



In My Neighborhood

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By John Sleestaxx

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This book is a collection of fictional writings of public figures at no time do I maintain that these events are true. I purely invented this cosmos for entertainment and parody.

One day while doing yard work I was listening to some music on a non-descript digital music player. (No endorsements unless asked or paid). I got to wondering what it would be like to have Henry Rollins as a neighbor and maybe Kid Rock also and then why not have some others too. And before I knew it I had this whole fictional universe mapped and built before the yard was trimmed.

I sat down to write the story and then as I wrote I realized that there were so many other cool artists I would like to have as neighbors and how the dynamics would work and so here is Volume 1 of "In My Neighborhood".

About

John Sleestaxx lives on the Buzzard Breath ranch in Wyoming. Living on his ranch with him, are over 100 feral cats and 21 wild dogs and “more damn wild pigs” then he would like to mention.

John suffers from slight agoraphobia and does not leave his ranch except for once a month to get animal food and human food. The people in Medicine Bow, the nearest town, have become accustomed to John.

Everyone just pretends he is not there during his visit.

Many of Reverend Sleestaxx's books can be purchased in print at <http://stores.lulu.com/revjohnsleestaxx>.

Much of the material can also be found at <http://cwtstraydog.blogspot.com>, <http://revjohnsleestaxx.blogspot.com>, <http://itsadrabbleworld.blogspot.com>.

You can incite john into insulting you at cwtstraydog@yahoo.com

Artist

Henry Rollins
Kidd Rock
Pam Anderson
Wendy Williams
Lee Ving
Pink
Britney Spears
Marilyn Manson
Johnny Cash
Mc Hammer
Ice T
Red Kross
KISS
Vanilla Ice
Jesus
Prince
Jello
David Bowie
Lars Ulrich
Joe Strummer
Shawn Fanning
Miley Cyrus
Billy Idol
Ozzy
Alice Cooper
Trent Reznor
John Lydon
Sid Vicious
Nancy Spungen
Madonna
Paula And Nimjas
Chuck Berry
Eminem

In my neighborhood I have Henry Rollins as a neighbor.

In my neighborhood I have Henry Rollins as a neighbor on my right. Not the pussy Rollins that posed for the photo that looks like an ad for a trendy clothing shop or the dweeby Rollins you see on the Rollins show, but the angry, aggressive peace preaching Rollins you see in the videos of Black flag at the Mabuhay Gardens (hey it's my story).

On Saturday I was out doing yard work when a truck pulled up in front of Mr. Rollins' house (I maybe his neighbor but I still would not want to piss this Rollins off). Mr. Rollins' has a bird bath and this is not allowed by the HOA. Well apparently the HOA thought they could remove Mr. Rollins birdbath. Mr. Rollins came out as the labor whores began to dismantle the birdbath.

Mr. Rollins was pissed off! He began to yell and scream and pace. There is nothing scary that this Rollins pacing. Just as the labor whores were about to get into the truck, Mr. Ving , a board member, drove up and jumped out of his car waving the deed restrictions saying he was allowed to remove the birdbath and that it was his duty to remove the birdbath as it was his charter by the HOA to protect the home values of the neighborhood.

Mr. Rollins laughed and said that even a snout nosed high school student knows economics and will tell anyone that the value of something is what someone will pay not the packaging. The value is what the consumer perceives the product to be.

"That's right," yelled the neighbor on my left. "Henry here has been putting out shitty music for decades and the kids still keep buying it."

"Shut up Kid" replies Mr. Rollins "Go back into your house and watch TV with your wife. You know the Tommy Lee leftover, Pam."

Mr. Rock gives them both the finger and starts his lawn mower.

Mr. Rollins shoots the bird back at Kid Rock and turns his attention to Mr. Ving. But Mr. Ving is starting to call the police (not The Police).

Mr. Rollins looks across the street and smiles. I look to see what makes this angry, aggressive, peace preaching, psychopath smile. It is Wendy Williams , she is in the garage with a sledge hammer doing what she does with the sledge hammer watching the whole spectacle. Mr. Rollins strides to Miss Williams' garage and speaks with her, some hand gestures and head nods and Mr. Rollins walks to the back of her garage and opens a cupboard. As he turns around he is holding Miss Williams' chain saw. With one deft tug the saw roared to life and Mr. Rollins begins a purposeful stride back across the street. Mr. Ving sort of smiles

and looks dumbfounded, but the labor whores are visibly frightened and begin to look for an escape route. Mr. Rollins crosses the street in four strides. Raises the chain saw up and brings it down on Mr. Ving's car. Sparks are flying, whores are running, and that bald headed tutu wearing freak at Miss Williams' house comes out to watch.

The saw cuts through the roof like butter and as Mr. Rollins brings the saw down again Miss Williams charges the out of the garage and crosses the street in all of her taped boobey glory .

She raises the sledge hammer and brings it down on the bird bath. She swings back around in a Venus Williams kind of back hand and levels the bath in two swings.

Mr. Rollins stops, Mr. Rock is laughing hysterically, and Mr. Ving closes his cell phone.

"What in the living hell was that for?" Yells Mr. Rollins.

"The fucking thing has pissed me off for a year." Miss Williams says between panting breaths.

"The birds bathing? C'mon Henry you were starting to look like a pussy."

"Starting to?" Mr. Rock laughs.

"Hey Kid what does Tommy's dick taste like when you kiss Pam?"

"You want to come over for dinner? Pam is making meatloaf?"

"Yeah I'll bring some wine."

"Listen Henry," Lee steps up to Henry, "don't put another one back up without getting Architectural Review approval. OK?"

" Yeah Yeah"

So that was my weekend how was yours??

Correspondence

Dear Home Owners Association,

I am lodging a formal complaint about my neighbors and the HOA's inability to preserve the value of my home.

I have lesbian couple behind me although they are not flag flying box-tearers or sign carrying carpet munchers. But they are gay none the less.

I am speaking of the neighbor right behind my house Britney Spears and Pink. Now although they are not out of the closet they chose to live together and every weekend they have a lesbo parties and get drunk and have lesbian sex.

Huge writhing naked lady pool parties all fucking weekend. There are naked women making out in the pool, blaring music from the stereos and lots of orgasmic screaming. It is just a huge orgy of naked women getting drunk and having gay sex on the lawn. There is nothing but gay girl on girl action from 8:00am Friday to 10:00pm Sunday.

The weather is always nice and the Pink-Brit pair have an outdoor bedroom in the back yard. There are two big king-size beds on the patio in the backyard and this is clearly out of bounds of the deed restrictions.

Do you realize how much naked gay girl sex can happen on a king size bed?? No you don't because on the porn you look at on the internet is hotel doubles that barely hold the four that you are use to seeing. A king-size bed can fit 8 to 10 naked girl bodies, all licking and poking and rubbing and grinding and sliding in and out, in and out, up and down, up and down, back and forth.

Boobs touching boobs, butts touching butts, tongues out and licking and tasting the forbidden areas of another woman.

The pool filled with the naked lesbo flesh of a hundred women. It is a pool of boobs, nothing but boobs. Boobs are everywhere, from big to perky and dark to pale. Large pencil erasure sized nipples and hard as a rock to small as pencil point and you could cut diamonds with those. Every goddamn weekend I have this spectacle behind my house.

I think the HOA likes having the lesbians in the neighborhood because it makes them all feel cosmopolitan and progressive. But you all do not loose sleep over the hot nasty lesbian sex spectacle that goes on every weekend. The HOA does not know what the sight does to a man. You apparently have no clue how damaged one gets of sitting at the knot hole of your fence for 60 hours straight. How the air is unbearably hot and how your skin is on fire when you know that there is a spectacle of

lesbian flesh 25 feet away. When you know that the hedonistic pleasures that are underway will riddle your sane mind like Swiss cheese. Every time I close my eyes I see nothing but lesbo tasting lesbo, girl skin on girl skin, boobs bouncing and bodies writhing in ecstasy as they all mount the orgasmic wave and ride the pounding tide of pleasure over and over again. They are screaming their orgasmic pleasures in twelve languages all day and all night.

You can not imagine how the sight of girl on girl for 60 hours can tear you brain apart and set your soul on fire. The sight of fingers entering wet fleshy orifices of pleasure, while lips and tongues slipping and sucking probing and exploring the vast unknown and mysterious areas that are the lesbo body.

I am amazed at the resiliency of the skin on my penis every weekend

Henry Rollins and Kidd Rock are always at my door on the weekends they want to use my knot hole in my fence. I do not mind but it is the begging that gets on my nerves.

I let them sometimes because you can only watch hot lesbo action for so many hours a day until you start to dehydrate and need to drink water.

I put the hose right by the chair after I passed out in the middle of Saturday and woke up Sunday night.

They are a bad influence on the whole neighborhood. I see many of the wives and women of the neighborhood over there time after time. Every once in awhile Pam will be over there for the drinks and lesbo sex, apparently Pam loves to digit dip in the pool just as all the ladies in my neighborhood. They play strip poker, bunko, and beer pong. They have pillow fights in their underwear all the time. It is like a pillow fight marathon all weekend. Giggling and fighting and tickling.

Once a month they have wresting matches in kiddies pools, sometimes they have instant potatoes and some times they have oatmeal. Once they filled the pool with chicken nuggets and BBQ sauce (that was the weekend I passed out).

They are nothing but trouble and a nuisance. The hot lesbo sex has to be toned down ASAP a man can not get any work done during the week because he is thinking about last weekend and what next week end will bring.

Do you realize that I can not sell my house when there is a party going on behind my house every weekend. No person in his right mind wants to buy a house next to party animals ESPECIASLLY Lesbian party animals.

I understand that we are in a new era and new up to date times and that we are suppose to be open minded and tolerant but a man's home is not only his castle but also his investment.

Please protect my investment and make Britney and Pink stop the parties.

Thank you
John Sleestaxx

Marilyn Manson

It is funny and it is not.

Marilyn Manson moved into the house on Wendy's left it is the first house on the left hen you turn onto the cul-de-sac and across from him is Johnny Cash.

Marilyn was very neighborly that day. After humping all of his furniture, he moved it into his house.

Then he came out to greet us and offer us cookies and introduce himself. I picked a cookie from the plate and he then offered to Kidd, Wendy and Henry. Kidd and Wendy took one and then Henry said he was not eating any refined sugar because of the terrible tragic exploited things that we did to the Hawaiians in the past.

I smirked as Marilyn explained that the cookies were a special recipe that did not use any refined sugars and as I lifted the cookie to my mouth I got a whiff of shit.

Yes poop, fecal matter.

I furrowed my brow and looked sideways to Kidd who was eating his and Wendy who was smiling at me and shifting her eyes to Kidd.

"Oh I get it" and in palmed the cookie and slid it into my back pocket, Wendy winked and we smiled at Kidd.

We welcomed Marilyn, But I was already thinking that I had to get rid of this freak, because he was really going to ruin the house value now. Now do not get me wrong, I like MM's music and persona, but I do not need that crap across the street from me and ruining my house value.

The market is already volatile and shaky already, I do not need trouble selling or trouble when I need to pull the equity out and retire or upgrade. I mean, I could maybe hide the lesbos Britney and Pink, but this freak, holy shit I was doomed.

Maybe I would not have to worry.

Johnny was out of town when Marilyn moved in so we all kind of wanted to see how Johnny reacted to having Marilyn across the street.

Johnny came home later Sunday afternoon. He was in bike shorts and his chest waders were hanging on the ladder rack of his beat up ford pick up so we all knew he was fishing and he was going to be in a foul mood.

"You know you are not going to catch anything" we all say "but you go anyways".

"Yeah but I get to get out and breathe and think and talk to nature."

"But you are in a foul mood for weeks later"

"Maybe I do not like what nature has to say" he would joke.

It was perfect timing when John came home because Marilyn was out in the yard planting some flowers in the front flower bed.

He was dressed in that plastic boob shirt thingy and a wide brimmed straw hat. Rubber boots and no pants.

John turned to me and waved. Then he saw that the rest of us were outside also.

He looked puzzled and perplexed. He looked at us and then when he stooped at Lemmy who lives next to Kidd, Lemmy nodded towards Manson.

John followed his nod and saw Manson's ass in the air as he dug another hole for another daisy plant.

John's shoulders slumped and his head dropped.

He reached into the back of the truck and pulled out a shovel and crossed the street.

Marilyn caught the sight of Mr. Cash and stood.

He must have saw the shovel and thought John was going to be a nice neighbor, cause he smiled and began to say "hey thanks but.." John raised the shovel and brought down on Manson's head. There was a movie style twang and Manson dropped like a rag doll.

John brought the shovel up and down four more times on Manson's head and then began to dig a hole in the front flower bed.

John is a great neighbor. He took care of the shit that floated in across the street.

We all turned our backs and went inside.

Later it rained and the flower bed looked normal and I am sure that later when the stink begins we will not talk of this EVER!

McHammer

Did you know that MC-Hammer is a preacher?? And he lives in my neighborhood.

MC Hammer lives on the street next to Wendy on her left.

Saturday he was having a Christmas/church/office party.

The whole church was there. And there were ponies and carts for rides up and down the street but none of the grownups were riding as they were all dressed in white suits and wide brimmed hats.

Have you ever seen horse hair on a white suit it is despicable.

Any way they were all milling around in the front yard and back yard drinking Hennessy and Gold Monkey watching the kids play in the pool and ride the ponies.

