

{TITLE TO BE DETERMINED}

## CHPT 1: Quite a pathetic man

Ray Glufers hated his name, as would anyone who's second name was 'Glufers'. The, saddeningly, long line of Glufers were quite the pathetic family tree. Not one single Gluffer had done anything with their life, maybe aside from Ray's grandfather who had an exceptionally long moustache but that was about it. Ray, even from an early age had wanted to break this family curse of dreadful unimportance and change the world! But as he slumped into a broken, faded fuchsia couch with a cold cup of pot noodles in his hand He started to curse himself for having such high hopes for himself, maybe all this self loathing wouldn't be as bad if he never expected much of himself in the first place. With seven missed calls from his dentist on his phone, Ray attempted to turn on his television, the first second of his favourite show flickering onto the screen for a fleeting second before the power in his apartment spluttered away with a soft pop. Ray, having had enough, resisted the urge to throw his noodles across the room and sat there in the dark and silence grumpily eating unseasoned noodles. When his landlord finally fixed the power in the complex, Ray was completely passed out on his couch, mid depression nap before he was rudely awoken to the neighbour beating his wife. At least that's what Ray always assumed it was, there was a lot of muffled shouting and pained noises, quite a few high pitched screams thrown in there too. Or maybe he just had a really wild bed life, who knows. This particular night, Ray was simply fed up and didn't want to listen to a woman screaming for the next half an hour no matter the reason. So he trudged out of his door in his grease stained pajama pants and slightly ketchup stained tank top, barefoot down the corridor a few paces to his neighbours door. Ray didn't even bother to raise his hand to knock on the door. After a few moments the shouting stopped and he heard thundering footsteps behind the door as it swung open, bashing into his face and sending him reeling back, clutching his nose.

"WHAT?! Oh... it's you. What do \*you\* want Stuffed-ers." Fletcher said in his deep voice that sounded awfully like someone ripped up his vocal chords years ago.

"I- I was just wondering if you could keep it down? It's getting late and some of us need rest."

"What would you need rest for ey? You're a jobless bum." Fletcher gave him a scowl as if it was causing him a great deal of pain simply talking to Ray.

"I'm in-between jobs I'll have you know!" Ray tried to keep up at least somewhat of his dignity

"For seven months? Remind me what even did happen at your last job to make it so you got fired?" Fletcher grinned down at him with his gleaming yellow spikes he called teeth

"Well- You know It's-"

Fletcher cut him off "I- it-i I- I- SPIT IT OUT" He mocked

Ray went silent and shuffled away from the door, heading back to his apartment

"Coward. We all know you're a pervert, Gluf." Fletcher snarled at him, slamming his door shut with the force to rock the walls three floors down.

## CHPT 2: A lot of screaming

It had all been Jessica's fault, that wretched brat of a child ruined his life. He had been respected, loved. All the parents loved him, the other staff thought he was at least a sound guy. But all because of one, insolent snobby bitch who got a bad grade in her 'favourite subject' decided it was all the teachers fault. This one student, who somehow bared enough hatred in her rotten soul, thought it would be a good idea to frame this teacher of possession of inappropriate pictures of a minor and ruin his life. She even used pictures she took of herself and printed them out, alongside some other truly degenerate pictures and forged letters and text messages. The part Ray thought nobody would believe would be the fact she printed it all out in laminated photos and stuffed them into his bag and on his desk under stacks of paper, as if a teacher would keep those kinds of photos with him at all times and publicly on his desk?! But it turns out people believe the word of a panicked fifteen year old girl running to a principals office after spotting something. And with that his life was ruined. He had a good lawyer at the time, the court searched his home head to toe, floorboard to roof tile stripped clean and they found nothing. They listened to his reasonings, gave in to his pleas and he got no jail time but nobody trusts a man after something like this. His girlfriend left him, his friends cut contacts and obviously he lost his job. That was all almost three years ago now but the memories stick out in his mind with a glowing beacon, the signal of which could never be shut off. Four hours after the shouting from next door stopped Ray was laying face down on the moulding tiles of his kitchen. a smashed whiskey bottle was dangerously close to his head, the rest of the beers he had left in his house all being digested alongside some pills he didn't read the label of. The only somewhat good thing occurring in his apartment was the rat that was currently nestled up his pant leg, it wasn't good for Ray, more so for the rat. As the warmth emanating off a passed out sweaty thirty six year old man was a far better environment than the cold inside of a wall.