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As the Angles

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As the Angles

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Random Disclaimers:

The style of writing in “As the Angles” is pulled from different contemporary settings where the rules for grammar and spelling are very casual. Like emails, social media posts, text messages, etc. I did this because I think it sounds funny, and it places more of an emphasis on the events described by the story rather than the method they are written in. I was trying at the same effect with the aggressively inconsistent parts of the plot. Movies and shows and books and things that fetishize cleanness or consistency can get boring: you miss out when you’re too hung up on that. Sometimes details don’t matter as much. Who cares if it’s a train or a bus or a hotel? All you need to know is there’s a bunch of people on board whatever it is and Satan’s taking you to Hell in it.

Also, there are some parts that are censored. Specifically in “Car Secks: for more than 10 Secks” and “Van Oats.” There are black spots over words that are bad here. I chose blacking them out over a deletion so I could stay honest to the initial impulses that guided my writing. If you want to see them they are included in a list on the back page, in order of appearance. Should you read them by accident and be hurt by them, I apologize.

Also, also. If you want to try van oats for yourself for whatever reason, I’ve got some recipes following the last story, “Van Oats.” They are indeed edible. Though after trying them, you might come to the conclusion that the only thing they’re superior to is a hot bowl of dog food.

Also, Also, ALSO. Inattention to detail, writing words as I receive them, and eating van oats have an additional benefit: they work an emptying of the self that makes it easier to invoke the Muses. A written transcription of the recitation I used will precede the stories contained here.

If you feel more comfortable acknowledging this as a literary device for me accessing my subconscious or something, that’s fine. Whether it’s the Muses, the subconscious, or whatever, it’s whatever. At bottom, I will join the Poet in saying, "I am one who, when Love inspires me, take note and, as he dictates within me, so I set it forth" (Purg. XXIV, 52-54).

Invocation of the Muses:

This isn't a metaphor for
what's about to follow:
I summon Muses one through nine by
Apollo's power.

Apollo obey Christ in me
or our words are hollow —
God fill us
with knowledge of what's
unknown to tomorrow.

P.U.!!

Or Unmulleted: a Mullet Gulleted

Apollo did this my friends! Apollo! He is the one who is sending me these foul pains. As for my eyes, no one else has struck them. No one else but me.”
-Oedipus

Here is a sad bald boy sitting on the porch of mom's house. One day his mom asked him, "Little boy (son) why are you sad?" He sighed.

"I want to have a righteous mullet, but my follicle disease says 'no'."

"Neither I nor God accept this as a reason for being sad. Clean the potty." She then remembered the dishes also needed to be done. "And since you are sulky about it go do the dishes, too." He went inside carefully not to by accident exhibit any of the tells of Secret Sulkiness. He went inside, mother shouted after him, "besides, with what do you want a mullet for? Such a lovely neck!" Mom touched my neck and swallowed, glazed eyed. NO no Nono more mom! NO No no!! "If you are freaking out without calming down one more time, I will take you to a the psychiatrist I swear!! You've have such a lovely neck."

He knew this all ready. The Elder the boys at school, they would pin his arms back during playground and stroke his boy's smooth/ silksome neck all of the time. Hence the chief reason of his being desirous for a mullet in the first place: to cover his delicate womanish neck from the lustful wandering gaze + touch of ne'er-do-wells.

The dishes done, he sneaked up he went up to his tire swing. But it wasn't even his tire swing, on his neighbor's farm. It was up a hill, middle of a cornfield. When the corn was high, the sad bald boy would go hide his bike in a ditch and go up there to sit around for a while. He could really only go in late august though when the corn was high and nobody could shoot their gun at him and shout, "hay you get out of here off my farm!"

He sat sadly in his tire surveying all that gold corn in the yellowish gold sun. He saw the wind russelling threw it, too. He wandered more about mullets as he sat up there wondering, "Whatever will I do?" But when he remembered a joyful Bible verse, but I don't remember it so I can't write it just this secong, but said/ chuckled, "Ok God, I hear you." And chuckled. "Yes I hear you... asking *me* to pray for a mullet from heaven. A mullet should be righteous. Is there is no place more righteous then holy heaven? So ahem... dear God in holy heaven, may I please have a mullet? I'd take a fresh one but it don't got to be. Any you have lying around is" And he finished his prayer and the wind jimmed the leaves of corn around me! Goose pimples!!

And God had just the thing for him. All of a sudden, from 4 corners of the earth, the earth shook!! *Ruuuummbllleleeee!!!*

And a long spindly golden almost yellow hairs came blew in! And they all came specially in to gird the boys special neck and/or head.

"Oh." Said he, running his fings through the crspy new hair, "righteous!?" But when wet clouds gathered and splashed cold wet rain down and he sprinted outta there fast!! Onto his bike and home!

When he home bust sopping through the door, mother say "no sopping in the house that's what you get you, you were out tomfooling in the rain and now your mullet dribbly wet!

"Mom I have a mullet"

"My son congratulations"

"Now those guys wont whup me and touch me on my body anymore"

"Huh?"

"Now those guys wont whup me and touch me on my body anymore"

"No I heard you Im pretendng u did not say it"

"I want to talk to the doctor at school but" no honey don't ddo httht you don't need a psychologest they are for the crazies!!

Plus he want to say things that make you not love me any more and you love yore mommy don't you?

"It's ok mom them boys can't help it, by leaving my goods out in the wind I'm asking for a shakedown. But god has covert my shameful nakedness with his badass mullet. And look righteous!w"

"Yes you do honey let us go eat" And so they also went to ate dinenr.

While they were eating oatmeal for dinner, she was scooping him some oatmeal.

"Oatmeal is only 'okay'" she said. When all of a sudden a mullet hair accidentally fell into the her bowl unbenonst. She spooned it into her mouth t o chew that. Frankie (that was the boys' name I forgot to tell you but he's frankie to show you because he isnt the sad bald boy no more not sad and bald no more hes badass) said

"No! Mom don't! You are eating some my mullet!"

"What dear?" She said still chewing that one mullet hair like she didn't know?!

"UR eating my mullet!"

"Oh no... hmhmm.." she chewed luxuriously, "you're right. I am so. So so sorry."

"Then stop!"

"Ok! I..." she swallowed, GULP, "Oh ny son can you never forgive me what came over me would I meant to eat my own son's hair? I love you." Tears. Frankie was mad but put his arm around mom 2 comforted her saying things like, "its alright" or "it is ok" She vowed never to eat his hair ever again. Even *if* it was the single most *delicious* thing she ever tasted and every other meal from here on wood pail in comparison to the sublim sensory of this experience.

One day on a hot day boy plaid outside he was running around climbing on trees yelling "wahoo!" and it was hot out!

"It's too sweet out to be playing in my hair," he said. He took off his mullet off and sat it onto his porch swing and said to it "stay put hair." He really didn't want to but it was quiet a scorcher! Then he ran around bald while he was running all over for a while. He got tired and said "All right." And began to look for his hair. But Hey it's not on the proch swing?? it was there a second ago....

"Must have blown to somewhere along the lawn in the wind?" He searched the area throughly investigateing.

