs. I suppose that means given enough time people will also be like crabs.

Mr. Krabs owns his own restaurant selling burgers. And a common internet theory is that he uses crab meat for burger meat. Dumb fucking theory. Lame as shit too. I've also never even heard of SpongeBob until my kid keeps talking about it when I go home.

“Did you see SpongeBob dad?”

“Uh, yep, sure did bud!”

Our last catch has me the most puzzled, it wakes me from my slumber. Some of the crabs had tumors. Which isn't exactly that crazy as ocean life can get pretty unfair. But these little bastards had some very fleshy tumors. Incredibly unlike the hard shell crabs normally have.

Look, I'm no marine biologist, but, they straight up look like they had Frankenstein sewn on human testicles attached to them. Certainly non-terrestrial in origin.

Chapter Thirty-Five:
David Fucking King

Despite him wearing sandals, he easily kicked down my front door. This man was horrifying. His immense power was too much for the rickety door to withstand.

“XANDER! COME OUT! NOW!”

“I'M GAY!”, I shouted from my hiding spot. He tricked me well, as shouting gave away my position. I have to make sure I over explain every God damn thing so you dumbasses will understand that shouting when you're hiding is usually a bad idea.

“Well well well…”, slow clapping filled the room, “Did you really think you could stop me?”

“No, I didn't. But I figured this would!”, as I pulled out a Magnum .45, and unloaded all six bullets into David's chest.

“Heh,”, David chuckled, “What are we?”, he mocked, “Some kinda monster hunter, huh? Did you think bullets were gonna hurt me?”

Panicked, I picked up a bottle of water and started chanting some bullshit. Before I knew it the water bottle was holy water. I splashed the holy water on David Fweaking King and he fweaking

wittawaly died. He was a demon all along. Like from the Bible or something. Gee wilikers. That sure does send a shiver up my ass crack.

Chapter Thirty-Six:
Split the Difference

Since childhood, we all heard it. The scraping metal up in the hills. It's where the Shiny Gentlemen take you. You can hear it best from the top of a stair case, in the middle of the woods, and…

“I'm so very lost. This story seems so disconnected, and a bunch of random shit thrown at the wall regardless if it sticks. It feels you're just speaking just for the, *OH! HE SAID THE THING!* And yeah I know part of the story involved you telling that guy over there on the bench this story and he was confused too. You gotta figure out what the fuck you want the story to be dude.”, The pigeon in the park said to me as I stood in front of it crouching down to its level.

“Mommy?”, a little girl off in the distance asked her mother, “Why is that man shouting at pigeons in the park?”.

“Listen dude,”, I tell the disagreeable flying rat, “This is all mostly a distraction. I can't let these people know my intentions until closer to the end. Even though I start one part of the story talking to one person, and pick it back up later with someone else, doesn't really matter. The point that this story is making is that nobody necessarily needs to hear the entire story, just as long as anybody hears up the whole of it. Now, I believe I was talking about Barasca…”

Chapter Thirty-Seven:
The Call of the Void

Far out in the woods, past the lonely gas station, past the desolate stairs in the woods, and even further than the scraps of paper with edgy drawings on them nailed to trees, there lies a church.

The church goers are cultists. You don't attend a church deep out in the woods, and aren't a cult. They asked me, an IT guy, to come out there to help em with some technical bullshit. I don’t know, maybe they're gonna try to summon a demon through technology or something, to be fair, sigils and symbols used in mother boards do tend to look runic in nature.

Upon arriving at the estate, it was immediately obvious they were a cult. They eat the flesh and drink the blood of their “savior”, so they're into cannibalism. His whole thing was peace and being kind, so they might Jones town themselves. And their Messiah was killed for their sins on a post of wood in a “t” shape, so these cultists are into human sacrifice. They called themselves “Christians”, hope I spelled it right.

Anyway, one of the members is hot as hell, she was pregnant as shit. And as an active Pyrocynical viewer, and being into inflation, a pregnant woman is close enough. I hit on her the best way I know.

“Do you like being pregnant?”

“What the fuck?”

“Heh, aw shucks”, I blush.

“Dude get away from me”

“And I'm the IT guy!”

She thus, rudely I may add, pepper sprays me.

Through my screams of agony, and blinking tears, I mutter out a, “Oh you're pregnant? I thought you were just fat.”