There were cars all parked up and down the street. Lincolns and Cadillac, Excursions and Lexus's, there were Hummers coming pout of my ass.

I was asked twice if I would park their car for them.

Hey 10 bucks is 10 bucks why the fuck not.

When MC-Hammer has a party it is once a year and there is nothing but entertainment. He does it like the rappers in the 80s did it, BIG.

He had midgets and clowns in little cars running around like fire men.

The ladies were all in their best like in church.

But some moron parked their car in my driveway and then another bone head parked their car in front of Wendy's drive way. She was pissed. She yelled at me and I shrugged and stepped closer to my front door, Just in case, 'cause I remember that one time when I told her they were having a sale at home depot on electrical tape. Hey I thought it was funny, so yeah I give Wendy a wide berth when she is mad.

She stomped over to Hammer's house and there was some yelling as I could hear it over the disc jockey.

"Get it together Hammer. Come on Hammer it is time to move the car. Move the damn car Hammer.

Then the music stops, a record scratch comes through the air from his backyard and then a 12 inch vinyl record comes sailing over the fence and a man screams.

Some of the ladies come out of the backyard like chickens when the gate is left open and here comes Wendy and she is wound up now.

I run over to get Henry but he is out and I turn to Kidd's house and Pam and him are just pulling in from the grocery store.

They both jump out and stand on my lawn with me.

We all just smile at each other. When Kidd looks away I take in Pam in all her Baywatch one piece glory, I see her catch me and she smiles, the slut. I flush red from my nipples to my ears and I break a small sweat.

Kidd does not notice as he is watching Wendy come out of her house with a portable cutting saw, one just like the rescue workers use in car accidents.

She hops on the car and just starts slicing through the roof.

Now Hammer's guests start to run and yell.

Hammer comes out of the backyard and is screaming at Wendy " you stupid bitch what are you doing."

Wendy stops and sets the saw down.

I yell "don't hurt him Wendy". It is a joke and Hammer shoots me a sideways look. And Wendy kicks Hammer in the crotch but never connects with his testes because the pants are those hammer pants we know and secretly loved.

His crowd all starts to chant HAMMMER! HAMMEER!

And he pulls back and hits Wendy and they just go down from there into a huge boxing match.

HAMMER! HAMMER!

HAMMER! HAMMER!

HAMMER! HAMMER!

They box for another minute until the midgets dressed like the key-stone cops come in and break up the two trading punches.

Wendy goes into her house crying and Hammer is helped back to his house by the crowd that had gathered.

The garage door begins to open slowly, and I hope, and pray I see it.

And I do.

Just as I begin to see the black bumper contrasted against the yellow paint. Hammer and his crew turn.

They hear the diesel engine roar and the black smoke billow out of the garage and they know it is all over and they run for the hills.

Kidd and Pam grab my shoulders but I try to stay in the yard but they are stronger together than me and I fall back dragging on my heels.

The door fully rolls back and the school bus lurches out of the garage.

There is a guitar tearing the air from somewhere.

I am about inside Kidd's house and just as the bus collided with the car, an orange fire ball erupts and Pam slams the door.

New Years at the Rollins house

We (we being the neighbors and my family) do not hear a single peep.

Rollins had invited us over to celebrate the New Year entrance and since Rollins is a non-drinker and that is the type of environment we want for my son we said yes. Kidd and Pam were having a block party with a petting zoo and a clown act. But Henry had already invited us and the no drinking thing also was a plus as my son is now at driving age I want to show him that fun can be had without drinking.

What I also found out was that Wendy was going to be at Kidd and Pam's party and Henry was still miffed about the bird bath so that is why he decided to have a party at his house. Along with him sharing some of his new spoken word bits with us he also shared his political view with us and he complained about "the Nazi government" that is the HOA. Man did he bitch about that fucking bird bath. "Man why did Wendy have to get involved?" he asks, "Why did Lee Ving have to hire the immigrants?", "Illegals" I corrected him, he ignores the bait and says, "You know the bird bath was an expression on my individuality and my non-conformist personality facet. It was just like having a Mohawk but for the front yard". bla bla bla bla.

You ever work in a cube farm?

And everyone is talking and soon after a while all the voices begin to sound more like a buzz or a drone? Yeah he was sounding like that. buzz buzz buzz

"You know if we punkers could have owned houses back in the day the HOA would not have gotten such a foot hold." He said stomping his feet.

"We are being denied our right to free yard expression, we are entitled to express our individuality and the HOA is forcing us to all look the same."

As he rallied into a great crescendo there were gunshots and screaming. And then more gunshots.

My wife says, "I hope everybody is ok." and I am thinking 'Hey, he stopped talking, did a stray make its way over here? Am I that... "

"Damn" Henry Exclaimed, "I knew Tee was going to be trouble when he moved in."

"Nope, I am not lucky enough." I thought

My son asked "Who?"

"Ice T moved in behind me six months ago." He spoke to my son, "You know that new house next to Britney and Pink."

"Ice T the actor from Law & Order Special Victims Unit?" My son asks
"Yeah but once he was a gangster rapper" Henry tells my boy "And pretty hardcore too, in fact he was so hardcore many of his shows had to be canceled because the cops hated him for a couple of his songs." "Like your father and I when we were hardcore punkers."

"But" I interjected "Now he is just a fat washed up spoiled actor type with visions of grandeur and a desire to recapture some of the glory days." I looked at Henry and he missed the whole thing. "He" I continued "Should accept the fact that as we get older we make concessions, and we agree that we made changes in the world, and the changes we made will be better left to the youth to continue and to change some more. All life is one long fucking changing cycle." My son rolled his eyes at me and Henry went into the backyard to peek through the fence.

I followed Henry.

At the fence I see that Tee is in the back yard with a pistol in one hand and a bottle of wild turkey in the other.

Drinking off the bottle he staggers back and forth.

"Get back in the house bitch!" He screams at his woman friend.

"No Tracy comeback in"

"No" he says waving the pistol in her direction "I was a bad ass one time."

"Yes baby you were" in a more mother tone than a hot date sexy voice.

"That's right I am not any more I am just a washed up thug wanna be." And he drops to his knees and swigs some more Wild Turkey.

He puts the pistol to his head "I was a bad ass" tapping the barrel to his temple "I was a bad ass" and he begins to cry.

Henry and I look at each and Henry speaks for the first time "Man that has to be tough. To come to terms with your past self like that. I am so glad we are still hardcore."

And I see a tear in Henry's eye too.

He stands and hops the fence. Ice T jumps to his feet and points the gun at Henry.

Henry throws his hands up "Whoa Ice hold on... .."

But Ice was clearly too fucked up to reason with and fired. Point blank at Henry.

Henry stiffens and freezes.

He looks down at his chest and sees no blood

He runs his hands across his shirt

Ice drops to his knees and sobs "it was just blanks Henry"

"Oh good." Henry says and he begins to sit next to Ice in the grass
He puts his arm around Ice and the woman goes back into the house
shaking her head.

Henry says "Man you got to get over this man. You are still a force to
be reckoned with."

"Yeah?" Ice T asks.

"Yeah man you are a legend." Henry proclaims.

"Yeah?" Ice T asks again starting to believe it.

"Man you fucking rock!" Henry pronounces.

"What are you doing here you should be putting your revival album
together." Henry asks.

"Yeah?" Ice T asks again.

"Yeah man!" Henry says getting excited, "You could call it 'On pa-
role' or 'Resurrection!'"

"Nah man," Ice admonishes, "I am too domesticated I am out of touch
with the street man. Hey what's that smell you smell that?"

"No man I do not smell anything." Henry quickly answers, "No man
you can never loose touch with the street."

Now I smell shit through the fence and I can barely hold the laughter
in. The two are now arm in arm looking at the sky.

Henry leans in and whispers something in T's ear.

T looks at Henry and leans way back "Yeah?"

"Yeah man."

"Really? "

"Would I shit you?"

"I don't know you shit your pants."

"Well you pointed a gun at me and fired it."

"Yeah well I was a bad ass one time."

"That's right and you scared me so I think maybe you are still a bad
ass still."

Then they just sat there and looked at the sky.

My son says "Hey dad it is midnight. Happy New Year."

"Yeah happy new year son."

We turn to head out.

"Hey do you think we can still get to Kidd and Pam's."

"Yeah, but your mother would not like it if Wendy was there doing
the beer pong trick like last year."

"Ahh man!"

Nah lets go home.

The Village People

This morning in my neighborhood the power went out at like 6 am. Thank god I was already up because I did not want to be late to work.

I have already shaved and brushed my teeth and was about to shower when the power went out. I showered in the dark, I think I know my old fat body well enough to shower in the dark.

It seemed like everyone was there to fix the power. The cops had my street blocked off. The garbage men were there as it was garbage day, the cable guys were there as they had to reroute some cables and shit. The gas man was there as they felt that maybe the gas line was in jeopardy if they had to do some digging.

Something like 50 people crowded around the manhole cover in front of my house. Only 5 of them had orange hats the rest had white.

Pamela had come over to ask for some candles. We talked about the power being out and how the last time this happened she went to Wendy's door for candles and the "bitch" had handed her two sticks of dynamite. I laughed at the joke, but Pam still does not find it funny.

Rollins was screaming about living off the grid and some stupid shit like that.

Mc Hammer was in his pajamas drinking a cup of coffee. Or maybe he was wearing a new outfit. I have the toughest time telling the difference.

I gave Pamela some tea candles and I closed the door. I got dressed for work and thought that maybe I could get the cops and everybody to let me out of the drive way.

I was about to leave and there was a knock on the door. It was Johnny Cash. I opened the door and he began to babble about the inconvenience of it all.

Just then some guy poked his head out of the hole in the ground and pointed towards my house. There was a long discussion and the supervisors turned towards my house.

So here I have a cop, a cable guy, a telephone repairman, a gas line supervisor and construction looking dude walking up to my house.

I totally back-grounded Johnny for a minute and he knew it and turned around.

"Damn it!" he says There are too many people to fix this shit!"

"What" I ask

He says, "There are too many witnesses to stop the Village People from moving in."

KISS

My son came running into the house the other day "Dad, Dad KISS just moved in.

No

Yes

There is no way KISS would downsize their living styles to move into "Shadow Lake Hills". Their business model is too strong

No dad I heard them I know they moved into the backside of the subdivision

I do not believe it!

Just then an old beat up Chevy van from like 1975 drove past the house with some screaming punks inside.

I look at them they are playing a KISS song out of the stereo speakers that are probably just old stereo speakers that are blown out, because the song is flat and tinny.

My son goes "see dad I told you"

No son that is not KISS that is Red Kross. They are a punk slash KISS tribute band and they are not moving in they are just running around here to cause trouble.

I will have to contact Lee Ving and have him get the constable to run them out because once you get one tribute band driving the streets your in for more and then you have horrible, terrible, copycats cluttering up the street bring down the value of all the fine homes.

Just as Red Kross was making their second or third pass Gene and Paul swooped in from the sky riding their secret superpowers that were bestowed upon them from the Norse gods of rock.

Gene and Paul landed in front of the van and Paul shines his beam of pure love at the van and the van screeches to a halt. Gene breaths fire into the sky and shouts, "Let's rock!" and the van comically falls apart in the middle of the street.

Red Kross falls to the ground and they look up as Ace and Peter show up. Red Kross begins to faux pray to the members of KISS "We are not worthy, you guys are our heroes"

Ace steps up and says "you are diluting our brand and causing customer confusion. You need to stop!"

Just then a group of savage ninja warriors dropped from the surrounding trees and served the band of teenagers with writs, summons, pleas and orders of injunction claiming false use of brand and defamation of character and obscurification of liability.

Peter the ever soft one of the foursome knelt down to the boys and explained,

"You see we have spent four decades building our image and corporate empire, we have recycled recordings and shuffled song lineups to keep the illusion of fresh content for nearly half a century and in one fail swoop you could cause the entire house of cards to collapse by just performing our music. If the audience realizes that anyone can play our songs just as well and then they realize that all of our albums are just the same songs over and over again they will realize that we have pulled a fast one over on them.

Henry came charging out of his yard with "Tribute bands are the sincerest form of flattery in the rock world, and if.."

Gene bit Henry on the shoulder. Henry yelped, "Dude, Why did you have to go and do that?"

Ace stepped up, "You see we can not afford to loose any of our KISS Army as they are the ones that keep buying our action figures, lunch pails and records. And then they might start doing their research and realize that Double Platinum is really KISS Alive II with the audience mixed out."

Red Kross began to explain that they were just really, really, big fans of KISS and that they were just trying to keep KISS alive while the band was busy spending their billions on drugs drinking and women. And that they did not really know any other songs.

That is too bad you youngsters. We need our cash and you will not kill our cow!

Then the Butthole Surfers came screeching around the corner the smoke from Elvis Presley toe nails billowing out of the car. The car was so filled with the smoke that the surfers could not see the meeting in the street and the entire lot of them got ran over.

There was a huge fire ball explosion that equaled the heat of the sun and then it was all gone except for the dust and ashes of lame fake musicians that just ended their existence on the street.

I looked at my son. "I told you KISS did not move in." And I spun on my heel to go back into the house.

"Hey dad, shouldn't someone do something about the mess?"

"No son, One day a rain will come and wash all the trash and scum off the streets and it will be the same day that God looks down and sees the mess he has created and then all will be as it should be"

Vanilla Ice

It was garbage day and I was putting the cans by the curb and I hear "What up dawg".