"IT maybe was taken by an animal for to the sake of making a soft nest to lay its young on." He searched up in trees and below under in holes but no such luck.

"Maybe mom through into the trash by accident whilst cleaning up?" He searched in the garbage cans and found nothing but grabage.

"Oh. No. I tknow I should have never took off my mullet off and sat it onto my porch swing and said to it "stay put hair.!" I am really sad about this. He broke down and cried yet again over his hairlessness once more. (He cried #1 time for happiness but I forgot to tell you that) But when he tried to cry none came out. He pushed "uuuunnnnggg!!!" but none woild came out.

"Oh I cried and sweated all my water out." He said, going inside to get more. (water)

He went through the scream door and heard this wretched wretching sound coming from the kitchen like this: "hnnngghh... hnnmnmgh... mhmm..." When he entered the kitchen to investigate/ drink some water he saw what horified him. Sitting there on the counter, was his old lady choking down his

gifr-from-God Hair! She forced that thick and matted mass down her esophogues so hard that tears ran down her face and made all of these gagging sounds on account of her mouth being opened being stretched to wide... *and her loving it.*

"Mom!" Mom! Looked surprised. "Mom stop!" Sje look pained covered her face for shame, but it did not stop eating his hair until completion. She slurped up the last few hairs like they were a spaghetti's strands. And when there was no more hair, then she stopped. One that fell out of her mouth in the confusion and was on the floor. She jumped quick down and ate it up and ok now was done. Then she spoke up for herself she said,

"Oh God oh no what have I done! What kind of mother am I?" He went over to come fart her againfor eating his hair and telling her it was okay. When she thought it was ok and he wasn't mad at her she told him

"Well I'm glat we've worked this out. You be mature about this it is only hair.

"Yes dont worry I am unbothered. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. What? Shall we receive good @ the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" And then his mother went to

bed slept likely a babely and son went outside to 'his' tree to think for a while.

As he went up to that tree to hang himself , he sat under the rtee and looked out at the corn one last tiem from under his tree. But Do I lack the down there "donstairs" jutzpah to bring his pain to fruition? He said-

"This ugly grounds' nakedness is covered by corn every summer: only a shortly is it tall or happy, before it is cut down and heart fisted. But soon again corn grows. then it is fully clothed in another year so that girls at school won't hit it on the mouth and touch its neck plus putting they're thumbs up its but ops hey wait-a-minute is that corn or me.

(I said boys earlier because I was too embarased that my porblems make a best joke to tell you I got whapped by girls. Because I am a boy and boys are not suposed to be whapped by girls, my teachers/ mom always see when theylaugh awhile saying 'now you can beat him up now but remember when he is big and tall he will do that to you' but I will *not* do that to them because it is bad!! His friend (who was a girl) said 'you r pathetic! Do no lot them do it to you!' But I cant help it and I donut know why. 'then you should "hang it up"))

The corn wispered sagely wisdom to me, sitting there
 Quitely. Or maybe the wind talked via corn? Or God talking to
 wind the corn to me saying it, "say it to Frankie."? OR both?
 "Hang ti up."Well I heard tge corn, this I know for I heard.
 Wind too. But whatever Whatever it was I heard talking to me I
 heard. Oh, once again I am in my desxearate state-- For *now*. But
 for *later* shorely My gold hairy si;lk days will fly upon the fore
 winds ones a-gain.

He pondered whether this was enough. Judging it was not,
 he undid the rope from the tire of the tire swing and hung
 himself from that. He swumng around going ""hgghh...
 hunnghhhh... mhgmhhh..." Choke!! Then They didnt not find no
 body until Corn Harvest a couple a weeks down the road and
 Frankie got smelly with the odor of old bodies. P.U.!!

Car Secks
(for more then 1o secks)

Park the car, have Car Secks
-Future

Yong boy was left in Dad's SUV during grocery run. 'Dad,' said Son, 'You have parked in the 10 mint parking spot. That is bad!' Dad said, nothing. But left the car locked the doors!!! Foolish.

The Sun Was Alone as he watched dad go in to the store. He disappeared between auto-mated doors. Desperate settled into boy. 'O god why god?' He anxiously counted down the mints on the dashboard clock:

10 MINTS A WAY:

I am scared. Dad come home please. AAh!!!

9 mINTS A AWY:

SKiiiiiiPPP--- BORING FASTFORWARD 2 ONE SECK A WAY .

One Seck A Way:

'No-gugh-gugh-hawaii AiEea!,' [I tried making his squeaker voice best i could but its hard cus its dang annoying!"]

Then the *wurst* happened.

Like boy warned dad like the sign said, there was only ten minutes of parking in the vicinity. On the ten mint mark the SUV began to float away into the sky like a balloon!! The boy screaming all the while!

He shouldve not screamed, at the cool part! I dont blam ihm for if he screamng @ next part tho. Wear he drifted into the Cloudy Kingdom and was @ te merci of horny masterly Cloud Anglos: They was a bunch of naked old guys!! Who were naked-slappng long hangly penises against the glass like sum car wash frum Hell -- frum heaven if you our a older lady with a thang for penis-slap instead-of-a-fivey-ear-old-goy.

So happy he was outta the Cloud Cover,, 'thank god' but that was before Phase Two = mean plant its of discurgng words.

Jupiter and MArS were awfle to him who said many a mean thing like, 'dad won't come back' or 'when he did you wish he dint,' or 'gay gay gay,' or 'gonna kill u' which were bad bc mostly true!!1! He plugd his finegers into the hole of his ears saing ' ai aia ai a i no more talk' Then Jupter sayed 'lol u wanna c my stromy party-spot?' boy sayed 'N.O.' JUpter sayed back "O. KAY.." amd show him that! Bug red storm, with clouds horiner then the last innit, bc they were read they was mad too, sleppng penisis as gaints the windsheild w/ rage. 'Slapslapslap,' went tohse angry penises as if 2 say 'lettuce in then lettuce in again' but like into ur but this secont time. but boy bravely sed, 'not now I half a head ache"

Good thing dad locked them dores!

Then it was te stards. The stars was rly hawt & preseed they boobies to tha glass of widow saing ' suggle my nibbles like i em mommy n some mjlk,'

and ho didde wanna those adlut nibbles bad.nHe pulled on that little stick thing you knwo the one on the to dore to unlock from inside but car alarm went ""breow!!""breow!!""breow!!"" it mite as well of sayed 'no nibbles'

Bad thing dad locked them dores!

'frick i would of tooka dick-sla=up if it ment i could suggle sum boobs!'

The car was drifting amuch in the cosmoms alarums a-blazing likw Ill get out,so much caught the attenton of Space Please Force. Them cops toed him to the stashion and look at the peen-slaps-smears on the widnows and sayed", 'thankgoodness th dores locked" but then looked @ the brest smears a long side & sayed 'aw man then gain mabe e not' "yore tellin me me baby boy sayed" 'well no penis or bboos to-day' those asrtal coppers sayed. 'Uness you want hours we r hot [REDACTED]' ' wellno thnx ive athikn i changed my mind;' than they crampled up him in the car like a lil basbeall abd baseball bated him back to earf w/ one grant slam w/ they peenises!!