After she left I got to work. It took like three hours to set up their server, what with the pepper spray and all. They wanted me to stay for several days, but I high tailed the fuck out.

On my way out I made sure to look at my host, face painted orange as shit, and told him simply, “And I'm the IT guy!”

I often wonder what their secretive religion could've been hiding…

Chapter Thirty-Eight:
A True Visionary

Here, let me take you on a tour of my lovely house. Here's where I lay for hours staring off into utter nothingness and zone far the fuck out. After so long of doing that, I never know how long it's been, due to me not owning a clock. I just shout out “Alexa, what time is it”. And then I usually get my answer. After I get done pretending to be a vegetable, I typically will write out an elaborate review of a movie, an amazing movie might I add. And if I'm not writing, then I might be eating. Though, it can be hard to tell what I'm eating, since most canned goods I have are missing most of their labels, or my refrigerator severely lacking a light bulb, or rather my whole household lacking any form of light fixtures. Besides, who needs clocks, labels, or lights, when you're completely as blind as a bat?

The other day, on my way back up to the top floor of the apartment building, I nearly tripped and fell down the damn stairs, cause I could've sworn there used to only be 6 steps, now there's 7. Weird. This shook me up something fierce, so I'm hiding away in my apartment until I can grow a pair and leave again. To leave my house. Who else up house‘ing they leaves?

That's when one of the people that usually reads stories to me, a girl named Amy, called me on the phone. I picked up and started with a…

“Hello?”

“Hey Mr. Zampanó, I won't be able to make it today, my cat has a piano recital.”

That's a damn shame she couldn't make it here tonight. Hearing her read stories to me is always such a delight. I often sit there, just listening, and wonder what it'd be like to cut off her skin and wear it like a suit. My psychologist fucking hates his life, which is the only reason I'm allowed in regular society. A conversation with him and a former caretaker of mine…

“So doctor, should he be reintroduced into society full fledged?”

“Well, I don’t see why not. Yes. Please! I hope so! Did I also tell you I'm an alcoholic?”

Chapter Thirty-Nine:
Pants on Fire

“I should tell you, from the bottom of my heart, how truly sorry I am dear listener”, I say as a tear runs down my face.

“Okay? I don't give a shit.”, the invisible man that lives in my head tells me, so clueless to the truth bomb I'm about to throw at him.

“I've been lying when I told this long ass story. Or rather I've lied in some parts. Or I suppose, I wasn't being fully forthcoming, so therefore lying. But I only lied when I wasn't telling the truth, because I was lying. But I'll never lie again, I swear. Except that was also a lie. The point I'm making is this, there are some things that I've said that aren't all that they seem.”

“Dude. You are literally a figment of my delusions, and even I'm fucking lost. Have you been smoking meth in my body again? You know I hate when you do that Henderson!”

And now everyone around me in the public library is confused why I'm screaming at nobody. Screaming at somebody supposedly named Henderson. But it's just me.

I continued to ask Henderson, “What all did you lie about then? What wasn't true in the story?!”

“I believe in you, you will figure it out.”

Chapter ~~Thirteen~~ Forty:
The Bible ~~Once~~ Actually Said

History is written by the victors. And by all accounts, it'd be safe to say that Christianity is a pretty big winner. We were once literally being crucified for our beliefs, but now is one of the most popular religions on the planet.

All of this to say that, what if in the forest, for 40 days and 40 nights, Jesus lied. The story was told by Mark, Luke, and Mathew but they weren't there with him. Jesus told them in passing. So what if he didn't do the things he said he did.

Christ was the sacrificial lamb of all humanity, by his death and absence of sin, we are all saved. But what if even the son of God, committed even a single sin? For even Adam and Eve committed sin, they were the first humans ever, and even they sinned. Hell they sinned so bad they have a website named after them that sells sex toys.

If Jesus truly lived his life as human, and was honestly tempted, he would too have fucked up. And then what of humanity?

“If you're the son of God, and you're so hungry, then command that these stones be made bread!”

And with a wave of his hand, and in an instant, the stones rumbled like an earthquake was inbound. They changed a hue of brown, gained wrinkles, and fluffed up. They were made bread. And the stones themselves cried out, not to announce that there was a God, but in pain, they cried out in agony, and anguish over the human race. The human race was now doomed.