Why does anyone believe they have the right to call me a dog and not get their ass kicked. Oh well. I turned to find Vanilla Ice standing there in all his heavy metal tattooed glory. Although he was now a proud metal performer and he had shed the "White boy who could dance" he still reeked of poser.

He had had his fight with drugs, divorce, and scandal that had not really put any real edge on him. He was still looking every bit the poser, the fake, the wanna-be.

I do not remember him moving in.

"I just moved in last night, into that house over there." He points to Marilyn's house. The one across from Johnny, and I best not speak any more about that matter.

"That house there?" I asked. Pointing to Marilyn's house.

"Yip, signed the papers yesterday and everything. He smiled the smile of a car salesman. Yip that's the ticket, signed the papers yesterday."

"You know who used to live there before you."

"No no-one its mine who's been talking and what have they been saying? Cause I signed the papers yesterday." He said shifting on his feet uneasily.

"Yeah you said that."

"You want to see them?" Looking around

"No, no dude that will be quite all right." Hoping to end this stupid banter.

"Cause you know I was totally crucified over a double beat that everyone could not get except my manager and producer."

"I want to make sure that everyone knows that this is my house." Chin lifted in defiance.

"I built it and everything with my own two hands, hammered the nails myself. Plumbed the copper tubes myself." Puffing out with pride

"Copper pipes" I corrected

"What?" he was clearly lost in an alternate universe and did not have a map to get back.

"Copperyeah uh O Kay whatever" I said annoyed

"No dude really I did." Genuinely trying to impress me.

"Sure you did what ever." I said less convincing than I wanted to be.

"You know what you better show some respect." Bowing up.
"Or what?" I challenged.

I'm trying to get away before the jackers jack
Police on the scene you know what I mean
They passed me up confronted all the dope fiends
If there was a problem yo I'll solve it
Check out the hook while my DJ revolves it
Ice 1990

"No dude relax just relax." And I am thinking please do not sing any more of that fucked up lame ass song or it may get embedded into my brain for a week.

"I do not care in fact it is probably better you moved in."

"Why? What's up?"

"Here's the deal what ever you do, DO NOT, I repeat, DO NOT landscape that front flowerbed. Leave the flower bed alone and you should have no trouble at all."

"The flower bed?" he twisted his forehead all up and you could almost hear the one functioning gear grind on all the stripped ones.

"Yeah, you see Johnny is very particular about his view." I said kind of leaning in and whispered, trying to make it seem official.

"HEH, Johnny Cash? Really? No problem. I do not want any trouble with him I heard he killed a man just to write a song."

Gunshots rang out like a bell
I grabbed my nine all I heard were shells
Falling on the concrete real fast
Ice 1990

"Yeah, ok." I said getting bored with the conversation again knowing my garbage cans understood better than him.

"Welcome to the neighborhood." I said not really to him but just out there so I did not seem like an asshole.

And I turned away. Thinking to myself, "Can I live with Vanilla Ice in my neighborhood? Can I pull a Johnny and make the house vacant?"

Milli Vanilli tried that squatting thing with the model, but everyone knew they were squatting and the house builder knew the model was not sold. They were not the sharpest tools in the music industry either.

Here at least Vanilla is trying to squat a sold house.

I wonder how long he will be able to stay there before anybody realizes he is squatting and the house is like his music, not his own.

John Lennon

John Lennon moved in behind Kidd and Pam next to Pink and Britney.

This was ok, but things have started to happen. The first Friday after the John moved in was a party day for Pink and Brit as is always the weekend. Well Mr. Lennon has a history of not liking excessive debauchery like that which occurs at Pink and Brits house on the weekend. He made the frogs rain from the sky. Not just regular green frogs or toads but poisonous ones. These bastards caused huge boils and sores on your head and skin where they touched you.

The down pour of frogs was kept to the house of Pink and Brit but the little fuckers would hop over to my yard and then touch me, while I was at the knothole.

Every dog that I owned that had died had come to life. I had 3 dogs that had died and were buried in my back yard. Now I have 3 zombie dogs that need constant care. I wonder if my home owners insurance will cover dog bite from a zombie dog. I mean really how different is a bite from a normal dog verse a resurrected dog. The dogs are not any different from normal dogs they do not shuffle around in the back yard and they act as real dogs. I think that I will not tell any body about the resurrection and leave it at that.

This was not restricted to my yard either. the entire neighborhood is being over run by the resurrection of all the dead pets, Parakeets and cockatiels, cats and hamsters, guinea pigs and turtles, all roaming the neighborhood. Did I mention that there was an old grave yard? Have you ever tried to talk to an old farmer and explain that his farm is now your yard.

Since John's move in I have noticed an increase in lepers, cripples, the blind, and whores in my neighborhood. All of which is ok, because there is nothing wrong if you are a leper, I am as tolerant as the next guy. I have a leper as a friend Joe the leper. Maybe you know him or maybe you can see him as a friend on my Myspace account. But the lepers that do not make it to John's house are the problem, they become these juicy slick puddles on the street that become these road hazards causing slick spots and brown stains on the street. Imagine hitting one of these leper stains as you turn the corner at night going 40 miles an hour. It is not pretty!

The Baptist church down the street got wind that John Lennon was living there, they have been trying to prove he is not more popular than

Jesus. They plastered every house with flyers and going door to door like the Mormons on a mission.

They have also been sending Baptist ninja pastors to raid his house at night. Using all the stealth that Baptist ninjas have, they scale John's 6' fence. Then they descend upon his place of residence only to be thwarted by John and his great samurai parabolic power. This is truly an awesome gift that John has. They crash through into the house screaming "pagan" "anti-Christ" "blasphemer!". John does not even bother to stand, instead he begins to tell the pastors stories that have hidden meanings. The pastors try to fend off the logic with quotes from the bible to justify their irrational thought and self punishment but John is too quick and his kung fu too great and they all fall in line and leave to join the Catholics.

The artist formerly known as Prince

It was my birthday the other day and I wanted to have a huge bar-b-que party to celebrate. I invited just about every one of my neighbors and some friends over to have bar-b-que.

I was cooking, I like to cook, and I have the griller grilling chicken and other stuff and the BBQ pit cooking pork and beef. I had the turkey fryer boiling mudbugs and vegetables. I even had a huge pot of rice and sausage jambalaya cooking.

I had been brewing beer for 6 months for this occasion. I wanted this to be a huge blow out.

Just about everyone was there and we were all having fun. We set up the stereo and we all took turns playing songs from our iPods (not an endorsement).

Wendy played selections from Motorhead [Killed By Death], Girls School [it Turns Your Head Around], and The Runaways [Cherry Bomb],

Lemmy returned the favor by playing a track from her WOW album [Legends Never Die] and a couple tracks from the damned [So Messed Up] [Born to Kill]. Lemmy was not paying attention and his iPod (not an endorsement) started "Never Gonna Give You Up" by Rick Astley. We all booed and laughed, Kidd screamed I've been Rick rolled at a preachers house.

I do not know what the hell triggered this, maybe we were all having too much fun, or there was too much laughter, or just the fact Prince felt a disturbance in the force, but he just jumped up and started on a rant. He was screaming about beef and the terror that the cows are faced with knowing they are heading to their demise. That at the end of this metal and wood hallway is a guy with a pneumatic gun to displace brain matter.

"I do not think the cows are thinking quite that Prince."

And he just keeps going on and argues and yells he starts talking about "the indecency of it all" and "the mistreatment" and "the raising of cattle to kill and eat! How barbaric"

blah blah blah "holy crap someone take the beer away!!"

Hammer stands up and says, "No I will tell what indecent is, it is you opening for The Stones in briefs, boots, and a coat. What the hell was that all about? Now, I will tell you, that is indecent! Can I get a witness??"

"Halleluiah!" I hollered and high fived Pam, who was doing keg stands.

McHammer continued, "Dude there are some things we all do not want to see and your package is one."

Prince fired back at the Hammer-man, "Yeah ok I think I still have cornea scares from "Pumps and a Bump" on youtube bitch!

"Ouch!" I cried and I had tears in my eyes from laughing.

We laughed while he just went off. Jumping up and down, ranting and raving, about the injustice and indignity, the failures of our organs from processing meat instead of vegetables. This little guy standing on chairs and hollering was very comical.

He was screaming about the unfairness and there was more laughter when Kidd said "Hey John tell us about the word fair."

I put the fork and tongs down in the sauce, "Fair is a four letter word starting with an F. This word is nothing more that a secret phrase uttered to say I lost and I want to blame it on someone else. Fair is what is said by those that do not practice and want to compete but can not because they feel they should not have to practice. Fair is a word for pussies and losers. Can I get a witness?" "Damn Skippy reverend!" Thank you. Fair is the handcuffing and handicapping to make all the little kids feel good and think that there is no such thing as losers."

Wendy jumps out of her chair dropping one of her bottles of beer. Damn Skippy John, damn Skippy."

Dusty screams for the loss of the beer. "Oh no you didn't, oh no you did not just spill beer! And then Dusty falls back into a drunken coma."

We all laugh at Jeff and ignore Prince.

Prince gets more agitated and angry. He looks to McHammer for something. Hammer checked his watch in an attempt at ignoring him and then "Yeah pastor do you have any more ribs?"

"Ahhh what the hell is wrong with you all." "Eating meat is bad. Killing is bad. You are all going to hell."

"That is enough Sheky!" I slap down the tools of a cook, mop sauce splashes out of the pail and the fork twangs on the table.

"You have been invited to enjoy food and drink at my house."

"And all you have been asked to be is personable, charming, and human in return."

"But" he stammers

"But nothing bitch! I have made tofu dogs, veggie burgers, soy by-product imitation ribs.

MC Hammer spits out his food.

"No Hammer yours is real pork I went running last night."

He smiles.

"But I can not keep quite with the smell of meat and death in the air."

"Suck it up bitch, meat is meant to be eaten. We have sharp teeth for a reason and that is because we are to eat meat. Now eat the fucking fake meat and shut up!"

Just then, Lemmy, who is a mountain of a man, if there ever was one, came out of the house.

"Hey do not go in the bathroom for a while... " And then before any of us could say 'stop' there was a little crunch and a pop sound, Lemmy froze.

Lee Ving says, "Hey Lemmy you stepped on Prince and I think you broke him." And then laughs hysterically.

Lemmy lifts his foot like one would do if they stepped in dog poo.

"Ah man." He said, "Now the shoes are ruined. Damn it!"

I chimed in "Do not go back onto my carpet with those shoes on. There is a hose on the side of the house by the drive way."

I tell my son, "Go help Lemmy clean the artist formally known as Prince off his shoe."

Jello Biafra

There is always room for Jello.

The neighborhood association had their yearly meeting last Friday.

There was a bit of turmoil about some of the people moving in and some of the riff raff that have been seen walking the streets.

Many of the association are upset with Lee Ving about his handing of the board and his surprise placement on the board as president.

I understand that the president had to move due to health and personal reasons but also when you are known to associate with heroin users like Axle Rose does you know that you that are a health risk and should not accept any responsibilities.

How was Axle able to get financing to buy that house? I mean seriously though he looks like a drug addict, he sings about drugs.

And he should have never run for president but he did then he got "sick" and then he had to do a quick sale on the house.

A quick sale?? Why? When your credit score is that of a welfare queen you need not to worry about a foreclosure on your report. But who am I to say anything? I do not want to gossip.

So Axle had to leave and in some secret unannounced board meeting Lee was placed in the president slot and the other spot is vacant. The subdivision has grown and the developer is releasing another board position to be held also so now we have two vacancies and a president that was not voted on.

This was a meeting I wanted to attend. I had some grievances to bring up and I think that to protect my investment I may need to participate.

The meeting was in a borrowed gymnasium of a church down the street. Apparently there was a lot of hoo ha because the management company had hired a couple of police officers to stand around eat cookies and drink coffee.

I was there early with my wife and son. Because I wanted to maybe press flesh with a few and maybe feel out some of my neighbors on voting for me. I met with Wendy and Hammer they said that they would vote they did not care. Johnny said he would as long as I promised to keep the freaks out and I would not talk about Marilyn Mason any more.

Rollins said he was going to run just so he could get a spot on the board and get the approval of bird baths in the deed restrictions.

I spoke to some of my neighbors earlier to see who was going and who was not. The ones not going I asked for their proxies.

Kidd and Pam said they wanted to go but they decided to go to the lake. Ha! I think I smell a scandal. They gave me their vote in proxy.

Pink and Britney said they were having a party and did not want to go and they claim that they were giving their proxy to Henry as they know about the letter I wrote complaining about them and decided to waste their votes on freaking Henry Rollins! The bitches! com'on a wasted vote is a forefather's death being marginalized. Democracy is the breath of humanism and Judo Christianity. The pagan hedonist slut lesbians do not care about the neighborhood and they deserve Ice T as a neighbor.

I arrived at what I thought was an early enough time to meet people as they came in and signed up but I was wrong,

Jello was already there handing out porn and popcorn to everyone coming saying, "A vote for Jello is a vote for me. ha ha ha no seriously vote for me Jello I am your new neighbor and I want to represent you on the board. I will pay attention to the needs, wants and desires of you common folk. I will protect the value of your homes while maintaining a free and artistic view on the deed restrictions."