It [basbeall w dead Son inside] smackced plumb into paps' stomach, smattering his guts + spine outta his bacI rite as he was ab to buy hissself nudie mags!! Good deal. Boy popped otta the otherside as a noob born baby alive clenسد if all sins int eh world he seen trhru his locked widnow.! (boy actally not dead i mad that up to supise you.)

Cloud Ogler

Thunderin' Moses, what the hell d'you want Caleb to be — a durned, he-virgin,
sky pilot?

-Captain Crosby

This lady who is always looking up at the clouds. Shes always laying on her back in a field looking at them. It was in the lot behind Walmart.. I'd see her when I'd walk bacl from work in the morning I work the 3rd shift stocking shelves at walmrt, and I get out at 7:00 am. When they'd let me out leave early I'd see her walking to the field as the sun came up.

I assume she watches the sun come up on the clouds I assume she watches the clouds because she's only out there during the day which is when clouds come out. I have a crush on her but she might be too old or have kids you never know.

I clocked out and got a snack from Meijer gas station.No donuts I just get a pickle in a bag because I need to loose weight. I talked to the cashier and he said he thought she laid there all day because he never saw her get up accetpt to go home as the sun came down.We decided not to talk to a byunch of people about it because they might bother her if they knew she was there. We think she might be somewhat 'out there,"

Her hair is badly dyed black and matted. She reminds me of [Phil Spector](#) but hot. She sits in the sun all day while still being white as a ghost with a little pudg. She has thin legs and a beautiful belly that shows a bit through her shirt when she lays down. It looks like a heap of oatmeal spilled onto the floor. She wears sweatpants that are too small. They smell probably she wears them every day no matter the weather.

“No they don’t smell, ” she told me when I asked her if they smelt. She also said, “Also you are skinny.” I felt bad from that and she said this without looking away from the sky too. Also I discovered she sprays herself with SPF 50 sunscreen in order to keep her skin like milky white doves.

“What are you doing later?”

“Stop bothering me Im watching clouds”

“Do you want to go on a date”

“No, I don’t even like boys only clouds.” I went home then and didn’t sleep because I was so upset at her for sayning no to me (I go to

sleep in the morning because I work nights). My brother was watching TV loud because he is a dick. That did not help me with not sleeping! I smacked my wall like “Shut up with the TV, okay?!”

When went to work night shift at Meijer at 11:30 I stopped by the gas station again to get an caffeinated beverage because I was tired and t was the same guy as before there I talked to.

“I wish I was a cloud!” I told him him after saying how she liked clouds not me.

“Do you think she meant she would like you better as a cloud?!”

“It could be.”

“Or not. It could be you dont ever have a chanve of her ever wanting you how you want her women don’t love men they pretend because they cannot have babies on their own. Also, they want to go places when its dark out without being scared. They only make babies with us because they are scared of men and so when they make a baby its 50/50 boy or girl and if its a boy then they have a small man they can take it out on by making him feel bad until he grows up with no

self esteem to say no anymore to anything and is her baby puppet of her whims.”

“why did you say all that I think girls theyre are awesome”

“A happy thing indeed it is to die unwedded virgin”

“Whose hurt you in your life?”

“And If what you want for her is to notice you, why do you not go up there?. The vent out back has exhaust-steam going all the way up to the clouds from down here. Go up that like its is some stairs.”

“Okay.” I said. I went up to the access panel in the air duct and got inside and it was hot and dark and I banged around the sides a lot before I could find the exhaust. I got to the steam come out of it and walked up it as a stair to the sky.

I arrived there but a party was going on and a bouncer wouldn't let me in. I shook the pearly gates by their bars and yelling “just let me in” but he said, “No. Do you have a membership?”

“A membership?”

“Yeah, a cloud or bird membership? “

“all right” I went back down and talked ot my friend about that.

“Well,” he said, “how bad do you like her/ want to impress her?”

“enough to relinquish my corporeal body”

“Good bro glad to hear it bro cause that’s what its going to take.”

“What could you mean?”

“You must leave your earthly abode behind and S U B L I M A T E onto another place of existence .”

“no but how? I am too big/ wet/ full of orgabs to burn very easily into smoke”

“no but listen I will have to kill you and put you into my smoker and dry your giblets out in the smoker and take their essence back via party balloon and send you up the vent here. I have a smoker.”

“bro youd do that for me”

“yeah man unquestionably but you are cool if I cut you up into giblets?? I have this meat smoker I built in my back yard but its more for bacon and stuff so I’ll have to put you into smaller giblets first ”

“sure okay”

“and next thing you know he brained me with a baseball bat.”

The End.

and next thing you know I woke up and as a billowy blossom of smoke blowing up a balloon and the guy let me out into the loud vent-fan behind gas station (it made a hilarious farrt sound!) I walked the exhaust steam stairs to heaven with what would seem to be my cloud membership. It was easy to climb now that I was so trim!

“haha my man youre basically a cloud get in here” said the bouncer/ st peter.

“Im a cloud?”

“Yeah almost Definitely cloudy enough for my book: I count it.”

“Okay.” I said past the pearly gates-and it was a big party in there dancing loud music and lights and some drinks too. Were all having a good time.

I hung around for a while and chatted it up with some people I’d been meaning to see like my grandma my uncle my dog (yes I *know* this is controversial but he was there dogs dogo toheaven) and Dante de Allighieri. I had trouble locating John Lemon but perhaps it required a longer look. Anyway dante wasn’t that interesting because

he only spoke Italian so I pretended to be interested and laugh when he laughed but I pretended to get more punch and hid from him in the restroom. Where all of a sudden I remembered to do my mission.

I was nervous I looked down at the gas station and my small friend gave me a small thumbs up. I was like “gotta go for it.” I couldn’t hear what he said (too far away) but his mouth moved and probably said something like “don’t be chicken now” I went to a cloud-edge by that girl’s field and looked over. It was dark so I had to wait longer.

Then its 2 am and everyone left for the night. The bartender was cleaning up and I asked him if it was cool if I stayed awhile and he said “absolutely the party never ends” I laid on my belly looked down with my elbows on the cloud’s floor[?] with my face in my palms while watching for the girl.

Later on the ground below got dark and dusky and thus I knew the sun would come up soon. I last-minute had to look for a glass or something to check my hair in my reflection. I found one but couldn’t

tell what m hair looked like in it it was too cloudy it was made of clouds. I guess I looked pretty nice and or handsome (I guessed this way for confidence.)

I leaned over now and sure enough there she is making her way down to her spot. Her spot in the grass was patted down in the shape of her like when deers bed in the woods and its patted down like that. She laid there and ogled at the Clouds from the gournd. Which was me! She smiled and I did. I said, 'hi' she said 'hi' and it was then I knew that if I aske d her out on a date she would maybe say yes.

The End.

Star Jiggler

Have you ever used a belbaflonic laser to align the hybernautilus rift in the
boobatron plasmordial formation?"

