

BIOHAZARD

THE WRITER EATER [ER]



ROBBY RICHARDSON

Biohazard

The Writer Eater

[ER]

By

Robby Richardson

[2nd Edition]

DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this book to all the writers out there that write to create

PREFACE

I have never really done a preface before and I hardly know where to begin. I feel very passionate about writing. I believe writing is the truest form of expression. It is the truest form of creativity. Simply put writing is another word for art, for creativity, and should be beneficial towards mankind. Haven't the words spoken by your favorite Hip Hop artist or Literary Writer inspired you more than anything else in your life?

The Biohazard of Muerte

(Intro)

By

Robby Richardson

“Thanks for the ride...yea, I appreciate how close you could get me, thanks again!” *SLAM*...the car door shut and I watched the truck drive away. The truck that made me believe that I was heading home. Now that I had a couple miles left to walk it seemed too good to be true. It was late at night, and the moon was high in the sky casting it's morbid marble light. The silent city was dark and empty as the rats silently picked at the scattered trash. I found myself wandering down a dark alley receiving a text from the old guard at the institution I had been staying at. His name was Derek, and I hadn't heard from him since I had given him his last batch of Muerte. It seemed the day that I had escaped was the day that he discovered himself. He had been fired and mercilessly hounded from reporters until finally secluding himself into solitude.

[Derek]

“Hey how's the vacation? Listen, I was wondering if I could get another bag of that Muerte?”

[Me]

ANOTHER BAG...Jesus, I only have one bag left! It's going to come at a heavy price.

[Derek]

Whatever the price...it's worth the cost!

[Me]

I don't know...It's only meant to be taken once repeated use can be fatal.

[Derek]

I am not taking it. We have followers...many followers. We have a new members coming.

My stomach felt uneasy as it seemingly did several cartwheels in its place. I gripped it as I let the wind blow over my tired body. My last bag of Muerte was safely contained in my back pocket. I shook my head feeling uneasy about giving it away. It had to come with a hefty price. I walked the alley as the street lights hummed around me. I could see the moths fluttering in the night like confetti caught in a light breeze.

“Damn...guess I won’t be heading home after all...Jesus, I was so close too!”

The alley still remained calm as I made my way towards Derek’s house. Stopping for a small pint at a local liquor shop, the couple miles to his house was daresay pleasant. His back gate clattered as I made my way around his garage. I tapped on the window lightly when I heard a, “Robby...that you?” I whispered, “Yeah open up the side door.” The door opened and I came through, “Derek?” Dressed in a dark black robe, he smiled as he nodded, “in, in...you come in!” I stared at him as his once smooth face had become sunken and hollow. His cheeks were now large cereal bowls and his eyes drooped with tiredness. Derek turned when I started to stare at the dark purple circles around his eyes. “Jesus Derek you look awful! What the hell has happened to you?” I couldn’t help it as the words seemed to escape me before I could even stop them. Running his hand through his now dead white hair he gave a quick, “I know, I know, I haven’t been outside in the sun in a while.” “What’s awhile twenty years? You’re paler than I am and that’s saying something!”

“Whatever Robby, whatever, it’s not nice to see you among the living and not in a straight jacket.” Scanning him over, “if you’re the living then this country is in serious trouble!” Waving his hand at me I decided to scan the garage. It was empty with the outer walls lined with candles of every shape and color. In the far corner stood a large

unidentifiable rusty green barrel. “So did you bring it?” My attention was immediately drawn back to Derek. “Well that’s the reason why I am here.” “You did...you did bring it right?” Derek licked his lips as he seemed to be growing in anticipation. “Yes, I have it.” Derek came forward hands outstretched, “gimme, gimme, gimme!” I took a step back, “Derek, whoa Derek...that...that is also the reason why I am here. Muerte is not meant to be repeatedly taken. It’s only supposed to be taken once, maybe twice if you need to find the path again. It’s dangerous though if taken more than once especially if repeatedly taken. Is, is that what happened to you?” Shaking his head, “no, no of course not! I have been helping other people...like you did for me! You know helping my followers find themselves as well.” “Whoa Derek, you...you’re serious...you have followers,” he nodded again. “I do...many followers...all believing in Muerte. Your drug is changing our lives and will eventually change the...” “It’s not a drug Derek! Frankly, I don’t know what it is nor how I come upon it! All I know is that this is the last bag I will ever receive. Recent events have shown me that I am unable to procure anymore. Besides even if I could get anymore I am not giving it away to some...some addict!”

Derek’s face shook slightly, “I’m no addict! I told you I help people find themselves through Muerte and...” “Where are these followers of yours?” “They are not here tonight...none of the members are here tonight.” I stood confused, “so why the rush? Why did you need it so bad?” I watched his face fumble slightly as his eyes darted from left to right. “We...we have a new follower. Initiation is tomorrow.” I shook my head as I began to walk towards the large barrel. “What is this here,” “please,” he yelled as he rushed over to it. “Not yet, it’s not ready!” I looked confused, “ready, what do you mean ready? What’s inside it Derek?” He waved his hand, “forget it Robby, now let me

have the last batch! I got the money over here.” Derek walked over to the large table, “how much did you say you ...” I shook my head, “it’s not for sale...not anymore at least!” He stopped and turned to me as his eyes had become wide. “What for...why not?” I shrugged, “it’s too dangerous for you to keep taking.” He slammed his fist on the table, “HOW MANY TIMES do I have to tell you it’s not for me! It’s for...” Holding up my hand, “spare me Derek...please just spare me the bullshit.” I withdrew from my pocket the last remaining satchel of Muerte. “I’ll give it to you if you tell me what it is really for?”

I watched Derek bite his chapped bottom lip clearly deep in thought. “Alright, alright I’ll tell you.” I nodded pulling the bag out from my back pocket. The velvet felt soft against my hands. “There is no new member is there?” I watched Derek shake his head. “And this bag is for you,” he stared at me and then nodded again. “So, I take it also that there is no group,” he shook his head, “no, no, no, there is a group of believers...believe in you, believe in Muerte.” “But there is nobody here, why in God’s name would you need it so urgently?” He smiled as he waved his hand, “I’ll show you.” The barrel in the corner sat covered in chipped green paint and rust. “It has taken me over two years to collect the material contained in this barrel here.” “Is that how long it has been?” I wiped my forehead, “how time flies! Is that the reason why you stopped coming around the hospital?” He didn’t respond as he pulled the metal top off to reveal a thick dark green gelatinous goo that seemed to bubble slightly without the aide of a fire.

The smell seemed nice when it first entered my nose but after several seconds it seemed to sting. It smelled like the freshest garden I had ever walked through. I guess because creation begins with the simplest of life. However, the smell grew more potent

and stung my nose like cinnamon would. I had to place my finger underneath my nose several times. Until the smell became so pungent that I had to recoil slightly, “what the hell is it?” Derek ran his hand over the barrel like it was a brand new car. “It has taken me years to gather the contents in this barrel.” I repeated my question, “well what is it?” Derek smiled down at it still tenderly rubbing the side, “it is my collection.” “I get it,” I said rubbing my hand on my face in frustration. “It is the creative juices exuded from all the writers I have met. I mixed them all together to create a super sludge. Every spoonful is a million dollar idea!” I backed away as Derek reached out and snatched my wrist. “Derek, what the hell are you...” Derek squeezed my wrist tighter as he grabbed the satchel out from my palm.

Pushing me away, he gripped the satchel opening it with trembling hands. “FINALLY,” he yelled with a wide sadistic smile. “I finally have the powder and with this addition my sludge will create some of the greatest literary works of all time!” “It doesn’t work like that Derek,” my voice was ignored as he continued “we can finally understand the true meaning behind our very souls!” I ran towards Derek but I was too late. The powder fell into the sludge. My struggling with Derek was in vain as he pushed me way. “Get off me Robby...I don’t know why you are acting like this for? Now Muerte can be enjoyed by all!” “I don’t want Muerte mixed with everything else! I wanted it only for a select few.” Derek threw the satchel on the ground, “and it will be.” “I want it back! I don’t want Muerte to go like that! Muerte is unique and I want to keep it that way.” Derek began to smile, “I’m sorry it’s already been mixed with the other juices and ideas. It’s toxic and isn’t the Muerte we both know anymore.”

“I WANT IT BACK!” Derek took a step back, “I’m telling you it’s already

mixed! Muerte is just another addition to the sludge now.” I took a step forward as my teeth gritted in anger, “you don’t deserve Muerte if you think it should be included in that mess! Muerte is original and can not be categorized with other ideas and substances.”

Derek shrugged and brought over a large glass vile with a screw off silver top. He moved towards the sludge and taking a large metal spoon he siphoned off some off the top. Either to humor me or tempt me Derek filled the container up with the dark green liquid and screwed on the top tightly. “I bet when you breath it in you will get all sorts of ideas!” I snatched it out of his hand. “Muerte is not a religion Derek it is a way of life. And I don’t want anything to do with this sludge or your Muerte cult.” I pointed to the bag, “addiction clouds the mind and leaves your life in disarray.” Derek shook his head, “I am fine...in fact I have never felt better. The brothers have never felt better.” I gripped the glass tube, “calamity is coming and disarray is at the door step. Have fun because that is it Derek...the last of it. Muerte is gone. I hope you like cold turkey!” I walked towards the door and out it with a...*SLAM*. Derek was laughing manically the entire time I walked away.

I gripped the tube and examined it. This wasn’t the Muerte I knew. Muerte truly was gone and at that moment I realized it. My fingers gripped the sides as I continued to walk down the alley. The street was still dead and the overhead lights buzzed with hundreds of bugs flying in the light. “Muerte is gone,” I kept repeating to myself several times as if the words didn’t sink in. I went several blocks before my curiosity about the toxic sludge began to creep on me. The creative juices from some of the finest writers the world considered were contained in one tube. The writers that had made it and were read by millions. However that is not what drew my attention. I forgot the money at

Derek's but for the sake of art what was money? What drove my curiosity was the idea of that special story. Would this help to create that tale that people tell around campfires or to children late at night? Would this help in creating that one poem that could drive a person to tears? Would this inspire them...drive them to create their own works and follow their dreams? What writers were included in Derek's sludge? Who was he able to collect? "And Muerte is in it," I whispered to myself as I began to unscrew the top. This wasn't Muerte anymore. This was some toxic material that didn't deserve to be in the same room as Muerte. I hate the thought of Muerte being combined with all the rest. Maybe Derek had been right? Muerte should be placed with the others. The top of the tube came off with a little...*POP!* "Let's see what Robby Richardson and Muerte can create with this...this Biohazard." I drank deeply from the contents, finished and exclaimed, "I'm literally a Writer Eater, HA!"

[To Be Continued]

Original

- Diss Young Jeezy -

By

Robby Richardson

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I know most people will argue that Hip Hop is all the same. I tend to agree with artists like Young Jeezy. However, I do consider Hip Hop to be writing. I think rapping is a form of expression and is creativity. Writers must inspire or tell a story. A true writer branches out and takes different creative routes. To be considered a true artist one can not confine to one style or one way. In Jeezy's case, it's been done over and over to death and in all honesty. I wouldn't even consider him a writer anymore. He needs to prove that he is a true creator and artist. Hard hitting beats and bass do not make up for good writing and lyrical content.