"I am a former green party candidate nearly chosen to run for president but I was ousted by Ralph Nader, the really old guy who hates convertibles and pintos."

"I will bring you all to the meetings and I will speak your words to the board when decisions need to be made and restrictions placed on the neighborhood. I know you all I"

"Jello" I interrupted, "You do not know me and you do not care about my needs or the needs of anyone else in the neighborhood. You just want to run for a position and win. You have lost too many elections and your penis is shrinking for it. You want to swing your dick and you decide that my community is the place to do it."

I continued, "You have not the slightest clue what the issues are do you?"

"Yes I do." He shot back with the mannerisms of an autistic, "I know that there are basketball hoops on the street and that some of our neighbors are also have birdbaths both of which are violations of the deed restrictions. I plan to right these wrongs and bring the value of our houses up."

Shit now there were three candidates and two positions. I was fucked. I only had 1 proxy vote and maybe two votes promised. I had completely underestimated my goal.

I mean who can compete with porn AND popcorn?

Well I figured I could beat Henry, as I know that most hate bird baths so my plan now was to either beat Henry or get Henry to throw his support to my side. Either way I had to be on the board to oppose Jello or he would insist that all the dogs had to be dressed in Elmo suits and the kids had to learn the history of some obscure country that no-one knows exists. I could see it, every other house had to be painted purple and we will need armed guards at the subdivision entrances. We all know Jello is nuts and a hypocrite right?

I talked to Henry.

"Hey Henry" I said to get his attention away from the bird lovers magazine, "How do you feel about running against Jello?"

Henry looked up over his reading glasses, "Pretty good he is a nut job and everyone knows it."

"Yeah and what do you think about me running against the two of you?"

"Aww Dude you got it in the bag." Very confident like a performer should be, "I mean Johnny Cash has been going around talking you up to everyone and you know that everyone respects Johnny. Shit I wish I thought about getting the Cash-man's support."

Hell now I had a renewed vigor and purpose and personal self-doubt and self loathing.

Maybe I was not right for the position I mean this is a lot of responsibility.

Naw fuck it! I want to run and I want to run some fuckers out of the neighborhood too.

Lee stood up in front of the neighbors and they boo'd and they razzed and they called for the tar, feathers and a rail.

"ok ok" Lee began, "We are here to go over the proposed increase in dues and the list of defaulted homes."

"We have many changes that are up for vote... ." he was interrupted.

"BOO" "Fuck Off" A voice from the side.

"You suck." From the back

"Now wait a minute we're from Frisco." Lee said rolling his eyes back in a very bored action.

There was some laughing.

"Here some real money we want you to like us!" Digging into his pocket.

More laughter

"Seriously why do I have to go the same shtick every time we meet?" obviously pissed.

"Because you suck donkey nuts!" Came from the back

"But now the agenda calls for..."

And Lee rambled on and on for like 45 minutes with many interruptions. Then someone stood up and asked for Lee to step down. He called them a homo and told them to fuck off and then came the board member positions announcement.

Johnny Cash stood up and said that he would like to nominate Reverend John Sleestaxx.

Some murmuring and a female spoke in the back to second the nomination I turned around and it was Olga D'Volga.

Olga then stood up and said "John lives down the street from me and I just want to say Reverend Sleestaxx is very concerned about everybody and their safety. Whenever there is a party, the good reverend is out front to keep an eye on everything to be sure that everyone is safe."

Britney stood up but she was so smashed that no-one could understand what she said.

They said they were not coming but here they are. I knew you could not trust the lesbians they are always too shifty to be trusted.

Jello stood up and started to nominate himself and everyone began to boo and spit.

"Poser!"

"Sell out!"

"Rock star!"

"Look what he did to his own band mates. And he called his fan base dumb punks in a song."

"Fuck him! Get out now while you still have functioning lungs!"

"Now wait." Jello started raising his hands in a defensive posture, "I know that you have concerns and you all want to protect your house values. I can do that if you all let me represent you."

Henry stood up and nominated himself.

Crickets, nothing, dead air, silence.

"I want to affect change. I am about change; I will bring about positive change."

"We know what you will bring." Joey Shithead yelled from the front row "You will bring about bird baths and yard art."

"No that is not what I am about!"

"I am about change and positive change that can co-exist with self expression and value retention."

"I am about nature and communing with the earth and the little creatures that create the diversity that is earth."

"I am about bringing in an era. Escorting in a new culture, and a new belief system into our diverse ecosystem that is our living space. Where we can express our desire to commune with nature and preserve our investments."

"I want to find common platforms that we all can harmoniously co-exist."

"Not some restrictive stifling, smothering, cookie cutter, complex of wood, brick, and stucco. Not a place where one's beliefs are rammed down the throat of everyone in the subdivision because one person has all the power."

"Henry shut the fuck up" shouted Lemmy "We all voted for "no yard art", we all know that yard art leaves too many questions about what is art and what is not."

Lee interrupted,

"We need to vote, we have three candidates and two positions. Henry Rollins, Jello Biafra, and Reverend John Sleestaxx, Please write down a name, one name, and only one name the two names with the highest votes will be brought onto the board."

"What about the president spot chimed." MC Hammer

Lee spoke; "I currently hold the spot because Axle defaulted on his loan. This was a decision by the entire board and not some arbitrary decision made by me and when the other two spots are filled we will meet later and vote to see who will hold the president spot for the next year."

Ballots were cast, ballots were counted and the elected candidates were announced.

Henry and I received the most votes, 137 182 respectively. Jello received 5 votes. Jello cried like a little girl who was just told by her best friend that she was ugly and fat.

Henry and I did the dance of victory in front of Jello we pointed and yelled "in your face bitch" and did high fives.

Did I ever tell you all that I was a bad winner? I am. I like to enjoy my win; I want everyone to know that I won. So yeah, I am, by today's PC standards, a bad winner.

This was the best time I had with Henry and I knew this was the start of a long whinny war about a goddamn bird bath.

It was nice to see some of my other neighbors and it was nice to know some of the new ones. It was nice to know that I am well liked in the subdivision and that Johnny is on my side.

Lemmy scares me though, I am afraid he is going to turn his garage into a biker ice house. We will have to see.

But right now I am in charge and ready to make some real changes across the board.

David Bowie

You know I was going to move David Bowie into my neighborhood and then as I was writing notes I remembered his faggotity (not that there is anything wrong with that) song about being scared of Americans and well the whole thing turned into "I hate liberal foreigners and the stupid songs they sing" rant and I lost all fucking focus.

So with little todo, and no fanfare what so ever, here is the un-edited notes for david bowie. (i reserve the number and the option to try again some other time).

David bowie

Gay not gay?

Major tom?? What the hell is that all about? Drugs??

One green eye and one blue eye with a dead pupil.

Scared of Americans

Fuck that and fuck you bitch scared of Americans, but you fucking move in and drag down our neighborhood with your gay ass whinny liberal views

You and the rest of the famous people have no idea about shit and you all want to talk shit about shit you do not understand or even comprehend.

Fucking assholes and the likes of you are not needed as neighbors. You all think that the world is about worshiping of your awesomeness.

"Oh love me, define me, I want water, bring me a water, where's my doggie, oh I want my precious little stupid Chihuahua. I want to be photographed caring a pink dog in a pink purse that costs more then the annual income of my gardener". Yeah? Yeah fuck that!

I have had enough of the famous people with their fucking soapbox statements about shit that they can not comprehend. Fuck you David Bowie and fuck you and your fucking faggot (not that there is anything wrong with that) country. Your let us worship a dried up old bag of a women who probably had no clue who she is anymore but let us worship that some more.

We Americans kicked your gay (not that there is anything wrong with that) British ass and we bailed your fucking liberal thinking butt fucking asses out of a war with a country that is one 30th the size of Texas.

Think about that. You populated a land mass with the prisoners and religious refugees of a culture that was doomed from the start. and in a short period of time we beat your ass back across the pond, improved your living style with our innovations and then we help you out in a

fight that really never should have happened in the first place if you all had not acted the liberal pussy to begin with.

They can not figure out if they are gay or not gay. They can not stay married for more than a year or two. They can not even support their own team.

They make all that money and they dump it into lavish stupid things like multimillion dollar videos that last for 5 minutes and probably get a play time of 30 for the course of the release.

Hell MTV does not even play videos anymore.

They go around and buy love because they do not know how to love.

they wander around" love me" define me" I want water bring me water" where is coco my stupid dog" I want all green m-n-ms." "Do I look fat?" am I still awesome?"

They have 500 million leaches sucking their egos and stroking their personalities and devouring their cash.

The want the worship they want the admiration they want to be loved but they can not love themselves and they know it.

So they all tear down everything around them and trivialize and marginalize their audiences so they can be bigger.

Fuck that and fuck David Bowie. Bitch get your damn foreign ass out of my neighborhood and take that pussy little rat dog with you.

What you are still here? Get the fuck off my lawn before I shoot your gay ass and call the cops in that order! And I slam the door

Correspondence

Dear Mr. Sleestaxx,

Henry is very busy and he can not visit your myspace page.

Mr. Rollins appreciates that you have been impacted by his work and although he likes fan fiction.

He would like to remind you that his name and likeness is his brand and he would like to also remind you that any negative fiction should not be published.

Regards

Hymen, Heflin, or some other girly German Nazi name

"Mr. Rollins Thanks You"

Oh now let me tell you something about this whole Henry Rollins neighbor fiction thingy.

I see him online "Oh fuck bush this" and "fuck bush that" and "blah blah blah."

"Oh the end is near."

"Commercialism is eating our souls alive."

"Buy my album"

"Oh love me define me."

"Where's my dog? I want water. Bring me water! Oh I look fat don't I? Oh please somebody bring me some damn water. Do I still have it?"

"Oh I want you to like me."

"Oh I want to like you too but you are not in my zip code."

HENRY! I bought your goddamn albums 12+ dollars apiece.

Back then I had to work at a vet cleaning dog shit at min wage of 3.35 hour so your album was 4 hours of cleaning dog shit from sick dogs!

And then I would risk getting killed by rockers on my way downtown to see you perform. And then I risked getting killed by all skinheads that followed you around.

The whole time being told corporate America is bad.

Corporate America is a war machine and has to be stopped.

Corporate America is killing our free speech.

We hear Henry does not do drugs or drinks and I say well if that is good for Henry then that has to be the way to go, he is so versed on the world and everything.

Then you exercise your free speech and you do a commercial for a trendy clothing store.

A store that sells the clothes for the enemy, cookie cutter, kill individuality, same as the guy next to me clothes.

You do a commercial for the enemy.

You sold out to the other side.

Oh the despair I was flung into.

The depression that my mind sunk into

The maddening fever of betrayal that burned in my mind and caused so much self loathing that I wanted to die.

I had wasted so many years of my life.

I began to drink and do coke. I had to make up for lost time. 5 years I spent on my cocaine fueled binge.

The places I would wake up.

Depraved memories would haunt me all day. Until I could get fucked up again. Inside my head would be images of animals and fruit of the loom underwear, things that Morton Downing Jr. could never ever have portrayed.

Oh man the women I would find on my flop house mattress.

The sick and depraved things I did to get the money to get high. I no longer cleaned dog shit, I ate dog shit!

I ATE SHIT IN A FUCKING SIDESHOW!

I ate shit in a freak sideshow held in the basement of a night club on Castro Street.

I was known as "Bubo The Dog Shit Eating Monkey Boy" three de-meaning shows a night 7 nights a week.

Hook worms, round worms, whip worms. Dysentery, depression, dystopia, and distemper.

I had it all man yeah I was a fucking nut case then.

But I got better.

I found the way out of the depths of hell that was cocaine and drinking.

I learned about hate and rage and I learned that I was responsible for my self.

Correspondence

Mr. Sleestaxx,

Although the gap is always looking for fresh topical celebrities to promote our brand we have to admit that the demographic that would identify with "Bubo The Dog Shit Eating Monkey Boy" is too small to be of interest to us.

Thank you

Some buttmuncher whose has no clue of what is cool and what is not.

Man I hope one legged Pete is still in the same projects he was 10 years ago.

Lars Ulrich

Lars Ulrich from Metallica wants to get access to my house. He and the Scientologist lawyers expect full access anytime, anywhere to be sure that my house is not a copy of Lars Ulrich's.

The neighborhood was two developers with 3 models each and each model had three elevations and Lars Ulrich seems to think that just because I have a house that I have a copy of his house and he wants to be sure that I some how do not enjoy home ownership as much as him. Like he some how invented home ownership. The whiny bitch.

So here they are at my door demanding entrance and waving reams of paper saying things like due ownership and proper channel purchasing with accountability and proper book keeping.

I know nothing of this I know that the lord speaks to me from time to time and today he is yelling at me to beat this pussy musician into the ground.

God said that I should beat the weapons of Satan down and the lawyers are the worst tools of Satan as they have perverted the common laws of man into the yokes and bridles of all mankind.

The lord says that this bastard fucks kittens and goats and thinks that he can sue the right hand of god with impudence.

All of a sudden I was overwhelmed by the presence of the Holy Spirit and the good lord spoke in my ear and my heart and he said "set this mother fucker lawyer on fire."

I pulled out a book of matches and began to flick lighted matches at the fat fuck with the papers and he cried and whipped out his cell phone like it was a six shooter and began to babble lawyer tongues into the phone.