-Ricardio the Heart Guy

So in town or theres a guard who sits on wall through the night to watch for when aliens flew in on their comet to kill us all. It was for his duty. He watched for aliens to be upon us and durst not look away from their zone for half-a-scond. He was good at looking and he was good looking. (But no so good looking don't let it go to your head it is above average at best.)

While they were out on the town having a blast the party ladies wluold notice him and say " he's is a handsome fellow" but moreso it was dark out and he had a 'figure' you know (even if his butt was a little shrimp)

They liked to stop and talk whilst jiggling their stuff at him to so he'd look at them and but he did not forsake his god nor his country he kept on keeping on and looking up at the stars. They'd say "what are you gay? I jiggled my stuff at you" and hed say "not not reallyI'm sorry I'm busy that's all. "But They had other tricks, they'd say "look at my stuffff" but that didn't work either because he'd say "I eyes only for the stars keep your stuff outta my face your blocking my vision" and one of those party people said "that sounds very lonesome" and he

said "yes indeed it is a very lonesome road I walk along all alone"

So after that they left but the girl that had said "hey that sounds very lonely" to that boy had her heart stay with him (no that is impossible but it felt as if it were too her because she wanted to be close to him: for He had jiggled her in her heart.

Those party ladies were out partying again one night and they wanted some carrots but the one girl said "hey how bout hamburgers" though we everyone know gluten make homegirl go sick/ go poop but she knew on the way to get burs they'd might stop by the night watchman and say 'hello.'

Noone else was feeling hamburgers. Either but she insisted they got some. When they passed him they did sum half-hearted jiggling but moved on when he continued his fixated lock on the eternal aether. She was thinking of him, you can tell by how she'd oogle his bod and sigh a-lot. You can't tell what he thought. His face was chilly blankness aglow with the evenings light of the heavens.

They got there and she said "no to burgers for me for the gluten in the bun makes me sick with

poop" and they said "more like it makes you sick in love?" and she said "no just don't want to go poop"

The next weekend they went out and she tries to say let's go get hamburger but her gf's set her straight: "no use girlfreind he's only looks at stars not us nor are jigglers, If you love him let him go" and it broke her heart in pieces for she was aware 'twere only speaking the truth.

They sought to evade her sorrows by taking her out of fireworks. This week the town were celebrating by having fireworks parties every night. It wa for the "Christmastime Endtimes Future Finale Fireworks Fiasco" to commemorate theyre last December alive before the comet came and smashed it all to hell. Night #1 was so cool, it was those low flying sparkly ones. As the week went on they busted out the badder boys, pulling out the stops. The real Big stuff. Later was the last night. This one cost the towns hole pot of gravy because who needs any when the world's gone bunk?

Suddenly she slinked off w/ one of her pals to get that guy. Since fireworks go into the sky mayhaps hed see them and they would something to chat it up about? Her friends house was about

halfway the way there so she dropt her off and had to go it alone which is scary at night!

She got to wall unproblematically though and stood there withe night watch man guard boy. she looked at starts above herself and said to they "boy hi how are you?" he said "hi how are you?"

"do fireworks distract from duty?"

"No. I don't do anything. If the aliends come it wll become as the daytime in its brightness and all will see. Fireworks or no nobody we are boned here; the pointlessness of my usage. But this my job alas what is my life."

"You like fireworks? Theyre pretty!"

"Yea"

"You look @ them"

"I look @ them they are up there"

"what if they jiggled at you?"

"what"

"Nevermind. good night." she left a thought brimming her brain, a hope warming her heart. She would sneak into the fireworks storage and get tied to a firework fly up quick and get his attention. She had to move quick though as the fireworks finale was on the morrow.

The next day early that night She snuck beneath side of the tent-tarp when not a sole was around. Most the fireworks seemed to small for what she purposed. The only one that was good sized was the finale firework. She could fit inside it! She found it's big red canister lifted its lif and got inside though it was a helluva a squeeze. She slept like a happy baby when she know he would see each other soon.

That "shhhssssssssssss" sound of the fuse being lit woke her up & scared her but then set herself straight "don't puss out now gf" and felt overwhelming calm wash over upon her thoughts of impendig ego-doom.

When te firework blasted off its hiss was curiously alike to a woman going, "aaaiiaiiii!" How did they know it was a woman inside screaming for her joy hunched up patiently inside there for her big moment of death to come?

As the watchmam heard the final missile streaking aloft he saw also a green comet somming in from the horizon. He held to his lips his bugle not [the snack chip](#) the trumpet) to warn everybody. As if that it would make a difference anyway!!

He was about to blow but then the firework did making an elegant sprinkling of stars high above. They jiggled at him lovingly. He jiggled at them/her. He put his bugle down quietly and said, "and for the first time I am happy—"

He put his bugle down and said "I'm going to love being a constellation with you. Ill forthwith belong to you, My love. Aaaaiaiaisiisiiii!!" but his sentence was cut short as the wind knocked out of him by a comet with aliens riding it like they were a bunch of bucking broncos smacking him smack in his belly with his gilbets sending into the second one ever up space (1st being m'ladies) the comingling of body and soul hard underway via their liquid essenes.

and when that last comet flash and not a person was ready or could ever have been. Earth was to smithereens and that was about enough it took to make the earthlings splash into orbit he gazed at ergo a big supernova of *lovec* was left in Eartgs old spot.

Her heart was no longer sat aloft from her up on that wall it was next her in space And he didn't stagne he at a star now that was a lot of them. No more sleeping at daytime for either cause

they were dead and earths not spinning to tell
'daytime' or nighttime' any more. Only a goodtime.

t he End.

Van Oats

A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny; and see
thou hurt not the oil and the wine.

-A voice in the midst
of the four beasts

This girl has her face plastered on the back walls of places like Dollar General and Walmart. It's to let the employees know that she is a shoplifter and to call the cops if they see her.

She isn't on any thief walls at Speedway yet. But then she saw something there she couldn't live without. So when the cashier went back to answer the phone, the girl slipped that something in her purse and walked out with it.

What she took was a tube sock full of vital organs. It had a grocery bag around it to keep the liquids in. She dumped it on her bed at her dorm to look at them. The heart was her favorite: the way its empty valves rasped was irresistible. She had to hold it for a while, to feel it beating. Then put everything back in the sock and bag and wiped her hands on her pants before leaving for class.

Her roommate got back from class and turned the heat up. Her RA smelled the warm sock meat from the hall and threw it in the dumpster. When the girl got back she said, "Damn!" but it wasn't that deep. She didn't know if it was a real person's life in there, and it wasn't her life anyway.

A homeless man entered Speedway to escape a blizzard, and to give himself a spit bath. He carried a wet grocery bag towards the bathroom.

"You can't take the bag with you."

"I sort of have my life in here."

"Doesn't matter. Leave it on the shelf and come back for it."

"You know I haven't put anything in here. You saw me come in."

"Leave it."

“Whatever. Make sure nobody takes it.” He left it on the nearest shelf and locked himself in the bathroom. When he came out the bag was gone.