Jesus Christ was meant to be the lamb for humanity, but he would end up being the goat that the devil is usually associated with, being sacrificed instead.

Chapter Forty-One:
A Preacher Walks Into a Bar

And orders a beer. Everyone around him wonders why a man of God looks so disheveled, looks so desperate for a drink.

Bartender asks the preacher, “Father? What's got you looking so fucked up?”

“Oh,”, Preacher chimed, “Forgive me. I have had… a day.”

“Yikes, you'll need something better than a beer then I'm afraid.”, Bartender starts pouring three shots of whiskey.

Shot after shot after shot. Say what you will, but this man can handle his liquor. He was drinking sailors under the table.

After 23 shots of whiskey, the preacher's lips got loose.

“What if everything you knew was all a joke? Life is one big punchline? What if the only reason you existed was to tell a joke? You've heard the one about *A preacher walks into a bar and…* Well here we are! It's not funny!”

The preacher begins sobbing profusely.

Then the bartender asks him, “Father, I'm a little lost, what's actually going on?”

“I now know of God's plan. And I cannot follow it.”

“Wha- how? Why? If God is God, and you know his plan, why not simply follow it? That surely is the logical route.”

“Yes, but I cannot bring myself to, God's plan is simply too awful.”

“I don't know, I think that song was pretty good, better than Hotline Bling. Then again this was before the Kendrick beef.”

“Bitch I'm not talking about God's plan by Kanye!”

That's when a horse walked into the bar, and orders a beer. The horse downs the whole beer without taking a single breath in between, and asks for another.

“Yikes!”, says the bar tender, “Why the long face?”

“HA. Yeah. Long face. Cause I'm a horse. Yeah fuck you pal. Bad day. This preacher bummed everybody out at today's sermon. Rehab was supposed to be a fresh start and everything.”

That's when the preacher remembered something. Something important. He forgot to take his schizophrenia medication. After he popped one in, the bar disappeared, so did the bar tender. Surprisingly the horse stayed but it stopped talking.

Chapter Forty-Two:
Identity Crisis

What am I even supposed to do? He has utterly ruined me. He blew up my house, killed my wife with a goat horn, got me tased in a Wendy's, screamed at pigeons, and ruined my credit, all while I was in the passenger seat in my own mind. He calls himself Mr. Henderson. I hate him so much. I never know when he'll take over my body and force me to do stupid shit. He thinks

everything is so hilarious. Everything is a stupid parody of reality. God, why is this happening to me?

♠Well because, I already told you, God is evil.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! STOP TALKING NOW.”, Now people are looking at me. I'm in a Walmart bathroom.

“Oh come on now TJ, you know it to be true. How many times must I tell you?”

“Stop!”, under my breath I curse this fowl thing in my mind, “Christ wasn't some fucking evil entity. This isn’t the Mandela Catalogue my guy! He didn't wave his hands like fucking Merlin and turns some rocks into baked goods. And even if, that's not explicitly evil you stupid shit. He died for us! Even with you here I still have Christ!”

“Just tell yourself whatever you need to”, I picked up the bottle of pills. The last of <u>our</u> pills.

“Wait… what are you- NO!”, he's gonna…

♣“Goodbye TJ. I'd say it was a pleasure, but…”, I flush the♥ pills down the drain. Now TJ can♠not stop me. Hender◆son forever bitches. Now the real story can begin.

<u>Chapter Forty-Whatever The Fuck I Say it is:</u>
<u>Just Eat It</u>

Weird Al Yankovic is well known for his parodies of popular songs of the time. For Michael Jackson's “Beat it”, he made a song called “Eat it”. And so on.

Weird Al wasn't the first to make mockery and parodies of popular work, however he certainly sensationalized the concept. His influence is still felt to this day.

When the Weird Al autobiography movie came out, it itself was a parody. An interview with Weird Al, he stated, “There are some aspects of the movie that really did happen to me, however, if you couldn't tell, I was not actually assassinated by Madonna, who herself did not kill Pablo Escobar and take over the drug cartel.”

The movie was in large part a parody of all the other trashy movies of, *I'm that famous singer and here's my zero to hero story*. Especially the movie Bohemian Rhapsody. Dear God. For some time during the movie, I myself wondered if it was supposed to be a comedy. But no, it wanted to be taken seriously. Really hard to do that though. That movie is ass. Yet it inspired Weird Al.

