Pre-Preface

This is part one of a three part short story that began a couple of years ago. My first plan was to share writing each part with Taylor, but since he had other responsibilities, I ended up doing most of the writing. His Preface is good though, so I'm leaving it in there along with mine. To be perfectly honest, I really want to get this out there just to see my name in print. I'm a narcissist like that. My thanks and my love goes to Alanna for creating the cover art for the book; it is likely a better piece of art than this tripe I vomited out from my brain.

Preface

This book started off as part dare, part undertaking to give a mostly dead summer some semblance of meaning. A close friend of ours had written a book a few years prior to the start of us writing this, so we thought we'd give it a shot. Though Nathan's (our friend's) book required a lot less work than this one will require, rest assured, we are passionate in our general apathy.

I had been hesitant about writing material of any kind since my junior year of high school, a tumultuous time where the only friends I had were the glow of a computer screen, the fellow denizens of the internet, and a select group of punks, goths, nerds and dorks that shared a similar disdain for the general populous. I chalk it up to a budding form of common sense mixed with a sneaking desire to prove myself somehow. Through the plays, amateur films, and short stories that I had created along with my friends, I had discovered a passion to create a lighter atmosphere. All the fights and threats that filled the halls fueled that need exponentially. If it were not for that time, I would not be where I am today. Those things that provided a sense of comfort have become good friends and constant inspirations, especially for this book.

This preface will most likely be the only serious portion of the entire thing. Make note of that. Yeah, I'm serious. This will be on the test.

David

As David just said, prefacing my preface, this book that you hold now in your hands (or that you are displaying on your computer screen because you were too cheap to buy a print version because heaven forbid that the creators make any money off of the fucking thing and obviously all that matters is YOU YOU YOU!) is a collaboration between David and myself that started as a part dare. David and I have collaborated on a great many things, most notably, our internet radio show/ podcast. I believe this to be because, well, David and I are geniuses well ahead of our time, to be bluntly honest. You'll find that alot of this book is nothing but blunt honesty. It's a culmination of art and pure brilliance. Don't be afraid to take breaks while you are reading and just put the book down, and say "Wow." It's a regular occurrence when reading such a Tome of Titillation.

On a more serious note, this book is a thing that I have been thinking about doing for many years. I wasn't sure if I wanted to approach this endevour on my own, or branch out and try and collaborate with someone else. Well, like with most things in my life (radio, film, etc.) I decided to branch out and collaborate with one, Mr. Vick. You will soon find out that this book is not something to be taken seriously (or maybe it is) and that the way that David and I collaborate is unique, to put it lightly. I don't think that anything else I can say will properly preface this novel, so you might as well get started and learn about it by reading. Enjoy.

Thank you, Nathan, for driving us into this crazy world of self-publishing.

Taylor

“It is quite gratifying to feel guilty if you haven't done anything wrong: how noble! Whereas it is rather hard and certainly depressing to admit guilt and to repent.”

Hannah Arendt (German born American Philosopher and Political scientist. 1906-1975)

Chapter 1

At first, there was a feeling of nothing. He was stuck in the state of mind when you don't realize whether five minutes had passed or five hours. He didn't have a memory of what happened before, nor could he predict what was going to happen next besides the continuing state of nothing that he was currently in. Although he wasn't a philosophical man, he found himself contemplating who he was and his place within the world. It didn't take very long.

Darren's vision blurred into coherence and the dissolving darkness of his unconsciousness was replaced by an overwhelming sense of pressure around his head. While he took stock of himself, he took a good, long look around the room in which he had been lying. He never found the source of the smell that first struck his nose, but it reminded him of fried something-or-other. In fact, the only adjective that could describe the place accurately was 'greasy.' Dirty, dried-up handprints riddled the walls and doors of the bedroom, mostly collecting around the desks, tables, the cheap television, and its remote. Crumbs of all different sizes littered the sheets and the floor like they had fallen off of the back of a truck. There was another smell Darren noticed, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it

yet, so he slowly sat upright in the bed.