“No, I wasn’t watching. I don’t know what happened to it.” The homeless man said nothing in reply but went out to his van, which had broken down in the parking lot when he pulled in. With no insurance, money, or friends he couldn’t keep it from getting impounded. He opened the hatchback and got his propane heater he used to stay warm when he slept.

As he wandered along some railway ties, he found a makeshift shed left by a different homeless person. He set the heater behind this and spent an hour trying to light it in the wind. Eventually he got it and started warming his hands. But with no organs to circulate his blood, he got very cold anyway and died.

He woke up in Limbo. Homeless again, but on the astral plane. He went back to the spirit version of Speedway and got into his van. He didn’t know what else to do. He may have been dead, but he still needed shelter from the cold. Luckily an angel came and draped a blanket over the top of his van to keep him warm. She said, “Stay warm. And sleep. I’m watching out for you.” But then immediately flew off to take a shit.

Before long it got dark out and I heard two voices outside. Then my van was swaddled up in the angel’s blanket and hoisted into the air. I had a baseball bat I kept under the passenger seat. I used the butt of it to break a window, and then used some glass to rip a hole in the blanket to look through.

Above me were two women with wings carrying me to Hell. My van was being towed by demons. I think their names were something like “Wickedness” and either

“█████” or “Crazy █████.” I can’t remember, but Zechariah does. It’s in his book somewhere.

The angel came out of Heaven’s bathroom, still smelling like her shit. When she saw the van was gone, she cried, because she felt really stupid and worried she might get fired as a guardian angel.

That’s when she turned on her invisibility to follow those demons. She pulled up to one of the back windows of the van and whispered, “Why don’t you make yourself heavier. You’ll be harder to abduct.”

He tried to fill his mind with heavy things, but couldn’t.

“Try! They are only women, and are very weak. If you are heavy they will have no choice but to drop you.” He tried again to make himself unbearable for these women.

He grew out his hair and beard. He got fat. He gave up any hope of being stable or in any way useful to a woman.

But still they found him to be entirely bearable, because he was always in the habit of making himself small as possible. Always hiding, barely talking, never disagreeing. He’d even considered emasculating himself to make his manhood less of a burden to his mom and sister.

He was very easy for “Wickedness” and “Dumb █████” to carry. (We’ve decided on the name “Dumb █████” for the second demon.) It’s like Jesus said, “those who have will be given more, and those who don't have will get their van towed.”

How could I make myself more when I'd spent my life trying to be less? That angel lied, or else she's an idiot. Evil and incompetent is the same thing for a guardian angel. I cannot increase. I will decrease.

I want to become less until I become nothing, which is to die.

I used to fear the becoming less more than the nothing. Edmund Burke helped me out of that. He told me pain was an emissary of death. It's a happy irony— what I hate most is an emissary of what I most desire.

How do I become smaller so those [REDACTED] will drop my van and leave me alone so I won't go to Hell? When Apollo was taking Hermes to Hell, Hermes stopped him with a fart. I have no farts to scare my demons away. I have done many things to make myself stink to them, but to no avail. I'm fat, I'm loud, and I smell, but those demons still want me. Should I be flattered?

“Wickedness” and “Fat [REDACTED]” still have me and my van swaddled up on our way to Hell. That goddamn [REDACTED] of a [REDACTED] of an angel hid from me so now I definitely will go to Hell. No choice. At least Hell is warmer than my van.

But if there is another Limbo deeper than this one, maybe I will become even lighter upon dying again?

There's still a couple hours till we get there, I think. There's enough time to try one more thing. My Limbo van still has the propane heater left inside. With the lighter and stuff, too. So I ignite the heater and wait for the fumes to take me away to a more delicate existence.

He woke up feeling lighter, and colder. But he never left his van.

Damn! Still alive. The window he had broken let the carbon monoxide out. He felt lighter because he pooped his pants and had a wet dream.

He threw his pants out the broken window and patched the hole up with garbage bags. After cleaning himself with wet wipes, he unscrewed the cap from his back up propane tank. He had a back up because he hated running out of gas and being cold for the rest of the night.

The tank emptied, the van filled. The hiss of the propane passing the valve eventually died down, and it was hard to breathe in there. He got his lighter from the glove compartment, lit it, and blew himself to Kingdom Come.

Kingdom Come is a figure of speech, of course. What he did earned him a one-way ticket to Hell. Which is not a figure of speech. The man found himself in line at a kiosk admitting entrance on a bus making stops at various circles of Hell. The bus driver was St. Peter.

He asked to see my penis. I showed him my bus pass. He laughed.

“A suicide, right? You get off at the forest of suicides. Be ready to leave when it's close to your stop,” He leaned close. “Don’t try to hide from me. I’ll find you and lick your ass.” He looked like he meant it, too. Scary!

I checked the directory and the bus was huge. It was a double decker bus with one thousand decks. More like a big hotel on wheels. I know Virgil said not to hide, but how could I not? It was probably so easy! And I don't want to go to Hell.

I went up to the ballroom on the third floor and tried to conceal myself behind some curtains, but there was a girl already there. She said, "Go away. I'm trying to hide from the bus driver."

"Me too. I don't want to go to Hell."

"Me either. Find some place else."

"Okay fine, this spot's not even that good. I'll bet Apollo finds you immediately."

"I've already been here three round trips."

"Where are you supposed to get off?"

"Eighth circle. Fraud. I'm a shoplifter. I stole a sock of innards from a shelf at Speedway. And some other stuff."

"Wait, I lost one of those. Let me see it."

"What's it look like? What's inside?"

"I don't know. A crusty sock, dark with blood. There's some organs in there, I guess."

"What's the heart look like?"

"It's yellow and covered with mushy brown spots, like an old banana."

"That checks out. Here." She gave him his musty sock and he shoved it back in his open chest cavity. He left the sock on because it kept the smell in.

In case you're wondering, the girl got it back from her RA. They had been playing on some train tracks and got run over. When they boarded the bus to Hell, the girl jumped her RA and took the sock. The RA had been on the bus a while ago, but

wasn't smart enough to hide from Apollyon so she's in whatever circle dweebs go to.

"Thanks. Also, you took my organs."

"I liked how they smelled."

"You killed me!"

"Sorry," She changed the subject. "What'd you do to get here?"

"I killed myself. After I died the first time, I was in Limbo for a while. I found my van in the spirit realm and blew myself up with a propane tank."

"Why'd you do that?"

"I'd have to tell you my life story."

"Do it." He told her his life story. She cried.

"Stop crying. It's my life and I'm not crying about it." She stopped crying. He asked, "How do you eat? Or sleep? Or go to the bathroom?"

"I had a bag of licorice in my purse when I boarded. I sleep leaning against the wall. I hold my poop in. I roll up an issue of *Poise* and use it as a funnel to pee in this." She handed him a foamy, warm water bottle. He handed it back.

"Cool. How long can you keep this up?"

"I don't know. I just don't want to go to Hell." He convinced her to look for a better spot. It didn't take that long: after walking behind the curtain for a couple of feet they found a place where the wall dipped in and there was enough room to sit. They also decided to throw the bottle away and use the bathrooms there on the bus. To limit their time in public, they stopped washing their hands. Except when they pooped.