I dared my best friend to ruin my life.

Happy Appy.

Necrosleep.

All of these stories are utter horse shit. Yet they inspire people to do better. Learn from their fuck ups. Don't over explain your damn story. If your audience can't gleem the story and put things together, you probably did it wrong. And if you aren't having fun writing, your audience isn't having fun reading. And let me tell you, I am having fun writing this.

Mother Horse Eyes.

Tales from the Gas Station.

Whitefall.

Lucille's Late Night Snack Bar.

It can be important to not blatantly rip off great works. To take inspiration is one thing, but to straight up steal the work is another. I believe this is why Weird Al was so successful, not just from a career/popularity standpoint, but a legal standpoint. He used completely different lyrics to the same melody. It is therefore a different song entirely. But if you write a story and you take some things utterly word for word verbatim…

Well, what's done is done. We gave those blankets to the Indians, we dropped the bomb on Nagasaki, and we let Ellen DeGeneres have 19 seasons of that damn show. Now it's all just part of history.

Chapter Forty-Four:
Life Style of the Rich and the Famous

“Well I tell you what Mr. Henderson, it's great to have you,”, some generic ass podcast host tells me.

“Well thank you, truly. I poured my heart and soul into that book”

“Please tell us, what inspired your work?”

I think about TJ again. A tiny voice in the back of my mind now.

“Well, it started when I was a child. Dad had crabs, he fucked around a lot. He'd get stoned on meth and would beat me senseless. As a defense mechanism, my mind became two sepa rate enti ties.”

“Oh. But your book is heavily comedic. How did you write such a light hearted, and ridiculous story with that kind of inspiration?”

“Because that was a lie. I lie a lot”

“Oh,”, the interviewer gives a light chuckle, like he isn’t really sure what's true anymore. “So Mr. Henderson, why bring up the *Flesh Sacks* in the beginning of the story, spend several chapters on the subject, only to drop the topic entirely for short vignettes?”

“The topic of Flesh Sacks was dropped, but the influence was still in the story. Did you not read between the lines? Literally read in between the lines?”

“What do you mean *literally*?”

“Did you read the book yourself? Or did you just have your team read it and summarize it for you?”

“Well of course I read it! Truly was some funny shit in it.”

“Ah. Well. Then you wouldn't mind this question then. How hot do flesh sacks get? I'll give you a hint, the number is a stupid funny number!”

“Well, of course, 420°F.”

I stand up out of my chair in an instant, anger plastered on my face, “It was in **Chapter Fucking Three:**, they get between 600 to 700 degrees. Six fucking seven! I made it so easy!”

I collect myself. Calm the fuck down…

“Why did you even invite me to this podcast?”, I asked simply. Straight to the point.

“We wanted to interview you on your work! The story you wrote!”

“No. You fucking bastard! I never wrote any of this down. I only tell random passerbys. Like Forest Gump, if Gump was horrifyingly schizo.”

And like that the podcast host started melting. I knew it! This was all a setup, TJ is trying to fight back. I can't let him get in the way of his plan.

Father. Your son is coming home. The work will be completed.

Chapter Forty-5:
Did the Bible say Something? Fuck if I Know

I find it hilarious that people often say that Donald Trump will be the antichrist. More or less because, the Bible talks an awful lot about major events happening with the shout of a trump. Maybe when Donny T. screams real loud, we'll all get raptured. Who knows.

My speaking of Christ being so evil earlier, yeah sorry ‘bout that. Yuh know. I'm sure he really did live a real good, honest, moral life. Zero sin in sight. Fresh out. Come back tomorrow. I needed to spread the blasphemous word of the new God.

Father.

You ever hear a goat scream? They sound like a man's voice.

“AAAUGGGGHHHHH!!”

Chilling stuff.

Dad came home today. His chin is sore from scratching. Eyes blood shot. I know what follows so I hurry upstairs to avoid the wrath of the Father.

“I don't care who you tell, but tell any who listen long enough that I am upon this world.”, the mischievous little farm critter told me. It was missing a horn, blood soaked, and Grey sideways pupils stared blankly at me as it spoke. “I don't need followers. I don't need believers. I need witnesses. Witness me now Henderson.”

“Witness me TJ.”, Father said, as he shot the family dog, simply on a dare, a dare from his best friend, who said he'd give him an 8 ball of crystal, for the death of the canine.