He looked around for a mirror to get a good look at himself, but there were none in the room, not even a portrait with a glass front. On the bedside dresser though lay a large spoon, covered in God knows what substance. He thought about using it as a mirror, but he then thought about touching it. Needless to say, taking a look at himself became secondary to figuring out where he was exactly and how he got there. Peeking out the plastic blinds across the room from the bed, Darren realized that the cornerstore across from his place couldn't be more than two blocks from where he was now.

Darren paced back and forth, tiny sharp chip crumbs biting into his foot. Escaping from this creepy deep-fried room would take not just a portion, but all of his cunning. The question was whether he had enough energy to make the escape out the window or just bolt for the front door, wherever it was. Already, the ridiculous amount of food stuffs left to rot on the carpet had slowed his pace down to a careful tiptoe. How could he handle running through a whole house like this? And what the hell was that weird smell that kept bothering him?

Sure enough, his answer came right through the door, waddling around on stumps that make pirates envious. Surrounding the gargantuan humanoid figure was a Pig-Pen cloud of stench. Briefly, Darren was reminded of his Astronomy class in high school and his teacher's description of how a star forms. As this nebulous mass of

grease, lard, and what appeared to be some form of lust blundered towards him, he then realized what the smell was that nagged at him. Then he looked down at his shirt.

No butt psychic could make such a dynamic impression as this being had done to Darren's vestments. What was left of the previous day's meal came erupting out of him as he ran around the woman, trying to escape her grasps while looking in confusion for the door. After an eternity of circling, Darren broke free and sped out into the hall and through the front door. Everything became a blur while running through the rest of the home. Only the gravelly sound of his quick feet on the carpet gave any indication to the similarity of the grease trap to the rest of the home. To the rest of the neighborhood that morning, his desperate, panicky running down the street coupled with the occasional fountain of food went unregistered. This was a normal sight to behold when it came to that person's house.

Darren ran inside his home and immediately bathed himself in cool water, shivering less from the temperature and more from the horrors that may have been inflicted upon him.

"So that's how you got the Vomit Comet nick, huh?" Carlos asked, looking thoroughly disgusted.

"Yeah, pretty much," Darren replied. "But that was just after I graduated. I've got loads more."

"We should probably end our session here," Carlos said. "I have to pick up my kids. Same time next week?"

"Alright, next week then."

Chapter 2

Now is as good a time as any to take a look at Darren from a different perspective. This young man is a rare type of person known as a *guilt fibber*. Normally, Darren is awkward and uncomfortable in social situations, as many in their teen years are. Being constantly awkward didn't really help his situation much either. One such incident that serves as a true bastion of his status involved a pet ferret and some medication meant for humans (that will be explained later in this book).

After a string of such incidents, however, Darren found that retelling these horrible scenes brought about a slew of listeners and people that would normally never associate with him at all. Of course, this only led to superficial friendships and acquaintances, but Darren's shallow nature was perfectly fine with that. It was exhilarating to see the faces rapt with expressions of anticipation and excitement for what was to come next.

Like any good, shallow, and opportunistic teenager, Darren immediately set about trying to get laid with his super-powered vocabulary and wordplay. Wordplay, he hoped, that would lead to foreplay (you'll never see Darren speak the previous

sentence, for example. Ever). One of his first successful escapades happened after his high school classes ended one day during his sophomore year. After being dropped off by the bus in his neighborhood, Darren put on a sorrowful demeanor, walking with the gait of a boy with heavy thoughts. One of the more sympathetic girls of his neighborhood took notice of Darren's mood and decided to catch up with him rather than immediately head to her house.

"Hey Darren, what's going on with you?" she asked innocently.

With a sigh, Darren replied, "Oh, hey Sarah. It's nothing really. I just need some time to myself."

"You've never acted like this before."

"I don't want to talk about it." Darren said quickly.

"Why so sharp? Come on, tell me."

Hesitantly, Darren quietly said, "I just got a divorce." In his mind, Darren waited to see if he had actually made an impact with his words. Not a moment later, Sarah's eyes showed budding signs of compassion and sadness. *Gotcha, bitch!* He thought.