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

Did I mention that...I ride on fo-fo's with fo hoes and bottles in all my pho-tos

Did I mention that...my nickname is Snowman and I'm peddlin nothing but snow...man

Did I mention that...I have lay low money from cake order money

Did I mention that...I have yeyo money with a playboy sonny

Did I mention that...I use the same word twice even if it doesn't make sense right

I'm sick like Vick on the Eagles, I also know people that pay for those Eagles

Did I mention that...I have guns all kinds of guns and their always better than yours son

Did I mention that...I have girls...all kinds of girls and their always the finest in the world

Did I mention "Chyeah" at least once in a song talking about the girls and money I'm on

Oh I did...

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

Have I told you... about the bricks that I stack and the clothes off racks

Have I told you...about how I am buying it all with president stacks

Have I told you...how street I am and how deep in these streets I am

Have I told you...how I hustled in these streets avoiding Uncle Sam

Have I told you...all about the rims that glisten like ice or how the trunk hits nice

Have I told you...about the trunk with a little bang that's paid in full from the coke I slang

Have I told you...about how I move on a word and all it takes is the word

Have I told you...how that word makes you remember that I am the word

Have I told you...about how rapping is a game and that I move with the goons

Have I told you...I have choppers and coke and its featured all over the evening news

Oh I did...

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

Have I talked about...the smooth interior and that any other ride is inferior

Have I talked about...the haters and non-believers about how I will come to greet'em

Have I talked about my addiction to cash...

How about how I posted on corners with a pocket full of grass

OR How I'm drawing girl's numbers from my pocket full of ass

Have I...um, well yea I guess that's it. Did I mention the cars?

Yeah...yeah, I guess I did

We'll I guess that's it right Jeezy that's all you really talk about isn't it

I wish I could understand how you can stand yourself putting out that garbage to

your fans. A beat and a banging bass does not fill a writer's taste. Poetry can come in many forms because art comes in many forms. The writer within is as good as the words he displays. However your pathetic attempts at literary genius only proves to us writers whose the weakest. You are a key reason to why Hip Hop is no longer considered poetry. Creativity can only grow with expansion and expansion can only grow creativity. The roads least traveled are the ideas left to be told.

So in the end Jeezy...

We've heard it all before

We've heard it all before

So come on Jeezy let's get original

HA HA

The End

White

- Diss Machine Gun Kelly -

By

Robby Richardson

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

For you to understand this poem would be difficult to explain like asking Albert Einstein to sum up the Theory of Relativity. My adoration for the old MGK, and my loathing for whatever this new MGK is.

No need to super size you a mere appetizer.

Stand on the top and watch you teeter

Flick of a toothpick, I'm just a simple Writer Eater

It's not about the art you're a shallow John Cena

You're picking out rhymes like you're at a bird feeder

I'm eating full course meals call me the Writer Eater

You keep can keep it cracking and you may be scrapping, I'll play chess sit and flex

Out think you and make you second guess never-the-less

I'm the Writer Eater and I eat the best

Who uses lasagna when writing with X come on Kelly that can't be your best

If the writing gets too loud and bright put you in a writer's block coffin

POOF...turn off the light

Come find you...found you...just lost you its going to cost you...pick you up toss you

See if you still got the hype from Cleveland to Boston

No need to super size you a mere appetizer.

Stand on the top and watch you teeter

Flick of a toothpick, I'm just a simple Writer Eater

It's not about the art you're a shallow John Cena

You're picking out rhymes like you're at a bird feeder

I'm eating full course meals call me the Writer Eater

Just because you're tatted up don't make you hard...look at me even I could tear you apart

I'll take you to the Twilight Zone...hook you up with boys...leave you in a Twilight Zone

You talk EST or Cleveland let's talk about something you believe in

All I see is the hallucinations that you have been seeing

Just because your friends are dark skinned and Bone Thugs from there

Don't make you something special you're lyrically unprepared

I'm from Chicago...nuff said...I don't brag about it because well...enough said

I'm tatted up...got literary flow been to some of the worst neighborhoods in Chicago

I've slung, hung...had fun on the block...stayed in school to not act and look a fool

Machine Gun Kelly...please young Kelly...stop acting like a fool on telly

Oh how true, so true, oh wait that fool...that fool is just you

I want you to lace up and get your game face on

You're a big boy now but still nothing but a clown

Your words lack direction just going round and round and round

No need to super size you a mere appetizer.

Stand on the top and watch you teeter

Flick of a toothpick, I'm just a simple Writer Eater

It's not about the art you're a shallow John Cena

You're picking out rhymes like you're at a bird feeder

I'm eating full course meals call me the Writer Eater

If wanna write Kelly...truly write...truly surpass. I can help all you need is to ask
Now that you're in my past I can throw your current book of rhymes right in my trash

HA HA

The End

Outgunning

- Diss B.G. Bulletwound -

By

Robby Richardson

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I know this rapper is relatively unknown but I dislike him because I believe he is one of the WORST lyricists that has ever come out. This “poem” reminds me of the lazy and pathetic songs that he tries to pass off. In other words, a shitty poem for a shitty lyricist sort of say, HA HA!

I'm outgunning B.G. Bulletwound...wound...wound

I'm gunna take on your whole crew...crew...crew

I'm gunna fly like a bird koo...koo...koo

The reason why...

I'm outgunning B.G. Bulletwound

Let me first start out right anything I put to pen and paper is better than the shit you write

Bright as a star within a troublesome sky under darkened times and cloudy nights

When pen touches paper lightning has struck...strike an emotion not strike blind luck

Hit to miss, quick to quit after seven years no one knows you exist

I'm not a B.G. Gangsta just a fellow lyricist here to serve ya then thank ya

A Writer Eater adding rhymes for flavor...pen and paper just to savor

I might be off the map an undiscovered land needing a Columbus for a helping hand

You've reached your peak on this ant hill of life

You're struggle means nothing in the terms of sacrifice

Still mooching on the back always riding the tailcoats of every other act

And yet you're still considered nothing but a warm up to an opening act

I'm outgunning B.G. Bulletwound...wound...wound

I'm gunna take on your whole crew...crew...crew

I'm gunna fly like a bird koo...koo...koo

The reason why...

I'm outgunning B.G. Bulletwound

It's war time son forget your poor man's gun with lyrics so lame we bored here son

This bloods for you...well, this poem is for you

Hang it, frame it, wish it good intentions even if you choose not to listen

That is your decision remember the foolish talk while the smart listen

I work with criticism not egotism...writing has a certain traditionalism

Creation not exploitation...blending in or standing out

You had your chance to show your individuality but all I see is another writer wannabe

I'll say it to your face without haste or waste

Leave the phrase "you stink" on your tongue just to taste

Camera lights, strike a pose gents...hey B.G. anyone can get a fancy car to rent

So let's stop with the flash and frizz and see where your talent really is

HA HA

The End

(By the way B.G. Bulletwound feel free to use that saying for a song I know you're just itching to use it)

Until The Sky Falls

By

Robby Richardson

Until The Sky Falls Above Me

Until The Earth Crumbles Beneath Me

Until My Enemies Bow Before Me

Writing Is My Call Until The Very Sky Falls

In the beginning it just took a couple short stories, a few ideas, brief moments where pen met paper. One book...two books nothing could be greater.

Sure I've had my trouble, my disappointments, endeavors, and mistakes. I'm allowed to make a few. But I've grown that much is true grew to a level I thought I never knew.

You can laugh, mock, take your cheap shots leave me broken and stranded in an abandoned parking lot. Broken like sticks mended to fix soar like a phoenix undiscovered talent nobody knew exists.

Laughing never ceases, the jokes and teases floods like a storm but sooner or later we'll see everyone laughing at you in my paper. Jokes are like gnats they seem to go flat flutter for long but soon gone...gone...gone...writing hits that note and lasts forever, laugh at me now and I'll laugh forever.

I've sacrificed everything I have to tell a story on the sweat of dreams. I've broken my back on this mountain climb only to realize I have my prize. Every key stroke is my muse with inspiration around me. My haters are the past to me, my enemies are like

snacks to me. I'm a literal idea factory.

Until The Sky Falls Above Me

Until The Earth Crumbles Beneath Me

Until My Enemies Bow Before Me

Writing Is My Call Until The Very Sky Falls

Here's the truth and I'll lay it discretely. You don't have a big enough army to defeat me. Indestructible, towering over every writer and lyricist that comes before me. Invisible is every enemy beneath me. I leave writers like broken armies that fall all around me.

Sitting in the dark this is the time when the genius flows...dedication to some heart to a few...the few that knew. So until the sky falls, I'll be standing tall. Haters are cant'ers, stay in your seat seaters like ants I'm called the anteater.

Ideas on an assembly line in my mind, and if I don't got the time another just comes on by. From a smoker's dream to the top of the underground writing scene. Ideas I serve, it was never about the respect that I ever deserved, earned, or learned, money was never the concern.

If 40 days and 40 nights show dedication I'm doing a hundred and eleven. My sword a pen, my pad a shield, writing is the only thing still real, there's something about writing that people can really feel. From the start it's been about the art and that ain't no farce.

I'm here to stay like it or not still dropping stories and ideas nonstop until the sky drops or the sun grows too hot. Even if I am not on the top, my stories were all it was every about.

Death walks by my side and comforts me, I kindly accompanied him and brought comfort to him. Joined in unison stepping over writers like "whose this again"? I'd sacrifice fame to write how I write and do what I do today. Now let's have a moment of silence for the writers we lost along the way.....

Until The Sky Falls Above Me

Until The Earth Crumbles Beneath Me

Until My Enemies Bow Before Me

Writing Is My Call Until The Very Sky Fall

The End

The Writer Eater

- Appetizer -

By

Robby Richardson

Feed Me

Writers, Authors, Lyricists, Composers, Creators, Songwriters

Feed Me

Stories, Ideas, Verses, Refrains, Speeches, Beliefs, Legends

Feed Me

I'm a writer that's what I eat, drink, dream, and breathe. Ideas drop like pay I step over a dead writer everyday they're just merely in the way, in the wind, what you see they can't see, nor comprehend. Lit or not I'm taking my shot, a chance to be set apart.

One day I imagine I'll be at the top leaving all my enemies to teeter leaving only one writer and the one true eater. No one is safe combating the best the literary worlds got that's why I'm the Writer Eater and they're not.

Feed Me

Writers, Authors, Lyricists, Composers, Creators, Songwriters

Feed Me

Stories, Ideas, Verses, Refrains, Speeches, Beliefs, Legends

Feed Me

I'm certain to pull the curtain on a Mr. Tim Burton sop up Burton with a side of gravy

and write a better *Ghost* for a Mr. Patrick Swayze. Whether it's Stephen King to Dean Koontz, I'll leave em soft again deprive them of oxygen until they get the spark again or deprive them of their title like a carcinogen. No one is safe from my literary fury twisting up my words for my enemies without the use of obscenities or extracting extremities.

I feel this feeling will always linger like a bad story...Roll of Thunder. I am afraid there's no satisfaction for my hunger. This next line is for Dr. Kim...a teacher that tried to screw me over time and time again. Writing can't be taught, it's an art, not a science. Now watch me drop these literary bombs from the shoulders of giants. So, please don't excuse my pious for compliance.

Feed Me

Writers, Authors, Lyricists, Composers, Creators, Songwriters

Feed Me

Stories, Ideas, Verses, Refrains, Speeches, Beliefs, Legends

Feed Me

Mega Hog

vs

Jersey Devil

- Diss Jack Perez, Naomi L. Selfman -

By

Robby Richardson

The night was loud as the frogs and insects erupted in song deep within the back forest of the Pine Barrens in New Jersey. At night it seemed that the forest came alive. However something else was stirring in the night besides the wildlife. From the depths of the backyard a loud, "GOD DAMN IT" could be heard. Jacob turned to his younger brother Christian. "Christian did you leave that barn door open again," shaking his little head, "I swear Jacob I didn't!" Christian and Jacob were brothers and the best of friends. It was hard making friends out in these rural parts especially being home schooled.