Then next thing to happen was both strange and funny, the lawyer on the phone, squinted his face and you heard swapppp wapp wapp like that of thin lumber slapping and then there was the stench of poo.

Lars Ulrich looked at his lawyers and they all had shit their pants. The good lords hand touched them all. AH HA!

They, the lawyers, left real fast and there was Lars Ulrich just standing there with his entourage of homosexual groupies (not that there is anything wrong with that) and bi-sexual roadies (not that there is anything wrong with that, (roadies or being bisexual)), demanding still to be let into my house. I thought they were going to charge when Joe Strummer pulled up in his Escalade with 30" spinner rims. Affixed to the

purple paint job was the magnetic "neighborhood watch" sign with the stupid eyeball logo.

"What seems to be the trouble here preacher" Joe said as he stepped out of his car.

Well Joe these guys... .

"We have every right to ensure that our property is not copied", Lars Ulrich interrupted, "And to be sure, we think that we are due compensation for each and every copy."

"Well", Joe started, "that would be right if your house looked like the good preacher's and also if you were sure that copies were being made of copies because don't copies have to be made from originals at some point?"

Lars Ulrich started to talk, but Joe cut him off, "You do not even live here and you do not even know if John here likes your tastes in furniture, because looking at your entourage I can tell you that John does not care to have Homosexuals and Bisexuals on his front yard, (not that there is anything wrong with that), let alone tracking cooties and poser heavy metal vibes through out his house."

"Why don't you just take your pussy, fan hating, fat ass, on out of here before I start to beat you down. Because when the preacher beats you he is saving your soul, but when I beat you, well you are just getting beat. Now git!"

Lars Ulrich and the 12 man posse walked back to their cars and drove off.

Wendy went back into the house disappointed.

Henry came out and asked "Hey man what is going on?"

"Henry you are always late and a dollar short."

"No need to pick on my height Joe, you are not much taller than me."

"Yeah uh ok Henry whateva." Joe said making the 'What ever' hand sign.

"John you just give me a call anytime that piece of flaming metal poser shows up ok?"

"Yeah Joe no problem thanks for the help."

Joe jumped into the escalade and Henry began preaching about the environment and carbon emissions and foreign oil dependence when Joe's escalade roared to life and lurched forward towards Henry's yard and stopped short of the curb.

Henry held up a hand like he could part the sea or something and then Joe goosed it a second time the car jumped the curb Henry screamed and ran away.

Joe gunned the monstrous engine and the back wheels began to chew up yard exposing the brown dirt under the manicured lawn.

Joe cut the wheel to the right and the back wheels began to break loose and slid as well as cut into the grass.

Joe was able to cut 2 360° circles into Henry's lawn before pulling off of the drive way.

Henry just dropped to his knees and cried, weeping like a girl about the damage done to the earth worm habitat and the cinch bugs environment and bla bla bla

Shawn "Napster" Fanning

Shawn "Napster" Fanning decided to become a real estate mogul. He began to develop the property next my subdivision and began to build copycat versions of the models in my neighborhood. Shawn the "ass pirate" did not even buy the land he just began to develop. The fucktard even named the streets the same as the streets in my subdivision. I do not know how the post office stamped that one ok, but there you go more government inequities and stupidity, they should do a comedy real life series based on government services.

The duplicate street names are not the only problem the quality of the building is in question and Shawn is allowing the "home owners" to build their own houses as a low cost replacement for hired skilled labor.

This owner building has created very poor quality homes whose poor construction will eventually reflect through the market's desire for my homes. In example why would I pay that much for your home when next door is the same home for less or free. Also why would I WANT to live next door to such a poorly constructed neighborhood obviously this subdivision does not value their neighborhood or the quality of their homes.

The architects did not get any royalties for the use of their designs so they are pissed and the neighbors are pissed and the HOA just wrings their hands saying they are restricted in what they can do.

Shit, I skip edging my front yard one week and they have 300 dollar attorneys writing 50 dollar letters to me about the care and maintenance of my yard, but when a real tragedy or a real threat to home value arises they are restricted in what they can do, their hands are tied. PUSSIES all of them.

Shawn "Napster" Fanning believes that the houses will relieve the cost the government spends to support the homeless and there by alleviating the troublesome burden of the government assistance and therefore be a boon to the economy and in turn raise the value for everyone. This is more of the Regan trickle down slop that the Democrats tried to feed us about taxing the rich less and the middle class more. Fucking tree hugging, dirt munching fur kissing druids!

So his plan is to "Let the houses be free." (or very cheap).

But now, too many people are living in the houses. Too many people chose to build their own free house and since the houses are free they are not valued buy the "owners" so the houses are being unkempt and unruly. The lawns are not complete and addresses are not posted, causing

huge confusion and duplicate addresses on the same street. The entire mess looks like a Mexican shanty town. Raw sewage is running in open-air ditches between the houses to the gutters. Bastard children are playing the ditches and not going to church or school. They just get their education from MTV and their upbringing from Neopets.

Some houses are not finished right. For instance, there would be a bedroom in one section of a model and there is nothing just empty house space. Some should be two stories and they are one story. The rooms are built smaller than they should be. Some are just built in a smaller scale so that they can fit on the property, but the house is unlivable due to the cramped rooms. In addition, some are just not finished and never will be completed.

The entire system turned into a socialist mess and now the new subdivision looks like a hobo town.

And again the HOA refuses to take matters seriously. So we homeowners had to act.

So the neighbors and I went in the night and raided the neighborhood, we burnt the shacks to the ground. Some of us went as concerned citizens while many more went as crazed psychopaths that just wanted to burn some shit and beat up some humans.

It was an epic battle many lives were lost and many brave souls were sent to the maker of lives. I will not do their memories justice by recounting the battle but I do believe the battle and the souls lost deserve some acknowledgement.

We went in from four directions I was in the group led by Tommy Lee and Wendy. We crested the hill that separated the two neighborhoods and we could see that Lee Ving's group had started early as they had already begun burning houses (I said psychopaths).

We charged down the hill and began kicking down the weakest of shacks. Methodically knocking on structures to get the inhabitants out and then setting the wood ablaze.

About three hours in I was getting tired and my foot hurt something fierce. I have inhaled more smoke and noxious fumes than I would like my healthcare insurance to know about. We reached the center of the neighborhood about the same time as Pam and Kidd's squad.

Shawn Fanning's subdivision was out flanked and out maneuvered we had them bunched in the center of the development by the amenities, some were forced so tight that Wendy was standing on heads so she could swing that fire axe of hers.

I saw Henry walking through the carnage flaying his arms, talking about how much good he does for the country in his so typical spoken word cadence. "I do this for the country" He stammered, "and I do that. I speak about the injustices of the government because the little guy has no voice. In addition, I was gifted with this incredible talent and opportunity to speak for everyone. That is why I speak about how everyone is doing it wrong and they should listen to me because I know how the world should be and I know what everyone should do to make the world a better place, a place that would be right for all humans AND animals." He blah blah blahdy blah blah right past me as I fought three, seriously, three of these Fanning fuckers and he did not even stop to help. Yeah he stopped. He stopped, he looked at me in close combat, and he asked if he could have his birdbath back. Then he asked if it was because I hated birds. I told him between dodging bullets and knife stabs that I liked birds as much as the next person, but the deeds forbid lawn art. "bird hater. You are a fucker, you hate the environment, you are a fascist and you do not represent my best interests. Next year during the elections I will beat you. And he walked on chanting some Zen mantra about peace and love.

At one point in the blue twilight of the dawn sun I saw death walking through the mob swinging his scythe just cutting them down like wheat being harvested. I felt sorry for death for it was clear that his job would never be done, because as his swing was complete and the Shawn Fanning residents fell, more would spring up in their place. The writs and subpoenas swung and houses fell but we never really began to make any progress.

Finally on my knees in the blood and mud and tears I could see that the residents were now numbering twice what they were when we started. Like cockroaches on HGH, they just grew and grew and I could see fledgling bands in the mob offering versions of the homes in hopes to garner publicity and press about their band and the aid and comfort they were administering to the wicked pirates that we were in battle with, in battle to the death with. But they did not care they saw this as an opportunity to harness the new media to side step the old guard, the old ways and create new ways to become famous.

At one point I had to take a dump. So I left the battle to go home and use my toilet that I so love. I find that a comfortable setting is conducive to proper bowel movements and at my late age proper bowel movements are important and cherished. 42 minutes later, I climbed to the top of the hill to see that we had lost.

The shantytown looked as if no one had even been there. Short of a nuclear bomb, we are doomed.

In addition, the HOA just refuses to complete their promised end of the relationship.

To hell in a hand basket I tell ya', to hell with us all.

Miley Cyrus, Wendy O' and Billy Idol

Miley Cyrus has her lemonade stand out and Wendy and Billy idol are jogging last evening this past Saturday and they have finished their 5th loop past the stand and I guess the traffic has been slow because Miley calls to them "Hey you two must be thirsty by now you have ran past five times. How about some lemonade? On the house.

Really? Billy asks

"Yeah sure business" Miley Cyrus explains "has been slow and I have to pack it in soon and why should I waste it."

"If you two like maybe next time you will stop and pay for some."

So she pours two larges for them.

Wendy reaches into her sock for some cash and Miley Cyrus stops her "No ma-am I told you it was on the house."

Wendy says "Well the lemonade tastes great and I thought I would pay now for some and then later when you are out here again I can get some more."

"No you two do not need to do that."

"Why thank you."

"You are sure a nice little girl."

"Well you two sure are nice for punkers."

Some laughter then Miley Cyrus asks, "Hey are you really punkers or are you all pretending for the image."

Well that was it! Billy lost it. His harelip/whiplash pout jumped on his face and he began to yell "What you do not think I am punk? Well how about this?" And he pours the lemonade on Miley Cyrus' head

Wendy just laughs and says "Hey Billy she is just a kid."

"No man, here how about this?" And he jumps onto her table and begins to dance like in his rebel yell video.

And the table breaks.

"There now!" He says from the ground on his back "Is that punk enough for you?"

Miley begins to cry and Billy Ray Cyrus comes out and yells at Billy Idol. Billy begins to bawl about his back and Wendy starts to step in front of Mr. Cyrus and Billy Ray starts to step past Wendy and she side steps back in front and Billy Ray goes to push her, and Holy fucking Christ it was blur Wendy had Billy Ray Cyrus' hand back and up and twisted. And then as Billy Ray Cyrus cried out, he was air borne flying backward and he hit the dirt in a big whuffff.

Now the two Bills were on the ground crying and Miley was crying and Wendy stood on Billy Ray Cyrus chest and began to yell "Get down you dumb muther fucker."

Miley thought Wendy was talking to her and she dropped to the ground.

Everybody was crying now and Wendy was just yelling.

Johnny Cash came out to see what the noise was about and when he saw Wendy standing on Billy Ray Cyrus he ran over to the melee.

He helped little Miley Cyrus up and then he told her to go into the house

Then he stepped over to Wendy and shoved her off Billy Ray and helped Mr. Cyrus up

Then he reached down to Billy Idol and instead of helping him he grabbed the vest by the collar and brought him up to his face as he bent down at the same time. Then he said something to Billy Idol because Billy just shook his head, then he nodded his head and a dark spot showed up on his sweat pants. Billy Idol pee'd his pants. Johnny Cash scare the piss out of Billy Idol.

Miley Cyrus's mother came running out and when she made eye contact with Wendy she stopped running and walked up the mess.

John let go of Billy with a disgusted motion and strode back to his house.

Miley Cyrus pointed at Billy Idol and whispered to her mother who turned and told Miley Cyrus to go back into the house.

She went to her husband and asked him if he was alright.

Then she looked at Billy idol and Wendy and told them "It might be best if you two do not stop for lemonade any more." then she turned to her husband and said "I want to move right now"

Ozzy Osborne and Alice Cooper

I was in my flowerbed pulling weeds. This is very therapeutic for me as I picture each weed I pull as a bad relationship or a negative moment in my life being removed. I feel that the visualization helps promote a positive atmosphere and positive direction for my life. There is so much negativity and wrong going on that being outdoors in the sun and fresh air is a healthy alternative to being indoors waiting the news about death destruction and corporate greed.

I digress.

I am in my green room. I am just about to reach that one with everything when I hear screeching, screaming, and bellowing. There are some men arguing like girls about something somewhere and it is making ripples on my pond of serenity.

You bastard they were my cherished pets

I do not know what you are talking about Sharron!

I know you Ozzy I know you. You took them for your tour you bastard.

No, I did not that was a long time ago. In addition, I was just really high then but I do not do that anymore.

I think, "Oh I get it" Ozzy lives next door to Alice Cooper and Alice is raising bats in his back yard. He thinks that Ozzy is coming over and stealing his bats

Just as Sharron comes out the front door in an apron wiping her hands like in an episode of "leave it to beaver" the two start to bitch fight.

You know what I mean they are just slapping at each other with their eyes closed. Quite comical if you ask me. Two "bad Ass" metal stars fighting like math nerds.

Sharron runs up like a mommy and starts to separate the two "What is wrong with you two." "You two used to be friends."

Alice falls back on his ass. In addition, starts to cry about his bats. They have been disappearing and at first he thought they were just getting lost or finding other fusions to live with." but this afternoon I went to check and the entire roost is missing. Gone, pole and all. In addition, I know this fucker took them.