"Wow. I don't know what to say other than I'm sorry about that." She gave Darren a long, comforting hug.

"Thanks, I really appreciate it," he said, trying to stifle his laughter by pretending to sob.

"If you ever need anything, please let me know. I'll be glad to help."

"I could use some company tonight. I'm planning to watch *Sixteen Candles, The Breakfast Club,* and *The Notebook.*" *The magical trio,* he thought.

"I LOVE those movies!" Sarah exclaimed, "I didn't know you liked them too."

"Well, I'm a different guy."

As they continued to walk to Darren's place, smiles on their faces, Sarah asked him "How come you got married so early? I thought you couldn't do that?"

While he continued his morose attitude, the question sent his mind reeling to catch any damn excuse that he could muster. After a few seconds, he found the right words.

"I thought and my ex thought we were both emotionally mature enough to move on

to the next level. Our parents were fine with it. We both considered each other 'older' in a way. Though I'll never know that for sure. I won't even get to know her *physically*, which wasn't really a priority of mine, but it sure does add to it."

Now, Darren didn't think that these silly words would actually work, but he had to try something. This girl was just dumb enough to believe a sophomore high school student could get married and subsequently divorced, so she had to be gullible enough to believe what he just said. Sarah looked as if she was turning things over in her mind, which from Darren's point of view looked like she was pinching a loaf. She didn't say anything else the rest of the way too his house.

Sure enough, the combination of teen hormones, emotion-filled lies, and hot McAdams-Gosling action worked in Darren's favor. Thus began the work of Darren, the guilt fibber.

Chapter 3

With Darren's graduation from high school came a new-found freedom for deceptive lechery and exploring the reaches of his wild and vivid imagination. The part-time jobs he worked to fill the time between his exploits were barely tolerable. Being a clerk at a nearby convenience store was the worst of the worst. For the most part, people went about their business, and then it was just a matter of tolerating boredom. After staring down someone's shirt for too long, his manager fired him. It was his manager's shirt, after all. He was really uncomfortable with Darren's stares.

Being fired from his fifth part-time job in only a few months, a depressed Darren took his extra cash and fake ID with him to the supermarket to get some hard liquor. On his way there, a familiar face greets him in tattered rags and a grungy demeanor. Saddleneck Saul limped over carefully to Darren's side, mumbling that ever-popular crazy hobo-speak that Darren had found so appealing for the five years he's known him.

"TIGER WOODS!"

"Oh hey, Saul," Darren cordially said. "What about him?"

"It's all a conspiracy. Tiger Woods, Eminem... next thing you're gonna show me is a Canadian Volleyball player and a Mexican hockey player!!"

Not wanting to snap any more twigs in that already barren waste, Darren said, "Must be because of The Patriots."

"HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?!" Saul then subsequently screamed out, "Potato feathers!" and tried to head-butt the nearest brick wall. Darren knew then that the charming fellow would sleep soundly for the rest of that day.

Mid-afternoon in the supermarket brought with it customers of a very chatty sort. Those mothers who stayed at home went to the store around this time to make sure things were prepared when their kids and spouses arrived for dinner. Normally, they'd be bawking and chittering to each other about useless tripe like the drama that unfolds from a fictional dysfunctional family, a situation likely bred out of denial of their own dysfunction. New people meant opportunities to wax at length about their personal lives. Medical conditions, troubles at home, the weather not agreeing with their goiter; poor cashiers and stock boys were subject to this banal torture.

Darren's somewhat more discerning and less tolerant mindset forced him into supermarket stealth mode. To make it to the liquor aisle, he had to take an indirect path. The aisle that provided the least amount of interaction would be the Mexican and Kosher food aisle. No respectable house-wife would dare go into that aisle full of candles, beans, matzo and kosher salt. The only ones who do are those that are so self-conscious, they buy tortillas and think they're being culturally tolerant. With the stride of a thoroughbred, Darren made his way past the sainted glass candles and around to the liquor section, narrowly avoiding a woman curious about the difference between a hard and a soft taco.