Having nobody Christian looked up to his older brother being the support he needed when their mother passed away. Their Pa had taken it the hardest and while she was sick he looked for somebody to blame. Maybe it was because Jacob was the oldest? Maybe because Jacob was the only one that could comprehend loss? Christian's rosy cheeks had been lost over the years as his innocence seemed to fade every day. Jacob saw the terror in his brother's brown eyes. He knew he didn't go anywhere near the barn that day.

The back door burst open with a loud...*CRASH!* "Aight uz two wich one of youz is it? Wich one of uz don it?" Jacob stood up as his frail body had grown weak. Pa, who never did keep the refrigerator full too often unless you counted cans of beer. "Pa...we were just having dinner," but Pa looked enraged. His eyes had grown sunken and dark as the warm homely smile he was once known for was replaced with a scowl. His skin stretched as he wagged his withered finger at them. "Wich one of youz has been nearz my barn?" Shaking his head, "none of us, Christian and I were just having dinner." "I

heard youz...youz ztupid boy!” Removing his belt, “I tought I toldz youz to stay way from tha barn!” “Pa we were nowhere near the barn today!” PA waved his belt at them as he seemed to stumble a little upon his entrance. “Youz bof ar spoiled and ungateful for da food Iz provide!” Christian gave an innocent, “it’s just a bologna sandwich Pa.” “Juz a bologna sandwich Pa he sa’s!” Pa mocked Christian as he stared back at him, “iz still food ain’t it?” “Why don’t we get you to bed Pa and you can sleep it off.” Jacob watched his Pa turn to him, “youz better not giving me no lip Jacob Lee...youz, youz think your better than me?” Shaking his head, “I never said that you’re just a little drunk off that moonshine again. I wanna...” The belt came from nowhere and seemed to crack in the air like a lighting strike. Jacob recoiled as their Pa continued his assault. “Youz ungateful shit...too good for what Iz git you....don’t...talkz...down...to...me...!” His Pa wailed him with every word, “PA PLEASE!” Christian began to cry, “Pa we swear we didn’t go near the barn...nowhere near Ruthie!”

Pa’s *Skoal* baseball hat was falling off his head in his rage. “I know you waz near Ruthie! Derz’s prints all over da god damn ground and even on the barn! Youz could have hurt yourself...bof of youz ar gunna git it now! How many times do Iz have to tellz you?” Raising his hands higher as Christian pleaded, “Pa, no! We know how important Ruthie is to you.” Snapping the belt, “clearly youz don’t!”

Their Pa’s wrath was a fury that they often saw. Leaping across their rickety kitchen table their Pa began swatting the belt over anything or anybody. He smacked it over Christian’s back and then across Jacob’s face. Jacob’s frail body fell with a whimper. Christian tried to fight but Pa’s arm had swung colliding into his chest. Jacob retreated several steps feeling the wind escape his body. Pa’s eyes narrowed, “I’dz run if

Iz was youz boy!”

“I’m not leaving you alone with Christian!” The belt flew through the air and connected with Jacob’s malnourished body. “Christian,” Jacob yelled but the belt swung through the air again connecting with Jacob’s back. A chair flung across the room wildly. Jacob gave one final look to his brother who lay crying on the floor. Pa turned to his brother like a lion attacking the smallest zebra. “How...” *SMACK* “Many...” *SMACK* “Times...” *SMACK* “Do Iz got to...” *SMACK* “Tell youz to stay away from dat barn!”

Jacob couldn’t hear his brother’s pleas as panic had seemed to take over his mind. He had to figure out a way to save his brother from another one of Pa’s drunken tirades. Pa was sure to kill them both in time. It seemed that the time he always feared had finally come. Bursting out the back door Jacob went sprinting towards the decaying barn. The barn was a place Pa had for the past five years dedicated to the raising and safety of the family hog known simply as Ruthie.

Ruthie was sworn by the family long ago never to be eaten. Approximately twenty years ago Pa had traded a cow for three pigs. The pigs naturally increased in numbers as pigs often did. They had bacon every morning when their mother was still alive. When their mother died back in the winter of 03’ it seemed the land died with her. They lost a horse, the other two cows, and then the pigs started to die off. No matter how warm they tried to keep them, they just kept dying. One night, a wild boar had snuck into the barn and bred with one of the pigs. The pigs still continued to die and then just when all hope was lost the winter broke and Ruthie was born. Soon, Ruthie was all that was left, half domestic pig and half wild boar. Pa swore that Ruthie was unique and he saw to her every comfort. However with the land still dead and crops refusing to grow their was

only way they could pay for their mountain man lifestyle. Pa's moonshine had become very popular in town and he distilled it inside that very barn. The rickety barn door opened and slammed behind Jacob with a clatter.

The pungent smell was overpowering. The stink from Jacob's shirt couldn't mask the smell as he pulled it over his face. He walked down the middle and realized that his Pa had dramatically changed the barn over the years. The large individual stalls had all been taken down and replaced with one large room. Jacob could feel his mouth open and the words, "oh...my...god" escape softly. He moved down the middle almost as if he was breaking into the place. "Ruthie...Ruthie..." he approached a large double wooden door.

The room opened slightly and Jacob saw to his shock that Pa's distillery was gone. It had been replaced with a large contraption resembling something out of a backwoods science fair project. Tubes ran up walls and liquids boiled with small amounts of gray gas wafting through the air. Turning from the contraption, Jacob headed towards the wooden double door. A large beam lay across it as a large shadow seemed to move through the large cracks.

"Ruthie," Jacob's voice shook as he approached the doors. There came a loud snort unlike any that he had ever heard from a hog. Ruthie seemed massive like a bear that he had once seen deep in the forest. Something crashed against the barn door, "Ruthie...Ruthie you need to settle down! Just settle down and I'll let you out!" Coming closer Jacob began to peer through the cracks. Ruthie was completely different from when Jacob had last seen her. Her figure was blocked by the large panels of wood. Ruthie's squeals began to grow frantically louder, "what's wrong Ruthie? It's just me... Jacob. I know it's been a long time but you were always a smart pig." There was a loud

CRASH against the barn doors as Ruthie seemed to throw her body against them.

Grabbing the board to the door Jacob exclaimed, "I need you Ruthie...I need you to help me out...help Christian!" Struggling with the board as he began to pull it off its hinges "just...one...second Ruthie, and I'll have you out of there! What the hell has gotten into you?" Jacob froze as he turned to the wall and noticed something different, very different. The shuffling of hooves and the squeals of a hog sounding past it's prime. Jacob watched a large dark figure begin to walk around the outer edge of the wall. The steps were too heavy to be Pa's and sounded more like a horse trotting than footsteps. "Hello," he cried as his hands still rested on the large board. The mysterious figure shuffled around the side and as it approached Ruthie her squeals become more frantic. The noisy panic began to fill Ruthie's confines and made Jacob's hair stand on end.

"Jacob," came a voice that he had almost pushed out of his mind. What was he doing? His brother was inside with his drunken Pa, "Jacob gitz yo butt over der!" He struggled with the board realizing that it was a lot heavier than he thought it had been. He lifted as he felt his weak muscles straining under the weight. He gritted his teeth until finally the board lifted and then dropped onto the floor with a clatter. "Jacob...JACOB... you bestz not be in dat barn boy!" Ruthie must have noticed the absence of the restraint. The hog banged against the double doors once...twice...three times. The door slammed opened and hit Jacob sending him crashing into Pa's large chemistry set.

Gathering himself from the pool of chemicals he missed his Pa's entrance into the barn. However, he did see his Pa freeze in utter terror. He screamed as Jacob saw a mountain of a hog charging right at him. The terror he displayed must have frozen him to the ground. His hands never rose as Ruthie came right at him. Through shaky eyes Jacob

watched Ruthie lower her head and slam into Pa. The frail man slammed against the wooden barn door letting the hog run past. Leaving Jacob with only a mere glimpse of the hog realizing all of Pa's secrets were now exposed for the world to see. Ruthie had become larger than a bear and would give an African Hippo the fight of it's life.

'Ruthie,' Jacob's words were lost as he tried to scramble to his feet. He slipped over several shards of glass as he ran towards the barn door. Ruthie plowed through the woods like a stampeding elephant. Judging by her size Pa was going to have one hell of a time trying to bring her back home. He was almost out the door when he felt a hand grip his shoulder immediately halting Jacob's escape. Pa's words were garbled under a rage and a mouthful of blood. "Doez...youz...realize...what...youz has don Jacob?"

Pa's hand clenched around his shirt collar, "the yearz an money that Iz haz spent on her nots to mention the time...the wasted time!" "Let...me...go," Jacob's struggles were in vain as Pa was known for his "vice like" grip. "Youz ungrateful brat juz like Christian!" "Please...let...me...go, I have to help Christian!" Jacob struggled against Pa who began to drag him to the old truck. "Youz iz going to help me gitz Ruthie back boy! If da sheriff find out..." Jacob struggled against his Pa's grip again yelling, "Christian... Christian please...answer me!" "Stopz struggling," Pa continued. "Is he alive Pa," moving towards the pickup truck, "CHRISTIAN," Jacob screamed again.

Finally wrestling free Jacob threw off Pa's grip. "Leave me alone," he turned to see Pa breathing heavily. "I'll go and help Pa, but I have to see Christian first!" Pa took several steps forward, "we'z don't has time for dis! We'z has to git'er now!" Jacob stood firm, "if I can see Christian I won't fight with you...I'll go!" Pa eyed him and Jacob saw his nostrils flair slightly, "fine...FINE...Christian...Christian getz youz butt

oud ere...NOW!” Jacob waited as the seconds dragged. He was almost on the balls of his feet repeating the words, “come on Christian...come on Christian!” It took an age but his frail looking younger brother came into the door frame. Holding his faded yellow blanket with his thumb in his mouth. His shaggy brown hair was noticeable even from a distance. Christian gave a weak little wave and Jacob could see his left leg wobble slightly under his weight. In his rage Pa had injured his leg again. “Now let’z go boy,” Jacob watched Pa circle the truck, “a promise is a promise I guess?”

Bam...Bam...Bam... “What’z you waiting on boy...a kizz?” Pa’s hand slapped against the side of the truck anxiously and reluctantly Jacob got in. The truck squealed in the dirt as it flew down the road. Turning to the rear view mirror he saw Christian’s figure waiting still silhouetted in the door frame. However that is not what caught Jacob’s attention. A large dark figure with red eyes was eerily crawling over their roof.

“Pa...Pa, we gotta go back something is on the roof! It’s going to get Christian,” Pa’s hand began to slap him repeatedly. “Youz stupid boy....idiot boy...why you gotz to go and let Ruthie out!” Jacob tried to block his Pa’s repeated strikes. His arm vibrated violently after every blow. The painful results of years of malnutrition and starvation due to living in the rural forests of New Jersey. The strikes had stopped and Jacob realized that he had recoiled as far as he could from Pa. The buttons on his overalls rattled as the pickup truck flew down the dirt road. “If we’z can git’er fore the highway we’ll still be good. We’ll still be good.”