Now Alice, Sharron says, I know that you love your bats and I know that you mean well by raising them, but the HOA hired bat chasers to remove the battery in your back yard. The HOA feels that this may not be appropriate activity in this subdivision.

They all in unison turn their heads and look at me.

FUCK! They saw me. I could have gone indoors and pretended I was not home, but not now. Shit they knew I was there and they knew I was aware of their desire to speak with me about a HOA issue. Damn presidency (See Feb. 25 chapter 11).

Fuck here they come, all three of them. Alice and Ozzy forgetting about the fight and now just comrades to support one another in a more just cause.

What do you mean that my hobby is in appropriate?

Come on Alice think about this. Nasty, dirty, disease ridden rodents in this neighborhood. What about the home values? They were a nuisance, many of the other neighbors expressed concern for their health and welfare. Many were very disturbed by the early morning sightings of Ozzy, in his Fruit of the looms, sneaking over and eating the bats as they came back. Then coming back home with bat blood streaking down the front of his shirtless belly and underwear.

Ozzy! Exclaimed Sharron You promised that you try to stop.

Sharron Sharron I did.

No Ozzy you did not, you went over there like a Baptist preacher to a porn store. All stealth like but everyone EVERYONE saw you go over. It was both disgusting and a shame, that you did not have the strength to stop eating your neighbor's bats.

Ozzy Stop eating bats. That was a moment of drug-addled frenzy and now you are an old man with a super wife who takes care of you. Get it together man.

Alice You are over 50 years old! You are no scarier now then, then and now you want to act the scary metal god. HA you are just a grand dad that needs to find a respectable hobby like fly-fishing or woodworking. Grow the fuck up and paint your house a real fucking color like the rest of us.

Shit Ozzy you need to get your shit together man go to the rehab center for the bat obsession

Sharron get a tighter lease on your man.

Now get the fuck off my lawn you are all killing the grass.

I turned and there was Henry on his lawn just shaking his head in disapproval. "Preacher," Henry said, " You are wrong and you know it."

Sharron, he continued you know if I elected president this would not have happened.

No Henry if you were elected you would have run this place to shit and I voted for John because you are a bleeding heart liberal that does

not know right from wrong and what it means to retain home value in this volatile market.

Henry looked as though he was just slapped.

Movie night Henry's house

My family was over at Henry's for movie night. It is something we do occasionally because we are neighbors and I poke fun at him. The movie was "Falling Down", it was wonderful film of a man snapping, of a man who had enough shit and he went on a walk about. kind of Australia LA style.

Henry starts to talk about how he identifies with the main character played by Michael Douglas. And he pauses the movie to stand in the living center and start a recitation of one of his pieces. Wendy goes to the bathroom and Kidd starts to nod off on Pam's chest.

Henry starts to speak to my son about corporate rapers and devourers of the common man's soul. And how one morning while shaving his head he came to realization that singing for Black Flag was not his true calling but a prelude to what he must do with his life.

I have that voice, the voice of the common man I can reach multitudes and let them know that the common man is pissed and poor and tired of being someone else's bitch. The common man works all week at a job he does not enjoy so that he can barely provide for his family and put just enough gas in his tank to go to work another day to do it all over again.

I speak for the average Joe because I identify with him I know him he is my base and I am his champion. He knows that I fight his fight for him.

No, you speak so much and so loud that you only hear your voice, you only know your thoughts. You then stand up there on stage for your high paid speaking engagements and regurgitate your thoughts and your ideals onto the stage like it is the gospel and we all think that way. but you do not speak for me and you do not speak for many of the common man.

You do not struggle?

oh yes I do struggle I struggle against discrimination, I struggle against entitlement. I struggle against oppression and I endure lie after lie after lie. I wade through vomit of "This is for you, It is good for you and I have done this great thing for you". Much of the same puke and shit you spewed just now. But the fact is you know nothing of my struggle. You work in a field that enjoys you and pays you a beyond average salary. You speak of things you have never ever been in touch with or it has been so long since you have been in touch that you have forgotten the weight of failure, the weight of trudging to a Jay Oh Bee,

the god awful beatings at the gas pump knowing that it is all a conspiracy.

A conspiracy? Henry asked

Yes the war, the gas prices, the economy recession and inflation. It is all a great controlling play to guide and herd the masses into a class based society controlled by the rich and supported by the poor.

I know that is what I am talking about.

Well stop talking and do something. The revolution is mounting; the tides of change are ebbing to a wave of evolution. It is just waiting for a spark, a leader, a starter of the fire that would burn the old wood and create a landscape of equality and happiness. But instead you just poke it with a stick and dance around the issue with the step and grace of an ignorant native worshiping the eclipse like it was a great god devouring the sun.

You need to step up and fight, get the ball rolling. Start a channel on youtube tell everyone on youtube who you are voting for and why. Point out platform points and tell them why they are good for the nation, why they are good for the world, and most importantly of all why they are good for me. Then if your champion is elected you have to speak once a month about your candidates actions, you have to explain why your candidate failed to execute and not in the criticizing why that all talking heads do, but in an informative educational way. That way when your candidate succeeds or fails you can be accountable for the awful state that you will bitch about. If you speak for the common man because your voice is the loudest and you have this great platform to speak from, you can be accountable for your choices because that is the problem with the corporate rapers and the politicians that devour the souls and cultures of foreign lands, they are not truly accountable. No-one is and that is the shame. That is the failure in world globalization no-one person is accountable for the mistakes or the colossal failures. China is the terrible un-doer of centuries of human rights progression, but they still get the contracts to make the items that we buy and in turn China buys our countries debt.

If our country would invest in the people they would not have debt, they would have a resource, but they want to starve us into submission. They have failed to follow the simple rules of economy since the 80's and it is all to drag our middle down to the level of the global middle so that the global population is equally poor. The rich will be in charge.

You need to tell people of the tragic opera that is being played out on the global stage and get them to drop the curtain before the fat lady sings.

Wow, Henry said all wide eyed like a kid who fired his first gun, that is a tall order I do not know if I can handle that responsibility. I do not know if my voice is loud enough to be heard.

You go to foreign countries and talk shit about you home team all the time.

Get out there and make a change and not pretend anymore.

Yeah! Henry said with belief raising in his throat, I am no poser, I am hardcore, he yells as he gets pumped up, yeah! he begins to hop about, yeah!

You are old but you are hardcore. I yelled.

He begins to pace like the old Henry I remember

And he starts to slap his head.

Yeah fuck yeah.

And he charges out the door and down the street.

Henry is on a world tour go see him and encourage him, I think he might get a little scared from time to time.

Me? I am watering his lawn and his plants.

I pile his mail up on the dining room table and make sure that his two cats "Spoon" and "Mr. Snuggles" are watered and fed.

The movie??

No we never got to finish it and that is fine because I wanted to my son to think about the parts he saw and not the conclusion of the movie.

Trent Reznor

Trent Reznor came to my door asking if I knew anything about Marilyn. It seems that Marilyn boasted to Trent that he had bought a house and he was very proud of this purchase.

However, when Trent went to the door to see his good friend's house and give him a house-warming present of a rotting meat sculpture, Marilyn was not home and Vanilla Ice was answering the door.

This was very odd to Trent as he was not aware of Vanilla and Marilyn being friends.

What did Vanilla say to you? I asked.

That he was the owner and he had never heard of Marilyn living there but from the door, I could see the taxidermy cow hanging on the wall. Therefore, I pressed Vanilla about this and Vanilla finally broke down and said that he was just borrowing the house and he would give it up as soon as he was asked to leave. However, he still did not know anything about Marilyn's disappearance.

Trent said that he had spoken to Henry who knew nothing (no surprise there). And he had spoken to Pamela Anderson who was having a very blonde day as he put it.

I introduced myself and invited Trent in for lemonade (Miley Style) he was gracious and polite but when he stepped inside he began to ask pointed questions and made accusations of cover ups and conspiracies. Saying things like this is so typical no-one understands Marilyn he is just too far ahead of his time.

Trent I told him Marilyn is not ahead of anybody. He PISSES on his audience for Christ sakes and he maneuvered his band mates out of a very successful gig.

Trent began to get a little frantic in his speech, his arms began to wave about in crazy windmill circles, and spittle and saliva foam began to fly from his lips.

And honestly I was regretting inviting him in. He was getting scary like crazy scary and I was beginning to mentally calculate how fast can I get to the butcher knife in the kitchen.

He was screaming now about how he needed to find "Mare". That mare would know what to do. Then he lunged at me like a crack addict. Honestly, it was not a surprise though because he was in the red zone long before he attacked me.

I held up one arm to fend the attack and began to back-peddle into the kitchen. I hit the dining room table with my right hip and fell down to

one knee, that was enough for Trent to really put on the full court press, and he jumped on me. I fell back pulling the bible I had at the edge of the table. Trent pressed his whole body on mine and brought his face real close to me and then he got very calm and said that my breath was salty just like he likes it and he stuck out his tongue.

I rolled him to one side and brought the bible up under his chin forcing him to bite his own tongue.

He screamed and began to thrash about on the floor as if he was in a seizure or something. I jumped to my feet and started to the phone but he was in between me, the phone, me, and the only exit. I was freaking trapped.

He stopped convulsing and looked at me sideways.

You killed Marilyn didn't you!

No I did not

And then in a low hoarse whisper he said he was going to eat me.

I backed into the kitchen to put the island between me and the crazy guy. He started to get up and I remember opening the drawer and the next thing you know Trent is on the floor with the butcher's knife steel sticking in his eye.

Yes officer I dragged his body out the front door right away.

Because if he was to be pronounced dead IN my house I would have to disclose it to the potential buyers but if he was to be dead OUTside well that is a whole other loop hole.

Marilyn? No he is probably on an animal sex binge with drugs and liquor out in some god forsaken Midwest barn sneezing from all the hay pollen.

Vanilla? I guess he was house sitting and decided that a crazy Trent Reznor was not worth the free shelter and vamoosed.

Would you like some lemonade?

Sure I have no plans to leave town and if I am needed down at the station for anymore questions I would be more than happy to come down.

John Lydon

John Lydon came over today.

He wanted to barrow a stick of butter.

I explained that I did not have butter or margarine as it was a condition of my release.

He laughed and began to pretend that he understood. I knew he was lying because I was. I work hard for my money and the staples that I spend my money on and here is a rock god a shaker of the music universe wanting to "barrow" stick of fucking butter. Fuck him and his everyone is a bunch of wankers attitude

No John I do not have any butter or margarine.

Well how about some brown sugar. John really I do not have time for your free loading today.

What me free load? Never!

most of you fucking artist types are free loaders. You take from the base for something the base could have made for themselves if they had wanted and you all act like you are kings of the planet.

no that is not the case really. I really enjoy making music and providing entertainment to so many.

What you let me have I will replace tomorrow when I see Malcolm. Malcolm is to bring me some royalties tomorrow.

You still talk to Malcolm. I thought you all were not talking and hated each others guts. You tell everyone he took everything from you all and exploited you young performers and treated you all like slaves.

Yeah we really never hated each other it was all part of the great punk rock opera. Old man creates artist, old man acts like a god, god's creations destroy god, and creations now wander aimlessly through the cosmos trying to identify themselves to something. It really is sad but it is the way of life from the beginning of time. Think back... .

We are lost; we create a god, now we have a starting point, something that marks our passage through space and time. Then we start to destroy god. First his son, but see there are still too many that like god so they make god forgive us. Then we wander through time killing and destroying one another in the name of the popular religion at the time.

Then we develop science instead of magic and we cut god down to a omnipotent being that created us and wandered away. Our science gets stronger and stronger and we start to think we do not need a god after all. But the insecure still do so they throw up a war or two in the name

of creation but the science is strong and that gets squashed. Now science is so prevalent that everyone can warp their heads around it.

God must be destroyed if the human race is to flourish and grow and conquer new worlds and races. So now science creates life. Once science creates life it proves that god did not do it, it just happened it was fluke. A mistake of chance and statistical opportunity; lightning struck the ocean when the right proteins were in the right proximity of each other and zap life. No god, no 6 day work week of creation.

We build gods; every organized group of humans does it because they need a starting point in which to point themselves.

So we all sat down one day at a coffee house and thought about this. The English needed to recapture the music market again so we made punk rock. We made Malcolm our god and father then we "killed" him. We started an entire industry of clothes and attitude and accessories and now we are riding the cash cow to retirement. The grand social experiment near complete.

I looked at John as serious as I could and said "Then get on your cash cow and shit yourself some brown sugar." Do not come to my house and tell me how you single handedly created punk rock to prove a social experiment in the creation of god and mankind. What a load of fucking crap. No you know what, you go next door and tell Henry that shit and barrow his fancy non-exploited good for and from the environment butter and sugar and everything else but get the fuck off my property before I eat your fucking brain and fart your fucking soul out.

Correspondence

Dear HOA Management Company,

I was on my way to work this morning and as I passed the corner lot at the entrance I see Sid and Nancy passed out on the lawn AGAIN.

Now this has to be the 17th time I have found these two face down on a Monday morning in the grass. So high and stoned from the weekend that they just dropped right were they stood.

I know, I have been by on numerous occasions while on neighborhood patrol and they have been in full blown fist fight mode over McDonald cheese burgers, Starbuck ice coffee drinks, and other really stupid stupid things.

I want you to do the job that you were contracted to do and that is to write a letter demanding that they begin to act more human and less animal. That they think about their actions and remind them that the value they set for their house, they also set for the rest of their neighbors.