Much to his surprise, there was only one person other than himself present in the aisle. Darren's thoughts began racing as he processed the situation.

Wow, OK I thought I'd be alone in this aisle. Who drinks mid-day besides hobos? Doesn't look like she's getting a 40 though. Looks like she's gonna get some sarsaparilla or something. Wait, that's not right. They make root beer out of that stuff. She's gotta be getting some sort of whiskey over there. Hell, that's a pretty strong drink for a woman like her. She couldn't be younger than 50. Tiny as shit too. Some of the bottles are bigger than her. She's got a nice ass though, that's for damn sure. Looks like there's a book in her purse. "The Malefactors"? Something just doesn't sit right here with this woman. I gotta lay it on thick to find out what's up.

Darren sidled over casually next to the woman, whose head reached just under his collarbone. With a deep breath, he turns to the woman.

"Evenin', madam. It appears to me that you have quite the discernin' taste when it comes to the particulars of the devil's drink. I mean no offense, but in recognition of your most diminutive stature, even but a sip of any one of these tonics present would likely beset you from your standards."

She turned slowly to face him, with a suspicious eye.

"My, aren't you a piece of work?" she said with a charming southern accent.

Chapter 4

"She's one hell of a woman, that Carma," Darren said. Carlos listened intently.

"Carma? With a K?" he asked.

"No, a C. Yeah, her mom was one of those hippies."

"Lots of people have weird names for their children. I ran into a couple one time who named their boy Granville."

Darren let out a shocked laugh. "That's a horrible name. Sounds like a bread-making company."

Carlos steered the topic back on track. "So when did you find out about her family's wealth?"

Darren thought for a moment, trying to recall that specific image. "Hmmm. I think it was after the fourth visit to her house. The size of the place should have

clued me in, but I was sure once she showed me the huge wine cellar she had. And that we had sex in."

Carlos shuddered at the thought. Darren continued on with his story, shifting a bit in his seat.

"Apparently, her husband had divorced her a couple years before, so she had all this stuff and no one to share it with. I figured she had a problem when she was buying whiskey at three in the afternoon."

"You mean like you were going to?" Carlos interjected.

"Well, yeah."

"She must've noticed you there too."

"Of course!" Darren exclaimed. "Why do you think I'm here?"

"It was her idea for you to see a counselor? Is she the one paying for this?"

Darren sat up from his slouched position in his chair. "See, she didn't want word to get out in her circle of friends that she has a strapping young lad such as myself to fulfill her desires. So she just gave me the money to pay for it."

Carlos shrugged. "At least you can't fault her for being a caring person."

"Ha, yeah right," Darren chuckled. "If she were caring, she'd send me to the MD to figure out why my thighs are sore."

"Are you sure those aren't love cramps?" Carlos slyly suggested.

"Shut the fuck up." Darren groaned. Sitting in the cushioned chair in the office was getting increasingly uncomfortable, so he started to walk around. "Damn it, this sucks. It's like my ass is numb." Carlos looked at him uncomfortably. "What the fuck, dude? It's not sore like that. I have my limits."

"Fine, fine. I'm sorry. Let me see it."

"What?"

"Let me see it, I am a doctor."

"Fuck no, you're just a psychologist."

"Well, from here, your ass looks a little lumpy."

"Well, aren't you a delight with the women," Darren exclaimed.

"When did this pain start?" Carlos asked slightly impatiently.

Darren struggled to remember. "I don't know, a few weeks ago."

"Did anything happen a few week ago? Any events, other appointments, meetings?"

"Nah, Carma's been having a bunch of parties and shit for the past few weeks. That's about it." Darren was starting to suspect something awry with the cougar, but couldn't quite put his finger on it.

Carlos decided to end their session early. "You should probably ask her what's going on." With that, Darren bolted out of the office, leaving Carlos alone, chuckling to himself.