Trying to ignore the throbbing in his shoulder and arm, Jacob just seemed to mutter in his spot. “How...how,” Pa turned to him, “what’z you muttering over der boy?” Jacob tried to hide his tears as crying was something that neither of his parents

tolerated least likely Pa. It took him a second to gain his composure. “How...how did Ruthie get that big?” Pa scowled revealing the few teeth that he still had, “never youz mind boy how zhe gotz dat big...never youz mind!” “What did you do to Ruthie?” “I sayz now drop it boy or I’z going to give youz my back hand...and if Iz do that Iz gunna to swerve off the road. Now, Iz need to concentrate. Iz jus hope we git der fore Ruthie gits to da highway.” Jacob had never seen Pa’s pick up truck move so fast. His frail body slid across the disgusting and weathered seat. The pickup truck hit a hill as Pa reached over to his glovebox revealing a pistol. “Boy Iz need you take this pistol and if you see Ruthie Iz need ya to drive her towards the bridge. Iz be there and get’er az she headz down the river bed.” “How am I supposed to do that?”

“Figure etz oud boy,” reaching across his lap Pa opened the door practically booting Jacob from it. Dropping the pistol to the ground as Pa drove wildly away with the passenger door still banging violently open. Jacob watched Pa fly over another hill and disappear behind a large tree. Grabbing his shoulders, he brushed them several times. “Jesus it’s cold,” reaching down he picked up Pa’s ancient pistol. “Jacob go get Ruthie...” heading into the forest he mocked Pa. “Drunken old shit,” gazing around the area he headed towards the river bed. The forest was thick out in this particular part of the forest. The silence was something that people pay thousands of dollars to hear. Unaware of it all Jacob continued to scan every tree and every bush that he came across. “Jacob go get Ruthie, I made a creature the size of a bear and you go chase it with a rusted old pistol.”

Growling angrily with every step as he arrived at the hollowed out river bed. Scanning the ground for foot prints or upturned dirt. “I hope Christian is ok,” shaking his

head back to reality. If he didn't find Ruthie or at least try Pa would surely kill him. However what difference did it make anyway? After his mother died Pa seemed determined to kill them slowly. Every night that they went hungry, every day Pa refused to send them to school. Pa used to be so much better when their mother was alive. Almost wanting to laugh hysterically as his Pa had taken them on many hunting trips in his life. However that was back in the days when he drank for relaxation. A man that was full of love and devotion to his family. In the beginning, their house in the Pine Barrens was "a little retreat". Jacob remembered how Pa told his family on the day they moved in, "a retreat we can live everyday for the rest of our lives". It took two years for Pa to descend into the state of madness that he was currently in. The "little retreat" that he had wished had now become a prison. Each tree was a bar encircling their entire farm. However this prison had one road. It did have an escape, but Jacob was bound to his brother. Christian was innocent in this whole matter. Their mother's last breath was given so Christian could take his. He had never known love or a real person to care for him. Jacob couldn't leave without making sure his brother was well away from the monster that Pa had become.

CLICK...CLICK...CLICK... Jacob's mind had wandered too far. He had forgotten where he was. What was he doing out here again? Confusedly he stared down at the pistol, "Ruthie," he whispered softly. There was something out there and it sounded like it moved very slowly. *CRACK* came the snap of a branch, "Ruthie? Ruthie is that you?" Calling a massive half boar half pig towards you was probably the stupidest idea you could do. The closer that Jacob moved towards the sound, the more familiar it became. It was like footsteps but sounded more horse like almost like an eerie soft trot.

A raspy breathing unlike any animal Jacob had ever heard filled the quiet night. The hoofbeats continued to move slowly through the brush, “Ruthie...” Jacob fell silent when a loud rustling replaced the eerie hoofbeats. It was an unnatural sound and seemed to freeze the very air. Sweat formed in Jacob’s greasy hand as he raised the six barrel pistol up. “Ruthie...Ruthie, come...come on now!” There came a loud rustle of a set of wings and then out of the darkness came a squeal like out of a nightmare. It was as if a bear was wrestling a large wildebeest.

“Ruthie,” screamed Jacob as another screech sliced through the night air. Unlike anything Jacob had ever heard the wind began to increase as the forest seemed to come alive. The trees swayed and the screeching grew louder. *CRACK...BOOM...ACHHHH*, the sound was truly horrifying. The very Earth seemed to vibrate underneath him as trees were being snapped. The whole forest seemed to be coming apart. “What the HELL is going on?” Moving through the tall brush and bushes, he discovered a sight only fit for the most ominous of campfire stories. Ruthie had muddy pink skin and her head was the size of a giant barrel. Whatever Jacob’s Pa had done to Ruthie it had made it monstrous and the once “lucky” pig was now in the fight of her life.

Her large head thrashing wildly in the air as she crashed into many trees. Her large tusks shredding the landscape into confetti in her haste to escape. Jacob felt his mouth drop open in shock. A creature the same size as a horse was clawing wildly at the large Mega Hog. Ruthie’s massive size seemed too much for the creature to handle. The mysterious creature had large leather wings that flapped wildly as its claws sunk deep into Ruthie’s skin. Bucking wildly the creature was thrown from Ruthie and crashed into several trees. The trees splintered slightly as the mysterious creature fell to the ground.

Ruthie reared her head and took a thunderous charge at the unknown creature. Her yellowing tusks preparing to rip the creature to shreds. The mysterious creature shook his almost reptilian like head and with a flap of its wings bound into the air. It clung to the nearest large tree and crawled up disappearing into the dark canopy. Ruthie collided with the tree and began to shred it to splinters. Pa's creation was a monster that had passed the evolution stage. It was truly a monster and the tree buckled under the hog's thrashing blows. "Ruthie," Jacob called out making his way towards the massive hog. "Ruthie, it's ok! It's gone now," whatever the creature was didn't seem to matter to Jacob. The hog was thrashing violently and a cry came from the top of the trees. It was a cry that seemed unnatural in a forest.

BANG... It only took one shot from Pa's ancient six shooter to get Ruthie's attention. Foam seemed to flow from her mouth and jowls. The white liquid was scattered to the wind as she thrashed her head more violently. Her temper was at its breaking point as her golf ball sized black eyes focused on her target. Jacob gave a gulp, "calm down Ruthie...it's me, Jacob...we used to be pals...remember?" *SQUEEE!!!* "Ruthie it's gone now just relax. I don't know what Pa did to you, but I will make sure he doesn't hurt you anymore." Bounding on her front two legs she slammed into the dirt making Jacob lose his balance slightly. She took off in a thunderous charge, "Ruthie stop!" His words were useless as he turned and pointed the pistol at her. Finding the cruelty that his Pa was known for was difficult. His hand trembled as he yelled "shit!" His stomach and heart weren't into the killing of a once friend now monster galloping towards him.

Running through the river bed, Jacob heard Ruthie snort loudly, "Please..."

Ruthie...stop!” He ran until his legs burned. His lungs were shot and his weak body didn’t seem like it could travel much further. Ruthie was gaining on him as the soft dirt flattened underneath his pounding steps. Passing a rotted fishing boat he realized where he was. He was at the bridge near the highway that his Pa had told him to bring Ruthie too. “Pa, I got her...help me!” Hoping that his Pa was not in a drunken stupor he saw the wooden bridge up ahead. It seemed unable to stand for much longer. Ruthie was gaining on Jacob and soon her breathing was heard mere feet behind him. The pickup truck sat in the middle of the bridge, “Pa HELP!” No help seemed to come, Jacob was going to die and his feet were slowing. Every breath was like a hand squeezing tightly on his heart and needles prodding his very lungs.

*BANG...BANG...BANG...BANG....*Ruthie took every shot and finally slowed with a fatal moan. Her eyes were wide in terror and soon began to close. Tears left her large black eyes and Jacob for once saw sadness in them. A sadness that revealed every year of torture and swallowing whatever chemicals Pa was giving her. She finally seemed at peace. She fell to the ground with a large *THUD* and eased into the dirt with a final bellow. Scared and bruised Ruthie was a monster seemingly fighting all the way to her death. “DAMN IT BOY,” yelled Pa as he shouldered his hunting rifle, “alwayz in de way ain’t ye boy! We’z be eating bacon for a year! Wizh iz could’a faddened er up more fore Iz kill her!” Laughing slightly he motioned towards the pick up and stopped suddenly. “Cover’er up boy, cover up Ruthie quickly law coming dewn der street!” Jacob turned back to the large hog and then back at his Pa. He must be crazy, “he is a bigger idiot than I thought”. Red and blue lights could be seen approaching the old bridge as his Pa was quickly stashing the gun inside his truck. The sheriff pulled up, “Ello sheriff, what’er

youz doing out er dis late?” A spot light came on as a car door could be heard opening.

It was old Sheriff Thomas, a man who everyone called the “overgrown cat”. A man with a round figure and a mountain of hair underneath his cowboy hat. His gray beard and thick nose hair could be seen even at a distance. “I might ask you the same Bucephelus...” “I told youz not to callz me dat Tom! My name is Buc, should know dat after all deez yearz!” “Well I’m sure Buc that your not out here this late looking for any bucks now are you?” “Why Thomas dis er is my land to dis very day.” Hitching up his pants angrily as Jacob couldn’t take his eyes off the event. How was Pa going to get out of this one? Knowing the sheriff did have its perks but hiding Ruthie would take only the smoothest of tongues.

Jacob moved closer to the bridge his steps were light on the dirt. He tried to put his mind on something else. What was that creature that attacked Ruthie? It was a monster like something out of a terrible nightmare. It’s black hair was thick and greasy like wet hay after a long rain. It’s eyes...it’s eyes seemed to reflect the dark moonlight. Jacob remembered how it raised it’s head. It’s coal black eyes were soulless, a true spawn from Satan himself. He had never seen a creature like that in the forest. His newly gained knowledge only made his knees wobble in fright. A fright knowing that a nightmare like that was living in the solitude of the Pine Barrens.

“I got a complaint from some residents...said that they heard a heap of commotion...then I personally hear gunshots! Now tell me what are you doing out here? Why aren’t you home taking care of your kids?” “Iz found a fox tacking my chickenz... Iz just out er trying to git it!” “Fox huh...attacking chickens,” Jacob could hear the disbelief in the sheriff’s voice. “People were saying that it sounded like animals

attacking each other..." His words had become cut off. Jacob's attention had turned towards a strange and hair raising clicking sound. Eyes widening as Jacob's eyes scanned the nearest tree to find a see a pair of big red eyes. The thick leaved branches seemed to be ripped from the tree itself. Something was emerging from the depths of the tree. "What is that noise Buc...you got your boys out here? At night..." Jacob's attention never drew to his Pa as he saw a dark creature fall to the ground. It was the beast that he had seen earlier. The ugly beast whom had fought with Ruthie in the forest like an old *Godzilla* movie. He remembered how they were knocking over trees and upturning the very Earth. The large beast spread it's black wings as the sheriff yelled loudly, "What have I told you about taking your boys out at this hour! They should be in bed and going to school!" "SCHOOL," shrieked Pa, "nobody gun brain wazh mi kidz wit youz fancy book learning...out er men er born youz should know dat!"