Pretty soon they ran out of her licorice, but he brought food, too. Something he called van oats.

“I call them van oats because I eat them out of my van. They are cheap and most of the ingredients are dry goods. This is so I can store them without a refrigerator. It’s made of oats, sunflower kernels, protein powder, and a cut up banana. You mix it together, add water — and BAM! Van oats.” He offered her a bowl, and she ate it.

“Hey, I didn’t throw up.”

“That’s right. But don’t get too used to that. When you have more than a couple in a row it’s a struggle to keep it down. I have several variations I switch between to keep myself from vomiting. I have enough for a few more bowls, so we can share these.”

“Thanks.” Just then the double doors to the ballroom creaked open and they heard a voice yell, “Next stop: the Wood of the Suicides. Any suicides in here?” A pause. “Okay. Better not be. I mean it.” Then Satan left. But he popped his head back in to say, “And I better not catch anybody dancing to “My Achy Breaky Heart” by Billy Ray Cyrus. It brings back,” he paused to choke back tears, “painful memories.”

The painful memories the conductor was referring to are of when Billy Ray Cyrus promised his soul to the devil in exchange for a hit song. He got his song, but when the time came to fork over his soul, he gave Satan an IOU. He never intended to give him his soul at all. Billy already traded it for peanut brittle when he was 12. This humiliated the devil. When people bring it up, he doesn’t even turn into a dragon or send them to Hell or anything: he cries.

He left the room again, and came in one last time to say, “I mean it with that Billy Ray Cyrus stuff! I hate that guy. If I ever hear that stupid song I wrote him I’ll probably get so upset I’ll jump off of this train next time we pass a volcano to kill myself in it.”

After he waited to see if Lucifer had any more comments to make, the homeless guy said, “Why don’t we play that song somehow to make him murder himself and leave us poor sinners alone?”

“Great idea. There’s a big jukebox down at the bar that has every song Satan wrote in exchange for somebody’s soul. But it only plays them loud enough to hear if you press the side of your head right against the speaker. They do that for torment. Also, it only takes dimes. Which, if you remember, the cost of a reservation here is “every dime you have on your person at this moment” and then they grabbed you by your ankles and gave you a shake down. Then Satan ate your dimes and gave you your room key.”

“Yes, I remember this clearly.”

“Satan never poops. He is too greedy to give up his dimes that easily. We must get him to vomit. So we can get a dime. So we can play a song. So we can get Satan to kill himself.”

“Of course.” The man chortled. “Yes, it’s almost poetic. For my whole life the voice of Lucifer has urged me to kill myself, and eventually I did. Those two demons who were carrying me in my van were his daughters, and really they weren’t taking me to Hell, they were flying in circles to exasperate me into committing suicide, like their dad told them to. But now the shoe is on the other foot.”

“Let’s give that Prince of Darkness a taste of his own medicine.” And thus they hatched their plan. Wait, never mind, I forgot they’re not done. That girl said, “Oh no, but how are we going to get him to throw up?”

“By means of too many van oats.” And — **THUS** they hatched their plan. There were some details to work out, but I believe in them. But all the believing in the world won’t change the fact that they ate the rest of their van oats.

It's okay! There were ingredients in the kitchen car of the hotel-train bus (but really it's mostly a train) and that guy and lady went in there and commandeered the resources of St. Satan/ Virgil/ Apollo.

They went up to the air vent above the kitchen and watched the demons prepare supper. Everyone on board got the same every meal: a hot dish of dog food. But Satan got something nice on a silver platter with one of those nice domy lid-covers. Usually Burger King. But not today, Satan. Today you get... VAN OATS!!1!!!!

Those 2 buddies had devised a system of hooks made of a box of paper clips strung end to end. They used these to acquire the ingredients to make the most overwhelming bowl of van oats ever conceived. (to say it was underwhelming would of ascribed what is too much a positive quality. Its mundant was so perfect, that if you ingest it 3 times... you go off puking.

Once the bowl was made, they removed the dome lid cover and replaced the sumptuous treat there w/ their bowl. Bonus!! They got 2 eat Satan's goooooood stuff. toay it was a large fry from McDonalds w 3 extra sweet n sour. and a diet coke.

"Score!" She said, "My favorite."

"Mine, too. Almost." The goblet tht stuff up. An the demon cook took the prank-oatmeal away for sata to eat. They listend anxiously from the ceiling as he recieved his diner in the room. He bit it. "It is okay enoughit to b for me 2 finish it," he said. "But not munch beter then that."

The boy and girl high fived!! (Shh!! Quietly.) Then boy crawled around a corner in the vent for is privacy and slept. They were awoken the next morning by the Prince of Darkness mad ab something.

“You cooks please have something better for me today then those lookwarm oakmeals. I like to have my strength up to yell @ some sinners today at the assemblage today.” Once in a while he would give a speech to everyone in the auditorium (5th car). and tell them they were going to hell and dismiss them

This was perfect!!! When he’d eat the oats & would projectile it into the audience and the demons would be too busy trying to stop sinners from grubbing the coinage. The sinners would be grubbing bc the facilities in hell took dimes. You needed them for the laundromat, vending machines, the escalator. Hence the cruelty of eating peoples dimes before they get on the bus.

Oh shoot I forgot it usually takes 3 consecutive bowls to make somebody puke. Lest hope Satan’s a wuss who can only take 2.

The two buddies replicated their methods from the day before and switched the Prince of Darkness’s meal again w/ out a hitch. After the switcheroo this time they got to share a fat tub of tapioca pud... awesome.

Satan thought the oats was pud and gobbled it up too quick... uh oh

“I did not like that 1 bit, and I feel very sick right now. But alas — the show must go on.” Hey did you hear that? He doesn’t feel good!! I am hopeful about this. Also saying “Satan’ this much is too scary, can we call him Santa now? He’ll still be Satan let’s just call him santa, okay? Santa walked up to the microphone on the stage.

“Ahem. I have gathered you here today to let you know some thing. And that thing is this: that you are all going to... going to...” Sploosh ! Before he could finish his sentence he was rudely interrupted by a infinite flow of a billion dimes pouring from his mouth! Can you say embarrassing?

Instantly everybody was grubbing yhose bad boys off the floor into their pockets. The devils were going round with their forks poking folks in their behinds to put a stomp to the grubbing. Them two buddies took a single 1 and sneaked off with it to the bar.

Man oh man, did Santa get mad! The train tracks went passed a spike pit and he through his cooks out on it to spike them through! Then he went around guzzling up to reclaim the dimes. But dimes this made him sick Venmore. He was throwing up so hard, that his heart unlodged from its place and stuck in his e softigus. He colapsed on the floor and tears and barf and blood tricked from his facial orificies.

He laid helpelss as leagues of the dammed ran off with his dosh. Sum came back to clobber him, but luckily santas’ evil devils came to his assistance w fly squatters and squatted those boppers offa him.

“What a day I’ve had. I need a drink.” He needed a drink... from the bar... the one w/ a jokebox with that song he hates.. Yes... good... get your drink, Santa, haha! Conventient.