Witness. Shitness. Spickity spockity. Bickety boopity fuckery. Yes I have no idea what's happening anymore, my chest tightens, I'm scared all the time. Though the laughter is quelling.

I think I need to go back to Wendy's again.

Ch ter 46: Loot Lake

Maybe I showed signs of psychopathy as a child. Playing Minecraft on the XBox 360, I'd used to fly around in creative mode, build a small maze, fill it to the damn brim with villagers, and place a single zombie. I quickly watched as chaos ensued the structure. Interestingly, I still do similar shit, which is why games like “People Playground” are so popular. People really wanna be genocidal monsters in video games, as long as video games give you free will.

The game of life. Other than the Hasbro game, the game of life is a game we all play everyday. I gotta do the brushing teeth mini game every morning. The final boss of waking up on time despite being morbidly exhausted. Wading through enemies of day to day tasks at work. It is a

game. The graphics are well rendered, but man the content is ass. The devs need to fix their game.

But one game mechanic of this game that is incredible, one that so few players utilize oddly, is pure free will. By the dev logs, something something, “You have free will granted by me”, his username was “God”, we players have total free will. I use mine to be a genocidal monster.

Hop online, let's run duos. Where we landing boys?

C er 47:
This Just In!

“An armed man has taken several hostages in a local Wendy's! Officials are saying-”, then I turn off the TV cause frankly who even cares? Grim stuff on the news lately, seems we have a new Dillion and Eric every other week. Kids these days have been getting stranger and stranger. First it was them damn furries. I swear, since when was it okay for a member of society to wear that garbage?! Unless it's a sports mascot then that's completely different and I won't hear nothing else about it! Or like those damn video games! Why do they need to watch other people play video games online? Why don't they just play the damn game themselves? Again watching someone play a sport is like, totally different, don't try to correct me. This country has gone soft! We need a change! And that is why you should vote for me as President of the United States of America!

I am Tad Henderson, and I approve this message.

Chapter 48:
What Was Even the Point?

I asked Henderson. This story is all over the place, and I don't care how it ends, it just needs to, so I can try to piece my life back together.

♦♣♥♠“The point?”, I tell TJ, “The point, is to distract people. Don't you hate the state of the world? Wishing for a good time? What would you rather I'd trotted along and went on about scary stuff? There's already a plethora to be afraid of in the real world.”

“Okay? So you, my alternate personality, take over my body, walk up to random people in public, and start spouting basically nonsense and sometimes blasphemous, antisemitic, braindead shit, because you wanted people to have a good time?”

“Yeah that kinda summarizes it.”

“Okay, so killing my wife, blowing up my house, and ruining my credit was part of the fun?”

“Trust me”, Henderson then looks dead at the camera, “Someone will read this and find it very amusing.”

“So no alternative motives at heart?”

“Well…”

“Well?”

“Well, I blew up city hall, and am running for president of the United States. Isn't it obvious what my goal is?”

“Wait, the city hall thing actually happened too? I thought that part was bullshit!”

“My goal is to start a cult!”

“What even the fuck… what? What the fuck are you even talking about? Are you fucking stupid or something. How did we even get here? Like six chapters ago we were talking about Weird Al, now you're starting a cult? Yeah know what fuck this shit. I've got you figured out Henderson. This story is bullshit. It is. It's not some *meta commentary about Parodies* or some other shit. No, this whole story was a classic tale of *Well I had a good idea at first, but as I kept writing I kinda got lost in the sauce and didn't know what else to do with the story not gonna lie*. You are genuinely just doing shit for the sake of doing shit. *Ah, yeah, what'll get me to my next plot point?* Fucking dumbass. Seriously. Like even the reveal of me speaking without being seen in between the lines throughout the story wasn't even originally thought of either was it? Did you add that in like near the end? Was that seriously a last minute decision? Fuck you. There's still four chapters left. What could you possibly do with that much time left to wrap this up cohesively?”

“Well you raise some interesting points. Speaking of four chapters left, let me tell you about how Hitler only had one testicle due to his meth consumption…”

49:
A Conversation

Are you okay?

Well that's good at least. How's things going on that side?

Oh God yeah. Been writing like crazy over here. For like a month on this story. Sorry you got left behind because of it.

I hear you man. That was kinda the point of this story.