Jacob felt his body freeze in utter terror. The creature's wings resembled that of a bats. It's large veins stretched over the thin flaps as the skinny body of the creature revealed a figure resembling a horse. Instead of hooves, the creature had large paws with claws sharp enough to tear a man to shreds. It's face was long with sharp teeth protruding out it's long mouth. It stretched its mouth in a small hiss as drool ran thickly from it's lips. It's red eyes left Jacob's as it saw Ruthie lying in the dirt. A snail like tongue licked at it's thick lips. It seemed to sense a meal beginning to move towards her. "Aaaarhhhhhissss," the creature's shriek was confusing and unable to be identified. "What the hell is that Buc?" Pa shook his head, "Iz got no idea, maybe dat is..." The creature snapped at Ruthie whose eyes shot open with a startle. She squealed loudly and thrashed the creature away from her. "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?" Tom's startled

voice moved to the edge of the bridge, “Jacob what are you doing down...” Reaching his hand over the bridge, “get up here quickly before you get trampled”!

Ruthie and the creature were once again fighting however this time it was more ferocious. She waved her head furiously as a small bullet hole could be seen in her thick cranium. Clearly Pa’s rifle was ineffective on something so big. “Jesus Buc what the hell is that?” Tom was hoisting up a still frightened Jacob as the creatures moved dangerously closer towards the bridge. “Grab the rifles we got to...” Tom’s voice was lost as he pushed Jacob away from the calamity. The trees were split in half as the creature clung to Ruthie’s back. Ruthie thrashed like a bucking bull. Tom stood as he watched the mysterious creature inflicting deeper wounds into Ruthie’s back. “I...I don’t...believe...it!” Pa pulled on Jacob’s shirt throwing him backwards, “Git out de way boy!”

Raising his gun, Pa began to fire at the creature tearing into Ruthie’s back. Through the gunshots and the squeals of Ruthie anguish Tom fumbled with his radio. “The devil...the devil...I can’t believe it!” Grabbing his radio, “I need backup at the old bridge before the highway...the Jersey Devil, I repeat the Jersey Devil.!” Withdrawing his large Magnum, Tom raised it towards the battling creatures. They made a path of destruction that led towards the top of the bridge. Trees and Earth rained over the road in their bloody battle.

Ruthie’s wild kicks connected with the sheriff’s police cruiser. The cruiser turned over and crashed into the wood railing. The Jersey Devil’s claws connected with Ruthie’s face one final time before it spread its wings and launched itself at the tallest tree. Pa’s rifle clicked empty but Tom fired once at Ruthie. “NO don’t kill Ruthie!” Pa lunged for

Tom who yelled back “NO, Buc get...off...me...you...old fool!” I saw red and blue lights coming down the road, “I need er Tom don’t kill er!” “Let go of me Buc, let go now,” raising his hand towards Ruthie. Her large black eyes had become filled with blood. “She’s coming this way,” Jacob yelled as Ruthie charged full speed at them. She thrashed wildly as she threw her head in an utter rage sending Tom diving out of the way. Pa was caught by Ruthie’s tusk. The blood showered over Ruthie’s mangled body. Pa’s hands were thrown up as his rifle flew in the air.

It circled in the air and seemed to freeze mid-free fall. Pa’s hands waved wildly as he lost his balance. His lopsided face contorted in pain as he tumbled over the wooden railing. He screamed all the way down to the empty river bed. Jacob leapt down from the hood of the pick up truck and turned to see Ruthie charging again. Tom grabbed Jacob, “get out of here Jacob!” The pick up truck was thrown backwards as tires could be heard screeching to halt. “Sheriff get down,” Tom covered Jacob’s head as it seemed fireworks were going off. It happened so fast that Jacob was barely able to understand it all. Before his screams could be heard, before he could throw Tom off Ruthie gave a final bellow of agony. Jacob watched her fall on top of the pick up truck and crush the hood beyond repair.

It took several seconds for the monster hog to die. The several arriving police officers moved towards Ruthie. Their gun’s raised as Jacob began to advance towards the bridge railing. It took Jacob a lifetime for his hand’s to grow steady as he gripped the wood railing. He felt the world drop as he stared at his Pa below. His rifle was tossed several feet from his lifeless body. Even in death his face seemed lopsided as his rotted teeth were twisted in a smile. Dull voices could be heard around him as the police

seemed frantic in the event. “Look at the size of it...” “Can you believe it, the Jersey Devil! The Jersey Devil, the Jersey Devil of all things! I can’t believe it’s real!” A voice sounded clearer, ‘Jacob...Jacob...come on Jacob let’s get you to the station.’ Jacob couldn’t take his eyes off his Pa. The years of neglect and abuse seemed miles away. He was free utterly free like a bird. Everything that his Pa had touched seemed to slowly die. Ruthie was a great hog at one time and now she would be considered a monster.

A pair of hands pulled Jacob away and led him towards the sheriff’s car. “It’s ok Jacob everything is going to be ok.” Tom escorted Jacob to one of the arriving officer’s cars, “just get in, there’s nothing to be scared of.” How wrong Tom was, how wrong indeed? It wasn’t fear that paralyzed Jacob it was jubilation. Jubilation at their Pa finally being gone, the nightmare that he and his brother had to live for years was over. Tom was entering the driver’s seat, “I’m taking Jacob to the station. I know the Jersey Devil I can’t believe it myself...red eyes and all!” Rolling up the window, the car rumbled to a start “Jacob, you still with me?” Jacob gazed down at his hands “red eyes,” he repeated as he stared at the mud covering them. “We should probably grab your brother before we head to the station. I can’t leave a little guy that young alone at this hour.” “Red eyes,” the utter joy that Jacob had felt was slowly disappearing like ice in a hot drink. Walls seemed to crash as Jacob repeated the statement, “red eyes...younger brother.” A feeling was boiling inside his stomach. They were connected somehow. “You guys have been living out here for how long Jacob? Before your brother was even born right...gotta be? Have you ever seen anything like that...I mean, you guys are out here a lot more than we are.” Jacob’s eyes darted back and forth wildly.

Ruthie had crashed through the barn doors. He remembered his Pa’s frail body

diving out of the way. It seemed like a distant memory from long ago. Pa had kicked him out the truck. He had left him out there to fight a beast that could turn him into nothing more than gum on it's hoof. No, it was something else. He had seen that creature before. He felt a hand again grabbing his shirt. A shaky wrinkled hand that threw him towards the old pick up truck. Pa urging his frail son to pursue that monster of a hog and return it home. His younger brother framed in the doorway sucking on his thumb. Christian watching the last two people of his life swerving down the only dirt road leading to the highway. "IT WAS AT OUR HOUSE!" Tom nearly crashed the car jumping in fright from Jacob's sudden outburst, "Jesus Jacob!" "Sheriff you need to hurry that creature was at my house earlier. Christian, oh I hope he is ok? Can you please go faster!" Tom began to pick up speed, "I'm going as fast as I can Jacob!"

Static hit the radio and then a voice came, "sheriff, sheriff hit me on back over." Sheriff Tom picked up the phone, "what is it Brady"? "No sign of the creature it must have left the area." "Left the area well where could it..." *CRACK*... something had smacked against the front windshield. Tom swerved wildly, "HOLY SHIT!" Blood traced the windshield as a torn body was thrown from the windshield of the car. "I can't see," screamed Tom. He swerved the car again and slammed over a large pothole. Jacob tumbled in his seat as he screamed loudly. A loud *BANG* came from his immediate right.

The door had been ripped from its hinges and flung into the air like a piece of paper. "THE JERSEY DEVIL," Jacob screamed. The creature's sharp teeth were smeared with blood. It's claws frantically scratched the air searching for Jacob's leg. "Hold on Jacob I'm gunna shoot it!" The vehicle swerved violently as the creature swiped at Jacob again. It's long claws were filled with blood and white cotton. It slashed

again and a small black object hit the side of the seat. It was a partial face and it seemed to reveal Jacob's eventual fate. It was Christian's teddy bear. The bear he had been clenching when the Jersey Devil was crawling over the roof. "YOU BASTARD" screamed Jacob. "Jacob get back," Tom yelled as he blindly waved his gun at the creature. The Jersey Devil was trying to fit its enormous body through the door to get a better grip of Jacob. "GO AWAY...TOM LOOK OUT!"

Jacob barely had time to take his last breath as the Jersey Devil released its grip from the speeding vehicle. "AAAHHHH," Jacob screamed as Tom frantically grabbed for the wheel. Barreling into the front of a large tree Jacob flew over the seat and crashed through windshield. His frail body smacked against the tree and darkness immediately surrounded him. Gasping for air he felt the warm engine of the sheriff's car beneath him, there came a soft crunching of glass. "NO," came a weak scream as a loud chewing could be heard. "GET OFF ME..." Tom was being eaten alive as Jacob fell into unconsciousness. Soon, the nightmare would be over. The Jersey Devil would once again be the only occupant of the Pine Barrens.

The End

A Northern Light

By: Jennifer Donnelly

- Alternate Ending -

By: Robby Richardson

(PG. 376)

“Don’t, Weaver. If you do, I’ll never make it. I’ll run right back inside and put my apron on and that will be the end of it.”

He nods and swallows hard. He makes a gun of his hand and points it at me. “To the death, Mathilda Gokey,” he says. I smile and aim right back at him. “To the death, Weaver Smith.”

(Alternate Ending)

Grabbing my suitcase, I turned and wished him nothing but the best. I tried to hide my tears until I made my way around a large back house heading towards the road. The *Hotel Glenmore* stood like a picture for a postcard. Weaver had always been supportive. I hoped he would take my money and do right with it. Hopefully, I would be able to have many more word duels with him in the future. Spouting off new words that I had still yet to uncover. My word of the day was still luciferous and it would still mean bringing light. However, I didn’t feel like I was heading into a light. The night seemed to reveal my fear. My future lay dormant like the *Hotel Glenmore* late at night. Unsure of whether the sun would return to once again bring an end to the darkness and gloom. The grass swayed in the light breeze as I made my way around the lake. “Just a little further,” I could hear myself repeat. “Just a little further,” and I would be bound for a future that I only ever dreamed about.

My bag started to get heavy as I wished for Royal’s wagon. Although after he discovered the return of his engagement ring I knew it would be out of the question.

Would my heart ever stop hurting or would I always have a slight pain in my chest like Grace for her Chester? She died at his hands still completely in love with him. In the end, I wonder if she still saw the good in him. The very reason she fell in love with him. Grace didn't deserve to be pushed to the side. Everyone deserved answers and everyone deserved to be happy. Dying cold and alone in a river was something of a cruel man like the spider hiding behind a flower. Soon their affair would be exposed, and Chester would be responsible for the horror that he committed. The monster would soon be hunted and brought to justice. Grace Brown would finally speak out after months of painful silence.

It was just then that I had noticed that I had stopped dead in my tracks. I was staring out upon Big Moose Lake. It was beautiful at night and provided nothing more than a mask to the hidden dangers that lie within. I had to get to the train. I had to take my chance at my future and invest in me. It would be many years before I finally would be able to come back out here. I barely had enough money to get to Barnard, so trips back and forth were out of the question. I dropped my suitcase and headed down towards the dock. The same dock where I attempted to throw Grace Brown's letters and watch them sink to the bottom. Grace Brown's secret sunk to the bottom of the lake. Accepting death upon her arrival, she still had trust for Chester. She still had hope that he would leave his wife and run away to raise their baby together. Now he was out there somewhere, a man that discarded his secret like common trash.

I tried to push him from my head. I wanted to remember the good of this land and as Uncle Fifty put it, "not have a cloud in your sky." I was going to miss this land and everyone here. Home was just over those couple of ridges, but at Barnard's home it would be hundreds of miles away. I sighed, "Good bye," my whisper was soft and I

hoped fitting. This was the final day of my past and now it was one train ride to my new future. Once again losing myself I found that I was on the dock staring up at the moon casting over the water. I turned to head back down the dock when I froze slightly. A chill was sent through my body. I bundled my hands around my frailly knitted coat. I needed to hurry the night was growing surprisingly cooler. I took several steps before I stopped again. *Splash!* I gazed up and noticed the water was barely moving an eerie calm had settled upon it. I followed the lake up and nearly tripped over my bag when I saw a figure standing by the water's edge. The lake water slowly rose over the figure's feet and then slowly receded back. I grasped my chest as the air seemed to freeze in my body.