He went to the bar car and made himself a non-alcoholic Shirley Temple. He was sipping on it when he heard a voice from the jukebox.

“Pssst. Satan. Wanna hear a lie?”

“AAAAaaaiii!!! Voices. I am loosing it,” Santa said. Serves him right! He used to talk to me when I was a bby in my crib and it made me afraid. But now he is afraid. of Me and that girl hid behind the vending machine we were talking about earlier. US talking to him is part of the plan to bump him. You probably want in but I can’t tell you the secret just now so hang tight for a minute.

“No, Satan, calm down. No raison to be afraid. You like lies?”

“I guess I do. I am the Daddy of All Lice. Plus I have a had a very trying day and come to think of it I could use a good lie now.” He wiped his eyes and sniffled. “I am ready for youre lie”

“Sure. Lean close. I am a ghost living in the jukebox. You have to b close because the lie is so good I don’t want to waist it on everybody. It’s specialy good 4 u.”

Santa blushed and used his hand to stifle a giggle cutely. He pressed his horny ear to the speaker. Bingo bango.

“ Close your eyes. Savour the moment,” I told him.

“Yes,” he murmured. As soon as his eyes were shut, that lady i was with did a summer salt to the anterior of the jukebox and popped her dime in (the dime was tied to a piece of floss so she could pull it back out and use it on other stuff. ISn’t she thrifty?) popped it back out and selected that song Santa hated so much from the queue. This was done so sneakily that Santa didn’t know what hit him til it was too late.

“You can tell the world,” the song went.

“Reeeee!!!!!!1!! The devil went, clawing his eyes out and rolling on the floor. Before Billy Ray Cyrus could even tell that mean woman in the song not to tell his Achy Breaky Heart that she was never his girl so it wouldn’t blow up inside him

and kill him during the chorus Santa sprinted smack into the wall and felt along it for a window. He had to stop a couple tme to spill his insides from his mouth. He poured his heart on the floor: mephlorical for money. Also, not metaphorical for ihs heart that came unstuck from his throat and lye beating on the floor. When he decided he was thru he fell against the wall and called out for his devils. Theyn came over in hurry.

“Hey satan r u good man?”

“NO bro. Wears a window.”

“Once behind you.”

“Is a volcano outside?”

“We’re passing 1 now.”

“I have something to say.” hay why did he say that he could say it without saying that “I am so sad. I am the saddest Thru the ages there has been only One Achy Breaky Heart mine. Yore all gng to hell. Frick you, Billy!!111! ” Than he tumbled out the window & into Mont Vetruius. The left over demons shrugging like, “I dunno, man.” They punched their timecards outterly and went on a vacation. Thnxfully not a staycation, lol. You couldn’t fund a demon onboard if u tryed. Looked like we had the bust to our selfs.

And scents Santa spent most of his last day getting sick on the floor, the ball room and audiotirum were stuffed w mounds of bloody dimes and organs. those waas smelly, dead, and charred. Accept for a beautiful cherry tomato heart beating helplessly there. IT was so sad to look at bc the pore thing didnt half a home. The lady pick it up and held it fluttering in her palms. It filled her fing-creases with ketchuppy rivulets.

“Hay homeless guy, can I have a look at ur cool sock again.”

“Shore.” He sight and gave her his musty heart-sock. She glanced it over n tossed the moldy thing outta the window also into mt vesuvioys w Santa. Splash!! What the heck. Then she put Satan’s clean new baby-mouse heart in my chest cavity (no sock necessary — barely stank) and now guess whose not afraid to say his name? Me bc I’m not afraid of what belongs to me. Satan. Satan. Satan.

Soon a lost of sinners came out of their hidey-holes. My friend got on top of a less soggy money/meat pile and made an announcement. She was a very loud person which was a good quality made her excellent @ announcements

“IDK about u guys but Im gonna tuck my drawers in my socks and stuff em full of dimes. Im gonna use sum of those to by chip and fruit punch from a vending machine. I wont even tie one to a string because I dont need that no more: endless fantasy of dimes, here on the dance floor. After I eat a delicious meal of chips, which are great for not being a dish of hot dog food, I am going to hold a big dance party hear.”

“Awesome idea!” A bunch of ppl said, and probably everybuddy thought. Alot were leaving rite away to eat something other than dog food. Me and others were busting into the debils dress-up closet to try on his fancy suits. Then we’d look at each other saying “ O U handsome devil!” And not stop laughing at that!!

She gota smart mechanic to fix the jukebox to play Satan-inspired music very loudly to dance 2 so we could party to something. WE went to the bar and made a hole lotta drinks, which was great bc after a fewwe dint notice when the bus got stuck in a ditch because the room was always jopping around and we was sick anyhow.

is went for a real long time. At least a millenium.

But you gotta wake up n smell the roses at some point. Me and her woke up lightheaded — the bender was over. I had a strong urge to not wash my hands bc i dint need to. The head's wear I always feel most heavy so when I sat up it was like, woah, where'd all my wait go? I wondered why my head was so like this until I saw the guy standing in front of me.

“Hello you,” I said to my brain. “You’re my brain.”

“That is true,” he said. He looked Identical to a brain, except w long silksome legs into some stilleto heels. Woof!!

“No,” that woman said. “She is my brain.”

“Guys, guys. I’m *both* your brain. Because you are of one mind.”

“Ohhh...” we both sayed. He mustve come out of us while we slept. Hence hour lightheaded ness.

“No, I did not come out of you. You two came out of me. In this instance, as in all others, the objects of sense are nestled in the womb of the immaterial. I have a not become obviuser. You have become subtler. You experienced a time of suffering, a time of happy times. You seen both sides of the coin. Youre chalupa is cooked, inside and out. Ready to be served. IT’s tasty, ist deserved. You are wise, you are wise. You have acquired.. spirit eyes.”

“The naked meaning of this days is layed bare to my gaze,” I said. “The plan to make Satan died, via volcano suicide, was yours not min(d)e. Thx, guide.”

“No problemo,” it said. I had to rub my eyes then bc it looked less like a pink wet ball sack and moe like a short bald guy with white curly beard . Reminded me of a pincture o Noah in a book where the animals in it bc it was Noah

“I’m Noah,” our brain said. “I am come to save you from the fire-flood. Satan cannonballed into the volcano it frizzed over. Like whehn you put mentos in a soda. Satan was the first to rebel against God. Or... the 1st to get fresh w Him, if you will. Fresh.. like mentos.”

“I get it!” My friend said. “Cause volcanos are like a soda. And he got into that active bubbly volcano.”

“Precisely. Now the mountain is babbling over w molten larva. I’m here to pilot this bus to the safety of haven.”

“You are not qualified to do that,” I reminded him. “This is a bus.”

“Maybe, maybe. Butt I can drive arks. A ark is like a hotel boat. A hotel is like a hold-still train standing up on its side. A train is basically a bus. When a bus floats on liquid, you could say it’s a boat. actually, you r wrong and I am totally qualifiewd to pilot this bus which is a hotel-boat.”

“Oop youre right.”