Remind them that no-one is going to be able to sell a house when these two are all fucked up and acting like fools in the front yard.

Heaven forbid I decide to sell and have a potential buyer drive by see these two rutting in the front yard like some animals in heat or passed out in the sun like homeless bums.

This shit has to stop. You have to finally address this eyesore. I commend the HOA in their enforcing of the "No Lawn Art restriction". I applaud the restriction you have imposed on the Poison house. They were really going to burn down the whole neighborhood with the smoke and flash pots.

The Lesbian orgies behind my house are still going on but I know that there is only so much you can do. But this drug induced comas in the front yard are avoidable. they are in the front yard after all for god and everyone to see.

There is a bus stop right in front of their house. What if Sid ties one on and passes out with his pants down during the regular school season? I strenuously impress upon you the urgency at which this must be addressed.

If this is allowed to continue much longer, they maybe able to pull the precedent and rock star card out in a court battle and then we are all fucked!

Get it right! Get it done and get it out NOW!

HOA president
Rev. John Sleestaxx

Madonna

I finished the mow and I was going to run some weed and feed on the freshly cut grass and I realized I was out.

So I hopped into the car and headed up to the store. I decided that I just did not want to see Sid and Nancy so I decided to go out the side entrance.

On my way out I pass by Madonna's house. She lives next door to Lee Ving and Poison. She was out in her front yard tending to her yard too. This was truly a sight.

She was actually not doing her work but she had some others doing the work.

She was in that "funnel on her boobies" outfit standing on two professional ball players who were eating the boxwood into a perfect oval, while five more chewed her grass with their teeth. Multi-million dollar players chewing grass and bushes like goats. Holy crap!

The ball players were wearing just their cup and supporters and on their hands and knees chewing the grass.

Madonna was standing there leashes in one hand riding crop under one arm and a glass of ice tea in the other, and the ball players chewing away. Her kids, the blood and the adopted, were playing in the yard with their plastic trucks and action figures.

It was like some weird surrealistic nightmare. Like a Rockwell painting strung out on acid and heroin and two days into a paranoid psychotic episode, not that I would know.

I had to stop and say something, but what do you say to a queen? I mean really? It was wrong what she was doing to the neighborhood and the to these warriors of the field.

We made eye contact and she lifted the glass of tea in my direction like a toast. I nodded and slowed. Shit I have to stop and say something I am the president after all and she saw me and knows that I saw her.

I stop and I get out. Madonna halts the two ball players she is riding and steps down.

What can I do for you father?

I am not a father, that is Catholic just call me pastor or reverend please.

Ok what can I do for you reverend?

well I do appreciate the fervor in which you take care of your yard and I think that the enthusiasm should be shared by more in the neighborhood, but I think the jock strapped ball players is a bit over the top.

Yeah?

Yeah come on truly you could have had them wear the respective uniforms.

No, I can't, as the majority league ball club owns everything about baseball and to have them in my yard in their league uniforms would bring the MLBC down on the neighborhood faster than a costume change. And besides I think they look good this way. I mean after millions of years women have been objectified and demoralized and pornified. It is only fitting that men get their fair share of being treated like an object or as utensils.

I am not going to get into a girly rights issue with you Madonna. Just put some clothes on your grass munchers and think about the neighborhood instead of yourself. We are a community and in a community we have to act in the best interest of all instead of just the one. You know that Rob Zombie has bought a house and I think they he may have chosen not to if he had witnessed this spectacle.

Yes you are right pastor. Boys up. Up!

And the ball players snapped up into a formal line. She grabbed the riding crop and pointed to the house and the men turned but waited. She sighed and her shoulders slumped a bit and she swatted the lead ball player on the ass with the crop and he hopped into the house and so it went for the remaining six players a swat on the ass and they trotted into the house.

It was time to do the back yard anyways. And I know that there is nothing you can do about the backyard.

Yes you are right about that for now. But once I get the lesbian parties at Brit and Pink's house taken care of the HOA will be in a better position to protect the neighborhood.

I hope not, I really enjoy bunko on Fridays.

Yes I know, I see you, and I hear you over there now and again.

And we see your eye at the knot hole.

I have to witness to testify and report.

Yes, yes I know.

Well I have to go to the store. Do you need anything Madonna?

Yes can you get me two dozen sticks of butter and some dish gloves?

Sure anything else?

Maybe pick me up some Luzianne tea also.

No problem, see you on the way back.

Yeah ok. Hey kids lets go into the house it is time for mommy to work on the back yard.

I went to the store.

You know she is not all that bad, I wish more of the neighbors were like her.

Eminem

The HOA sponsored an Easter celebration for the neighborhood kids. And Easter egg hunt was had. Candy (no brown M&Ms) was handed out and Henry Rollins was in the Easter bunny suit for pictures and entertainment for the kids.

I was done handing out candy and potato plastic Easter baskets so I decided to sit on a bench by the playground equipment.

"hey John you really a reverend?" I turned to see Eminem sitting next to me.

"Yes Marshall I am"

"Can we talk?"

"Sure what about."

"I have been having anger issues and I have been in the dumps lately. Do you think there is really a god?"

"Yes I know there is because he speaks to me everyday. What has that got to do with your anger and depression?"

"I just want to know if there is really a reason for it all. You know what I mean?"

Just then Henry starts flopping on the ground in front of the kids. He looks like a fish until he starts yelling about grenades and the kids start throwing the hard boiled eggs at him.

He starts talking about his arms and legs being blow'd off. Some of the kids stop giggling and start to look frightened.

Henry starts to lecture the wee tikes about the evil of wars.

"Hey Henry" Eminem yells. "Give it a rest, you're starting to scare the kids."

Henry looks at us. "But..." Just then some entourage member of Eminem's stepped toward Henry.

"Yeah you're right Em, We should be just celebrating the rise of commercial religion and the monsters that consumerism has breeds."

Eminem throws an egg at Henry maybe a little too hard and the egg bounces off the left side of Rollins' head. He yelps and the kids start to giggle and throw the eggs at Rollins a bit harder now, but he plays along acting now like a rabbit, then a duck, and then a rabbit again.

"Marshall what were you saying about being worth it?"

"No," he says looking straight at me to make the point of the seriousness. "it is worth it but is there a reason for it all. I mean I work hard to write these deep meaning lyrics and the only thing that gets play is the same bubble gum crap. I try to educate the fan base but they all just act

like sheep. Why? What is the reason for the fire in me to write real shit and the only thing that gets noticed is me riffing on the stupidity of it all and the insults I make towards other famous people."

"What has this got to do with god?" I ask.

"Well if there is a god like you say and he has a purpose for me and I am fulfilling that purpose, then why do I still feel so empty and angry all the time?"

"Why are my real songs being ignored, why does it depress me about the shady, stealing shifty, fuckers that have latched on to me like a leeches." He paused looking out over the small crowd of children.

The pause was so long that I thought he was done. And then he restarted

"If there was a god he would make my other stuff noticed and keep the suckers off my back. Right?"

"Well actually no." I said already sorry for the answer before I could finish. "See the lord gave us all free will and so he can not make other people like your truer songs."

"You are fulfilling your purpose. It seems that gods plan for you is to be a father better than your father, a performer that entertains and educates, and a voice for the many that are suffering poverty."

"You are doing all these things. You should be happy and feel fulfilled.

"But I am not." He sighed visibly frustrated.

"Then I would say you are guilty of something." I said rather Harsly but he is a man he can handle the truth.

"WHAT?"

"Now it is my experience that if one is doing what one loves to do, then that person is happy, but if that person is not happy then they are guilty of something and in your case it would be your success."

"What why would I be guilty of my success?" He said puzzled.

"You do not feel you are worth the admiration and accolades that are thrust upon you. You feel that somewhere there was a point that you should have failed and stayed PWT. But here you are old fat and rich. You grew up fighting for everything and now everything is handed to you and you have all this fight left and no real channel for the energy." I paused for this to sink in a bit.

"Dude, accept that you are successful, that you are old, you are fat, and you are rich. Accept that you have become all that you despised when you were young and relish in the fact that you can make positive changes in other people's lives."

"Is that why Henry is so happy?"

"Well Henry is too dumb to be happy because he has never realized that he is old, fat, rich and irrelevant." We laughed and watch him mock wrestle a stuffed panda bear.

"He still does not have that stupid bird bath and he is happy. I think that maybe he was behind the door when the brains were being handed out."

Marshall smiled that evil smile he had when he was young.

"Thanks John you were a big help. So there really is a god?"

"Yes there is." Staring into the sun behind his head. {Fucker}

"Are you sure?" Cocking his head to one side.

"Yes I am, he just told me to tell you to come by on Thursday."

"Really? What happens on Thursday?"

"Just some more education I think you deserve it you old fat man."

"Ha you are older than me John." He smiled.

"And yet I am happier." I smiled back to meet his

Marshall scooped up his kids and headed home.

Johnny Cash was playing gospel songs for the crowd. It was a nice day.

Henry came up covered in egg and candy with grass stains on his furry knees.

"Hey John, do you think the HOA will pay for he cleaning bill of my bunny suit?"

"No Henry they will not. They did not ask you to roll on the ground and act like a wounded war vet. They did not ask you to dress up as a bunny. You volunteered. Hey why do you have a bunny suit anyways?"

"My sexual preferences are none of your business." He shot back in defiance and shame.

"Well you could have said 'it was a charity thing you do' but, now we all know you are a sick twisted, bird loving, old punker with little else to do but get kinky in a bunny suit."

Henry Rollins

Our Neighborhood Take Back The Night celebration was last night. This is where we as a bunch of middle class individuals living in our suburban cocoon are suppose to go out in the dark and meet our neighbors and prove to the riff raff that we are not scared of them and our neighborhood is our own.

Aside from the pirates in the Shawn Fanning shanty town next door we really have no trouble. So an occasional drunken lout or a strung out lesbian pop star is the real trouble. Oh yeah there was the Sid and Nancy problem but that has started to run it's course and even they have gotten on the bus so to speak.

So here we were, out in our yards after sunset. A perfect 72°F. I was in a portable chair at the curb watching the neighbors mingle. Pam and Kid came over I shared some homebrew with them. We talked about the neighborhood gossip and the possibility of a Baywatch Movie deal in the works.

Johnny Cash came over; we spoke, but did not talk, if you know what I mean. No beer for him he gets moody real fast.

Wendy came over. She makes me feel anxious. We talked about vegan choices at Chili's and she began to start blathering on about 'the travesty of the human condition.' Then she started on about the destruction of eating red meat the treatment of cows in the slaughter house. I wanted to know if they should be giving all the cows their religious last rites and satin pillows.

But I do not argue with her she is very mean spirited sometimes and I do not want her mad at me.

Finally she left and I could breathe again.

Henry came over we talked about his last tour, he postulated about the current political climate and how the world as a community should do this night out thing to raise awareness of unethical practices of some other countries. I told him it is called United Nations.

He went "Ahh yeah that's right. Hmm how do I get hooked up with that gig I could be of some real help with all my worldly knowledge from all my fact finding tours abroad."

"Henry? Really? Are you serious? "

"Yeah man, I have been to Afghanistan and India and Singapore and Korea and Russia. I have even been to Iraq." Henry's chest puffs out with pride.

“And how do you suppose that we fix those countries?” I pointedly asked Henry. And standing up to his monster frame asked “If you are against war and economic sanctions what do you propose we do to get the mean bullies to play nice in the sand box?”

“We bring them up to our industrial level. We educate them on global warming and how a better more affluent citizen makes a better country-man.” He says like he has been waiting for this moment to tell his grand secret.

“But you forget that if we raise the lowest up to above poverty that the ones above poverty will also be risen and the ones in control will make sure they stay in control and thus we have economic slaves with better clothes and wood on the floor of the tar paper shacks. Nothing really changes and we have more people on the planet because they are all healthier.” I reminded him.

“Righteous!” Henry beams like he found another jewel of wisdom.

“NO NO NO. I ranted in my passionate sermon voice. “More people means more farts and more farts means more methane gases and more methane gases means a warmer green house and that means we all die sooner. Yes more comfortable but still sooner.”

“Nah man that won’t happen farts are not the cause of the green house.” Henry says like he is scared he may be wrong.

“Yes methane is one of the main abundant gases that are attributed to the global warming problem. And farts are methane gases.” Arms now flailing and spit flying from my lips.

“HMMM you may have something there.” Henry said looking down at his impossibly small feet. “I will have to start not farting.” Now looking up Henry has a gleam in his eye. “I am going to arrange a ‘No Fart’ tour to raise awareness to this global issue. If I can get just one other human to stop farting then I have reduced the problem by two fold from my perspective. And if I can get more people to do the same we can get this fart thing licked. I know I can get Al Gore to back this whole fart thing up.” Henry said excitedly.

Henry getting excited is kind funny he starts bouncing on the balls of his feet. And he looks like Tigger or a jack in the box just after it sprung.

“Yes this sounds like a plan Henry.” I encouraged. “You should get on this right away before it mushrooms out to an even more devastating problem.”

“Stop the farts and raise free the economic slaves!” I raised my voice in mock excitement and sarcasm.

"I can see the fan base jumping on this and making this a very relevant issue very fast." Henry said as he started to pace. "I could recapture some of the lost share when I left Black Flag."