Water was dripping heavily from the figure as it's head slowly rose to stare up at me. I took a step back, "no," I whispered in only the faintest of squeaks. This was impossible, but the matted hair and cold stare of Grace Brown sent my very bones to rattle. The air seemed to be squeezed from my body. "Ga...Gra...Grace?" My voice trembled as I stared at the dark figure. Grace was still up at the *Glenmore* dead as a doornail. I shook my head several times, "this...this...can't be?" Her motionless body seemed to reflect her resurrection, "I am sorry Grace...I...I just wanted to help!"

Upon the end of my plea her body moved. I took a step back even though she was ten yards away. She took another step towards me and a loud, *CRACK!* I watched the left side of her body drop several inches. Her hip had become broken and out of place. She took several steps wobbling unnaturally until another loud *CRACK* filled the air. Her right leg had broken and she dropped several more inches. Her arms extended towards me as a low moan exited her rotting mouth. She walked like a demon. She was the dark secret that the forest had kept hidden during the day. Her arm rose higher as

another moan escaped her. Bones were breaking with every step she took. My feet had frozen to the ground and my hopes of finding my strength to run were rapidly diminishing.

Splash! Something large had hopped out of the water. I turned my eyes towards the noise sopping wet and exhausted, it was Chester. He was alive all this time and had been hiding out, waiting for his opportune moment to escape. He was breathing heavily as his murderous eyes locked onto my petrified body. He advanced towards me with a wicked smile, “Hello dearie!”

[7:00 AM]

“Weaver, you get on all back here before Cook finds you’re gone!” “Don’t worry Henry, I just got to bring in these boats or Mrs. Morrison will have my head!” Weaver strolled towards the lake. The sun was bright as Mattie was on her way to college, soon I would be too. I would make Mattie and my momma proud. I would go to college and be the man that everybody says I can be. The grass crunched beneath my feet as I headed towards the dock. The first people up and the first people to experience the true beauty of the day.

It was like I had run into an invisible wall. I froze in my spot as I saw something familiar resting on the dock. Turned over on its side was a suitcase that I thought would be many miles away. “Mattie,” I whispered as I moved closer towards the dock. Mattie had not left, “Mattie...Mattie, what you doing out here? You better not be kissing Royal!” I moved closer to the dock and saw something white floating in the water. It was not a boat but a white dress that I hoped now was just kissing on Royal Loomis. “HELP, OH MY GOD MATTIE! HELP SOMEBODY HELP!” My shouts could have

never been loud enough as I rushed to my upside down friend. “HELP MATTIE DROWNED!”

The water stung as I leapt into it. Mattie was frozen and rigid. I have never seen a world shatter so fast. I fished her out as many people were gathering by the lake. I heard many people yelling, “GET A DOCTOR,” “where’s the doctor”? I grabbed at Mattie’s purple face and blue lips, her skin still lay perfect and plain. “Outta my way, outta my way,” came the panicked barks of an older man. “I am a doctor step away boy, keep away! Martha...M-Martha bring my stuff quickly now quickly!” Bending over the doctor examined her, “no sign of foul play, two people drowned... awfully suspicious, awfully suspicious indeed!” Weaver shook his head, “no...it’s this place, this place is cursed.”

The End

Nothing Special
- Diss Wiz Khalifa -
By
Robby Richardson

PART #1

- Based on Actual Events -

The story that I am about to tell actually happened and occurred in February of 2006. The names have been changed to ensure their privacy. It was cold in February. I remember walking down a sidewalk with my best friend at the time. We were in Berwyn, IL. away from the typical “bungalow” houses. My buddy Louie and I came back into the neighborhood after our college classes had finished. We had met at Northern Illinois that year and partied the hardest. We knew of a party that was happening in the neighborhood hosted by a close friend of Louie’s. His name was Juan and he lived with his two roommates name Jose and Omar.

Louie was large at the time about the size of an adolescent grizzly bear when fully erect. We stood on the stoop of the two story town house holding our case of *Modelo*’s and several *M/D 20/20*. We knocked on the door where the music was blaring loudly. It took several minutes before somebody actually answered the door. The door popped open with a little rattle, “LOUIE!” The shorter man raised his hand and embraced him in a small hug, “it’s great to see you man! I didn’t think you would make it here on time.” “Yea Juan sorry, we had to stop and get liquor and stuff.” Juan had greased black hair parted towards the back with golden skin. A black scorpion tattoo could be seen through the white tee that he was wearing. “Come on in guys...whoa, who is this Louie?” Outstretching my hand, “what’s up bro?” “Yea Juan sorry this here is Robby he’s a friend from college.” I saw Juan looking at me with a little suspicion until I said, “I got you

guys a *Modelo* case.” Handing the case of beer over, “damn man come on in guys!” We walked into the house and up a flight of stairs entering through a wooden door into a slightly crowded house.

People were scattered over the small apartment. Guys were drinking and flirting. Girls were in sexy outfits trying to pretend they weren’t interested in advances. We crossed a large black couch, “JOSE!” Louie walked over to the black couch and shook the hand of the shortest man in the room. Standing next to me Juan elbowed me, “that’s Jose, he just got back from Iraq a month ago.” I nodded, “that’s cool!” “Jose,” shouted Louie as he brought me forward, “this here is Jose...he owns this place.” I shook his head, “what about Juan and the other guy I thought you said...” Jose cut me off, “no they just rent from me. It’s good to meet you Robby.” He released my hand and returned to the two women that he had been flirting with before Louie’s interruption.

We moved through the people until we came upon the kitchen. Heavily crowded with more people gathered around a small four person kitchen table covered in beer cans and cigarettes. “HEY BIG LOU WAY!” A man with a lazy eye and seemingly hang dog look. His grizzled black beard contorted into a smile as he walked forward shaking Louie’s hand. “It’s good to see you my friend. Allah is smiling. I couldn’t get fully drunk until you came to the party, ha ha!” “Omar this is my boy Robby from college.” I stretched out my hand, “what’s up Omar...holy shit dude you got your tongue pierced.” Sticking out his tongue to show the rod he wiggled it, “yeah ladies love it by the way.” Louie began to laugh, “I bet they do dude I bet they do!”

“Look at what that white boy brought us!” Juan was tossing a *Modelo* towards Omar, who caught it with a little fumbling. “Ah *Modelo*...what’s the matter *Corona* not

good enough for us...eh...eh!” Elbowing me slightly I threw him off, “I ain’t made of money, I mean look at what Louie and I are drinking. Holding up the Mad Dogs reading: *Bling Bling*. Juan and Omar began to laugh, “Damn man I didn’t know we were that ghetto round here?” I shrugged, “as long as you get fucked up right?” Omar laughed and put his arm around me, “yea drink one of those and you’ll be good, drink two and you’ll be FUCKED UP!” Mondo began to laugh like a hyena as he waved his hand, “come on...come on we’ll get something better in you!”

Cracking open the can of *Modelo*, “take a seat, take a seat.” Pulling out the white chairs from the table, Louie and I sat as Juan came over sitting across from us. Louie and I popped open our Mad Dogs beginning to chug when another man joined us at the table. He was bald with only a very fine layer of hair stubble. He had a small brown mustache and greasy face with baggy sweatpants and a hoody pulled almost over his forehead. “TALIBAN!” Juan leapt over and shook his hand, “what are you doing my brother?” Taliban took a can of beer and drank heavily from it before he crushed it in his hand replying, “I’m fucked up man!”

Slam!! A large plastic jug was dropped in the middle of the table. “This is what I was talking about on the phone with you Louie.” Mondo turned the jug around to reveal a white label reading a large unreadable Spanish name. “I got this in Mexico it was only sixty three pesos!” Louie’s eyes widened as I asked, “what is that like ten dollars?” Shaking his head Louie chuckled as his cheeks stretched into a wide smile. His face was covered in sweat, which was a regular occurrence with him. “No man, it’s actually five something.” I began to laugh, “you got all that for five dollars!” Mondo nodded as he ran his hand over his greasy hair. “Come on let’s get some shots going!” Shot glasses

were passed out like playing cards and soon shots were being thrown back. The laughing and jokes continued as the cheap tequila burned every part of my throat. Having never experienced a true desert, there was a veritable prairie fire in my stomach.

An hour passed when Juan was smacking Louie on the shoulder, “come on man let’s go have a square. Robby you smoke?” Shaking my head, “sorry I don’t smoke.” “Alright, Louie...Mondo, come on let’s go have a square. We should grab Jose too.” Mondo shook his head, “he’s out there hollering at those girls still.” “You guys go ahead, I’ll join you in a sec.” Juan slapped Louie on the shoulder again as they exited out the back door. The room was spinning slightly, “so Taliban what you been up too still hooking up those cars?” Cracking open a can of *Modelo* Taliban straightened his baggy sweatshirt unnecessarily, “yeah still doing pretty good. You still at college right?” Louie nodded, “still doing the college thing. Robby did I ever tell you how we met this guy?” I shook my head, “we were all out on the stoop outside, smoking and drinking doing the thing you know?” Taliban smiled as he leaned back in his chair as if remembering a fine memory. “So all of a sudden we start to hear this scrapping sound and it seems to be getting closer. And who is responsible for it...this guy right here!” Louie pointed as he cracked open another can of *Modelo*. “This guy comes past us dragging an aluminum baseball bat. He stops and stares at us. We get to talking and the rest...well, is history.” Laughing slightly not finding the humor that Louie and Taliban experienced. I began to notice the party growing larger as people were wrapping around the table tighter.

“So, Louie how’s college?” “Taliban, I wish I could put it into words...the partying and everything.” Taliban leaned in closer towards us, “you know you should tell me when there’s going to be a big party. I’ll come check it out. We can smoke and get

fucked up, mack on some college girls.” Louie nodded with me just replying drunkenly, “yeah man sounds like a plan!” “You both like to smoke,” Louie and I nodded, “it’s kinda hard up there for Lou and I. Well for me not for Lou, I gotta really shop around for a connect.” Leaning in closer Taliban flattened his mustache, “well you’re looking at one right here. I can get you something right now if you like?” I turned to Louie and back to Taliban, “we’ll see how I feel after we smoke up.” Taliban watched me as I leaned back in my seat, “I’ll take something back up to campus Taliban.” He nodded at Louie smiling, “I knew you would be!” He glanced between both of us, “you know you two are pretty cool. How’d you like to do some business. We could make a lot of money off dem college kids.” I watched Louie tense up slightly, “what you mean?” Taliban cracked his knuckles, “well let’s just say I can get you a pound right now. You can just pay me for half of it now. We can talk about the rest later. After all, Louie we’ve been friends for how long now?” Louie nodded his head, “yeah we sure have Taliban long time.” “Yeah you guys sell it off as dubs. You can make so much more that way. Those frat boys will just eat that shit up! I’ll give it to you for \$800 and that ‘s being VERY generous because you’re my boy. What you say?”