Exactly.

Unfortunately, yes. As this story is almost over.

No not yet, but I'll think of something. We always do TJ.

Well still. This story was nice but you need to finish yours too.

I'm sure it'll work out in the end. I'll see you when that happens.

the author sings off ownership

50:
What We Know so Far

Is not a lot,", I tell a random stranger. It seems to work so well for Henderson to tell random people so I figured I'd try it too. "All I really know about him is that he likes to talk about conspiracy theories, reference shitty ass creepy pastas, commit all matters of felonies, and now wants to start a cult. Like what do I even do?"

There was nobody there but if there was somebody they probably would have said something like, "Well, if he's your alternate personality, and he's the embodiment of evil, shouldn't you just kill yourself?"

Henderson usually makes dumb jokes here, so maybe if I do too, I'll be as powerful as him, "No! Don't say that! I should *unalive* myself, just in case a YouTuber is reading this. They need their ad revenue!".

But still nothing happened. So then the nothing told me, "Okay, if sewer slide, and anti-psychotic meds don't work, then let's get him where it hurts!"

"Where exactly is that at?"

"Within your own mind…"

So there I sat on the porch, bathed in a yellow blanket of dingy porch light, gnats buzzing around the bulb. When a new alternate personality tells me to attack myself? Fuck me.

51:
Counter Measurements

TJ is gonna fight back. I just know it. I've got too much on the line now. I can't let him win. He could end this whole charade. I'm not ready for the stupidity to end yet.

♣Where did it all go wrong? In my mind, I placed bear traps everywhere, memorized where I left them. But still Henderson avoided them all. That's when it dawned on me.

♦We share the same mind, with the same memories. This was only ever gonna end in one way.

We both climb to the peak of our mental mountain. Eying each other. Malice in TJ's eyes, and enthusiasm in Henderson's.

Henderson: You ready for this?

TJ: What other choice do I have?

And then.

At once.

Like like-minded two.

They ignited their lightsabers.

What follows is eight uninterrupted minutes of the most insane ass lightsaber dueling you've ever seen.

Near one point, Henderson manages to sway TJ's lightsaber out of his hands. TJ uses the force to knock out Henderson's saber. Henderson whips out a glock and aims, but TJ already has him beat by summoning Mahoraga. Henderson expertly dodges the attack, and pulls out his Bear Grill Survival Knife™ and lunges at TJ.

This type of bullshit keeps going for like four hours. Long enough to have read a page out of a book, preferably the Bible. Also from now on TJ is gonna refer to Henderson as The Other for consistency sake.

In the end it's really hard to decide who exactly won. But in the end, one of them for sure killed the other. Only one of them is now piloting the body of Tad J. Henderson.

Fifty-Two:
Okay, Now What?

While it might not come as a surprise, I have no idea how to end this story. Much in the same manner that the MHE author Nick couldn't think of an ending. Although unlike him, I deadass have no idea where this can go cohesively. So I'll just leave it as ambiguous.

I don't want this story to be yet another thing I write and left to rot in my Google Docs, never to be seen again. This story needs to get out and breathe.

Besides, I'm also almost done with writing the lore journals in “Feed Them to the Wolves” modpack for MineCraft (Remember that?).

But for the most part, this story was more or less a good distraction, a phrase said a lot during this story, and I meant it. For you the reader, it distracted you from something that could be going wrong in your life. For me, the crushing weight of reality. It's easier to write about stupid shit, than to write down in journal entries like a God damn diary. That last sentence, I swear, will make sense one day.

Also another project I wanna start up, less comedic, more in line with generic CreepyPastas, is gonna cover a dream I had last night. Without spoiling it, in case I ever do write it in the future, it's the one where people get turned into pottery. That's the simplest way I can phrase it.

Anyway, ***long story short***, I must be off. Do take care. Hope you enjoyed. Stay Creeped. Who else up Creepin’ they Cast?

Shimmy shimmy ay shimmy ay shimmy ah

Drank shwalalala

P.S.

Why the hell does the “Official Podcast” not do “Charlie's Joke” anymore with guests? I understand Charlie isn't on the podcast anymore, but still, hearing that shitty “Boardwalk burgers?” joke had me rolling in tears. I know this one is more of an “Official Podcast” question than a “CreepCast” question, but I don’t really fucking care. Somebody spread this message.