"Yeap I can smell a Nobel peace prize Henry. You da man." I said like a boxing trainer watching his bull go down.

"Thanks John you are a great neighbor." He said as he started to pull out his bio-degradable cell phone. Then he turned back to me, "Hey do think I could get that ,..... " I interrupted. "No you can not get a bird bath installed. Birds fart too you know."

"They do?" he asked not knowing what to do.

"Sure they have an ass don't they?" I asked like it was common knowledge to everyone else.

"Yes but they.... Hmmmm you may have something there." He replied, but I heard the one gear turning and grind on something.

"Wow think about that?" I said with my best sarcastic smile.

"What's that?" Henry asked.

"The world's global warming problem solved on my lawn." My voice still dripping with intense sarcasm.

"Yeah do not worry I will give you credit too." Henry said as his gear ground and ground on this idea.

"Yeah I am sure you would but you know Henry I am a reserved individual, a humble person and I would appreciate you not mention my name." I asked in my most pleading and reasonable voice.

"Alright I am going to try and get my agent to return my call so I can get this "No Fart" tour rolling." Henry lifting the bio-degradable cell phone to his ear.

"Yeah later Henry see ya." I said as he wondered back to his house.

Chuck Berry, Rihanna

The neighborhood does not allow garage sales every weekend. There would be certain individuals that would have a sale every weekend capitalizing on their name more than just getting rid of their unwanted junk.

Metallica, Slayer to name a couple. They would buy other peoples junk to put in their sale so people would buy Metallica's old toilet or Slayer's broken weed eater.

We have garage sales as a community twice to three times a year. This means that our neighborhood can look like a trailer park all at once. And only one weekend.

Today I had some stuff to sell so I bought a permit and moved my garage to the driveway.

Henry was on tour and he left me his keys. I piled his mail up on the dining room table and made sure that his two cats "Spoon" and "Mr. Snuggles" are watered and fed. And I grabbed some of Henry's junk too.

Now do not get me wrong I grabbed stuff he would not really need. Like his African fertility statues, WHAT IN THE WORLD is a guy like Henry need fertility statues for and at his age? And those tribal masks that were really made in China that looked like dark boogey men faces.

I was sitting in the shade waiting for the traffic to sift down to my corner of the subdivision when I heard some yelling down the street. There is always yelling now and again, but this sounded like trouble.

"No Old man you do not know what you are talking about."

Hmmm I better investigate.

I start walking down to the left by Hammer's house. Hammer had quite a collection of jammies for sale or maybe they were parachute pants. I do not know but it was a large rack of them.

Living next to Hammer is Chuck Berry.

Chuck had some old furniture and old guitars out for sale. And a collection of bells, ceramic bells from all over the world. Chuck collected bells who knew?

At the curb was one of the new guys P. Diddy, John Paul, and some guy named "Half Dollar" and some skanky broad I have never seen before and Rihanna. They were all yelling up the drive way to Chuck.

"You old man," Half Dollar yelled, waving his hands around like in his videos. "Are so out of it you think you know, but you know nothing."

"Hell diaper boy I was in the pussy before you were coming out of your momma's."

"Leave my momma out of this."

"Shit boy you walk around here holding your dick with your pants falling down. You do not know anything."

"Hey, hey," I interrupt "What's the problem."

P. Diddy tells me that they were looking at Chuck's sale stuff and the Rihanna wanted to know about the old guitar and Chuck said he would make a deal with her. I knew what he meant and I called him out.

"No P. Diddy you do not call Chuck out. He will eat you alive AND make you his bitch. You have nothing on him."

"Yeah you think so?"

"Yeah I know so."

"Look I am sure it was a mis-understanding."

"No it weren't reverend." Chuck yelled and I rolled my eyes. "I know my women, not like these shit stained little momma's boys."

"You have no concept of pussy, no concept of how to treat it, or tease it. You just want to own it, but what you don't know is for a real man, pussy owns you! You have to treat it like a queen or it will tear you up."

"Yeah tell me another story old man." Half Dollar rolls his eyes and fingers his Pontiac Symbol Necklace.

"You better not old man me. I know my pussy, I know my music and I know I will whoop your ass." Chuck said coming down a few step rolling up his sleeves.

Half dollar pulled out a .38 pistol.

I moved so fast the "Dollar" guy never saw it coming. I grabbed the pistol and hit him on the side of his head with it.

"What are you doing?" I screeched at him. "Pulling a gun out on Chuck. He does not have a gun."

"No-one is gonna disrespect me."

"What disrespect, Half Dollar? You want to tell me?"

"He is right you thugs walk around here like the fucking bulls in prison and you do not know shit from shine-ola."

"Chuck here made a complement to Rihanna and you girls want to shoot him."

"What the fuck?"

P. Diddy made a step towards me and I kicked him in the crotch and he just stood there. I looked at Chuck and we both started laughing.

Diddy picked Half Dollar off the ground and they started back to their house.

"C'Mon Rihanna!"

"I will be there in a bit." And she started up the drive to talk to Chuck about the guitar.

Diddy and Half turned and started to charge up Chuck's lawn.

Chuck stepped up and clothes lined Diddy putting him on his back.

Half Dollar turned and started towards him again.

Chuck dropped back into a martial arts stance. When Half was within range Chuck began to do Kung Fu on Half Dollar's ass. Chuck beat he shit out of him. Only stopping when Rihanna stepped up cryin "No Chuck, don't hurt him anymore."

P. Diddy was still on the ground holding his throat and crying silent tears.

Half dollar tried to move but he had no strength and gave up to bleed into Chucks lawn.

Rihanna rubbed Half's shoulder. "You ok baby? You ok?"

I went over to P. Diddy and bent over him.

"Can you breathe?"

He nodded.

"Then I suggest you get up and leave. Because I think Chuck is about to pee on you both. I turned to look at Chuck. We shared a smile.

P. Diddy got up and staggered to Half Dollar and helped him get up.

"Stupid old man."

Chuck yelled "This stupid old man just schooled your punk-ass, now git before I get angry."

Chuck you know they are gonna get their posse and come back.

No they are not. I hit them both with the Tibetan monk transsexual implosion punch. They are both gonna turn into women and then they are gonna have a real tough time.

We laughed and laughed.

The traffic started to pick up so I went home to find someone had stolen all of my junk.

Wendy was in her driveway and she had a smile on her face.

I thought about asking her if she knew what happened to my stuff, but, shit, Wendy scares the shit out of me. It is best for me to just go inside, butter up and sit at the knot hole. Someone has to keep an eye on those lesbians.

Paula Abdul

So it is early Monday morn. I figure it is early enough to get the paper while still in my robe. Robe and slippers, I go outside and there next to the paper is a heap of human parts. Not all bloody, but just a pile of a person. You know this sight when you see your parents passed out drunk on the living room floor enough times.

"Shit!" I think, "Damn! Somebody tied one on and got lost on their way home. I think I will leave them to bake in the sun. When they wake up and their head is pounding and their face is on fire from the noon day sunburn they will learn to not get so fucked up. I get the paper and as an after thought I decide to turn them over so they can get as much sun as possible because Vitamin Q is good for a hang over. As the live corpse rolls over onto its back I see that it is female. I brush back the hair and I see it is Paula Abdul.

I drop the paper and coffee cup and lift her so that I can bring her into the house. Even though she never made queen status she still deserves some mortal respect.

I bring her in and lay her on the couch, cover her with a blanket and fix myself a new cup of coffee and turn on the television and search for some morning cartoons.

I make sure to keep the volume down so the noise does not disturb Paula.

I find an old episode of "Spiderman".

Then an old episode of "Autobots", the undisputed godfather of the transformers, came on.

Half way through an episode of the PC whimp-i-fied GI Joe, Paula starts screaming.

I drop my coffee and yelp, "Shit!"

She sits bolt upright and looks around. "Hey where am I?"

"You are at my house" I said in a very calm voice, and I get up to get a towel.

"John? Right?" She says as if lost education is ebbing on her memory tide.

"Yes." I replied.

"The last thing I remember was getting a call in the middle of the night and it was Janet and she was telling me I was fat and stupid. She said that I danced like a cow all stomping and hoofing around." She said pulling the blanket I had laid on her up to her chin.

"Janet?" I asked more for affirmation than information.

"Yeah Janet Jackson." She said as she let go of a violent shiver. "She has had it in for me since I tried to start a singing career while I was her choreographer."

"Really?" I sounded like I did not believe her even though I tried to be more believable.

And Paula began her story. "Yeah I was helping her when she was starting and I gave her some of her best moves. When she found that I was working in a studio developing a record. She got real mad and tried to file an injunction on the record, but there were no real legal grounds even though she tried to portray me as an industrial spy. Then she got Michael involved."

"Michael Jackson?" I said wondering how long the high lasts when you get toasted on scripts.

"Yeah and he called some heavy weights and they called in the corporate ninjas and they crushed my record sales by diverting orders and killing radio programmers who would not play ball."

"When all was said and done it appeared as though no-one was interested in my music."

"The record companies would not touch me. And I was black balled by the Jackson Clan."

"I found a bottle of Oxycotton in my nightstand one night while I was depressed. I have never done drugs or drank before, but it seemed like a good way to make it all numb and go away. Next thing you know I am all fucked up on Idol. Yeah that back fired on them. That gig was a bone thrown to me by the Jackson Clan. They thought it, the show, would make one or two seasons and flop out. Little did they know it would balloon to such a huge success. I get clean and then some ninja slips me some pills and I fall off the wagon."

"Wow, Paula that is an amazing story and almost believable, but as you know I am equipped with a very powerful bullshit detector." I said standing up.

"No it is true." She said pleading, "And Janet heard of my secret project to record another album and she has started the attacks all over again." She said pulling her legs up into a ball.

"You know Paula if you want to get fucked up and wander the neighborhood then just get fucked up and start walking, but you do not have to make up stories of ninjas and career killers and Jackson conspiracies." I said looking down at this frail, old, fucked up woman.

"No John it is true." She says sitting up.

Just then the front door opens with a splintering crash. And Half Dollar piles in with two ninjas.

"Ninjas!" Paula screams

"Half Dollar!" I yell laughing hysterically.

I began my fight prayer, "Dear god make me strong to vanquish your enemies. Make them taste their blood like their sins and help them find their way to your grace and loving light." And a column of fire rains from the sky through my ceiling and vaporizes the ninjas.

Half Dollar looks back surprised and shaken from the display of god's wrath.

He charges raising an axe handle. I step up and into him just under his arm which removes the threat of the axe handle. I head butt him, he drops the axe handle and he grapples me.

We struggle in the foray and stumble around. Paula is standing and screaming.

Half Dollars breath is hideous. My god what had this fucker been eating? It was a cross between peanuts and morning breath

We bounce off the walls and into the nearby hall towards the half bath, decorated in romantic.

The room is small and the two of us take up most of the cubic footage.

I get the doorway to my back and clap my hands on his Volkswagen door ears.

He yelps and lets go, I step back and spin him. I plant a foot on his ass and shove.

He hits the wall bounces back and I kick again he lurches forward trips on a Persian throw rug and falls forward.

His hands are still on his ears and he falls into the toilet hitting his head. He goes limp.

'Man what the fuck?'

'Another dead star in my house.'

'Shit! Fuck! Shit!'

"Oh no this is not happening." I say out loud

"Paula is screaming."

"No way am I going to deal with this shit again." I say out loud to myself.

I start to drag Half Dollar's body out the back door.

"What are you doing to do with him?" Paula asks.

"I am going to bury him in the back yard." I grunt as I drag this 140 pound fake thug.

"But won't he be missed?" Paula asks as the whole thing starts to sink in.

"No he is an irrelevant, dime-a-dozen rap thug that no-one loves or likes. Hell I just did the entire white teenage listening demographic a favor. Now they have one last choice to spend their money on."

"I do not know if I can be a part of this." Paula says shaking her head and shrinking back.

"What? Are you kidding? I never asked you to be a part of this." Not believing the whussiness of this near icon.

"Shit tomorrow you will not remember today and no one will believe you anyways." I said more mean than I meant to.

"That's not fair." Paula pouted.

"Its true enough though isn't it?" I directed with the intensity of a persecutor about to stick the charge.

"Yes." She looks down and fattens her lower lip like all girls do.

"Alright then the shovel is in the shed and the bag of lye is kept in a plastic bucket under the ladders." I grunted as I slid the skinny little fake poser out the door.

"What do you have lye for?" she stops on the way to the shed.

"Ahh," I paused. "I do not know, making soap and bio-diesel?"

"Really? That is cool and she shuffles to the shed."

I spend a good portion of Monday afternoon digging. Paula disappeared around the first hour.

Half Dollar is buried in the back yard and now I am fixing the front door.

Johnny Cash would be proud of me but I will never tell him or anyone.

If this bullshit keeps up I am going to have to move. Regardless of the market.

From the same author on Feedbacks

With A Mouthful Of Razorblades (2009)

Reverend John tells homilies about the anger the lord witnesses and the anger that the community experiences. Along with bible verse to support the lessons that are being taught.

RJS speaks of doing the lords work and of righting the injustices that are abound in today's world.

God wept and god wailed for the suffering his son was subjected to by our mortal hands, but he still loved us and he still listens to us.

Would you do that for the people that damaged, tortured and killed your son? I think not you selfish human!

Then just listen to what he has to say.

And do not be a moron and throw this chance away like you have with the rest of your poor pathetic life.



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