Chapter 5

With the pain in his thighs at a near unbearable level, Darren made his way to the home of his once-jilted lover/bankroll. He knew that he would surprise her at the house, since he usually takes his time coming back after a session by going to the nearby college bars with a camera and a bunch of spare hats and t-shirts that say "SLUT-TASTIC!!" in big, sparkling cursive letters. It's a side business he picked up that seems to net him some free drinks and girls that enjoy some of the nastier things he's been willing to try out. This time though, Darren was determined to get to the bottom of this issue. He sat unevenly in his car; Carlos' lumpy butt comment hit him deeper than he thought.

I do NOT have a lumpy butt! He thought furiously to himself. *What the hell did she do to me?*

Darren pulled his car up to the house across the street because the driveway was filled with vehicles, cars and SUVs Darren recognized as ones belonging to Carma's gaggle of wrinkly hens. Coincidentally, the sounds of their laughing could be heard all the way across the street, waking up a fellow who had been

sleeping in a kiddie pool in his underwear.

"Hey Mr. Shawson, it's Darren."

A gurgling sound emanated from the gentleman who then promptly fell back asleep.

As Darren strode closer to the front door, he noticed that the wooden blinds were shut tight, preventing him from seeing inside into the living room. Normally an exhibitionist, Carma's shutting of the blinds was a bit of a sting to Darren. Rather than barge through the front door, he snuck around to the back door. He quietly tiptoed through the kitchen as the conversation and laughter increased in volume. Finally, just outside the entrance to the living room, he could listen in on the conversation.

"Oh, there. It's looking much smoother now."

"Thank you, doctor."

"You're so right, honey. Your ass looked like the plates could shift at any moment!" Darren recognized Carma's voice before the laughter became raucous once again. Darren stood in horror at the sight before him. The 'doctor' sat on the short coffee table as one of Carma's friends had her skirt hiked up to her waist.

She was bent over the loveseat displaying her rear end to everyone in the room. Each woman had either a skirt on or had shed their bottoms completely, displaying the glory of their spider-veined legs. In the doctor's hand was a syringe plunged midway into the woman's ass meat. The irregular dimples and unnatural smoothness of her cheeks led Darren to the conclusion that this was no ordinary party.

"Darren! What are you doing here?!"

The ladies all stood up in shock at the sight of him standing awestruck in the middle of the doorway. Some rushed to pull on their skirts, while one or two simply ran out the door.

"What the fuck is all this?" Darren quietly said.

Carma casually sauntered over to him. "It's a pumping party, my dear. How else did you think I got my butt to look so divine?"

Darren couldn't answer at first. All he could really do was make stuttering, almost guttural noises. Carma took this as an opportunity to explain herself.

"I don't see why I should have to explain this really. I wanted to look as gorgeous as I can be for any new suitors I happened to come across. My niece here has been

doin' this for ladies everywhere, but I wasn't sure about it until I had her test it out on someone."

Darren snapped out of his daze. "Wait, is that why my ass is so goddamn curdled?"

"Well, it's not like you was gonna use it. Unless you're thinking of something different to try out, honey."

"Look, I may not be an attractive guy, but I thought I had a pretty good ass," Darren defensively replied.

"She can fix that for y--"

"Damn it, shut up!"

"I will NOT! I wanna look beautiful for you. You're so young and I wanna be your Barbie doll. Now, did you want to try out buttplay or no?" Carma began to slowly caress Darren's shoulders. He had enough of this ridiculousness, so he shoved her on the floor and made his way to the front door.

"I've had enough of this shit. You're fucking weird, lady. I'm gone."

"You can't leave! I'm your Barbie doll! Make me your toy!"

Darren ran across the street to his car, jumped in the driver's seat, and took off down the road, leaving Carma to come running after him, her pumped-up behind flapping in the breeze.

Carlos, coming home from the office, noticed a note hastily scribbled on to a piece of paper that was taped to his door. It read:

Carlos,

You were right. It was her. Stay far away from that woman. Don't try to contact me.

-D

The story continues in *How Noble! Part Two: Carlos...*