Louie stared at me and I stared back. My mind was racing, “I just wanted to come party.” I was a recreational user not a seller nor did I know anything distribution. Thankfully, Louie spoke first “Sorry Taliban you’re my boy and all but I can’t do that. You know owe you that kind of money...it’s bad for a friendship. Although, I will take some with me though?” I shook my head too, “yeah I’m sorry man I don’t have the money and I’d probably end up smoking it plus I am horrible at math.” The porch screen door slammed shut as Juan came bursting in the room, “LOUIE!” Louie turned from

Taliban as Juan wobbled over. “We couldn’t wait we smoked a square without you...don’t worry though! We’ll smoke after we smoke.” Juan began to laugh as he turned from Louie to me, “Robby you smoking?” I rose from my chair thankfully to be out of the uncomfortable situation with Taliban. “Please Juan it’s me...if you only knew!” Louie rose from the table, “let me just grab my beer see ya in a bit Taliban.” “Good to meet you Taliban,” nodding his head at both of us. “I’ll see you both in a bit.”

The End

PART #2

My car door slammed as I approached a large office building in the middle of the deserted alley. The city buildings surrounded me like giants in the land of ants. However I didn't feel very small. I felt like I could step on the very buildings themselves. I felt like I could cause devastation with the wave of my hand. I walked over to a rotten wooden door as I headed across the alley way. I knocked on the door several times as I stared down the abandoned alley way. "Come on, come on," I didn't want to be disturbed or interrupted. I had a point to make and this was my only opportunity to do it. I would have to make the most of it.

The door opened with a little...*POP!* "Robby is that you..." I whispered, "yeah its me thanks Mark I appreciate this. He opened the door, "look I understand your reasoning for doing this. However, this is very disrespectful. I could lose my job over this!" I stepped inside as I gripped my coat tighter. "Writing is an art Mark it's supposed to inspire and invoke creativity. You should write because you want to paint a picture, motivate the masses, and create ideas. Art is like a rock. Over the years it gets worn out but the particles remain with the Earth even after the rock is gone." Leading me down a small flight of stairs, "art isn't going to pay the bills Robby." "It's about the point now Mark...the message. People think he's a creative genius yet every song is about the same thing. He acts like he is so original. Kids mimic him and want to be him. Wiz needs to tell the truth about marijuana before these kids experience it the hard way like I did.

Limited mind makes limited art...limited art makes limited creativity...hence not an artist or writer. Wiz is a fool and somebody needs to show him that what he does and what he is, is nothing special. It's time we see what Wiz can really create." "Whatever Robby, he is through that door and down the stairs...Studio W. AND do not disturb any of the rooms or make a sound! I got a family to raise like I said art doesn't pay the bills." I shook my head, "there's something you gotta understand about art Mark. A truly creative person is just happy with people reading his words and enjoying his work. I look forward to listening to your next album man thanks again Mark."

I opened the door and headed down the steps slowly. I was cautious as to respect my contacts wishes. The stairs led down a floor and then another. I headed through a set of doors and then followed the studios reading each as I passed, "A, B, C, D, E, F..." I followed them all the way down until I reached Studio W. I shrugged off the irony as I moved down another flight of steps. This time they were carpeted. Red Christmas lights hung across the ceiling of the room as they led down into mysterious room. I made my way through a set of beads that were made for a teenager's bedroom. The beads parted and I saw a large glass room. It was a recording booth containing few musical instruments. I saw the mixing board and couldn't help but run my fingers across it. As much as I loved writing, I would also have an additional love for music. As I traveled over the large room it was almost unbelievable people had this kind of money. Wiz must have gotten his own personal studio designed to be a "Stoner Cave".

"Who der..." I heard a voice ahead of me and saw a large open area surrounded by the finest "Stoner Art". Pictures of neon colored mushrooms or a large wall calendar with the many families of Cannabis. "Who are you white boy?" I turned and saw to my

shock a man that I never thought I would meet in my life. There he sat not even looking at me as he broke up fat nuggets of what looked to be the finest marijuana the state could provide. “Wiz,” I asked feeling my knees beginning to shake.

My nerves were getting to me but not out of fear. This man was considered a great writer, a true lyricist and had people everywhere trying to live his lifestyle. His image disgusted me and his influence on kids disgusted me. The way he acted on television as if he was an originator and pioneer disgusted me. I could forgive it all if his words were meaningful or influential to all the people they touched. I was the Writer Eater and if the world listens to you, you must be the best. So, I wanted to fulfill my hunger and stake my claim. Who better than a name that millions praise and show him the error of his ways? “Wiz Khalifa,” his head tilted up and I saw he was wearing black sunglasses. I shook my head almost in disbelief. I wanted to shake him and yell “really Wiz you’re in a basement!” Thankfully, I restrained when I heard him growling suspicious, “yeah what bout it?” I shook my head “nothing, I am supposed to give you something.”

Reaching into my coat, I pulled out a pound of marijuana myself. It looked beautiful in the light, and it was a shame that I would have to give it up. Although, I had a point to make. I rolled it up placing the pound on top of his coffee table. His bud scattered over the place as he recoiled back. “Yo white boy what the fuck?” I smiled and placed a letter on top of the marijuana. The remnants of the blunt that Wiz was trying to make was scattered over the floor. He stared up at me with hatred behind those sunglasses. “What you do Wiz and every line you write or speak is an insult to the word creativity. You’re not anything special nor anything original. I have done what you have

done for a long time and thousands do the same every day.” I turned towards the exit leaving him speechless. I walked once again slowly running my fingers over the mixing board feeling his eyes boring into me. “Just call me the Writer Eater, so come find me when you want to write with the big dogs Wizzy!”

HA HA

The End

Cloud 9

- Diss Wiz Khalifa -

By

Robby Richardson

I'm on Cloud 9

I'm flying high so high feeling like I could die

Floating high, higher than Cloud 9 but for now nine will do fine

I'm on Cloud 9

I've been smoking out of a hookah fella

That green nature with red hairs fella

If I keep repeating fella will I get fame like you fella

Fella, how can you get respect when you repeat fella

Can you tell me that...fella

Whether it was Blueberry or Candy Apple or flying express on that pineapple

Brain wrecked on Train Wreck mix with diesel ride until a Diesel Wreck.

White Widow in cigar skins while traveling Napanese Mountains

Influential in your words spoken the words you speak are less potent

Millions of people admire your work calling it poetic art

You need to sit down and give your behind the truth

After all there is nothing original or special about you

I'm on Cloud 9

I'm flying high so high feeling like I could die
Floating high, higher than Cloud 9 but for now nine will do fine

I'm on Cloud 9

It's time to pull up your big boy pants and step in the ring with champs

The kind of rhymes that marijuana can not even grasp

I'm the man on the moon call me Armstrong in my sight like Oswald

Whether a magic bullet or other lie you influence masses with lyrical lines

Responsibility can be seen through clarity and clarity comes from sobriety

So tell the truth or force me to breath fire outta me and not the smoke that it outta be

That kind you identify with and are so proud of selling out an image like commercials

You're like a tug boat pulling afraid...afraid to see where creativity takes

I'm at full sail setting sail for a far out place.

I'll take all your words and dump them in a heap

My pen is the shovel I'll leave you dirt cheap

My poems drop like orders while you flipping them out like dimes I'm stacking quarters

On cloud nine with people yelling the best is ahead of him...let us in

A poem to give you a taste of your own medicine

Rhymes outdated door to door oh well Wiz I guess it's back to the drawing board

I'm on Cloud 9

I'm flying high so high feeling like I could die

Floating high, higher than Cloud 9 but for now nine will do fine

I'm on Cloud 9

Like a train I arrive at a station...accusation at being a two hit sensation

Put your words in my pipe outta a long bong now that's a sweet sensation

Like shifting through trash to find a hit to last so much rummaging through so much crap

Pick your words outta the air like bugs break em up like nugs

The best part about this high ride is I can put your face in my slide

Give it a light for one long toke and blow you out in a cloud of smoke

I'll throw this book of rhymes at your plate regale you with true art as we conversate

You like my rhymes, you like the way I style my time sparing time in my spare time

Einstein of rhyme time...so stay fly and I'll take you to Cloud 9

HA HA

The End

Honor & Privilege

By

Robby Richardson

(Featuring Paola Llerenas, Brad C. Robertson)

DEDICATION

In Memoriam

Caitlin Richardson & Aaron Mathis

In the light of the dark and sunset of the day

The only thing that matters in the end is

Honor & Privilege

To have known all about you...to have felt the love all around you

Honor & Privilege

To be able to call you friend...to be able to recall your memory over again

Honor & Privilege

To know your love and share our secrets know your strengths and build your weaknesses

Honor & Privilege

To lie for you...support you...built a rapport with you...fly these skies and soar with you

Honor & Privilege

In the end it was an Honor & Privilege...it was an honor

Honor

Whispering in the walls and the hissing from snakes

The squeaking of rats...the eyes in the hills

How does death bring out the worst when peace is what death seek first

How quick do they preach their love to you when time has run out for you

False in their requiem falsettos with tall tales of memories with stories fit for librettos

How quick does the name leave thy lips when breath from the lips of the name did slip

How quick we forget the impact of a moment when there's no more moments to interact

The time to love you was time they should have shown to you
Now that your gone its boo-hoo who can fill this void only you
Shameless are the faceless that cross the line between unfaithful and faithless

In the end was it Honor & Privilege was it an honor

Honor

How does the bottom of the bottle become so visible
Why does sobriety make me feel invisible
How quickly can sorrow not drain...how come the liquor doesn't feel the same
How come the smoke don't hit the same as with you
How come laughter makes me miss you
How come the grind seems so long and the hustle seems so hard
We know wrong and chose wrong but when blames too hard we claim to know God
Loyalty is rare and few will care...life isn't fair but it seemed better with you there

Riding under city lights that light up the sky like starlight

You made me thank God for the days with you

You made me thank God for what the nights could give you

And that has forever shaped me and for that has forever changed me

In the end that change you gave unto me was a privilege

It was a Privilege

For the hours that we spent and the dreams we dreamt...a true gift heaven sent

Honor & Privilege

For the jokes and laughs despite our different paths

Honor & Privilege

Love like a brother you made the tough tougher

Honor & Privilege

Here you will lie in my heart until again I hear you

Honor & Privilege

In the end it was an Honor & Privilege...it was an honor

Honor

[Brad C. Robertson]

“You gave me my smile...so that I could learn to embrace it

When I showed you my fear...you openly faced it

The days that went by spin around in my head

They follow my footsteps and they sleep in my bed

If I have learned to love myself at all

It's because I had people like you to catch my arm when I fall

You worried about me when the end came...I know that you did, because I'd do the same

The gift you managed to leave behind is not for naked eyes to find

Because it is your guidance, still fresh in my mind”

Honor

The Gray skies of tomorrow overshadow the sunshine of what lies behind me

Does the light of a candle not extinguish...does the light not fade into the dark

I wish I could tell you how much an Honor & Privilege it was to know you

To be able to count the stars and think of the dream's life has to show you
A nightmare not to dream when the dream is a nightmare to me
A nightmare that began the moment you were taken from me
Left on bended knee weeping...yes weeping...praying your memory is not fleeting
Praying that I'm not alone under diamond skies...judging eyes trying not to crumble
On the brink of madness and teetering wounds deepening
Unable to go on but pushed for so long forgotten this burdens that hold you
We push until our knees bend and the very Earth quakes when bodies find its strength
And when we stumble and fall and it all is crashing tall...when your gone I feel so small
Do you forget those dreams they sold you...the stories they told you
Do we rise again like the lone wolf in the end...remember who started the climb all along

Honor

[Paola Llerenas]

“Because all this pain and all this sorrow
Is starting to feel like too big of a price
For what otherwise would be hollow
For a window full of love and light
I don't know if I'll handle it tomorrow
But for you I'm trying to put on a fight

A small peak of what's holy
Through you and me, all in between
The memories, the sharing and glory

Seemingly gone, though it's clear
There's no protagonist in the story
And your tattoo hurts, I know it always will

It will never be enough
Not for this truth, not for this horror
But it still was an honor"

Here is my pound of flesh for your 30 pieces of silver
Melt down the Judas into silver bullets against the wolves that try and took us
The payment I'd pay salvation to deliver for what your pain meant
The lessons I earned and confidence I have are the gifts you given that can't be returned
Mean what you say and say what you mean...dream the dreams that your hands can keep
Life's lessons learned in the tears that we weep along the way
A value somewhere we lost...somewhere between sympathy and bitterness
Treat every goodbye like it was your last time...treat every hello like a pleasant pastime

Am I

Monster or man...Savage or beast
What cards does my Oracle in her hands do keep
I still believe in honor amongst thieves and for the struggle of the need
I know shame on me and the blames on me...believes nothing is but what is not
I still believe in forgiveness at a sunset's death

Broken and meek I find myself

I am

Saint Dismas

Admits Sins A plague on my house...on both houses...a patient sinner **Admits Sin As**

A rise from the mistakes a fall from our virtue

Burdens weighted by stones that they will cast at you

Living by the code the world he lived for

Let the lion roar...let this sleeping wolf lie

Let the hyenas laugh in fright in the night at my presence

I know that I'm broken...why does the night shine the weakness we hide

Oh, please god why...oh please don't deny these simple crimes for all of time

Do we have to really pay a lifetime for my life of a survival that led to crime

The addictions on our mind and the highs we crave to fly inside

In my site...don't deny us...this unworthy and simple

samsiD tniaS

Life is defined by other's belief in that to know you was an Honor

“Immortality is found in the stories that others keep as a Privilege”

“Honor is having known you alive, but loving you after: That is a Privilege”

Forever an Honor & Your memory a Privilege

THE END

Death Is In The Keys

(Outro)

- Diss Dan Brown -

By

Robby Richardson

The night was cool as there was a slight frost in the air. My breath was cold as it intertwined with the chilly air. I made my way through my own breath and moved to the edge of a black driveway. The crickets sang through the night as if trying to keep everything at peace. The house was a one story with black stones that seemed fit to be on a farm. A pool lay lazily in the back as I curled my arms around myself to try to keep warm. I turned back and found the cause for my near hypothermic state. My company's dark robes dragged on the street as he moved like smoke. I shook my head at the creature knowing the punishment for my refusal. The black figure grew tall as its arms traced in a fog and solidified to a hand. It pointed to the house, "Please, I don't want to do this anymore!" The hand continued to point at the house never wavering nor faltering. I pleaded again "please, I kind of liked his books. They were good ideas!" The wind began to pick up as the finger continued to point. Wrapping me like a blanket the wind circled me blowing dead leaves to join. My skin seemed to freeze, "ok, ok I'll do it!"

The wind instantly died, and I groaned slightly trying to hold the nausea that seemed to build in my stomach. His house was different from what I had imagined. I always wondered if he would let his newly formed fame and money go to his head. The door seemed heavy and old made from a thick cut of oak. I felt my nerves beginning to take over as my arm shook the entire way towards the door. I turned back to the figure as it continued to follow me like a shadow. It cast a permanent icy cold around me as I gave a loud sigh knowing that I was about to change a man's entire life.

I knocked three times before the door began to open. The voice sounded tired, "hel...hello, whose out there at this hour?" His brown hair was messy as his face seemed

sunken. The tired look that I had grown accustomed to disappeared from his face. His appearance baffled me so I had to ask. "Are you Dan Brown?" His face grew wide in skepticism and I decided to repeat my question, "Dan Brown, author...Dan Brown?" His face retreated a bit, "who are you?" "I have business with you I suggest you open the door." "I'm sorry but if you don't leave immediately I will be forced to call the police." I decided to lean in closer, "listen buddy calling the police ain't going to be a good idea. You're just going to come back out here and be in the same boat." "Get out of here, I'm calling the cops!" "So, you're going to do this the hard..." The door slammed shut, "way..." I finished with a little disappointment.

I turned back to the figure, "I guess we will just have to try some other time huh?" The figure raised his arm towards the side of the house. In the distance, there came a loud... *SNAP!* There came a loud buzzing sound as the figure raised his hand towards the inside of the house. There came a loud *POP* from the inside of the house followed by a loud... *BOOM!* The lights inside flickered and then died. It didn't take long before the door opened slightly, "What the hell did you do?" I shook my head smiling, "I told you that you would be back out here didn't I?" "What the hell is this all about?" I began to laugh, "oh if I only could explain. If I only could, but maybe this will help."

The famous author's eyes widened as he stared at the now appearing large figure. He was the darkest shade of a person's worst nightmare. He stared at it as it's hand moved like smoke. It waved in the air and smoke swirled over a brown desk behind Dan. I imagined that was the place he wrote his books. A coal black typewriter appeared on top of it. It was something that I had only seen in history books and museums. "What is this all about," Dan's question took me a little by surprise. "Well that is a very interesting

question.” I walked past him and over to the desk pulling out the chair, “it’s difficult for me to begin.” I thought for a second before pulling out the chair even further. “You see I know you but you don’t know me.” I smiled wider, “I want what I can’t have, where as you have what I want and squander it.” I wagged my hand, “the money has corrupted you my friend. Corrupted your ideas...me, I am an idea factory.” The cloak figure rose a little off the ground as I continued. “I mean I just can’t stop them but my talents go unobserved. You...well, that’s why we are here.” I pointed to the cloaked figure, “we are here to push you as a writer. Can your talents and ideas out do mine?”

Dan actually began to laugh, “Are you kidding? My books have sold millions?” He held up his fingers, “two movies made from them. My guess is your some writing wanna be that couldn’t hack it. Your ideas are nothing compared to mine.” It was my turn to laugh, “If that were true. I wouldn’t need to be feeding this thing right here.” I pointed to the figure and laughed a little more. “So, why don’t you get into the chair here, start typing and then we can see whose ideas stack up. You think your ideas are good...prove it.” Shaking his head, “I don’t have to prove anything to a hack like you! Now leave my house or I am going to call the police.”

“Sit...down,” the cloaked figures voice was hollow and slightly demonic. It’s voice dropped the temperature in the very room. Dan watched it as it floated slightly in the air. His eyes seemed to cross as Dan seemed to robotically move towards the desk. He sat down and faced the typewriter. “What am I supposed to write about?” I smiled and leaned in closer to him. “Well that is the great thing about being a writer isn’t it? The ideas that we don’t have time for can now emerge and come to life.” He shook his head, “but I don’t write like that. I get my story first...the characters...I have to know

what I am going to be writing!” I slammed my fist on the desk, “that’s not all what writing is! You know how many ideas I have in my head right now. Do you know how many I wish I could type out on a daily basis? No, you have no idea! You get money and then toss out a book every year or other just to keep up on your bills. True writing is in the art of creating. I never cared about the money. I still don’t! I write because I love it. I love new ideas, and the hope that I can create all of them. You...you don’t care or know what true passion and dedication is all about!”

Dan looked at me in the eyes and shook his head, “you’re a fool!” Standing up straighter, “then show me! The story you write now I’ll add to my next book.” “I don’t need your book!” I handed him a stack of typing paper from the cloaked creature, “then prove it to yourself for God’s sake! Show me that you still have what it takes and not just another story with Robert Langdon!” Pushing away from the desk, “I don’t have to prove anything. Give me a month and I’ll have a million dollar idea compared to your half-witted ideas about a haunted house, a jester, or about a stupid cat. I know you Robby and I know your stories. They’re nothing but a waste of time!” “Prove it then,” he snatched the paper from the desk. He placed the paper in the typewriter and began to type. His hands moved feverishly as he bit his lower lip in concentration.

I watched him for twenty minutes until he finally stopped. “Here, this is a start I’ll give you more later.” The cloaked figure moved forward, “write!” Dan watched him hover closer to him, “it’s late and all this typing is tiring me...” “WRITE,” bellowed the cloaked figure. I shrugged, “I don’t know what to tell you but if it were me...I’d keep writing.” Dan gulped and turned back to the typewriter. He continued to type and as the hours passed he seemed to grow weaker. The pages flew out of him and slowly began to

form a small pile next to the typewriter. His head tilted back in exhaustion as his skin began to grow pale and clammy. “Keep going...you said you had ideas now keep up with me.” Dan gulped and typed for another half an hour. Fingers slowly began to tire as Dan ran his hand through his hair. “My head feels really light headed,” “WRITE!” The cloaked figure watched as Dan tried to keep typing. “You got a bad case of writer’s block huh? It’s hard coming up with something original without using Robert Langdon now isn’t it?” He nodded in response, “yeah the worst.”

The cloaked figure moved around the both of us, “you better keep typing. He is looking pretty hungry.” Dan gazed up at the cloaked figure, “H-hungry?” I nodded, “yeah he feeds on ideas. Why do you think he keeps me around?” I pushed him closer to the typewriter, “keep typing or else it’s going to get angry. I hate it when it’s angry.” The cloaked figure moved around the room and a faint sucking sound could be heard in the air. Dan was growing weaker the longer the cloaked figure drank the air.

“Feed...me...” The cloaked figure hung in the air as it stared down at me. I watched Dan Brown tipping over in his seat. The endless typing on the ancient typewriter had become tiresome. His eyes seemed unable to stay open as his skin had taken on a marble white color. His skin seemed used and dried as if he had lived a thousand days typing on the typewriter. The pages that he produced stacked low next to him. His fingers were growing numb and soon he typed only a letter at a time. His breathing had grown shallow as he seemed to be falling over from exhaustion.

“Feed...me,” bellowed the cloaked figure again. I grabbed Dan Brown by the hair, “come on Dan you got to keep typing.” He pressed another button and gave a last gasp as his head fell backwards. “Feed me,” whispered the cloaked figure. “I’m trying,”

I yelled back at it. I picked up Dan Brown again, “come on you have to keep writing.” “Feed me,” the figure yelled again. It was like beating an unconscious man with cardiac paddles, “come on Dan you need to stay with me. You need to keep up with me...with the rest of us.” Dan’s eyes glossed over and I knew he had finished. “FEED ME...” The cloaked figure yelled louder as I shook my head unsure of what to do. Unable to keep Dan going I heard the figure yell loudly one final time, “FEED ME!” I turned red in the face, “I can’t...he can’t write anything without Robert Langdon. He’s all out of ideas!”

HA HA

The End

This is the 2nd Edition to my very first [ER] – Extended Reader: Biohazard: The Writer Eater. Muerte can longer be contained. The purity of it has been poisoned by outside influences. It infects seemingly all aspects of the Literary World from authors to stories and continues to grow. It's once helpful purposes has been twisted into something toxic...something Biohazard. If ingested turns one into a literal Writer Eater.

OTHER WORKS

Bloodline Series

Muerte Series

Hydra (Gold & Black Edition)

Dead Watchers

The Broken Crane Letters [Part #1]

Dead Man Walking [ER]

Hajj [ER]

SHORT STORIES

Whisper

UPCOMING WORKS

Muerte III: Cirque De Muerte

The Broke Crane Letters [Part #2]

Evil Live : Live Evil [ER]

A Madman's Lullaby