The floods rose and Noah/ my (her?) brain drove the bus/train/boat-motel up to heaven. That day, hardly nobopdy went to hel. We got to the gates and there was St Peter searching every body up in the RSVP. I sighed becaus cents im the devil I’m gonna have to turn around pretty soon.. When I tride to slide past him butt sure enough the sensor by the dore went off loud.

“BRreeOP!!”

“Woah there pal we cant let you in here,” St. Peter said.

“Is it because I have the heart of Satan and have become Satan?”

“NO just wipe ur feet please so u dont track his entrails on the Yellow Brick Road.”

“I defintily have the heart of Satin in my chist.”

“No, hears. What happened. (I am an angel of and God told me what happened. Sry 4 all caps my voice gets funny when I prophesy) IF U WERE DEBBIL U

WOODNT B WELCOME HERE I THINK UR HARTS WERE SWITCHED AT BIRTH. HIS WAS SO BAD SMELL HE DID NOT WANT HIUS NO MORE SO HE SLOPPED IT UP IN A RANDO BABY AND TOOK ITS HEART INSTEAD. YOU COULDN'T CATCH A BREAK IN LIFE WITH A POISONOUS ROTTEN CURSE OF A BOSOM RESTING IN UR BOSOM. UR FREE NOW CONGRATS. THAT LADY (UR BEST BOSOM)THERE SHOPLIFTED SATANS HEART OFF THE BUS FLOOR AND SCOOPED IT INTO UR CHEST SUSING HER WAMANS INTUITION. TELLER 'TANKS'."

"how come i can say his name instead of calling him santa then?"

"u stopepd being a wuss"

"all right" Then he chequed us in and we wated for the others to get chequed in before gng in.

The sun set in the clouds like a red beet splashing into romantic bubble bath, slomo. Foamy clonds in havens bathtub were singed w its vegetable blood and that was enough to make 1 cry. Prior to we crossed the pearly gates into the kingdom where we are as as angles (mark 12:25)) as the angles and no one is given or received in marriage --me and m'lady clasped hands and gazed into eat others eyeballs.

What I said: "You make me understand the Mystery of the Incarnation on a mystical level."

What she said: "Don't lose your sparkle. Stay spicy."

Then we crossed over the River of Life via a bridge made of Tree roots and bam the celestal impotence hit us andwere like "ew, let's stop holding hands." and went to sit up on our clouds too play are harps for Gawd.

Van Oats Recipes:

Van Oats #1

1 ½ cups oats

½ scoop chocolate protein powder

½ cup sunflower kernels

1 cut-up banana

1. Mix everything but the banana together
2. Cut up banana and stir into oats
3. Add lukewarm water, let soak for a few minutes

Van Oats #2

1 ½ cup oats

½ strawberry protein powder

½ cup cashews

¼ cup raisins

1. Mix everything together
2. Add lukewarm water, let soak for a few minutes

Van Oats #3

1 cup oats
2 tbsp brown sugar
1 cup almond milk

1. Mix dry ingredients together
2. Add almond milk

Van Oats #4

1 ½ cup oats
2 tbsp peanut butter
1 tbsp brown sugar
3 tsp cinnamon powder

1. Mix dry ingredients together
2. Add lukewarm water
3. Stir peanut butter into the mixture

Afterword:

“As the Angles” is mostly supposed to work as a sort of fun group of stories, but there was other stuff I was trying to accomplish, too.

I started off with “P.U.!!” because it was the most straightforward as far as the themes being dealt with here. It’s a kid who gets violently molested, and the people who are supposed to be protecting him either stand by or participate. “Car Secks” is similar, except it’s more focused on the dad and he’s less of a participant. A little less guilty. He only left to get off somewhere while other people get off on his son. I put that one second because it has a small hope of justice when the dad gets disemboweled. This is a step forward from the first story where it seems to have pretty much straight up despair, since the mom gets to eat her son’s hair and the kid goes and hangs himself.

“Cloud Ogler” and “Star Jiggler” start to flesh that solution out. In both stories, one person dies for the other. Its different from the previous two because here its sex with mutuality. The sacrifice is mutual, and in both cases there's a kind of stooping or humility to change.

I have these two similar stories next to each other to ease the reader into “Van Oats” which has two parts and is significantly longer than the other pieces here.

“Cloud Ogler” and “Star Jiggler” help the whole move along thematically, as well. Both end almost happy, which again bridges the first two stories with the last one. In the first, the protagonist dies. In the second, he still suffers, but sees justice. In the middle two, they get what they want even though they die. In the last story, the homeless guy gets what he wants twice. He gets to die. And then later he gets something nice he didn’t realize he wanted, which is to be alive forever.

“Van Oats” is last because it sums up what the other stories are saying and gives context to the bitterness presented. It also marks a redemption for women: at the beginning a woman kills the homeless guy, but later she gives him his organs back and saves him from Satan’s heart. For

that, I was thinking of Romans 5:12 where it talks about how sin entered the world through a man, it has to be fixed by a man as well. So just switch men and women there and you have what I'm driving at. I also meant to allude to Ezekiel 36:26 where it talks about a heart of stone being replaced with a heart of flesh.

The last story contains the only portion written in boring old, plain jane, vanilla prose. I liked that it offsets the rest of the heavily stylized portions. I also liked it to be the plainest written because it has some of the ugliest, bitterest parts so it's a contrast from the rest of the story which is more fun.

I stopped using profanity for the most part in the second half of "Van Oats," again for that contrast between very abrasive language and situations with something that sounds relaxed. It's kind of a desolation and consolation dynamic. It shows you the inside AND the outside of the chalupa, metaphorically. Both sides of the coin.

The title of this collection pulls from the Mark 12:25 reference at the end of "Van Oats", where Jesus says in heaven we will be as the angels and won't get married or whatever. This is a reminder that sex is temporary. Whatever evil has happened here will inevitably be undone, whatever good is a foretaste of different things that are coming. So the redemption of sexuality in this life happens in order to demonstrate God's authority over every aspect of our life. If we don't see it here, we can expect it at the resurrection, like Martha did before Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead (John 11:21-24).

A Brief Note On the Epigrams:

The epigrams that precede each story contained in “As the Angles” are pulled from a number of different sources, which I will enumerate below. This is necessary for two reasons. One being the types of sources used: some of them are quoted from a song or a TV show, which don’t fit well into a bibliography. The second reason is that I generally chose to quote the character speaking instead of the author of the given text.

I chose to do this in emulation of Dante’s *Divine Comedy*. By this, I mean the way in which he populated his imagined afterlife with an indiscriminate mix of both real and fictional people. I thought this would be an effective way to convey the equal footing both share in the imagination in terms of realness.

The first epigram is from Sophocles’ *Oedipus Rex*. I used George Theodoridis’ translation. The second is from the song “I Don’t Wanna Break Up,” by Future and Lil Uzi Vert. The Captain Crosby quote is from Eugene O’Neill’s play *Diff’rent*. The Ricardio the Heart Guy quote is from season 1, episode 7 of *Adventure Time*. The last epigram is from Revelation 6:6, KJV.

Bad Words:

