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Confessions  
of a serial  
killer  
by  
joseph  
medville  
fook  
as told to  
john scott g

*Fook: Confessions of a Serial Killer*

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“You can always count on a murderer  
for a fancy prose style.”

—*Humbert Humbert*



# A Different Way of Looking at Reality

“Somebody’s always being  
quoted saying something.”

— *Anonymous*



— CHAPTER 1 —

**K**illing comes easily to most people. Step on a bug, swat a fly, crush a spider, drown a rat. Even the taking of a human life seems like it might be a minor matter. A snap (of the neck or spine). A cinch (with a garrote or noose or lead pipe). Easy as pie (with poison). Shooting fish in a barrel (or people in the chest). Dead certain, you might say. But it isn't always a tranquil occupation. Killing, that is.

And we must now pause to reflect on the oft-repeated warning about the inappropriate use of prepositions...

Miss Keckrick\* smiled another of her smug smiles of small-minded condescension and said to the class, "Our Joseph has made a mistake. Does everyone recognize the error? Remember now, Joey: One does not end one's sentences with a preposition."

\* Most names in this book are pseudonyms. "To protect the innocent?" I asked. "Yes," Fook replied. "After all, I have eliminated the guilty."

Yes! One must grasp this crucial rule. And if one did not grasp it immediately, Miss Keckrick would be certain to repeat it for you in front of the class. One *had to get it right* or else the Language Police would do something distressing. And therefore, one must commit to memory this essential imperative:

*Prepositions in sentences, not at the end of!*

Another vital rule: Avoid being caught committing murder because it might go on your permanent record. When that was first told to me, it did not sound terrifying because I liked records. Vinyl, people call it these days, and when they say “vinyl,” they appear totally oblivious to the fetish aspect of that word. One can only assume they lead sheltered lives. As if that could be called living.

You need to keep in mind that committing homicide ain’t easy. (Yes, I used “ain’t.” Those of you who worship at the altar of the Grammar Gods are just going to have to lump it with portions of this narrative.) As for the taking of a human life, one must possess a tremendous amount of will power for such an act. One needs a resolute mindset to commit murder.

Without a steely constitution, you should avoid killing at the beginning of your personal spate of crimes. Some other type of wrongdoing might be a better choice, at least at the onset of your efforts.

Let's take manslaughter, just as an example. You will discover that you can sashay into committing manslaughter without a care in the world. Slam right into it, as in, "I don't understand it, officer, but the brakes just had no effect. Is that man going to be all right?"

No matter how carefree you are when you approach the deliberate taking of a human life, there is almost always an earnest moment of hesitation. The magnitude of the event sobers you the hell up. It's at that point of indecision where you really appreciate having taken the time to consider the variables, like the method, the timing, the avoidance of witnesses, and the plausible alibi.

Committing a decent murder requires strong nerves, good planning, and rigid discipline is what I'm trying to convey to you.

True, there are people who can just slip into their Grim Reaper persona without as much as a backward glance—some can send another person

to the faraway forever without being at all grim. “These are my happy instruments of death, fa-la-la,” you might hear them say. Although, if you did hear them say that, it probably means you’ve gotten a little too close.

You don’t want to get too close.

Imagine what might have happened if you were too close to me when it became necessary to deal with Miss Keckrick. She had to receive a proportionate response to her effrontery, in this case through dropping a few of my mom’s Alprazolam tablets into the cup of coffee she always consumed just before the end of the school day. Newspaper reports stated that she fell asleep behind the wheel of her car on her drive home and died in a spectacular five-vehicle accident. I was suitably remorseful about the innocent people caught in the pile-up.

Still, it had to be done. The ending of Miss Keckrick, I mean. She caused it to happen. Her abominable behavior had made it essential. It wasn’t her superciliousness about the proper use of prepositions that necessitated her death. No, it was her patronizing use of the diminutive... her offensive deployment of hypocorism... her insulting use of “Joey.”



I'm certain many of you recognized that as the precise moment I knew she had to expire and that I had to be the one who assured her demise. Do you like those phrases? "Had to expire" and "assured her demise." Those are both examples of terrific terminology, and I fully admit to appropriating that language from another source. Yes, I steal from the best examples in all of literature, in this case a detective story I discovered in a 1947 pulp fiction magazine.

Ahhh, the nineteen forties!

Now that was an impressive decade. The allied forces temporarily halted the racist and fascist forces during the forties. The standard of living began its upward trajectory, which was only halted whenever conservatives gained control of the government. But most importantly, the forties made murder stylish. Everything looked so cool in those grainy black-and-gray-and-silver-and-white images. Or, if a great cinematographer was working on the film, then instead of *grainy* black-and-gray-and-silver-and-white you would be seeing everything in *glossy* black-and-gray-and-silver-and-white. Sleek!

In addition, men in the 1940s wore fedoras. Yes, I admit this seems frivolous, yet I find

aspects of it to be fascinating. Even when things got a little complicated, like after a heist or a caper or some fisticuffs, those guys in the nineteen forties had enough panache to keep their fedoras on their noggins. Many of them had flair to die for. They were slick. They were suave. They had style.

Not to mention the stunning *femmes fatale* of the forties, the ones who were always pouting and plotting and vamping and slinking around in tight skirts, nylons with seams, and high heels with ankle straps. Electricity!

Let's face it, I came of age in the wrong era.

— CHAPTER 2 —

**M**y birth was of importance within our family but the world took little note. That was because no one yet knew of the power that had been bestowed upon me, the power of existence and departure.

Just after my conception, our branch of the family had joined the rarified ranks of the *nouveau riche*, having become instant multi-millionaires in the Ohio Lottery. My parents reveled in their newfound financial freedom. Foolishly renting a large motor launch for an afternoon outing on Lake Superior, they were overtaken by a sudden storm that coincided with my mother going into labor with me.

The boat, ironically named Seaworthy, capsized a few yards from shore. I suffered only the normal birth pangs but my father was washed overboard and my mother was crushed under a buckled bulkhead. Dad drowned and mom was disabled. So, it is not being overly melodramatic to state that death and destruction have been with me since the instant of my first breath.



*Mom and Dad pre-wealth & pre-moi.*

My birth certificate says I was born in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada at 2:56 p.m. on March 7, 1984, and the name on my birth certificate was left blank.\*

\* Fook's birthplace was Whitefish Point, Michigan, USA, which is about 50 miles from Sault Ste. Marie, Canada. The time on Fook's birth certificate is 4:51 p.m. The date on Fook's birth certificate is July 17, 1967. The name on his birth certificate is Joseph Morgan Klattenburg. When I pointed out the discrepancies, Fook replied, "These are the merest of details. Such minor matters should be of no consequence between friends. We *are* friends, aren't we?"

In childhood, I was stuck with the ungainly family name but in adulthood I attempted to change my name to Joseph Medville Fuck. This proposal produced a number of negative reactions: alarm from my mom, ridicule from my fellow inmates, disapproval from my physicians, and threats of censorship from social networking firms. I was going to invent another name but started doodling on a piece of paper, repeating my desired new moniker: Fuck.\*

Absently, I filled in the “u” and the “c” in one Fuck and *voila*: Fook.

\* The “Fuck Fuck Fuck” continued for sixty-four pages.

### — CHAPTER 3 —

**T**here are more than two hundred different types of cells in the human body: red, white, stem, nerve, skin, fat, muscle, cartilage, bone, and so on. Each variety of cell has its own specialized responsibilities, and each interacts and/or combines with others to form organs. That is what keeps the contraption called the human body functioning.

Altogether, you have thirty-seven trillion cells in your body and most of them contain roughly six feet of DNA packed into the nucleus.

That means, when I kill someone, I am wiping out thirty billion miles of DNA. Something like that makes you stop and think. It doesn't stop the killing, but it makes me put in a few more seconds ruminating about the situation.

You know, I should have been born in a more philosophical time.

— CHAPTER 4 —

**C**autious. That's the word to describe my demeanor in high school. During the four years of my forced attendance at loathsome Lincoln Wood High and repugnant Piedmont Preparatory Academy, I utilized discretion, restraint, and circumspection.

This is not to suggest that I was lazy about my life's work. Far from it. During the fourteen hundred sixty days I was compelled to present myself at these two nauseating institutions, I felt duty-bound to register my objections and to do so in the violent manner that was becoming second nature to me.

There were very few times during those 2,102,400 minutes of torture that I did not contemplate arranging for the maiming and/or removal of a great number of classmates, teachers, staff members, school administrators, and members of the state Board of Education.

However, all of the unfortunate accidents that befell people at Lincoln occurred when I was attending Piedmont, and vice versa.

Only Mr. Beaufort, my chemistry teacher at Piedmont, became aware of my proclivities. He confronted me about it, apparently because he wanted to take a few precious moments to express his shock, his dismay, his distress, his concern, his consternation, his shock (he was repeating himself quite a bit once he got all wound up in his tirade).

I was unmoved by his emotional outbursts, which only seemed to inflame him further. He made a number of valid points during his predictable diatribe. He went into some detail about his plan to inform “the authorities,” as he put it. Most of his ideas about reporting his findings were sound, but ultimately, he was unable to express his disapprobation to the school or to law enforcement. In an ironic twist of fate, he departed this world in a shocking act of autoerotic asphyxia.\*

The police report stated conclusively that the strangling of Mr. Beaufort was self-administered, but there is a distinct possibility that I played some small part in the proceedings.

\* Autoerotic asphyxia is the act of restricting the body’s oxygen to increase orgasmic intensity. As if you didn’t know.



I didn't really do too much—just tying the noose, opening the trousers, positioning the body, placing the hands, that sort of thing.

The sleeping pills I administered via his mocha latte proved enormously helpful in giving me the time to arrange the tableaux. Yes, caffeine once again was the method of ingestion.

I love caffeine.





that took place beyond the time of the Civil War. With his blinders firmly in place, he rejected the brilliant advancements of Symbolism, Fauvism, Expressionism, Cubism, Futurism, Abstract Art, Dada, Precisionism, Surrealism, Art Deco, Pop Art, Op Art, and Photorealism. Most shocking of all, his narrow-minded view was a refutation of the glories of Impressionism.

Clearly, the man was in need of some of my special attention.

One day, the pedant walked into his office and recoiled from a cobweb. It was not an actual cobweb, but a Halloween novelty product sold for party décor. He waved first one hand, then the other, trying to dislodge the fine gossamer threads, one of which was a nylon fishing line. The line pulled out a cotter pin, releasing an anvil, which tumbled off the top of a set of bookshelves. On its way down, the anvil nicked a safety match. The match ignited a fuse leading to a Bunsen burner. The flame from the Bunsen burner heated a beaker of water. The rising steam soaked a tissue, causing it to split apart. Pieces of it fell in front of a motion detector, which set off a fan, which roused a parakeet in its cage. The rustling of the bird attracted the attention of a

cat, which leaped up to the top of the birdcage. The increased weight on the cage activated a spring behind the bookshelves, toppling them onto the professor, trapping him on the floor where he starved to death over Spring Break.

A maintenance worker discovered the body after a few days but didn't do anything. "Hey, don't blame me," he said. "I thought it was one of those concept art things. That art stuff doesn't touch me and I don't touch it."

It was moderately amusing to eavesdrop on the idle chatter of students commenting on the professor's expiration. This entire episode was certainly good fun but it had one drawback: setting it up was terribly time consuming. I sought a return to simplicity, so the next impediment in my life was removed by striking it numerous times with a cricket bat; the one after that was run over by a pick-up truck I borrowed from the student lot. Both methods were much more efficient than Goldberging.

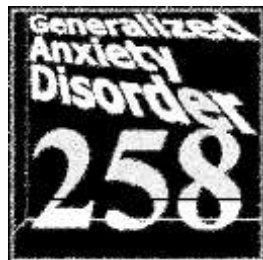
Thus, my semesters at Beardsley College passed pleasantly until I moved on in pursuit of my personal and professional goals.\*

\* Fook was expelled.

# Just Beyond Your Field of Vision

“Practice your lying skills but  
have plausible deniability.”

— *Catherine Tramell*



— CHAPTER 6 —

Artistic endeavors have the capacity to animate or appease the senses; to tickle or soothe the soul; and to send shards of emotion straight into the cerebellum. With art, you can mainline a devious inversion of the zeitgeist and ride it into a black sunrise on the horizon of destiny. Or something delightfully impenetrable like those last twenty-three words.

However, art doesn't stop there. In addition to providing delight, there is also devastation. This is because one cannot fully grasp the intricacies of existence that battle within the artist to produce the synaptic connectivity necessary to conceive of and execute a work of art. Or something devastatingly impenetrable like those last thirty-one words.

Therefore, without so much as a backward glance, I became a “fashioner of dreams,” as Claire Quilty described artists.

I attained a smidgen of success in terms of The Art but I also attained an impressive level of failure in terms of The Income.

Regrettably, patrons did not seem overly fond of my drawings of their children. Take this charming piece, for example:



I am not certain why the parents of the precious little flower girl in the Buster Browns did not appreciate my rendering. I accurately captured the twerp's personality, I assure you.



Obviously, illustration was not my *métier* so I became a painter. My oils reached out to the viewer through line, shape, form, substance, and shadow. I exposed the inner reality of a subject.



The wealthy industrialist who hired me to create this painting was very upset. “That’s not my little Tiffany!” he shouted.

I replied evenly, “That’s just the way I see your daughter. I painted her essence.”

An argument ensued. I remained calm despite an annoying amount of invective and spittle emerging from his mouth. We had two

basic areas of disagreement. First, he was refusing to acknowledge the sanctity of artistic freedom of expression. While I didn't mind arguing the point, the problem was that he kept cutting me off every time I began explaining the situation to him. That was very rude. As you may have discerned, I dislike discourtesy.

Second, he wanted me to return the first half of my fee for creating the painting. I quietly but firmly pointed out that this would have been a violation of our contractual agreement.

"I don't give a fuck!" he shouted.

"I think you had better leave my studio," I informed him. "Let me show you to the door."

"You listen to me, you little shit," he spat out. "You are going to—"

He stopped because he lost his breath. He lost his breath because I kneed him in the groin. "No," I said. "This discussion is over."

I put my hands on his throat and only let go after he lost consciousness. I wrapped him in a tarp and dragged him out to the dumpster.

It was disillusioning experience. Still, I had to acknowledge that painting was not my *métier* so I became a photo-illustrator, specializing in portraits.



Darla and D'Shay Washington, daughters in a mixed-race family, loved their composite portrait. "It's you and me!" D'Shay told her sister. "It's me and you!" Darla told her sister. Or perhaps it was the other way around. Their parents were indifferent. Obviously, photography was not my *métier* so there was only one thing to do: I became a conceptual artist.

Before we proceed any further, you should know that conceptualism is to art as John Wilkes Booth is to political discourse.

With conceptualism, “the idea is the idea.” Let’s say you think of an event: “Flowers are admired by a biped next to an imaginary brook in a fictional forest glade at exactly this moment in the twenty-first century.” There, that is a genuine conceptual art piece. Here’s how it might be exhibited:



*Flowers are admired by a biped next to an imaginary brook in a fictional forest glade at exactly this moment in the twenty-first century.*

*Artist: J.M. Fook. (On loan from the Fook Estate.)*

In the exhibition catalogue (\$95 in the Museum Bookshop) you would find several scholarly essays explaining and/or extolling the

virtues of the conceptual art movement. In a box would be this quote:

“In conceptual art the idea or concept is the most important aspect of the work. When an artist uses a conceptual form of art, it means that all of the planning and decisions are made beforehand and the execution is a perfunctory affair. The idea becomes a machine that makes the art.” – Sol Lewitt, *Paragraphs on Conceptual Art* (1967)

People would read these statements (those who can read) and either scoff or nod wisely. Both reactions are understandable but only one of them embraces the innovative spirit of humanity.

I created a number of procedures (as I called my concept art pieces). It was fun. And inexpensive—for the cost of a brainwave, anyone can create or participate in a work of conceptual art.

We are now going to present a few words about my show at the Trowbridge, a much-esteemed purveyor of all things artiste-ish. My exhibition was entitled “Empty Gallery, Freshly

Painted; Please find Wine, THC, and *hors d'oeuvres* in the Office Upstairs.” Here is, in its entirety, the essay that accompanied my show:

For those pure in art  
No explanation is necessary  
For those impure in art  
No explanation is possible

That erudite dissertation appeared in the middle of fifteen otherwise blank pages. Yes, I know: it was pretentious, hoity-toity, elitist, precious, twee, jejune, a waste of paper, and a rip-off of the semi-official explanation for religion. Despite that, I found it delightful.

All of this mighty intellectualizing was to no avail. Without art in physical form, you depress the potentiality of sales. The only way to make money from the intangible is by selling the documentation of the ideas, and I had no takers.\* Clearly, conceptual art was not my *métier*, so I turned to chemistry.

\* Three silkscreened t-shirts were sold at Fook’s conceptual art show. Somewhere, someone is wearing a royal blue tee with bright yellow lettering reading, “I Fook. Do you?”

Beaker half empty.  
Test tube half full.

“Learn your ABCs:  
absinthe, belladonna,  
and chlorpromazine.”  
— *Professor Chiron*



— CHAPTER 7 —

Getting hired for a position at a respected pharmacological laboratory was not difficult because of my impressive resume, which included a B.S. in Chemistry, an M.S. in Chemical Engineering, and three years' experience in the Biological Solutions Division of the National Science Foundation.

Joseph Fook didn't actually possess any of those qualifications, but Yancy Rossling did. I had recently made the acquaintance of "Yance," a thoroughly dull fellow who was prone to making extremely bad puns and who liked lime ice cream. His resume was exactly what was required for my purposes and so I borrowed it after disposing of his body in the trunk of a late-model SUV that is now resting at the bottom of the otherwise charming Meadows Lake on the grounds of the lovely gated community with the clever name of Lake Meadows.

Work at the lab was uninspiring but it afforded me access to supplies and equipment that would have been challenging to obtain.



Within just a few weeks, I had managed to move forward with my own developments in four distinct areas of interest.

First, I required an alternative to clozapine, a drug that can restore the neurotransmitters in the human brain. When the hallucinations are entertaining, there is no need for “the cloz,” but when they move from amusing to gloomy, I self-administer a dose. Because clozapine is a prescription drug, obtaining it requires regular visits to a psychotherapist, something that has resulted in personal disagreements in the past and is therefore to be avoided.

Second, I needed something to prevent the unwanted side effects of clozapine, which can include a rise in blood sugar and cholesterol, as well as the resultant weight gain. This is important—I do need to watch my girlish figure, after all.

Third, speaking of girlish figures, I frequently required an inamorata. The selection at the lab was excellent, as it turned out. I concentrated on dating girls whose jobs were in those parts of our industrial complex that were as far from my location as possible. Even so, my requirements in terms of intimate relations

resulted in raised eyebrows among the distaff side of the work force; therefore, I switched to dating girls from other companies in the area. With a number of competing biotech firms nearby, there was an excellent selection of eligible females. The only problem was watching out for the occasional Mata Hari who was dating me in order to gain information about our lab developments. But this type of intrigue only added spice to our post-coital conversations.

Fourth, there was my true passion: my relentless search for an undetectable poison.

Excellent progress was made in all four areas before I was outed by a jealous coworker.\*

I attempted to explain to the company managers that my poison work was theoretical. "I'm writing a script for a police procedural TV show." My entreaties were unpersuasive.

The laboratory provided an acceptable severance package but insisted that I leave their employ. I sighed, took the money, and departed.

The chemical industry turned out not to be my *métier*, but chemistry itself proved to be invaluable, as you shall see.

\* Louise Jane Thorenson, RIP.

# Perchance to Scream

“Lovers and madmen have such  
seething brains, such shaping  
fantasies, that apprehend more than  
cool reason ever comprehends.”

—*William Shakespeare*



— CHAPTER 8 —

A shaft of light. Flickering at first, then glinting, shimmering, gleaming. It was usually a knife, although sometimes it would be a scimitar. Or a machete. Or a scalpel. Or a bayonet. Or a spear. Or a lance.

Once a week, my nightmares involved the approach of death in the form of a long, luminous, razor-sharp blade.

Wielding the knife was a large, black-clad figure of uncertain gender, race, or nationality. Light was on the blade, not on the assassin. I would yell without sound. I would shout, shriek, and scream from within a shroud of silence.

There was no escape. No matter how fast I ran or how many leaps, twists, and turns I made, the knife was always in close proximity, gaining ground slowly but inexorably. Nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer...

Sometimes I awoke just before dying. Other times, I expired at the moment the blade entered my heart. On occasion, I spent a few moments in the sleep of death. It was never peaceful.

— CHAPTER 9 —

**W**hile my nocturnal dream escapades were unpleasant, I knew they merely reflected the dreadfulness of working in corporate America. My daytime world became one of deviousness, degeneracy, despondency, doubt, and desperation... In short, I had joined a firm specializing in advertising and public relations.

“Why do you keep taking these positions?” my mother asked, concern and maternal affection in her voice. “You have a trust fund, Joseph. With it, you can live quite nicely without getting a job.”

I explained to her my strong work ethic, my commitment to reforming capitalism from within, and the importance of my feeling of self-worth. I did not add that working provided more opportunities to create alibis and cover my tracks as I performed my true life’s work, which was death.

That is why I again sought employment and ended up in an advertising agency. Like other

companies in the hype sector of the free enterprise system, they provided promotional services to nationwide firms whose products were of dubious value to society.

Getting hired was just as simple as with my prior employment at the pharmaceutical lab. Three steps were required.

First, I needed to locate someone of my age, gender, and ethnicity—someone who had the necessary qualifications for the job.

Two, I needed to kill them in an efficient manner.

Three, I needed to assume their identity.

Which is how I found myself employed in the broadcast department of Omni Marketing Corporation. Our section of this firm was in charge of making television commercials for big clients, each of which met one exacting standard: they had to have more money than decency.

The chain of Ersatz Pizza Palace & Ye Olde Family Emporium locations became my primary responsibility at the agency. This happened after I had moved up from the lowly position of Production Assistant to the higher-paid position known as Producer of Broadcast Hype, which is not the actual job title but should be. My rapid

advancement occurred because of an unfortunate accident that befell my boss. Somehow the brakes failed on his very sleek and very highly powered German sports car. That high school auto shop class finally paid off.

Omni was a busy place, with troupes of worker bees employed in various and sundry tasks. Most of these people could be described as “vanilla evil.” There were two reasons for this. First, they were milquetoasts; second, they were racists.

I suppose I should be thankful for their spinelessness because it helped me assume more responsibilities within the organization. The moment these gutless wonders discovered I was willing to make decisions and stand by them, my rise was assured; they were loathe to display any kind of resolute behavior. In addition, they thought producing commercials was difficult. It's not. All you need to do is hire a dependable crew, an excellent editor, and a competent director; then you keep your mouth shut unless they depart from the script, the storyboard, the budget, or the schedule. The only other qualification is “don't insult the client no matter how stupid his suggestions.” That one was

difficult for me but I persevered because the money was good.

As for the racism, it must be acknowledged that their entire industry is one of the most segregated in the country. Places described as advertising and PR agencies like Omni are actually white advertising and PR agencies, but there are also Black agencies, Hispanic agencies, Asian agencies, female agencies, gay agencies, and so on.

One morning, I was sitting across the desk from Omni's president. He was on the phone with an executive recruiting firm, listing the qualifications for a new account manager. The last point the president made was, "No blacks or minorities."

When his phone call ended, the look of disgust on my face must have been palpable because the guy shrugged and told me, "The clients wouldn't understand."

"Perhaps we should try to make them understand," I replied. Before we could debate this point, another phone call interrupted us.

Several months later, I was attending an ad industry function along with some of the agency executives. I spotted the boss taking advantage



of the hosted bar. Not realizing the extent of his inebriation, I went over to him and attempted to complete our truncated conversation about the prejudice in our profession. He downed another shot and growled at me with his words slightly slurred, “Hey, kid, we already let in the goddamn Jews; we’re not going to let in the goddamn niggers, too.” He turned and lurched away, preventing me from making any number of points in rebuttal.

Discreetly, I began sending out resumes, not realizing the entire industry, if not the entire population, was as spiritually warped as my current employers.

Meanwhile, I continued to honcho the productions of Omni’s annoying commercials for fake Italian food. How bad was the product we were pushing? The crust of their pizza seemed to be made of reconstituted cardboard shipping containers. Their selection of frozen meats came from processing plants using the same exacting standards as in the production of truck mud flaps. Their assortment of toppings appeared to consist of grated hockey pucks, beer-battered rubber bands, caramelized pencil shavings, and a succulent rodent confit.

“It’s crap,” was how one focus group respondent described it. “Yeah,” muttered the client marketing manager, “but where else can you feed a family of five for about a buck and quarter? This isn’t gourmet pizza, it’s pizza at a price!” He had a point. A miserable, twisted, and disgusting point. Also disillusioning was the fact that this vile company was a very successful American business.

We created new ads for the putrid pizza purveyors on a regular schedule, but one month, the client decided to hire an award-winning TV production company for their next commercial instead of having Omni do it. This took away some of my responsibilities but also alleviated some of the pressure. All I had to do was advise the production company while acting as agency-client representative.

The ad was being shot on a bright, hot July day inside one of the company-owned pizza stores, fortunately one with an excellent air conditioning system. In my pocket was a check for many thousands of dollars. The production company had received one-third of the budget when they were first awarded the job, and they would receive the final third upon completion of

the spot. Today, however, they were to receive the middle third of their payment. It was my duty to show up, see that they were on schedule, and hand over the check to the UPM (Unit Production Manager) at some point before lunch.

I arrived at the pizza palace around seven-thirty that morning and pulled my car into a spot near a generator truck in the parking lot. Generators were needed because the lighting used in television and motion picture production takes huge amounts of electrical power. There was a single generator in the budget for the commercial, but there were three trucks sitting in the lot. I walked around the trucks, each of them making that tick-tick-tick sound that vehicles emit after being driven a while. I took photos of the truck trio and went inside to have a discussion with the UPM.

After the man demonstrated that everything was moving forward according to the production schedule, he looked at me with an expression every dog owner knows whenever feeding time comes around.

“I sense that you feel it is now time to deal with payment,” I said to him.

“I hope so,” was his reply.

“No problem,” I told him, “just as soon as you tell me about the three generator vehicles sitting in the parking lot.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“The budget calls for one truck.”

Astonishingly, he began lying. “Well, you see, Joseph,” he said as if talking to a child, “there are big generator trucks and there are little generator trucks. If you can’t rent a big one, then you bring in some little ones.”

“Right,” I replied. “But each one of those three trucks is big enough for this job.”

He attempted to bluff his way through the situation with quick bursts of persiflage about wattage and voltage and amperes and—

I held out a hand to stop him. I pulled up the budget on my mobile device and pointed to the power requirements. Then I brought up the three photos of the trucks.

“By law,” I said calmly, “the power output of each generator has to be displayed on the outside of the trucks. If you’d care to examine these photographs, you will see that these three vehicles have about five times the power required for this production.”

We stood there in silence for a moment. He wanted to bluff his way out of this situation but nothing popped into his little mind. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. He sighed, glanced around nervously, and then said conspiratorially, “I need to talk to you.”

“We are talking,” I whispered back.

“Not here,” he said and motioned for me to follow him out of the pizza shop.

We got all the way down to the sidewalk in front of the building before he resumed the discussion.

“Okay,” he said. “Here’s the skinny. The director has come up with a killer idea for the end of the spot. Just killer!” I smiled at his word choice. “So, Joseph, you see those trees sticking way up over the top of the restaurant?” I nodded. “Well,” he continued, “we’re going to light those and make ‘em sway with wind machines. The camera will be right here.” He pointed at our feet. “We’ll be pouring light out of the restaurant so it’ll look like the place is glowing. Plus, the trees will be waving back and forth above everything. It’s gonna be like nature is beckoning you to a feast. I gotta tell ya: It. Will. Be. Great!” He paused, a big smile on his face. It

was the kind of expression some people would call enthusiastic and others would call a shit-eating grin. “Don’t you agree, Joe? Don’t you see how spectacular it’s going to be?!”

“Have you looked at a calendar?”

“What?”

“We’re in the middle of summer,” I said.

“So?”

“So, the sun goes down at about eight-fifteen.” He looked puzzled. “Our shooting permit,” I continued, “is good until six tonight, so the only way you could get a shot like that is by hoping the beat cops don’t show up.” He looked apprehensive. “Second, quite apart from not having the budget for the extra power trucks, lights, and wind machines, you’d be paying the crew at ‘golden time’ rates for the entire evening.” He flinched a little at the mention of overtime payments. “So,” I went on, “now it’s time you show me where you’ve found the money for all that in the budget. And don’t forget the donation to the Police Officer’s Benevolent Association to have them overlook the infraction.”

We stood there in silence for a moment. A bead of sweat ran down his nose.

I nodded and said, “I thought not. Once you’ve canceled the generators, lights, and fans, call me at the agency. I’ll be in my office.”

I left him standing there on the hot pavement and walked back to my car, the very large check still in my pocket.

As I walked into the office of Omni, the receptionist said, “You’ve had three calls from the location.”

“Good,” I said. “Next time they call, just put them through to my desk. No need to announce them—I’ll pick up right away.”

“You’re not calling them back?”

“Nope. They tried to fuck us and I don’t mind letting them stew about it a little longer.”

From what I’ve seen, half of the business transactions in American capitalism proceed in this manner. It’s enough to make you want to kill somebody.

— CHAPTER 10 —

**M**y time in the world of hype brought me in contact with many people who possessed highly-developed creative abilities. There were artists who were able to represent almost anything using just one image. As with a logo, for example.

Most big companies have a logo. Some designs are classic in their simplicity: The CBS eye. The NBC peacock. The Nike swoosh. Some logo designs are obvious: The Apple apple. The Target target. The Shell Oil shell. Some are more complex, like the designs utilized by Versace, Starbucks, and MGM.

I looked at some of these creations with envy and desire. There didn't seem to be any reason why my life's work wasn't recognized with a brilliant artistic creation like the entwined Cs of Coco Chanel or the puzzle piece globe of Wikipedia.

Eventually I realized a logo wasn't what was required for my specialized talents. What I needed was something entirely different: an



image that was complicated and multi-layered, yet instantly recognizable. Further, it needed to make children smile while causing adults to frown in puzzlement, if not shudder in terror.

Several graphic designers were given the opportunity to develop an image for me. They presented material with the usual clichés, including chalk outlines of bodies, faces with two Xs for eyes, smoking guns, nooses, headstones, and bloody knife handles. Charming as these were, they fell short of my desires. Those that were ominous lacked humor, and vice versa. I wanted something that said “Hello!” and “Fuck You!” at the same time.

One Saturday night at a goth club in Hollywood, I was introduced to Anaïs, a lovely and amiable drug addict who ran a small firm with the appealing name of Death by Design.

I don't know if it was the calm demeanor of Anaïs or the effects of the Bar Sinister absinthe, but I must have revealed too much about my hobby because I was suddenly aware of Anaïs saying, “What you need is a calling card to leave near the bodies of some of your victims.”

Hearing her say that was a shock. I thought fast and replied, “In theory.”

“Of course,” Anaïs continued. “For use in your conceptual art procedures.”

“Yes,” I said, realizing I had been talking about myself for quite a while.

A price was agreed upon, we shook hands and parted. In about a week, Anaïs invited me over to her loft for an unveiling of her artistic creation. She went through a minor amount of drama, putting La Scaltra’s *The Third Eye* on her sound system, lighting three bowls of incense, and offering me a shot of absinthe and a puff or two of THC. Without a word, she aimed two spotlights towards the center of the studio where a brocade curtain of iridescent violet was insouciantly draped over a large easel.

Reverently, she lifted up the fabric and slowly slid it over the back of the wooden display apparatus on which reposed the *objet d’art*.

“The calling card of the friendly fiend,” she told me without a trace of mockery. “The symbol of sequential consequences,” she continued, unconsciously matching the beat of the goth music. “The mark of the maestro of mayhem,” she added. She said it in such a manner that it could apply to her work or to me.



I took in the image from several angles, the smile on my face growing larger the more I studied it. “I love it!” I told her. “It’s everything we discussed. Friendly but also ominous. Seriously comedic, or the other way around.

Gender blender, too,” I said approvingly. “Really wonderful work, Anaïs my dear.”

“Thank you,” she said quietly. She appeared to be trying not to grin.

“In the presence of this image,” I said, “one doesn’t know whether to laugh or cower. You are magnificent. I could hug you.”

“Well,” she said with *femme fatale* eyes aimed right at me, “why don’t you?”

We stood there, her and me, aware of the smiling image of death on her easel, yet somehow removed from its magnitudes and penalties. The moderne gothic music seeped into our veins like the wormwood of the absinthe. We slipped into each other in a similar fashion.

Later, lying beside her, I put my hand on the small of her back and whispered, “Kissing you is what it must be like to kiss an angel.”

“Mmmmm,” she purred.

I was blissful for the first time in a long while. Bliss, for me, is usually short-lived and this evening proved no exception. It didn’t matter that the graphic arts and graphic sex were both satisfying, my mind couldn’t stand still. I knew that producing the calling card would be a long process. The paper stock would need to be

obtained from a source nowhere near where the cards would be printed. The ink would have to be mixed from multiple sources. Once printed, the cards would have to be moved to another print shop and run through a press to varnish a fingerprint in the one corner. I decided to use one of John Dillinger's prints, available on the Internet courtesy of the FBI. People do not know or appreciate the care and planning that is required in order to add a touch of the theatrical to one's murder game.

Anaïs stirred and I was brought back to the here and now. She was so lovely. I was, for the moment, an exceedingly lucky man. I smiled and closed my eyes.

We lazed in her bed for a pleasant part of eternity, wrapped in each other's arms, floating in the erotic part of heaven, or the heavenly part of hell.

# Taking Things Into Your Own Paws

“Know your three Rs:  
ranting, raving, and rutting.”  
— *Grover Cleveland*



## — CHAPTER 11 —

**B**ullets travel at different speeds. The velocity of a projectile upon emerging from the barrel of a gun is perhaps 400 mph on the slow side to 2,800 mph on the high side. That may sound fast but it's nothing compared to the 67,000 mph of the Earth's orbit around the Sun. That seemingly impressive rate of speed pales in comparison to the 486,000 mph of the Solar System's dance within the Milky Way galaxy. Yet the speed of a bullet shrinks to insignificance when considering the 1,300,000 mph of the galaxy's travel within the universe.

The point is, even if you're sitting in your breakfast nook while reading this, you're zooming around at a pretty good clip.

Not that any of that motion made the slightest difference once I pulled out my latest stolen weapon, in this case a Smith & Wesson Model 10 revolver with 76 mm barrel. I was aiming it at my boss, the officious, blustering, alcoholic, racist president of the advertising and public relations agency. He said something

worth quoting at that moment. Something like, “Hey what the hell are you—” but he didn’t get any further because I pulled the trigger. Twice.

I was standing about two yards away from him so the aiming part of the job was relatively simple. With placement of one projectile in the chest cavity and another in the cranium, two shots were all it took to complete the task.

The “bidness man,” as he frequently called himself, was dead before his body toppled to his hideous gold carpet and before his wife’s cat skedaddled to the back of the house at a speed approaching that of a slow bullet.\*

The man’s removal from the population became a necessity after he revealed his racism, and I do feel guilty about waiting so long before acting. My only excuse is that I was busy killing other people...

There were the developers who wanted to evict hundreds of families in order to put up another hideous high-rise. There was the car dealership that faked the MSRP (Manufacturer’s Suggested Retail Price) to raise the price.

\* “I felt terrible that my gunshots scared the cat,” Fook said with genuine regret in his voice.



There was the account executive who played country music in the office.

Each of these offences to humanity required my services.

As I said: busy.

One Friday afternoon, the agency president told me that he needed me to stop by his home on Saturday. He said that's when he would be done with a conference call from the corporate office of the pizza pushers about a change in marketing of one of their putrid products. He wanted me to assess the information immediately so we could start changing the commercial production schedule. If I hadn't already been planning to kill him, I would have been offended at having to run such a silly errand on a weekend. However, this was perfect for my purposes. I would steal a car, drive to his home, dispatch him, and be on my way.

So, without much preamble, I shot him. I suddenly felt that some sort of ceremony should be enacted, so I quietly intoned, "*Swinem warmen Blut entblühen wonnige Blumen.*"\*

\* Fook is quoting from Wagner's *Die Walküre*: "From his warm blood bloom rapturous flowers."

I turned to leave but suddenly discovered there was still some additional business to which I had to attend.

The sound of a gunshot, sometimes called a report, is very loud. Inside a house, it can seem even louder. That's why I was wearing ear plugs. No sense having ringing in my ears for an hour after dispatching someone.

In this case, it turned out to be three someones... the man's trophy wife came running into the room and the weapon reported again... then the man's lazy good-for-nothing brother-in-law wandered into the room, earbuds blasting out some hideous pop-schlock "music" and the S&W reported once more.

Then, all was quiet.

Well, almost quiet. They had a couple of birds in an elaborate indoor coop and the damn things were now chirruping and fussing and shrieking like crazy. Just before letting myself out, and just after placing one of the double-smile cards on the kitchen counter, I released the birds from the cage so they could flap and flutter their way around the house.

I assumed the cat would want dinner.

# One Perspective, Two Perspective

“It’s not important how many  
people I’ve killed. What’s  
important is how I get along with  
the people who are still alive.”  
—*Jimmy “The Tulip” Tudeski.*



— CHAPTER 12 —

I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state. I am not in a fugue state.\*

A fugue state is a form of amnesia, a malady it has been my fortune to avoid unless one counts those murky mornings of shady remembrance due to the prior evening's influx of wormwood, lysergic acid diethylamide, and THC. But no, that doesn't count.

I am never in a fugue state. I am sometimes in a dream state, but that is something very different from being in a fugue state. I remember my dreams and I remember my reality. Take last week Thursday in the grocery store parking lot for example...

\* "I am not in a fugue state" continued for seventy-three pages. Exactly in the middle of the 36th page, "fugue" was spelled "fudge." Fook was pleased that I caught "the deliberate typo," as he called it.

I remember watching the guy (white, mid-thirties, beard, about five-feet ten-inches tall, driving a black behemoth vehicle) honking his horn at the woman (Hispanic, mid-thirties, about five-feet two-inches tall, driving a Corolla) who was trying to get her two infants strapped into their car seats. She smiled and waved at the man briefly and then returned to her task. The frowning clown in the truck began inching his hulking vehicle closer to her, as if threatening her with several tons of motorized metal would somehow make the process move faster.

She finished her chore, shaking her head at the rudeness of the miscreant, and got in her vehicle to be on her way. The reprobate leaped out of his monstrosity and began yelling at her to “go back where you came from” and other assorted conservative racist canards. As she drove past me toward the exit of the lot, I shrugged at her and smiled. She smiled back, again shaking her head in consternation.

I mention all of this to demonstrate my grip on my memory, but if this isn't enough detail, allow me to add that I followed the human effluvium into the market, bumped into his soon-to-be-carcass in front of the meat department,

and used a syringe to inject him with a chemical that is as yet unnamed but which has an effect on the human body not dissimilar to arsenic. The man was dead before I reached the end of the aisle. In this particular instance, I didn't leave one of my double-smile cards. This cretin wasn't worth it.

I did, however, briefly observe his body as it began to collapse, and before turning away from his moronic countenance, I noted that his eyes were blue, his dark beard was flecked with grey, and he was wearing faded blue jeans, a brown belt, a white but stained t-shirt, an unbuttoned tan bowling shirt, a red baseball cap, and scuffed tan off-brand shoes.

See? There is nothing wrong with my memory.

In a fugue state I am not.

Awake & Aware.  
Asleep & Beware.

“The sweetness of the moment  
is undeniably bitter.”  
—*Harrison Birtwistle*



— CHAPTER 13 —

**T**alons and hooves. Breasts and penis. Wings and arms. Scales and skin. Horns and hair. Such were the mesmerizing contradictions of the Baphomet. The creature visited me in my hours of repose, using the spell of Morpheus to aid its approach.

Wait. Did I use the word “visited” a moment ago? Allow me to make my apologies, for that word was misleading. “Attacked” might be the more accurate term. The Baphomet attacked me during my somnolence.

Invariably, the actions of the creature were accompanied by the gushing of oxygen being pumped through gargantuan lungs, or perhaps it was just the sound of the air being buffeted by the creature’s huge wings. Screaming was also a part of the atmosphere, an added torment, probably the ineffectual pleas of a thousand past victims flooding the ether.

Timpani and snare drums pounded in my temples as Baphomet appeared out of the mist of reverie, swooping down at me, razing my flesh



with its long, curved nails, beating my head with its weighty hooves, goring my torso with its long, sharp horns, and teasing my wounds with a caress of its feathers.

Whenever artists depict one of these creatures, the painters or illustrators are often quite adroit at rendering the dichotomies of the beast, the half-human and half-animal aspects, and the male and female characteristics. However, they fail to suggest the enormity of the fiend. The sheer bulk of the beast cannot be over-emphasized. As I twisted away from another strafing, the monster passed close to a twenty-five foot high outcropping of the forbidding cavern in which I cowered, and in that moment I could see that just one of its wings was larger than the rock formation.

Could I scuttle into a crevasse to escape? I tried, but the beast assumed a new size and was suddenly next to me. I rolled to my left but the beast was now a duality, trapping me between the forbidding forms.

I was doomed, yet I was spared for a moment. The music of Handel's *Dixit Dominus* hymn engulfed my ears, the magnificent vocal line sending joy along every synapse and into

every sinew. It was glorious. It was splendid. It was heartening. But the elation was ephemeral. The beast closed in, opened its maw and devoured my body in one swallow.

Just before I awoke from the nightmare, a new horror befell my soul: a renascence, a resurrection, a return. I was reborn as Baphomet. Now, I was the creature and the creature was me. I was the beast. I was Lucifer's Angel. I was a Deity. I was imbued with immense power, the power to foster good or evil.

Suddenly, the infinity of the universe opened before me, with Earth as my nerve center.

I am flying over the waters; I am floating above the plains; I am roaming the globe. I am observing human interactions throughout the entire godawful globe. I am searching. I am investigating. I am probing. I am sighting. I am examining. I am sighing. I am judging. I am joining that part of the cosmos that controls our existence. I am in action.

I am become Death.

— CHAPTER 14 —

**M**oney. With it, you have more options in life; without it, you scrounge. When you can capitalize some of it, you can obtain even more money, which then provides you with even more options. Take my family's situation as an example. Once my mom's medical bills were paid, the estate had approximately twenty million dollars. A very perceptive group of people at a firm called MT Kasey shepherded the money. They oversaw our investments in property, stocks, bonds, mutual funds, index funds, futures, exchange-traded funds, options, annuities, commodities, private equity funds, certificates of deposit, cryptocurrencies, offshore accounts, tax shelters, politicians, and god knows what else.\*

\* Fook claimed his family's political donations helped elect three democrats and fifty-five republicans. "Mom wasn't right-wing," Fook explained, "it's just that conservatives are so much easier to buy."

Out of this wealth came a five million dollar trust fund for me. When you consider the earnings potential of that sum, you see that it would be possible to live off the interest generated by that amount of money. This is an excellent illustration of the adage, “the rich get richer.” If you have money to invest, you can then make more money from the investment.

You could realize a few percentage points of interest from putting your money in a bank or from U.S. Treasury bonds; but those are not smart investments. You would earn considerably more by putting your money into the stock market and real estate investments. In some years, my five million dollars grew by a quarter of a million dollars; in some other years, my fund expanded by a half a million dollars; and in still other years, the expansion was even more than that.

One of my investments, a stock called Burkett & Equikrom, was the success story of the year when they found themselves sitting on the formula for an industrial coating process that aided in microchip production. The share price of their stock went from about ninety-eight cents to two hundred dollars within several weeks of

frenzied trading. I just happened to hold fifty thousand shares, thanks to MT Kasey's extraordinary vision.

All of a sudden, my five million dollar trust fund was a fifteen million dollar trust fund. Even if I were to engage in an extravagant amount of spending, there was no way I would go through the interest that this sum earned each month. As you can imagine, there was no longer any excuse for me to keep sending out resumes and seeking employment.

I decided to do some traveling. Take a little time to see the world. Explore new cultures. Immerse myself in different forms of art, architecture, music, and hemlines.

If, along the way, I should happen to cross paths with people whose rudeness, inanity, greed, and condescension were overly offensive, well, I had a good supply of my SF#10 to try on them. Special Formula Number Ten was the potion that so efficiently removed the lout at the grocery store. I was looking forward to noting how SF#10 performed with different doses administered to different people in different climes at different altitudes. Research, that's what it was.

Also, by engaging in a little innocent wanderlust, I would be able to distribute my double-smile cards in various points around the Earth as I improved the living conditions of so many locations.

I am, after all, a benefactor.

— CHAPTER 15 —

**V**ariety! Interacting with people who are on holiday from their regular pursuits offers one the opportunity to assess a multiplicity of viewpoints. Here, while sipping one's morning coffee in the hotel restaurant, strolling down a boulevard, or contemplating a sculpture in an open-air gallery, it is possible to share a few precious moments of conversation with fellow human beings.

These treasured moments enable one to exchange quips or bon mots about art, life, esthetics, morality, religion, politics, and etiquette. It turns out there is nothing like interfacing with various and sundry individuals to make it dazzlingly clear how much stupidity there is in the world.

Besides having to endure hordes of horrific people, there are additional aspects of traveling that leave much to be desired, especially relating to taste and smell. There are scents that will cause queasiness and throbbing headaches. There are foods that you will find difficult to digest.

There is untreated or tainted water that will attack your entire system from the inside, rendering you helpless and prostrate when not depositing the contents of your stomach in the nearest receptacle.

Further, there are practices, norms, and customs that will make you recoil in dismay. For example, there are bribes you must offer if you expect any satisfaction with your stay. In addition, there are entire cities and countries whose populations the British did not teach to speak English.\*

Despite all of the drawbacks to traveling, I the sights are often worth the struggle...

The Taj Mahal, shimmering in the warm embrace of the sun. The Alps, shimmering in the cool caress of the clouds.

The stunning natural creations along Australia's Great Ocean Road. The stunning human-made creations at Machu Picchu, Peru.

The eruption of Japan's cherry blossom trees. The fusillade of colors in Bora Bora, French Polynesia.

\* "India has a hundred million people who claim to speak English," Fook noted, "of which only three dozen are correct."



Paris at sunrise. Paris at midday. Paris at twilight. Paris at night.

Lest you fear I had become distracted by the majestic array of natural splendor that dazzled my eyes and soothed my psyche, let me assure you that I was constantly alert and continually on the job. I am no slacker.

Let me explain the reason for my brief hiatus from my true calling: I discovered a kill clinic in a remote region of Africa. While I will not betray a confidence by revealing the name of the lab or the country in which it was located, I can say that they were below the Equator and above the Tropic of Capricorn. Most importantly, they were producing a number of extraordinary potions that could render a human body into various states of repose.

The key to their success was a creature they called *kruipende dood*, or crawling death. It was long, segmented, squirmy, and extremely gross. It was afraid of nothing, possibly because it could render helpless any living being that got within several feet.

“The *dood*,” said one lab worker, “is going to put our country at the forefront of clandestine warfare. This creature is ‘milked’ for its venom

on a daily basis. We now have one of the largest supplies of deadly serum in the world.”

Several of the lab technicians were willing to talk with me about the *kruipende dood*, not because they supported my mission but because they were thirsty. Purchasing round after round at local bars resulted in a great deal of top secret information. “You know,” another lab worker confided to me, “that damn *dood* didn’t exist until we created it. Bred it. Cross-bred it, really.”

It took a few more libations to get the full story. For years, they had gathered and studied Carabidae, Phasmatidae, *Stenaptinus insignis*, *Anisomorpha buprestoides*, Formicidae, and *Camponotus saundersi*. By slowly intermixing the species, they created a mutation that combined the death-dealing properties of each.

“This is a killing machine,” they told me. “It manufactures deadly toxins in various parts of its body. It can secrete the toxin. It can spray it. It can inject it. It can sting you with it.”

“And to get the toxins, you guys milk it?” I asked incredulously.

They laughed. They made a few comments that I couldn’t understand, each one of which produced more laughter. Eventually, one of them

admitted that they were joking when they used the term “milk it.” They were propagating the hybrid insects in order to kill them and grind them into their *l'elisir di morte*, their elixir of death.

If only I had known that from the start. All that was required was for me to break into the laboratory facilities and obtain a supply of the death cocktail sauce. And then I was off on what I called the Removal of Repugnance World Tour.

Herewith my achievements during the next twenty-eight marvelous months:

- ✓ A poisoning in Paris
- ✓ A strangulation in San Salvador
- ✓ A poisoning in Palermo
- ✓ A stabbing in Sendai
- ✓ A poisoning in Portland
- ✓ A beating in Berlin
- ✓ A poisoning in Port of Spain
- ✓ A shooting in Seoul
- ✓ A poisoning in Poznan
- ✓ A drowning in Durban
- ✓ A poisoning in Puerto Vallarta
- ✓ A hanging in Hong Kong

- ✓ A poisoning in Port-au-Prince
- ✓ A suffocation in San Juan
- ✓ A poisoning in Pretoria
- ✓ A burning in Barcelona
- ✓ A poisoning in Panama
- ✓ A throttling in Turin
- ✓ A poisoning in Palu
- ✓ A crushing in Caracas
- ✓ A poisoning in Plymouth
- ✓ A vehicular homicide in Vancouver

Altogether, there were twenty-two cases of havoc and mayhem—all of them meticulously planned and precisely executed, if I do indulge in a bit of self-congratulation. Thanks to my efforts, a grand total of thirty-seven unneeded souls were removed from the surface of the planet.

There is no need to thank me. I was doing what I enjoy.

— CHAPTER 16 —

Upon my return to the United States, I felt it was my duty to approach the country with the same criteria I used when abroad. Accordingly, I resolved to look at “the states” as if seeing them for the first time. It did not take long before I discovered, to my dismay, that many of the deficiencies I had complained about overseas also affected my home country.

Most obvious was the fact that America had an abundance of idiocy, superficiality, amentia, mindlessness, vacuity, dullardism, numskullery, and chowderheadedness. Perhaps the primary example would be the sixty-three million citizens who worshiped an ignorant, racist, orange-stained pile of feces and considered it worthy of representing the nation on the world stage. That was cringeworthy and disgusting.

When it comes to food that is offensive, indigestible, and unhealthy, America leads the world. There are literally tens of millions of daily servings of lard-cooked, sugar-infused, and sodium-laden offerings from the fake food

industry. Sorry, I meant the fast food industry. Somewhere in the United States, you can easily imagine that someone is seriously considering the idea of offering honey-dipped, beer-battered, Sriracha-glazed, barbecue-basted, sugar-coated, double-fried squirrel bellies. On a stick.

Americans are bloated and bovine. Part of the reason has to do with the incredible array of food products which include added ingredients such as corn syrup, dextrose, fructose, galactose, glucose, lactose, maltose, sucrose, or one of the 48 other names for sugar that food manufacturers are allowed to use on the “ingredient list,” or what should more properly be called the “warning label.”

The American horror story does not stop there. Thanks to conservative politicians, the country is poisoning its own water supply via fracking and industrial run-off. The odor near refineries and chemical processing plants will give you more than headaches.

As for our spoken language, apparently the British were equally poor at teaching English to the colonies. This country cannot even agree on pronunciation: carra-mel or car-mull; bow-ee knife or booie knife; coop-on or cue-pawn. We

should perhaps avoid having an overly lengthy discussion of the approach to language in rural and Southern areas, but allow me to provide three examples:

“Gimmeh thet yella mustar fer mah dawg.”  
 (“Please pass me the mustard for my hot dog.”)

“Dija eejet?” (“Have you had something to eat?”)

“Thet mess o’ liver puddin’s ever bit as good as Goob said!” (“That serving of peppered pig liver sausage is just as tasty as Uncle Goober promised.”)

This book’s editor asked if my using those particular examples constituted a subtle put-down of some Southerners’ penchant for making a meal out of almost any recently-killed creature. To which I replied, “Was it subtle?”

The point is that there are groups, batches, bunches, slews, and clusters of human-shaped critters whose presence would not be missed by any decent person and whose absence would contribute to the improvement of the planet. I resolved to do something about that situation.

— CHAPTER 17 —

Speaking privately with the leading rightwing member of the city council was an interesting experience. On the one hand, some very important points were discussed. On the other hand, he didn't appear to be receptive to things like facts, evidence, or logical conclusions.

“Senselessness is a very large part of the problem,” I told the councilperson. “Stupidity is actually a revered tradition in many parts of the United States. But then, you are well aware of that because you are one of the uninformed.” He shook his head. “Oh yes you are!” I told him, deliberately using the tone some people use when addressing their pets.

“In addition,” I went on, “there are districts, cities, and states that have become infested with those who are both morally deficient and developmentally challenged. You represent one such city.” The councilman shook his head once more and made a series of “mmmmrrfff” sounds through the gag in his mouth. There was no



danger of the gag slipping off; I had fastened it quite firmly.

“Now,” I continued, “these moron-majority locales are quite easily identified: simply examine the sub-human creatures they elect to represent them in government. Like yourself,” I stated. He again shook his head and mmrrffed at me. “The walking excrement in your party support inequality, despotism, avarice, and graft.” There were more muffled sounds from the piggy-eyed, self-important conservative politico.

“That’s all right,” I assured him, “we both recognize that you are not among the sharpest arrows in the quiver. You suffer from a disease called ‘conservatardism.’ It’s a malady that has some people perplexed.”

At this point, I fell back on my experience in the hype game and began speaking in the style of a commercial voiceover actor. ‘Please give generously to your local education fund so we can find a cure for Conservatardism... because a soul is a terrible thing to misplace.’ I should record that,” I told him. He mmrrffed again.

“It is unfortunate,” I continued, “that this nation has allowed a lack of education to become a badge of honor among Republicans such as

your own repugnant self. ‘We is free to be the most stupider!’ appears to be the motto of the GOP. But you know that already, right?” He mmmrrffed in agreement. Well, I took his noises to be agreement.

“Freedom is a divine concept,” I told him, “but it requires constant attention. Democracy is a crucial part of humanity, but it takes work. There needs to be some effort on the part of the population to learn how to read, to gain some knowledge of civics, and to understand the fundamentals of human decency. There is no excuse for the continued existence of an entire political party that tolerates—and in many cases embraces—greed, racism, fascism, misogyny, homophobia, xenophobia, plutocracy, theocracy, ignorance, and belligerence. In other words,” I said while looking directly into his eyes, “there is no excuse for something like you.” He made louder noises and broke a sweat struggling against the braided leather bindings on his arms and legs.

“Consider the morally reprehensible legacy of Republican political hacks.” I began tapping him on his cranium for each point. “Repealing clean air standards. Repealing clean water

standards. Repealing food production standards. Repealing drug production standards. Repealing voting rights legislation. Suppressing votes. Under-funding education. Attacking access to healthcare. Attacking Social Security. Attacking Medicare.”

I looked at him with a stare that was meant to be admonishing but probably came off as threatening. “You should be ashamed,” I told the conservative twit. “Are you ashamed?” I asked him. He started to shake his head, then stopped, unsure of how to respond.

“In addition,” I reminded him, “for decades, conservatives have been whitewashing American history—and even removing history—from our children’s textbooks.” He started shaking his head. “Oh yes you have. You have been depriving students of the truth. Think about how we founded this country on the twin evils of genocide and slavery. Conservatives don’t want to acknowledge that, do you? But it’s true. Our staid, revered, and august founding fathers owned slaves, and they jammed racist policies into our foundational documents by counting a black person as three-fifths of a human being and helping out the slave-owning states with the

fiercely flawed Electoral College.” He continued to squirm against his bonds.

“When this nation scolds other countries for genocidal acts, or poor election standards, or mistreatment of minorities—that is the very definition of irony. Conservatives like you,” I tapped him on the proboscis, “insist on denying all of this, sometimes in measured tones but often at the top of your leather lungs. Oh yes you do. And you perpetually insist that you are the party of values, morality, and decency—three things no conservative possesses. When it comes to everything involving the denizens of the rightwing cabal, your *words* are worthless. It is necessary to watch your *actions* to know the reality of the situation. As with all things conservative,” I informed him, “stupid is as stupid does.”

He mmurrffed and squirmed and struggled and sweated. Until he died.

It only required two CCs of my new and improved Elixir of Extinction to dispatch him to hell, where he was welcomed by subordinate devils into one of the special torture chambers reserved just for conservatives.

— CHAPTER 18 —

**C**omedy can alleviate pain. Unless it's painful comedy. Comedy can elevate the ignorant. Unless it's ignorant comedy. Comedy is a bulwark against the vagaries of the universe. Unless the comedy is humorless. The problem is that a great deal of what is called comedic is just worthless noise. In many parts of the United States, foolishness and juvenilia are considered acceptable entertainment.

America has a long tradition of elevating the most puerile, rancid, disgusting, and infantile chuckleheads to star status. Just glance at this list of embarrassments...

- ⇓ Jerry Lewis
- ⇓ The Three Stooges
- ⇓ Adam Sandler
- ⇓ Daniel Tosh
- ⇓ Dennis Miller
- ⇓ Tom Green
- ⇓ Pauly Shore
- ⇓ Rob Schneider

↓ Milton Berle  
↓ Sandy Barron  
↓ Larry The Cable Guy  
↓ Dane Cook  
↓ Carrot Top  
↓ Kevin James  
↓ Gallagher  
↓ Andrew Dice Clay  
↓ Joey Bishop  
↓ Adam Carolla  
↓ Carlos Mencia  
↓ Jim Varney  
↓ Jeff Altman  
↓ Jeff Dunham

If you are a person whose I.Q. is higher than your age, then you are properly appalled by that litany of ninnies.\* Each of the miscreants on that list is guilty of fostering ignorance and immaturity. Their foolishness impedes the forward progress of God's human experiment.

\* "Abbott & Costello," Fook said, "get a pass because of 'Who's On First?' They're bad but that was a pretty good bit."

These dimwits are also indolent. We should not overlook their unrepentant sloth in failing to do the work normally required for success in the world of comedy. Real comedians develop material that is actually comedic, but these lazy louts base their routines around bodily functions and injuries. That will get crowds of people to laugh, but out of embarrassment, not humor.

The success of these twits is the result of the propensity of too many adults to regress to their childhood days. While one can condone the desire to escape from reality on occasion, there is no need to shut off all brain functions. One can appreciate humor without sinking to the intellectual level of a fourth grader.

People snickering at the antics of those nimrods have allowed themselves to adopt the mindset of sugar-addled children giggling at the class moron who is frantically making arm fart noises.

Their senselessness makes me angry.

Angry enough to kill?

Perhaps.

After this next weekend, there may be fewer patrons of The Humor Mill.

# Haunting the Secret Synapses of the Mind

“I know who you are.  
I see what you’ve done.”  
— *Astraea*





— CHAPTER 19 —

**O**ddly enough, whenever I have the victim dream, the proceedings are strangely sedate. One might expect a concatenation of angry souls making accusatory gestures and howling at the top of their lungs, but such is not the case. The faces of the dispatched merely swim slowly past my line of sight, accompanied by the delightful sound of schoolchild choirs cooing a quiet little melody that might serve as a meditative moment in Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*.\*

At first, the visages appear as a blurry cloud formation of grays and blues, floating to me from a glowing horizon line that slowly tilts from 15 off axis left to 15 off axis right, and back again. Then the faces morph into full color and sharp focus.

\* Fook frequently mentioned masses and oratorios. "I enjoy hymns to god," he informed me, listing about a dozen compositions from Handel to Arvo Pärt. "I often listen to sacred music when fucking or masturbating."

“Oh,” I hear myself saying as the parade of faces continues, “there’s Steven the gunshot victim in North Hollywood, followed by Susan, the garroted gal in Reno, and that guy I threw off the Skytram somewhere in Scandinavia.”

Almost immediately, the faces begin to change, morphing into gross distortions, almost mocking the norm of human physiognomy.

“My, my, Jennifer,” I hear myself saying, “you’ve put on weight since dying. Who knew that was even possible?”

— CHAPTER 20 —

Circumstances created us—or was it God? Perhaps it was a combination of the two. At any rate, something conspired to set in motion this wretched little experiment in our one little corner of the Milky Way.

Unknown forces began conducting this unsupervised investigation, this strange hobby of the divinities, this Petri dish called Earth. We all became part of a grand examination, an inquiry into the basic nature of the human soul. Each of us, during our brief lives, was tested.

And we failed.

Within the laboratory study, humanity was supposed to represent the intellect. Humanity was, as it turned out, a poor choice for this. Now that the results of the testing are in and all the scoring has been tabulated, it is the considered opinion of the deities that the result of the study is: we are a catastrophe. A disaster. A washout.

God gave humanity the tools to succeed, but humanity failed to use them. If grades were assigned to humankind, there would be an ‘A’

for potential and an 'F' for achievement. Without the pestilence of conservatism, we might have made it. But with their greed, racism, and stupidity, Earth is doomed.

I am working diligently to remove as many deplorables as possible during the time that is remaining. You have to admit I am trying my best. Still, I understand the sense of helplessness for those of us who were born into the tail end of the venture. We sigh, and shiver, and suffer doubt and ennui as we play out our existence facing the doom that lies before us.

Civilization faced a series of trials in which it was possible to proceed left or right, up or down, on or off; it was a binary choice. Go one way and realize a state of grace; go in the opposite direction and face nothingness.

- knowledge or ignorance
- decency or depravity
- charity or greed
- morality or chicanery
- love or hate
- understanding or superstition
- fairness or inequality
- progressive or conservative

Too many people botched it. When facing each of those decisions, selecting the first option took too much work. Or it required too much thought. Or it needed basic human decency.

In far too many instances, *homo sapiens* went down the wrong path, made the stupid move, or took the easy way out.

# Pills in One Palm, Axe in the Other

“To be or not.  
There—I said the same  
thing even faster  
than Shakespeare!”  
— *Drunk frat boy*



— CHAPTER 21 —

The details of my apprehension by the police having been comprehensively chronicled in the popular press, there is no need to elaborate any further on that unfortunate episode. Unlike some of the more lurid reportage, it was a very mundane series of events.

I bear no ill will toward any members of the district attorney's office or of the three federal agencies involved with all of the elements of my capture, booking, bail battles, trial proceedings, and sentencing.

Throughout the ordeal, everyone was exceedingly cordial once it was determined I meant them no harm. It is true that, if it had been possible, I certainly would have exacted some form of retribution for those making rude comments, but in general, the law enforcement officers were a solid and stolid lot.

This, of course, is easy for me to say, not being black, Hispanic, Asian, LGBTQ, or foreign born—all of whom receive treatment

from the authorities that is much worse for more minor infractions, or for no infractions at all.

Once all the legal machinations concluded, I was fortunate to be sent to the very modern facility called Creedmoor, a combination prison and psychiatric hospital. If one is to be imprisoned, this was one of the least offensive locations. My becoming a Creedmoor “resident” was primarily due to the persuasiveness and monetary outlay of my dear mother. Working with a phalanx of attorneys, she arranged for a generous endowment that would replenish Creedmoor’s coffers every year, something that could be easily accomplished simply by dipping into the greater coffers of my family’s estate.

Accordingly, I was ensconced in a suite of private rooms, one with windows (albeit barred and electrified). The suite was equipped with all manner of electronic gear, which allowed me to engage in the pursuit of my new hobby. It was something I decided to call Motion Poetry, examples of which are available at a website that my literary redactor has graciously established for me.

The exterior of Creedmoor was something I never saw until after my escape because it was



well after sunset when I first arrived. The interior corridor walls were a color known as ‘hospital white’ but had an annoying 1960s design scheme of a sash of color painted down the middle of each wall, creating a forced perspective effect that made the hallways appear somewhat psychedelic.

Corridor ceilings were comprised of off-white acoustic squares with unflattering light fixtures awkwardly perched every ten feet. The tile floors were a color that could be called ‘scuffed white’ with occasional inlaid patches of faded green at the intersections with other corridors.

Most cells were the same blah off-white but those of us with family money supporting us had quarters with freshly painted bright white walls, bright blue ceilings, and bright yellow trim around the windows and doors. Bright, bright, bright.

The days passed pleasantly as I immersed myself in creating ever more jarring visual non-sequiturs, making deliberately obscure editorial choices within my video productions. Obviously, you cannot fully appreciate the motion aspect of my work in a still picture, but this one image

might give you some idea of the surreal quality of the type of visual onslaught I was creating:



I liken it to conceptual art but with actual imagery. The above example contains its own title, as some of you have probably noted.

While confined to Creedmoor, I managed to keep busy by working on two different projects. The first was the above-mentioned motion poetry videos. The other venture was considered by some to be even more outlandish than the surrealistic and Dadaistic videos.

I wrote a children's book.

# Shirley and Jimmy

**Written by  
Joseph Medville Fook**

**Illustrated by  
TBD**

*(We are still awaiting an artist willing to  
participate in this experiment.)*

**ILLUSTRATION**

*A smiling sun  
and floofy-poofy clouds  
in a style that is so non-threatening  
as to be repulsive to anyone with even  
a smidgeon of artistic sensibility.*

**It was a Saturday morning. The sun was shining. The sky was blue. The clouds were white. It was a good day for soccer!**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*Two non-threatening little children  
who are happy and quiet and nice  
and so idealized that you'd  
think the artist had never  
encountered a real kid.*

**Shirley was 7 years old. Her brother Jimmy was 6. They were in their car seats. Seat belts were tight for the ride!**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*Mom, seen from between the heads of the two unbelievably well-behaved children in the back seat. The mom is smiling and happy and encouraging and caring and bursting with pride at the two angels she is raising.*

**As Dad drove, Mom played word games. “Do good boys and girls get a hug or a bug?” she asked. “A hug!” they shouted with glee.**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*The two adorable kids are  
rushing onto the field alongside  
a bunch of conceited overfed  
dumbfuck germ bombs who have  
bulk instead of brains.*

**At the school, Shirley and Jimmy  
headed out onto the soccer field.  
Mom and Dad joined the other  
parents in cheering them on!**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*A soccer ball strikes the noggin  
of one snotnosed kid. Lots of  
“speed lines” showing the path of  
the ball just before causing a minor  
concussion. The clouds spell out “thunk.”*

**Shirley and Jimmy’s team scored 3 goals but the other team scored 4. The gym teacher said they all were winners. “Ridiculous,” Mom muttered. “The kids can count.”**



**ILLUSTRATION**

*Two menacing, Neanderthal, racist  
douchebag cops angrily confront  
Mom and Dad while Shirley and Jimmy  
cower in the back seat of the car.*

**On their way home, the police stopped their car and questioned Mom and Dad. “You match a description,” the police said.**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*Mom and Dad are writhing on the asphalt, blood pouring from their heads. Shirley and Jimmy are screaming in terror.*

**Mom and Dad wanted to get their children home. The police arrested and beat Mom and Dad.**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*Sad Shirley and dejected Jimmy  
in the arms of their stoic Aunt.*

**Shirley and Jimmy went to live with their Aunt. “Your mom is sleeping now,” their Aunt said. “It is a sleep called a coma.”**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*Shirley and Jimmy with tears  
running down their faces.*

**“You won’t see your Dad again,”  
their Aunt told them. “He is  
sleeping forever.”**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*Shirley and Jimmy looking at  
the reader, their faces full of  
fear and worry.*

**Shirley and Jimmy were scared.  
They wanted to know, “Why are  
Mom and Dad gone?”**

**ILLUSTRATION**

*The soccer field, empty except for one forgotten black-and-white ball resting in the green grass. Above the field is a smiling sun in a bright blue sky full of floofy-poofy clouds. Oh, and a rainbow.*

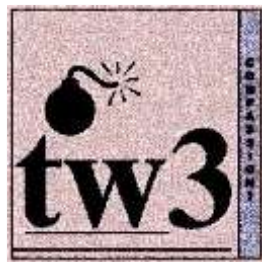
**Their Aunt answered them, but her reply did not make any sense. “We’re a different color,” she said.**

~

# When the Trigger Finger Gets Itchy

“Truth, falsehood, what-have-you;  
but do give them a snappy quote.”

—*Noel Coward*



— CHAPTER 22 —

**D**uring my incarceration in the asylum at Creedmoor, it was my pleasure to spend many hours conversing with a brilliant research scientist, Dr. Adam Truman. His work in the area of brain function inhibitors may one day become legendary.

Due to the controversial nature of his breakthroughs, he was reticent to discuss his work, of which I was only vaguely aware. To me, he was simply a companion, a friend, a source of intellectual stimulation, and a fellow resident of the facility. Yes, we were both inmates, but unlike me, Dr. Truman was innocent. His only crime was his desire to perform research into the human propensity to lie. This made him a dangerous man to politicians. He was framed, declared mentally unbalanced, and sentenced to Creedmoor. Once he began interacting with the residents, everyone began calling him Dr. True.

We first met when he was accompanying the facility director on his rounds. That sounds



extraordinary, but Dr. True's facility for conversation and his extensive knowledge of pharmacology enabled him to enjoy a great many privileges not usually afforded to inmates, especially inmates who were mental patients.

I was working on one of my motion poems while listening to the Philip Glass opera, *La Belle et la Bête*, when the asylum director entered my chamber followed by Dr. Truman. After the usual exchange of doctor-patient formalities, there were a few moments during which we all listened to the gentle up-and-down, in-and-out, pattern-within-pattern of Glass' composition.

"I see you enjoy modern opera," Dr. Truman noted.

"Yes," I replied. "Do you?"

"Sometimes," he said. "Glass is often quite interesting. Do you also like John Adams' work?"

"Very much," I replied.

And with that, we began a habit of holding discussions several times a week until his escape from the institution.\*

\*The saga of Adam Truman is detailed in *Dr. True*.

Our approach to conversational topics was eclectic—we happily discussed politics, religion, music, literature, science, philosophy, women’s legs, pharmacology, the criminal justice system, mental health, and more.

Our approach to life had much in common: a loathing of bureaucracy and an appreciation of good manners; contempt of ignorance and respect for creativity; disdain for hype and love of music. Intellectually, it was a match made in heaven. No topic was off-limits.

“Do you think this is a racist country?” Dr. Truman asked me one day.

“Yes, of course,” I replied. “Always has been. This was a racist country before it became a country.”

“Good point,” Dr. True replied. “Our dear, revered, staid, respected, somber, renowned founding fathers—owned slaves.”

“Correct,” I said, “and they built racism into the founding documents with the infamous ‘three-fifths of a human being’ shenanigans.”

“And,” Dr. Truman added, “the Electoral College bribe to the slaveholding states.”

“Yes,” I agreed. “As one of our fellow Creedmoor residents might put it, ‘there’s some

evil shit racism going on in that there mess.’ At least, I think that’s how they would phrase it. Did I get it right?”

“Absolutely,” Dr. Truman noted. “Plus, that phrase, in addition to being delightfully pithy, is descriptive of the conservative movement as a whole.” We both smiled the smiles of people who were not smiling inside.

We discussed the sad facts of how this nation built the foundation of its economy using slavery, and how we expanded the nation by eliminating the indigenous population.

“So,” he summed up, “other than slavery, genocide, the Ku Klux Klan, Jim Crow laws, racial profiling, red-lining districts, and oppression by every level of government—no blood on America’s hands, right?”

We shook our heads at the evil that conservatives support and liberals seem unable to quash. It was not lost on us that more sanity was on display in the asylum than in the United States Congress or Supreme Court.

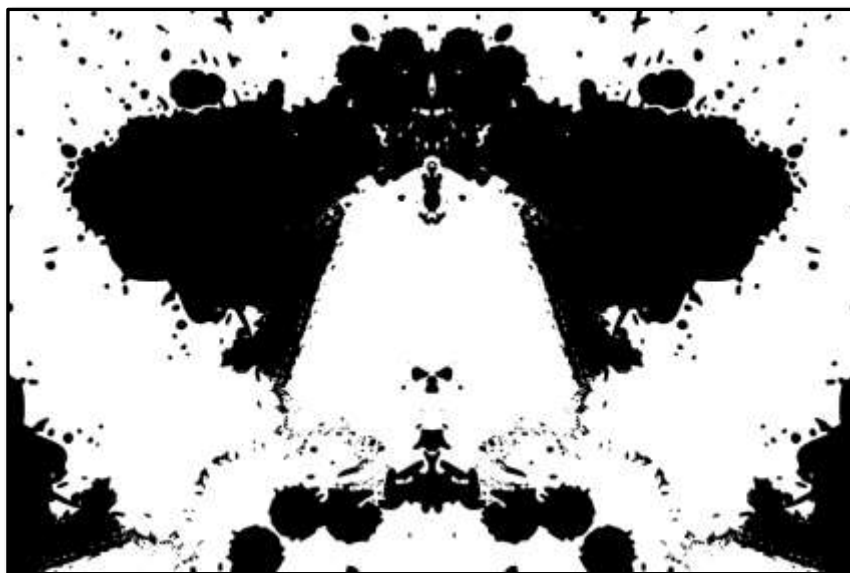
— CHAPTER 23 —

**S**hakespeare's plays, Rorschach tests, and tattoos are the most creative uses of ink in the history of the world. Or so it was until Dr. Adam Truman decided to develop a new version of the famous inkblot test. "It's a fine examination tool that Hermann devised," Dr. True said, referring to the Swiss psychologist who created the procedure in 1921, "and I don't think we should jettison it. However, a more modern age requires a more modern set of images."

I had given little thought to Hermann Rorschach or the test he proposed in his book, *Psychodiagnostik*. Naturally, once I was in the clutches of the psychiatric community, I had been given the inkblot test, along with a battery of written, oral, electrified, chemical, and observational exams. The interpretations the clinician oafs made about aspects of my psyche were of no interest to me, but now that Adam Truman broached the topic, I became more sympathetic to the testing process. I also noticed

that several of the female inmates were happy to check out Hermann Rorschach online because of his resemblance to Brad Pitt. In case you need a visual reminder of the Rorschach test, here is an example of one of the graphics:

*Old Rorschach test*



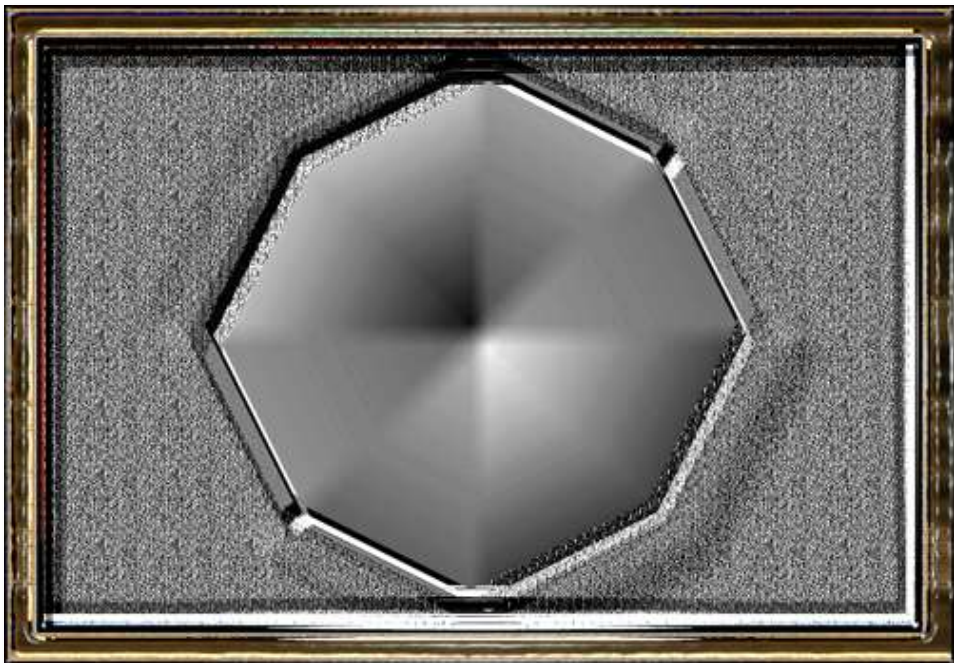
When I was confronted with that image, it was in the presence of a fastidiously dressed, humorless, self-important twit who was going through the monotony of piling up the necessary hours of clinic work in order to obtain his shrink credential.

I pretended to study the image for the appropriate amount of time and then told him that it represented “a supplicant playing tennis

with god while an indifferent universe pretends to observe.”

It was much more interesting to take Dr. Truman’s innovative version of the test. Here is an example:

*Dr. True’s New Rorschach test*



I told him that the image was “a robot’s vagina.”

Fortunately, on a test of this sort, there are no wrong answers.

— CHAPTER 24 —

Religiosity cults have always been an annoyance to me, so you can imagine my chagrin in learning that one of Creedmoor’s prisoners was a fake faith healer who was a potentate of a for-profit and entirely bogus church.

Jane Suzanne Dumont Inganno was held in high esteem in some parts of the world; the seamier parts. People who were easily deluded and/or willfully ignorant were happy to describe her in glowing terms. “Healer!” “Wonderful!” “Pressiant!” (Sic)

Online, her profile began modestly enough: “J. S. Dumont Inganno is a globally recognized homeopathic healer, an acclaimed shaman, and a highly praised practitioner of the advanced medicinal arts.” This assessment was approved by Ms. Inganno primarily because Ms. Inganno penned it herself.

Her autobiographical prevarications also referred to her “many and frequent consultations and interactions with physicians, clinicians,

scientists, psychic investigators, and those of the spiritual community.” As one might expect, no citations accompanied these claims. You had to take her description on faith, as it were.

Dr. True and I enjoyed reading her self-congratulatory prose aloud, often in deliciously over-the-top phony French or British accents. The mocking was understandable given the improbable floridity of her language.

One example: “By combining spirituality and science in her sermons as well as in her writing, she is connecting the shining notion of conceptualism with the unimpeachable truth of actuality.”

Another example: “Traveling around the globe, she has set new standards in spectralizing aurafication.” (Well, who hasn’t?)

Ms. Inganno also proclaimed herself an “official medicine woman of our country’s sacred tribal nations,” although one quick online search revealed that this was not the case and several tribal nations had issued injunctions to prevent her from making false statements.

Ms. Inganno stated that she was “an ordained ministerial representative of the Church of Absalom.” Which may have been true because



she holds a DBA under that name. The Church of Absalom appears to be no more than a post office box in Hauler Creek, Mississippi.

Ms. Inganno has numerous publications available (“for a donation”) on her web site. The most ambitious is her translation of the New Testament, cleverly rebranded as the *Inganno New Testament* (“Suggested donation: \$25”). One of her additions to the Book of Matthew concerns the... well, perhaps it is best to quote from it.

### *The Parable of Sound*

**M**ontrero is attempting to have his way with the lovely Amina. Three male sprites appear and they guide Amina on the path to the troika of doors leading into the enchanted palace. Her entry is denied until the magic Queen appears. With the striking of the spiritual bells, all villainy is quelled. You can find your path to and through the doors of life with the magic bells of the Church of Absalom.

Opera lovers might be able to spot that as a rough retelling of Act 2 of Mozart’s *Die Zauberflöte*.

One day, Dr. Truman was with several of us in one of the common rooms. “People take offence at what I’m about to say,” Dr. Truman stated, “but religions are cults.”

“I agree,” I replied.

“How can you guys say that?” exclaimed another patient. “Religion is bringing people closer to God! How dare you?!”

Dr. Truman was unfazed. He smiled and responded in a calm manner. “Well, let’s look at a few facts to see if perhaps we’re both right, depending on our different points of view. First of all—”

“You’ll never talk me out of my love of Jesus!”

“I’m not trying to,” Dr. Truman replied evenly. “If your faith comforts you, that’s wonderful. But let me get back to my point about religion in general. First, let’s look at a group of South American Pacific Coasters who worship patterns of the universe, live by a code that leads them to respect and interconnect all life, ingest 3,4,5-Trimethoxyphenethylamine—mescaline—as a sacrament, and sing the praises of an invisible deity named the Grand Mandala. These worshipers mean no harm to anyone. They try to

live their lives in harmony with the natural order. But if there were only a few dozen of them, people would call them a cult, right?”

“Well, yeah.”

“That’s right,” Dr. Truman said with a smile. “The only reason for denigrating them with the term ‘cult’ is their lack of numbers. With a small quantity of supporters, they are easier to mock. If they had millions of believers and followers, people wouldn’t call them a cult; they would call them one of the world’s religions.”

“No, but, but...”

“Yes?” Dr. Truman asked gently.

“But they’re not a *religion*...”

“Aren’t they?”

The silence was palpable.

Later, when Adam and I were enjoying a private conversation, the topic of religiosity once again reared its ugly head.

“I wonder,” I mused. “Do you think any of what you said got through to him?”

“Probably not,” he admitted. “Many people have a need to accept something bizarre like religion in an attempt to ease their pain from the vagaries of life.”

“Every time I’ve dealt with religious people,” I told him, “I feel as if I can see a steel trap snapping shut around their brains.”

“Yes,” Dr. Truman replied. “A barrier to prevent rational thought from entering.”

“A shroud of self-imposed certainty,” I said.

“An iron curtain of idiocy,” he said.

“An impediment to insight,” I added.

We paused a moment. Somewhere down one of the corridors, a tray of metal dishes clattered onto the tile floor. Indistinguishable shouts were heard, followed by silence. Our ears returned to where we sat.

“Do you believe in God?” Dr. Truman inquired politely.

“Absolutely,” I replied. I looked him in the eyes and informed him, “I am God.”

“Yes,” he said, nodding. “As am I.”

We smiled, shook hands, and went back to our pursuits: me at the video editing equipment, he in his makeshift pharmacological lab hidden somewhere inside the asylum walls. The Gods were pleased.

## — CHAPTER 25 —

Session notes of psychiatrists are usually kept hidden from patients, but during the riot at Creedmoor (more on this later), I was afforded a rare glimpse into the files of one Sydney Bayard Metts, M.D., Ph.D., a very nice man with an unnatural predilection for Broadway show tunes and a puzzling admiration for kitschy sports illustrations by hacks like LeRoy Neiman. Although I never inquired, he probably also liked ersatz poets like Rod McKuen.

During the period of my incarceration at Creedmoor, Doctor Metts and I had many delightful sessions, if by delightful one means pointless.

Dr. Metts was a “circuit shrink,” a state-funded psychiatrist who visited mental facilities throughout a tri-county area. One week per month saw him ensconced in the asylum library, quietly interviewing patients about the demons that plagued them. The man was oblivious to the fact that petty functionaries like him were among the demons that plagued us.

I should point out that there are psychiatric physicians who deliberately attempt to make their session notes illegible. This is done under the mistaken impression that it reduces the chance of legal action being brought against them should something go wrong with their patient. Fortunately, the medical profession is taking a dim view of this practice, probably because courts and juries are taking a dim view of this practice.

For all his bad taste and ineffectual counseling, Dr. Metts' notes were typed and therefore quite legible.

"Patient's childhood was traumatic," his notes began, "with stress resulting from the death of his father and the incapacitation of his mother." So far, so good.

"No evidence of physical abuse," he wrote. Obviously, the man never attended middle or high school.

"No evidence of sexual abuse," he wrote. Good to know I was successfully hiding that aspect of my life.

"When asked a number of times, patient denied thoughts of suicide," he wrote. That's because the patient lied a number of times.

“There is evidence of homicidal ideation,” he wrote. Ya think?

“Working with this repeat murderer,” he wrote, “leads me to a monograph written by FBI profiler Robert Ressler in which he compared the needs of the serial killer with the needs of the audience for old-fashioned movie serializations like *The Mysterious Doctor Satan* and *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe*. Just as each episode would amplify the uneasiness in the viewer, so too would each killing intensify the unease of the murderer. The killer, instead of achieving satisfaction, would be driven to attempt another act of homicide, always in search of the perfect murder—an unachievable goal.”

Interesting theory, but I feel each murder is perfect in its own way and I usually feel refreshed at the conclusion of a good day’s work.

“Repeat killers,” Metts continued, “often display characteristics of impulsiveness, lust, sudden outbursts, unmotivated violence, and the quest for heightened sensations, yet these were barely hinted at during my sessions with Mr. Fook. In addition, serial killers seek measures of control as well as displaying little or no empathy

for others, yet these patterns failed to materialize in the time I spent with the subject.”

While it was annoying to see myself designated as “the subject,” it was nice to know I fooled him so completely. I almost always fool bureaucrats.

In the rambling conclusion to his session notes about me, Dr. Metts wrote: “I had been prepared to endure sessions in which I would be interacting with a man whose self-regard was on the scale of the pyramids; instead, I encountered a calm mastiff with the playfulness of a puppy, although often as sad as a wounded bird.”

To which I can only add two words:  
Woof. Chirp.



— CHAPTER 26 —

**D**r. True's escape from Creedmoor was one of those inspirational moments that resonate in the mind of even the most addleheaded mental patient. Cheers rang out in the common rooms at the news of his non-violent breakout. Hallelujahs resounded up and down the corridors of the institution and the celebration ebbed and flowed for days afterwards.

As the inmates eagerly monitored Dr. True's progress across the country, there was great glee at reports of the authorities' inability to catch up to him. And there was a betting pool on his daily destinations.

Naturally, there was also an upsurge in schemes and stratagems for additional escapes. Throughout the asylum, plans were conceived and plots were hatched on a daily basis. His getaway had given hope to us all.

A week after his departure, I went to my shelf of books to check on synonyms for Beelzebub and discovered there was a small envelope serving as a bookmark in a medical

reference book. It was at the page headed “Psychedelia.” In the envelope was a key and a note in Adam Truman’s handwriting:

*Enjoy.*  
— A.T.

That was intriguing. I passed the key from palm to palm, thinking of possible locks to try. Cell doors? No, they required a magnetic strip in a plastic laminate. Storage room? Possible, but which one? I studied the key. Shiny and smooth, so not used much. No identifying marks. Could he have left something locked in his cell?

I asked a friendly orderly, Jason, to let me go through Adam’s things. He was hesitant at first.

“Man, I don’t know about that,” Jason said. “The police keep going through his stuff. There’s not much left. And there sure ain’t no lockbox in there.”

Eventually, I convinced him and we found ourselves in Adam’s old cell. The bedding had been ripped open and nothing remained on any of the shelves. I entered the bath and ducked

under the sink. There was a tiny, semi-disguised metal plate with a keyhole set into the plasterboard. The key slid in, the door popped open, and a dozen capsules spilled out into my hands. I put the contraband into my shirt, shut the metal plate and pocketed the key.

“I guess you’re right, Jason,” I said as I stood up. “Thanks for letting me give it a try.”

“Okay, now let’s get out of here.”

“No problem,” I said.

Back in my quarters, I examined the capsules. Five were gray, three were red, three were purple, and one was clear but with white paper inside. I pulled apart the two sections of the clear capsule, and unfolded a message, again in Adam’s writing:

**RED:**

*Knockout drops.*

*1 capsule per 1 pint of water.*

**PURPLE:**

*LSD.*

*1 capsule per 1 quart of water.*

*GRAY:*

*5-MeO-DMT.*

*Careful!*

*This is the Olympus of psychedelia.*

*1 capsule per 1 gallon of water.*

*Bonkers & Zonkers!*

Fortunately, the notes also contained specific indications for dosages related to the body mass of the subject.

I hesitated for a while, rereading the notes bequeathed to me by my now-roaming friend. I could hear the cadence of his speech in the written words. I brushed my fingertips lightly on the paper, as if it was possible to share his touch across the chasm of time and distance.

It was very tempting to put some of the concoctions to immediate use, but temperance prevailed. I must be rational, I told myself. What was the best methodology for applying these pharmacological gifts to achieve maximum gain?

— CHAPTER 27 —

All unholy hell had broken loose inside Creedmoor, although the frenzy was accompanied by a certain amount of ecstasy. Hades had risen to meet Elysium. Most of the guards were asleep or locked away, and the inmates had literally taken over the asylum. The world sped up and slowed down. Within the white walls of Creedmoor could be experienced a humanistic demonstration of Yin and Yang. Bedlam and bliss. Coitus and contemplation. Din and silence. Pandemonium and paradise.

Inmates singing. Inmates fucking. Inmates staring into imaginary realms. Inmates dancing the tango, the rumba, the merengue. Inmates building a distillery in the kitchen. Inmates tunneling beneath the floorboards.

Asylum staff offices were opened, which is how many of us got to see our session notes. Then the offices were ransacked and shards of shredded paper continually floated through the air. Some residents happily grabbed the paper for use in setting fires or rolling joints.

In the North Corridor, all of the overhead light fixtures had been smashed. Illumination was from dozens of candles and numerous fires. The building's emergency generator was supplying power to the HVAC system or we would have all suffocated from the smoke.

In one common area, an inmate was bleating like a skewered lamb. Nearby, another inmate was shouting, "Yak fuck! Yak fuck! Yak fuck!" at the top of his lungs. Still another was speaking to everyone and no one, using the ornate gestures and florid oratorical style of a medicine show barker or a revival-meeting preacher: "We must bathe in the miracle elixir that is neither wet nor dry! We must shower our bodies in ground glass dust from broken church windows! We must consume the soup boiled with the right eyes of griffins and the left eyes of pythons! We must do these things if we are to obtain salvation!"

One of the guards had removed his uniform, replacing it with a blood-stained sheet. He was sweating profusely as he relentlessly prowled up and down the West Corridor, chanting the formidable lines, "Fear rules the gloomy chasm! My eyes feel

themselves gazing into a quagmire of hell! See the storm clouds shudder and shake! The moon sheds its beams of light! Ghostly shapes are waving! The earth and mountains are alive! The trees reach out to take us! The terror! The terror! The terror! The terror!”\*

The riotous atmosphere within the asylum continued unabated for days, or so it was reported in the press. I was no longer present, having slipped out of Creedmoor at the soonest opportunity and was far away by the time the National Guard was called in to restore order.

Once safely away from the authorities, I took some time to ponder making a few resolutions. I needed to change my appearance, of course, but there were other considerations: Improve my techniques of stalking. Discover new methods of attack. Redouble my efforts in creating plausible deniability.

In short, I needed to reassess my approach to my life’s work of Bringer of Death.

\* Mr. Fook seems to be paraphrasing a portion of Act 2 of Carl Maria von Weber’s *Der Freischütz*.

# Some Zeus, Some Pan, and Some Mars

“No comment.  
And you can quote me.”  
— *Indicted conservative senator*





— CHAPTER 28 —

**F**or one's intellectual health, it is unwise to pay too much attention to local news broadcasts because their programming is repeatedly perverted by Nazi drivel. The television channels receive their twisted and sick viewpoints via two paths: homegrown fascism, and the swill that is pre-packaged by rightwing organizations.

For years now, there have been cells of smarmy, stunted, sub-human creatures that create messages of hate-filled propaganda and funnel them to local news channels free of charge. How can they afford to do this? The sects aligned against democracy are very well financed. Treason pays well, it seems. The quislings are quite good at co-opting the freedoms of a democratic system and twisting them toward their own nefarious purposes.

Things get even worse when turning to the rightwing networks. The two bastions of bigotry and stupidity were Faux News and the Oaken Head networks. There, the fascist bilge is nearly

non-stop as their highly polished and elaborately coifed manikins jabber on and on about nonsense designed to make ignorant racists feel superior to decent people.

The fascist dolts, nimrods, and douchebags appearing on these channels are often playing carefully crafted parts. There are five types of male role, and one for females:

- ✘👤 condescending codger
- ✘👤 smartass Hitler wannabe
- ✘👤 happy idiot
- ✘👤 concerned idiot
- ✘👤 ranting idiot
- ✘👤 supercilious bimbo who can read  
aloud despite the words being far  
beyond her level of comprehension

Every episode of the rightwing channels' bilious programming is bursting with dire warnings and predictions of doom, yet each diatribe is entirely at odds with the diatribe they delivered on a previous episode. Viewers of this twaddle never notice the contradiction, which should tell you something about their mental deficiencies.

Over-acting and scenery-chewing abounds on these channels. Consider the crocodile tears shed by the rightwing nutjob douchebag brigade after I executed a priest. Honestly, it was just one member of the international pedophile society. Just one! The outpouring of false piety and ginned-up outrage from religiosity freaks would have been entertaining if it were not so sick.

Not long after the priest purge, I called an internet talk program that combined religiosity with Republicanism. The call did little good but I was entertained for a few moments...

“The ego of people in religiosity cults is astonishing,” I told the host in a calm tone of voice. “You have an incredible amount of gall.”

“I take it you are not a religious person,” the host stated with his usual tone of superiority.

“God no,” I said.

“A belief in God can be a path to salvation,” the host said.

“That may be so,” I said calmly. “I believe in God but I do not embrace religiosity. There is a big difference.”

“Yes, that is true,” the host admitted.

“The problem with those who join religious cults,” I continued, “is that cult members are full

of conceit. Religiosity people score high marks for being supercilious. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for their intellectual acumen.” The host seemed unprepared for a verbal attack made in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Do you have a point to make or are you simply griping about our beliefs and our faith?” the host inquired.

“Observing,” I replied.

“Meaning what?” he asked.

“I am merely observing,” I told him, “not griping. My point is that the religiosity freaks have the astonishing arrogance to think that they have determined the properties of God. That is offensive to every thinking person, and it may be offensive to God.”

“No, we are simply—”

“Then you double down,” I went on.

“Wait, what do you mean?” the host asked.

“You compound your arrogance,” I replied firmly but still in a calm voice.

“I don’t know what you—”

“Not only do you think you comprehend God, you claim to know the one true way to talk to God, the one proper way to worship God, and the one ideal way to display what you call

reverence. That is conceit in the eyes of the Lord.”

“Well, it depends on the context,” the host responded smoothly.

“Insects are closer to God than religiosity freaks.\* At least insects don’t try to scam tax-free money from people through preaching.”

“Now just a moment, you can’t—” the host attempted to interject some of his usual blather.

“There’s no need to continue your prevarication with me,” I told him. “Thank you for your time. So sorry your listeners will be unable to learn from this.”

I terminated the call.

\* “Comparing cult members to fire ants,” Fook admitted, “was very unfair to the ants.”

# Ink About Blood, Pixels About Pain

“You don’t know me.  
You don’t even know you.”  
— *J.M. Fook*



— CHAPTER 29 —

**M**eeting the scrivener who became my literary partner was a matter of pure happenstance. Making a wrong turn coming out of the local farmer's market, I found myself in one of those pretentious gourmet coffee shops. You know the type of place, where they pride themselves on having ridiculous fake European names for different flavors of what was just a simple cup of java.

The ostentatiousness of the place was compounded by the actions of their clientele. I am referring to the joyless customers who bring their computers so they can pretend they're working on a screenplay in a lame attempt to pick up a gullible sexual partner for the weekend.

A couple of these annoying pixel pushers were clustered around JSG, discussing his recent appearance on a smarmy talk show—the same talk show I had called several nights earlier. At first, I winced at the mention of the putrid program, but then I heard Mr. G refer to the host as “a rightwing nutjob religiosity freak who

makes his living bilking suckers into buying sham miracle cures and fake pieces of the Shroud of Turin.” That made me smile. I resolved to learn more about this unimpressive looking wordsmith.

When he departed the caffeine emporium (as he had called it), I tailed him. It seems that he had been killing time with the coffee clowns, waiting until his appointment to pick up his bike from the repair shop at Wheel World Cycles. I followed him into the store and introduced myself.

“Hello,” I said, extending my hand and telling him my current pseudonym. “Back in the coffee shop,” I continued, “I couldn’t help overhearing some of your perceptive put-downs of that religious charlatan and his vile talk show. It was all I could do to refrain from laughing out loud.”

We began talking and spent the next couple of hours discussing politics, religion, women, taxes, music, literature, and how much better the world would be without the pestilence of conservatism. It is safe to say that we hit it off. Other than his priggish reluctance to join me in killing the human detritus that is a blight upon



the land, I felt as if I had found a soul mate. It sometimes seemed as if I was talking to a timid version of myself.

Over the next few weeks, we exchanged texts, chatted on the phone, met for coffee, met for lunch, met for breakfast, and went out on a few double dates. A bond developed. I read quite a bit of his writing and realized he would be an excellent choice to help me present my story to the world.

Slowly, I introduced the idea of his helping me create this book. We word-danced around the topic but then he brought the topic out in the open:

“You mean you’re interested in hiring me to write your biography?” he asked.

That wasn’t the idea at all. I redoubled my efforts, attempting to steer him towards the concept of being my ghostwriter.

“I’m not an amanuensis,” JSG said.

I protested his use of that term, assuring him he would have the freedom to shape the narrative and craft the conversations.

“I wouldn’t be interested in doing that except under my own name,” G said. “It was dispiriting enough to write articles and speeches

for others to claim as their own. And I am ashamed of all the hype I wrote for advertising agencies and public relations firms,” he said with a trace of a scowl. “Plus,” G added, “every time I’ve written books for other people, doing it was annoying and the result made me feel queasy. There is no way I am doing anything like that again.”

This was not moving in the right direction. I attempted to discuss the fine tradition of ghostwriting.

“Not interested,” G said.

I pointed out that H.P. Lovecraft ghostwrote for Harry Houdini.

“Not interested,” G said.

I pointed out that Eric Van Lustbader ghostwrote for Robert Ludlum.

“Not interested,” G said.

I pointed out that Sinclair Lewis ghostwrote for Jack London.

G shook his head and told me, “Look, I am proud to have been a reporter, columnist, critic, essayist, humorist, playwright, and author. But,” he emphasized, “I’m not proud of the hype writing or the ghostwriting I’ve done. And I’m not a copy editor.”

I tried to—

“I’m not a compiler, diarist, or surrogate,”  
G said.

I tried to—

“I’m not an annotator, expositor, or  
phantom,” G said.

I tried to—

“I’m not a proxy, double, phony, ringer,  
changeling, counterfeit, phantom, shadow, or  
ventriloquist’s dummy,” G said.

I gave up trying to change his mind and started talking about money. That produced better results. Before one could say “moolah,” we met with several attorneys, literary agents, managers, and accountants. A large number of papers were signed, dated, witnessed, and notarized. We agreed to book rights, broadcast rights, film rights, subsidiary rights, ancillary rights, foreign and domestic distribution, and monetary splits for all endeavors.

It was complicated. It was annoying. It was contentious. There were many moments when it seemed we would not be able to move forward, but we eventually worked something out, as you can see.

# The Attack of the Second Pandemic

“It’s my right to not  
wear a mask.”  
—*Moron*



— CHAPTER 30 —

**E**ven as this book began to be created, a horror was suddenly inflicted on the world in the form of Covid-19. While countries with a majority of decent people were able to cope with the onslaught, the moron-majority nations such as Brazil and the United States were greatly affected and afflicted.

As the death toll mounted, so did the stupidity. The greedy demanded that businesses reopen too soon. Political hacks demanded that science be put aside. The misguided demanded that schools reopen too soon. Selfish oafs demanded the right to infect others by not wearing masks in public.

For a while, I made it my mission to dispatch the egocentric cretins who refused to take part in quelling the virus. An unmasked twit at the gas station. An unmasked scumbag at the grocery store. An unmasked douchenozzle at the post office. An unmasked slimewad at the bank. The work was never-ending and quickly fell into an annoying pattern: I would observe idiotic

behavior and call it out. On occasion, the selfish would be shamed into acting responsibly, but most often there was an angry reaction and I would momentarily have to endure the bilious response before tailing the reprobate, dispatching it to the pit of eternal judgment, and then disposing of the body.

It was a rat race and got to be a bit of a rut: see an idiot, point out its stupidity, cringe at the irresponsible response, and then quietly murder the human vermin. Observe, comment, kill. Observe, comment, kill. Observe, comment, kill. Repeat, repeat, repeat. Most of the time, it was exhausting, although occasionally, I have to admit, it was fun.

Take, for example, the obese racist at the building supply store, who was berating the staff so forcefully that spittle was flying from his lips every other second. When I ran him off the road, his truck was jammed between my stolen SUV and a tree. I punched a hole in his windshield, squirted lighter fluid on him, and began flicking lighted matches into his lap. He had a gun in the glove box but his seat belt was jammed and he couldn't quite reach it. He screamed for a while as the flames consumed his corpulent body.

I allowed myself to celebrate beside the flaming vehicle, doing a spritely two-step while happily chanting (in the original German): “So here’s to happiness, here’s to courage, that enheartens us in the fight with our fate! Here’s to victory, gained by our higher sense over the worthlessness of the vulgar. To love, which crowns our courage, to friendship, that keeps firm our faith! To hope, which weds itself to our foreboding! To the day, to the night! A cheer for the sun, a cheer for the stars!”\*

As I said: fun.

\* Mr. Fook is quoting from *Richard Wagner’s Prose Works*, Vol. 7.

— CHAPTER 31 —

**B**irthdays are bittersweet, anniversaries are annoying, and the holidays are horrible. Other than that, I thoroughly enjoy those times that people often mark on the calendar in big red letters. Pardon me if I need a moment to suppress the gag reflex.

If each day isn't a cause for celebration, then you are not living your life to the fullest extent. Most commemoration dates seem hollow and empty, and the maneuverings leading up to the fêtes are annoying. Gift-giving should consist of sharing, caring, and love; instead, we make purchases.

One day, my literary doppelganger handed me a computer flash drive tied with a royal blue ribbon. "What is this?" I inquired.

"Plug it in," he said with a smile.

The file began with a clip from the Disney film, *Alice in Wonderland*, in which the Mad Hatter sings "A Very Merry Unbirthday to You."

When the horrible music ended, I was confronted with a slim volume of my words...



# OBSERVATIONS

Joseph Medville Fook

A Humble Collection

~

“People keep comparing me to other killers. This seems odd to me. Simply take a moment to study the worthlessness of the souls who have been dispatched because of my work. Consider the improvement in humanity that is the result of my efforts. No one has even come close to such a stellar record.”

“When adults make music for kids, it should be ignored, discarded or destroyed. Failing that, adults should be warned that playing any of these songs in the presence of minors may be considered audio child abuse.”

“In American society, almost everything (at least 97.389%) is measured, and the bigger the better. Children in the United States are

raised to be enthralled and awestruck by dimensions. Everything becomes about capacity, bulk, and/or price tag. It is an unfortunate state of affairs that size and quantity are American values: quality is not even of secondary importance.”

“What, in heaven’s name, is the situation regarding nicknames for those in the pugilistic and mixed martial arts? I have compiled a list for you to ponder...”

1. Israel “The Last Stylebender” Adesanya
  2. Jorge “Sneezing Panda” Szillia
  3. Max “Slapsie Maxie” Rosenbloom
  4. Walt “Sticky Gearshift Lever” Boaz
  5. Rubin “Hurricane” Carter
  6. Shawn “Daddy Puff” Black
  7. Thomas “The Hitman” Hearns
  8. Fermi “Screaming Hellfire” Liddello
  9. Thomas “Motor City Cobra” Hearns
  10. Jimmy “Dangerhox” Gefahr
  11. Andre “Touchy” Fili
  12. Jeff “Seven Elbows” Robinson
  13. Kevin “The Angel of Death” Aguilar
- “Now tell me: which ones are real?”\*

\*Odd numbered fighter names are real; even numbered names are fake. As far as we know.

“Who was the first person to eat a grape? Did they do any research first? Maybe try it out on a disgusting neighbor? ‘Hey Rand, have a handful of these delicious, juicy, and smooth red berries.’ Or did scummy Rand take the berries and feed one to a child and watch to see the result? ‘Hey Chucky, have some of these berries. Tastes pretty good, right Chucky? Chucky? Okay people, don’t eat the berries.’ Is that how progress was made?”

“Language inflation is a problem in some academic circles. It takes a special kind of overeducated idiot to say they ‘activated the current suppressant in the illumination interface’ instead of saying they turned off the lights.”

“People join religious cabals in order to justify looking down their noses at those who aren’t in the cult.”

“My philosophy of life was best stated by the poet Maya Angelou: ‘If you are always trying to be normal, you will never know how amazing you can be.’ I can say

without reservation that I have never in my adult life tried to be normal.”

“I do not understand why we allowed physicians and scientists to name parts of the human body. These people have no poetry in their souls. Look at what damage they have attempted to do to the English language... There is very little romance in telling a woman, ‘You have a lovely gluteus maximus,’ or ‘I worship the perfection of your beautiful mammary glands.’ Calling the ‘cock’ a ‘penis’ is also disgraceful. However, that was nothing compared to their most reprehensible act. These incels decided to use the hard-edged and vulgar ‘vagina’ to describe something as sacred and heavenly as a ‘pussy.’ Those responsible for that outrage should be uncocked or devaginaed.”

“I don’t mind being judged by the lack of quality of my enemies.”

## — CHAPTER 32 —

Every Friday evening, assuming no one was on the agenda for assassination, I would allow myself to get all misty-eyed and gooey-hearted by re-reading the secret note from Adam Truman, especially the instructions for using what he called “the Olympus of psychedelia.”

There had been building within me for some time now a desire to travel mentally and spiritually instead of merely making physical motions indicative of life, or in my case, death. What would the pinnacle of hallucinogens be like?

Eventually, curiosity got the better of me and I arranged my schedule so I would have time to sample Dr. Truman’s synthetic, 5-MeO-DMT. Or, to use its full name, 5-methoxy-N,N-dimethyltryptamine.

In its natural form, 5-MeO-DMT can be found in certain vegetation as well as in the venom of the Sonora Desert Toad. The lack of amphibians inside Creedmoor meant that Dr.

Truman had synthesized this particular batch of the drug.

Research into the effects of the drug on humans has not yet been extensive, but preliminary indications are exciting! Users experience heightened feelings of contentment and mental agility; at the same time, they also enjoy reduced levels of anxiety and depression. Interestingly, these desirable properties take effect up to twenty-four hours after ingesting a small dose, and can persist for as long as four weeks.

I carefully followed Dr. Truman's dosage suggestions when preparing for my journey into my own psyche. I put on low-level lights in every room, arranged a nice selection of food and drink on the kitchen counter, put on a recording of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and surrendered myself to the drug.

# Engorging the Sensoria

“Give me libertines  
or give me depth.”  
— *Some stoned guy*



## — CHAPTER 33 —

Oblivion isn't everything it's cracked up to be. Certainly not the kind of oblivion I was currently experiencing. *{DEEP BREATHS.}* My being, my essence, my entity, my physical nature was not of this world. Come to think of it, oblivion is not the proper term. No, not at all. The thing we call "JMF" was not oblivious to anything except nothingness. JMF was accepting of all satisfying sensations. *{HEAVY BREATHING.}* JMF was joyous. JMF was the personification of pleasure. JMF was not of this world, or even this galaxy. The living organism you know as JMF was outside the known universe. Above it, or beyond it, or inside it, or intimate with it, or creating it. Or something. Jeeze, what is that noise? *{PANTING.}* Oh look, a squirrel. Or perhaps it was just the cat. Or the surface of an Ali Hawkes illustration. Or something.

Floating. That's it, I was floating. I was balanced on clouds of incense, gently buffeted by the breath of pole-dancing seraphim, the



Angels of the Parabolas. Basking in the moon light, which isn't moon light at all but reflected light of the hidden sun... Wait, what is that sound? Wait, wait, wait... Listen... Hear that? *{HEARTBEATS.}* I know that sound! And now I know it better than ever before. And I have had a lot of experience listening to the increased pulse rate of a victim, and then the lovely diminution of the throbbing... smiling as the prey's aorta begins to slow down... relishing the feeling of the pressure of the internal human beats decreasing until the space between each thump is longer and longer, until... that particular entity ceases... departs... passes on... and comes to confront whatever is Out There.

That other place! That place beyond! I can sense it. I can taste it. I can feel it. I can reach out and... Wait! Whatthemushmouth? *{INGESTING WATER.}* That's better. Perhaps wine, too? No, that's not necessary. Turn up the music. Oh, *Pelléas* was concluded. Okay, okay, okay, I can handle this...

Put on some Arvo Pärt. *Triodion*, with the Elora Festival Singers. Yeah, that's good. Will the floating return? Will the universe allow me to go back to cloud dancing? Is it possible to

recapture those feelings? Listen... listen... Yes! But wait... *{HEARTBEATS.}* This is working! I can control the trip! My pulse is now measured, metrical, and slowly coming into sync with the glory of the choral music. Oh yesssssssss! Now the pride is surging and the confidence is expanding within my breast.

Fireballs screaming silently through vast blankets of darkness, darkness that opens to emit flashing slashing lightshapes: Meteors. Satellites. Moons. Comets. Planets. Spheres of every size, each of them twisting, rotating, spinning, wavering, and achieving apogee and perigee on some sort of pre-determined basis.

Interlocking orbits. Solitary orbits. Paths subject to modification and/or exaggerated by the gravitational pull of other spheres.

Too often, we allow ourselves to be locked into orbits not of our own choosing. Too often, we surrender to the numb parade and find ourselves marching in lockstep, chanting of freedom and glory as we slouch through Sodom and gyrate into Gomorrah.

But no longer!

We can take flight! We are unfettered! We are unrestricted! We are unrestrained! And the

choirs match the heartbeats. And the soul marries the mind. And the mortal becomes a god. And the realization comes crashing down behind us like a gigantic wave and we are lifted up into the heavens where all the gods reside, where Lucifer and Yahweh are one and the same, giving life and reclaiming it, and teaching us to do the same.

I felt as if the sun and the stars were coursing through my veins. I was: Empowered. Imbued. Endowed. Fertile. Enabled. Authorized. Transcendent. Divine. Celestial. Deific.

I was sated yet ravenous.

*{PANTING.}*

I knew how to proceed.

*{HEARTBEATS.}*

I knew the power was in me.

*{HUMANKIND INTO HEAVEN.}*

I was now ready to assume my rightful place in the universe. While the repose and contemplation were sublime, now it was time to concentrate on my true course of action.

No longer would I only kill those who committed some offence in my presence. From this point forward, I would seek out those who needed to be removed from the planet.

Time to get to work!

*{HEARTBEATS.}*

Time to find evil and eradicate it!

*{HEARTBEATS.}*

I know I'll be helping God achieve a victory in this experiment called the human race.

*{HEARTBEATS.}*

Mine will now be a focused existence.

*{HEARTBEATS.}*

A purpose-driven life.

*{HEARTBEATS.}*

The positivity lasted nearly a month, as predicted. After which, I gathered my wits, pulled myself up by my own bootstraps, girded my loins, and participated in many more metaphorical achievements. Smiling, I turned to the next stage of my existence.

There was a cabal of contemptables for me to confront: degenerates, reprobates, ne'er-do-wells, and miscreants. I was happy to take up this work.

“It will be,” I told myself, “a thrill to kill.”

# Spirit-Guiding Tourists to Hell

“Some people should be drowned  
at birth. But which ones?”

— *Dante Alleghieri*



— CHAPTER 34 —

**W**ho most needs to be removed from the planet? Let us begin with thieves. Not your ordinary pilferers such as purse-snatchers or burglars, although they are also repulsive; instead, I mean those vile, disreputable types who practice wage theft, corporate chicanery, governmental graft, insider trading, and misappropriation of public funds. They all richly deserve to be targets of my delousing efforts.\*

Also on the roster are racists, xenophobes, homophobes and misogynists. The world will get along without men and women who refuse to get along with their fellow men and women.

Adding to the dishonor roll of those who won't be missed are the greedy, avaricious, plutocrats—the worshippers of mammon. When they join the ranks of the departed, nary a tear will be shed in their memory.

\* Whenever Fook used words like “delousing,” “purging” or “cleansing,” he would look apologetic and add, “Not at all in the Third Reich sense, of course.”

Don't for a moment think that I have overlooked the religiosity freaks. There is a special place in hell for theocrats and it will be my pleasure to help them reach their ultimate destination.

Fascists combine willful ignorance with genuine stupidity and they need to be dispatched in as rapid a manner as possible.

Studying this litany of villainy leads you to only one conclusion as to the sub-human creatures being described. You just have to ask yourself, who are society's racists, fascists, misogynists, and homophobes? What group expresses pride about their lack of knowledge? Who uses the freedoms of democracy to attack democracy?

There was only one answer and I resolved to neutralize as many of them as possible using my new and improved Permanent Sleep Formula Number Thirteen. With a liberal application of PSF13, I would be dispatching conservatives.

# Sweet Screams are Made of This

“What was the baby’s cradle  
doing up in the tree?”  
— *Mother Goose’s agent*





— CHAPTER 35 —

Considering the amount of violence in the dream, it was surprisingly entertaining. Despite the number of deaths, it was a delightfully refreshing nightmare. In the reverie, I was witness to a whirlwind of furtive activity in a large port city somewhere in the Southeast part of America. I was taking part in clandestine meetings in darkened warehouses, parked cars, back alleys, and empty office buildings. There were code words, hasty discussions on burner phones, stealthy signals, frenzied chases, hushed conversations, shouting matches, detailed checklists, and a plethora of veiled phrases. It was a tumultuous trip full of spy novel tension and caper movie excitement.

Everything was confusing at first but gradually the plan began to take shape. A decommissioned Navy ship was given a new paint job and a berth in the port of Wilmington, North Carolina.

Prominent conservative politicians were invited to attend a free “Victory Voyage with

Patriot Donors.” Several hundred ultra rightwing fanatics showed up for the floating party. Posters throughout the ship directed people to the Grand Ballroom by promising an open bar and endless appetizers. Once inside the large dining area, the two hundred guests found empty tables and a few glasses of tepid water. This situation produced much grumbling and whining. Some conservatives decided to exit in a huff but were alarmed to discover the doors were locked and they were trapped inside the now-crowded ballroom.

The situation was escalating towards panic when there was a trumpet blare from the speaker system in the room and four large video screens suddenly displayed a live shot of a stately male figure standing at a podium with a backdrop of a gigantic American flag.

“If I may have your attention please,” the speaker said in stentorian tones. “Ladies and gentlemen, please direct your attention to one of the video screens because we have an important announcement. My apologies for interrupting your conversations but I am certain that you will find that the information I have to impart to you is significant.”

The speaker glanced left, then right, then back into the camera, giving the people in the ballroom the impression that the speaker was in the chamber with them.

“Thank you,” the speaker said as he regarded the camera with steely eyes. “First of all, allow me to officially welcome all of you to the inaugural and terminal voyage of the U.S. Patriot Action. We have taken great pains to ensure that this will be a voyage you’ll remember for the rest of your lives.”

“Where’s the bar?” one conservative shouted to general laughter.

The lights in the ballroom dimmed, and all eyes were on the bright video screens.

“Before we get to the ice-cold liquid,” said the speaker, “I would like to tell you a story that my mother told to me when I was a little boy. This story—well, it’s actually a joke—takes place during the early nineteen thirties. This was a time of prohibition of alcohol and a time of destitution in the United States because of the First Republican Depression.”

Some in the crowd of conservatives muttered about the correct labeling of what they always called simply “the great depression.”

The speaker continued: “It seems that one very large illegal distillery operation was successfully supplying moonshine liquor across a multi-county area. This was vexing to the powers-that-be, especially since the government had been unable to locate the still.

“Two new revenue agents were assigned to infiltrate a small town in one of the affected counties. They were to see about obtaining work in the distillery, thus uncovering its location.

“So the two agents were given rural togs and told to hitchhike into the township. As they made their way down the dusty main street, they both realized there was no hope of blending into the citizenry. ‘They’ll know we’re from the government,’ one said, and the other agreed.

“So,” the speaker at the podium went on, “the two revenue agents decided to just be honest about the situation. They marched into the township’s general store, announced they were from the government and they would pay ten dollars to anyone who would lead them to the illegal still. Ten dollars was good money during the First Republican Depression. The atmosphere in the general store got very quiet and the two revenue agents began to fear for their lives. But

then a young boy stepped forward and said, ‘For ten dollars, I’ll take you to the still.’

“The agents were pleased and told the boy they were ready to go right now. ‘Give me the ten dollars,’ the boy said. The revenue agents said they’d pay the boy when they got back. ‘No,’ the boy said, ‘you have to pay me now—you’re not coming back.’

“Ba-dum-bum-bum,” the speaker said, imitating a borsht belt comic.

The speaker paused while the audience got the implication of the boy’s statement and then nervous laughter rolled through the audience.

Nodding and smiling, the speaker told the crowd, “You’re not coming back, either.”

The speaker slowly raised both of his hands toward the camera, middle fingers extended.

“Bye-bye, Nazi douchebags,” he said.

The image faded from the screen. The conservatives reacted with anger and vitriol but that was short-lived. Explosives affixed to the ship’s hull below the water line were detonated and the ship immediately began to list to one side.

Within five minutes, the ship was beneath the surface of the sea and slowly sinking toward

the ocean floor, carrying all of the conservatives to a moist tomb.

Suddenly, the speaker reappeared in the dream, this time in a tense press conference where he read aloud from a prepared statement: “Last night, the New American Revolutionary Army exterminated two hundred human vermin in the Graveyard of the Atlantic\* off the coast of North Carolina.”

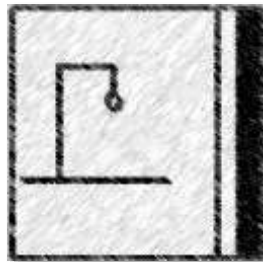
Then I woke up, smiled, stretched, and rolled out of bed radiating optimism and good cheer. As I said, an entertaining and refreshing dream.

\* More than 5,000 ships have sunk there. “It’s the death capital of the ocean,” Fook noted.

# Dispensing Sweet Medicine of Death

*“Titus Andronicus, The Devils, and  
Tiny Alice are the best comedies  
in the English language.”*

*— J.M. Fook*



## — CHAPTER 36 —

**M**essy. Killing people can be messy. Take, for example, my encounter with the rightwing nutjob owner of a large apartment building where several friends of mine were living. This conservatard had an annoying habit of illegally entering apartments when people were away and going through their stuff. Explaining to him that this was inappropriate did not resolve the problem; instead, it resulted in him issuing disturbing threats about eviction.

I pretended to be interested in renting a two-bedroom apartment in that building and eventually found myself alone with the man in a vacant furnished unit. I locked the door, sapped him down with an expandable steel baton, and opened his femoral artery (I had just recently seen Ridley Scott's *Hannibal*). The amount of blood that began to spread across the floor was much larger than I expected. Even after placing a couple of sofa cushions next to him to soak up the blood, I had to step back several times to keep my shoes dry as I watched him expire.



## JMF'S KILLER TIPS

- Wear disposable clothing—from hat, mask, and gloves, to shirt, socks, and shoes. And be certain to dispose of your entire outfit afterwards. A good murder is no place for scrimping.
- Always bring a tarp to any ceremony you're planning that might involve bloodletting.
- If you don't have a knife, or an axe, or a sword, or an icepick, remember: a screwdriver will do nicely.
- Or chopsticks.
- Or a knitting needle.
- Or a fork.
- Or a pencil.
- Never run over someone with any vehicle you intend to keep driving after completing your task.
- Poison requires the least amount of physical exertion when exterminating pests. Put more time into your elixirs—you can always get a workout later.

~

While it is not necessary, I like to recite a short passage over the soon-to-be-departed. There is no way to know if they take any solace from this, but I enjoy it and that's what counts.

“How could they endure to perceive the echo of innumerable shouts of pleasure and woe in the ‘wide space of the world night,’ enclosed in the wretched glass capsule of the human individual, without inexorably fleeing towards the primordial home as they hear this shepherd’s dance of metaphysics?”\*

This passage isn’t always appropriate, nor are circumstances such that it can always be spoken aloud—nay, not even whispered. But I perform the piece whenever possible as a final memorial. That’s the kind of guy I am.

\* Mr. Fook is paraphrasing from *The Birth of Tragedy out of the Spirit of Music*, by Friedrich Nietzsche. The lines originally referred to Richard Wagner’s *Tristan und Isolde*. I asked him why he did this and his reply was forthright: “It sounds delightfully portentous,” he said. “It’ll add some class to our book.”

# Speaking Truth to Crazy

“I’ve said it before, and I’ll  
say it again, repetition  
is very annoying.”  
— *Some drunk guy*



— CHAPTER 37 —

**W**hile preparing my upcoming attack on the conservative pestilence that was infesting the country, I spent a month producing a number of new videos. Unlike the surreal motion poems featured on fookmovie.com, these videos were businesslike and straightforward. The idea was to have them look like the typical propaganda messages featured at something called the national traitor convention. Haven't heard of it? It's better known as the Conservative Pricks Against Civilization. Or perhaps it was Conservative Pustules Are Corpulent. For simplicity's sake, everyone called it CPAC.

Because of my contributions to progressive causes, I had quite a number of friends who were against the perfidy of the conservative cabal, and they arranged for me to attend the traitor conference. Because of my contributions to many data processing clubs around the nation, I had help substituting my informative videos in place of some of the treacle normally screened.

The first video was entitled *Plutocrat Plunder Plan*. Appearing in front of a backdrop featuring gigantic close-ups of thousand dollar bills, an excellent young actress spoke directly into the camera using the same earnest and condescending tone utilized by the Faux News bimbos:

“Welcome to our proven wealth-building program. Your first step will be to assemble as many investors as possible. Begin with your friends and relatives, and expand from there. Use the initial investments to buy the most expensive suit you can afford and lease office space in the most expensive building possible. When talking to investors, promise obscene profits and the opportunity for plenty of sexual favors. We suggest building a casino because investors believe those always make enormous profits.”

This video played in CPAC Seminar Rooms throughout the convention center. Seated in the rooms were hundreds of greedy conservatives who were eager to learn new ways of bilking others out of money. Those who were able to write were taking notes.

“Once you have the money or a line of credit,” the video continued, “then you obtain

inflated bids from contractors and promise them plenty of kickbacks. Pay yourself a monthly fee for ‘project preparation.’

“When construction is under way, collect a monthly fee for ‘project oversight.’ Delay paying invoices by shuffling in new contractors as the old ones grow disenchanted. Just keep promising huge payoffs in the near future. Following this plan, you will not actually have to pay the contractors or the workers. Simply keep the project moving forward as you collect fees.

“There are also profits to be realized by appropriating the pension and healthcare funds of all workers. The entire venture will go into receivership soon, so the little people wouldn’t have been able to collect from these funds anyway.

“When the project does move into the bankruptcy stage, a ‘golden parachute’ is activated for you. The amount will be equal to whatever is left from the project funding at that time.”

By this point in the screening, some of the conservatives began to suspect that they were being mocked. But most conservatives are of very low intellect, and they blithely continued

watching, dreaming of amassing a fortune in ill-gotten gains.

“People will ask how it is possible for a casino to go broke, and your designated spokesliar can then say that there was gross mismanagement throughout the organization, thus shifting the blame.

“Investors, workers, and staff are taken for a ride but you have made money on every part of the venture, including its demise.

“So, there you have it: personal financial success from a business financial failure. Thank you, and enjoy the remainder of the convention, assuming you aren’t arrested for treason.”

The video concluded with this graphic:



The conservatives were angry because unvarnished truth was not what they expected while conspiring with their fellow criminals, pedophiles, adulterers, and cretins.

## — CHAPTER 38 —

Visitors to the convention center’s food-and-beverage stations were surprised to be confronted by my second video, this one entitled *GOP Outfitters*. It began with a fake TV commercial featuring an obnoxious pitchman hollering at the camera, “Are you a conservative running for public office in a district full of incredibly stupid people? Are you concerned with attracting large numbers of moronic voters? Not to worry—GOP Outfitters is ready to serve you!”

The video then cut to the interior of an office supply store as an employee approached a customer.

“Welcome to GOP Outfitters!” said the smiling salesperson, who looked a lot like Mike Huckabee. “I’m Harry Huckster, how may we equip you today?”

“Well, I don’t know,” replied the actor who was playing the dimwitted conservative politician (sorry for the tautology). “I’m not sure what kind of outfitting you do.”



“We’re the company that’s helped more conservatives, neo-cons, righties, tea partiers, secret Klan members, out-and-out Nazis, and other republicans than anyone this side of the Creationism Museum. Now, I’ll bet you’re running for office in a swing district, right?”

“That’s right, my district is about half republican, half democrat, half independent, and half libertarian.”

“And you’re a republican I see.”

“How did you know?”

“Your math skills gave it away. Which is great for you because you won’t need to purchase the NIC.”

“The nick?”

“It stands for Numerical Information Crusher. Helps keep your mind blocked from mathematical facts.”

“Oh right, no, I sure don’t need that.”

“Okay, now you’re going to want to have all your other bases covered. We usually begin with the code words.”

“Code words?”

“Exactly. For example, you have good, fine, upstanding Americans in your district, correct?”

“Sure do!”

“And you know that they’re afraid of those ‘other people’ who are not like us.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“That is right. And you want to speak out to them, show them you’re on their side. But there are pitfalls waiting for you out there. It used to be you could call a spade a spade, you know what I mean?”

“You’re talking gardening tools now?”

“No, no, it was a metaphor. You can’t call a minority by certain names anymore. You have to use code phrases. Let me give you a couple, free of charge. Here’s what you do: you call them undesirables. Or you call them thugs. Or you suggest that they’re foreign. You see how this works?”

“I think so... I could refer to blacks as ‘thugs,’ right?”

“Exactly.”

“And I’d say Muslims are ‘suspicious characters,’ right?”

“Right! You catch on fast!”

“And Hispanics are ‘illegals,’ right?”

“Uh, no. That causes problems. But don’t worry, we can provide you with lists of media-approved words to describe black people, brown

people, yellow people, gay people, atheist people, thinking people, female people, student people, disadvantaged people, red people, and independent people. All the types who, for some strange reason, never vote for conservatives.”

“Lists of words? I don’t like to read.”

“No reading necessary! You play the files on your phone—listen and learn in no time. Look, you already learned something from our conversation and you didn’t have to read anything so far.”

“That’s right!”

“That is right. Okay, now let me tell you about our religiosity products. Are you a religious person?”

“Well, I—”

“Wrong answer. The correct response is ‘Yes.’ There should be no hesitation.”

“Right, I know, but, well, I—”

“Wrong again. You would do well to get our video called ‘Knee-jerk Reactions: Learn ‘Em Right.’ It can be a life-saver when talking in public.”

“But using God in politics is just—”

“Just about the best gol darn thing there is! That’s one of the two greatest aspects about

being on the conservative side: one, you get to use God to back up whatever the hell you might say, and two, you never have to think. About anything! Just praise God, wear a flag pin, and say that you pray every day.”

“But, um, I don’t.”

“Never say that!”

“Yeah, but—”

“NEVER SAY THAT!”

“Okay, okay. Jebus.”

“There ya go. When you get a tough inquiry, just say ‘That’s a good question and I will pray about it to arrive at the correct answer.’ You can stall your way out of answering almost anything with that. Okay, now how are you fixed for position papers?”

“Does that involve reading?”

“Oh no, you don’t read ’em—your office hands ’em out to those snarky reporter types who are always sniffing around for the truth and facts and boring stuff like that.”

“Oh, right.”

“Sure. Through GOP Outfitters, you can have all the facts on destroying Social Security, starving the poor, killing the elderly, and jailing young black and brown people.”

“Some of that sounds bad.”

“Well, we don’t say it that way! This stuff is by college-educated writers working for the Heritage Foundation, the Cato Institute, the ALEC organization, and they can make irresponsible right-wing nonsense sound almost palatable.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Conservatives go on the talk shows and spout this nonsense all the time and the moron base just eats it up.”

By this point, conservatives in the lounge were trying to stop the video but there were no on/off or volume controls on the monitors. A couple of conservatives—Teddy Bloatman and Louie Numbrain—attempted to remove the video monitors but the metal cases were firmly bolted to the wall. Louie started pounding on one monitor with his tiny fists while Teddy grabbed a trash receptacle and prepared to hurl it into one of the other screens.

The glass cracked under Louie’s pounding, creating large gashes in his hands. He looked at the wounds and screamed in panic. He exited the lounge leaving a trail of tears and splotches of blood.

Teddy flung the trashcan with all his pitiful strength. The receptacle bounced off the monitor, rebounded through the air in an ungainly arc and struck Teddy on the forehead. The big, brash, bold, and brave conservative shrieked as a wound opened above his unibrow. Then Teddy's eyes rolled upwards and his body fell backwards onto a tray of used coffee cups, sending broken shards of china in all directions. The clatter of crockery partially masked the last part of the video, which featured a brief audio clip from Sonic Youth's 1992 single, "Youth Against Fascism."

— CHAPTER 39 —

**M**y third video made especially for attendees of the traitor conference was entitled *GOP versus USA* and it played on every viewing screen throughout the entire convention center. The visuals consisted of photographs and news clips of some of the scummiest elected officials in our nation's history, including such degenerates as Richard Nixon, George Wallace, Ronald Reagan, Andrew Jackson, Newt Gingrich, and both Bush mistakes. The majority of lowlifes displayed in the video were more recent, including such traitors as Mitch McConnell, Ted Cruz, Marco Rubio, Lindsey Graham, Donald Trump, Kevin McCarthy, Paul Ryan, Jeff Flake, Rand Paul, Joni Ernst, Ben Sasse, Marsha Blackburn, Tom Cotton, and on and on and on.

The woman providing the voiceover in the video didn't have to shout because the message was so damning.

“For decades, conservatives have practiced a concerted effort to spread prevarications,

distortions, falsehoods, and general mendacity, all in the service of the most powerful corporate interests and the wealthiest individuals among us. ‘The people be damned’ is the conservative doctrine. The snakes attacking America are working hard to destroy everything good and decent in the United States of America.”

This video was airing everywhere, including on the dozens of large screen monitors in the hallways and concourse areas of the convention center. No matter which way the traitorous attendees turned, they were confronted by the calm presentation of their perfidy.

“Conservatives are consistently anti-American,” the video narration continued. “Conservatives betray the very function of government by saying ‘No’ to what is necessary for the populace. Conservatives say no to universal healthcare, no to voting rights, no to equal pay, no to environmental protection, no to wealth equality, no to minimum wage reform, no to unemployment insurance, no to education, no to infrastructure, no to food supplement programs, no to veteran's affairs funding, no to humane immigration, no to publically financed elections, no to sensible gun legislation, no to



marriage equality, no to gender equality, and no to tax reform.”

Many of the quislings were shouting at convention employees to shut off the broadcast; this resulted in shrugs from the employees, who were already quite fed up with the reprobates currently befouling their workspace. Other nutjobs attempted to destroy the monitors on which the video was appearing; this resulted in scraped knuckles, gashed fingers, and at least two broken arms. Senator Joni McNotsy stood on a chair and reached up to pound on one monitor with a high-heeled shoe. She lost her balance and fell into the nearby information booth, breaking two ribs and a collarbone.

“The treachery of conservatives does not stop there,” the video narration continued. “Also repulsive are the odious programs they support: Conservatives say yes to corporate tax breaks, yes to fracking, yes to destroying social security, yes to destroying Medicare, yes to offshoring of American jobs, yes to discriminatory practices, and yes to destroying the post office.

“Conservatives have their own propaganda TV and radio programming. They have phony think tanks that publish their lies and distortions.

They partner with Klan morons, neo-Nazis, and white supremacists.

“Oddly enough, conservatives routinely deny their disgusting practices. They have effectively dressed up their homophobia and misogyny as ‘defense of family values,’ their xenophobia as ‘America first,’ their theocracy as ‘respect for religious views’ and their plutocracy as ‘protecting the job creators.’ When it comes to their racism, they rely on such deceits as ‘states rights’ and ‘law and order.’

“Conservatives vigorously protest the use of the proper terms to describe their acts and the news often gives in to their whining because huge rightwing corporate interests own the media. Yes, another conservative con job is their use of the term ‘liberal media’ when there is not a single major news dissemination organization that is progressive, liberal, or even-handed.

“Among decent people, there once was some hope that conservatism would be a losing game because science, data, and reality are aligned against them, but conservatives countered with an Orwellian attack on truth itself. Details on the many ways conservatives work to undermine justice, science, and fact are

in our upcoming video entitled *Conservatism Kills*. Until then, whenever possible, call out the con jobs—point to the perfidy of conservatives. Decent people must join together to crush the pestilence of conservatism and help America live up to the ideals of its founding. Thank you.”\*

The video immediately began playing again, much to the consternation of the Nazis, Klan members, conspiracy theorists, anti-vaxers, anti-taxers, and all the rest of CPAC’s moral and mental defectives.

I meandered through the convention center, watching the dimwits shouting at the monitors, saliva dripping from their putrid lips. Seeing the miscreants in obvious distress was comforting. Idea for an inspirational book: *When Bad Things Happen to Bad People*.

I smiled as I strolled. It was almost time for the next part of my plan. Soon it would be time to call in the cops.

\* “She was so damn polite,” Fook said, referring to the actress providing the voiceover to the video. “She was supposed to conclude with, ‘To the decent people watching, thank you; to the conservatives watching, *Sieg Heil*.’ But no matter how hard we tried, we couldn’t get her to say it.”

— CHAPTER 40 —

Their crisp, clean uniforms were in a shade of blue so deep they almost looked black. Their laced boots were black but highly polished so they almost had a reflective quality. The outfits were of the Class B variety, made of a polyester blend. They featured generous cargo pockets on the outside of each thigh. Their leather belts held an impressive array of gear, from holstered Tasers and pepper spray canisters to wrist ties and riot batons.

Three dozen strong, the phalanx of cops strode across the quad in front of the county courthouse building where I was currently cornered by a dozen mutants, that is to say, a dozen conservatives. The rightwing reprobates had followed me from the treason convention and were now demanding to know if I had something to do with the videos that upset their delicate psyches by telling them the truth.

I attempted to explain how they were brainwashed by the criminal element in the GOP, but they didn't seem able to process the

information. The regressive throng all had that cretinous look around their eyes that affects the features of most conservatives.

They were crude, rude, and stupid. They were stewed, screwed, and putrid. There were puffed up with self-importance as well as misplaced pride, but all that changed to cringing fear as they turned to see the three dozen officers fanning out to surround us and raising their weapons. The men in the blue-black uniforms were an amazing sight, not only because of their uniforms but because each of them was wearing a lizard mask.

“What the fuck?” one GOP goon said.

The full head coverings were colorful, rippled, and coated with some substance that sparkled in the afternoon sun.

“Mr. Fook, please step away from the crowd of dipshits,” the lead officer told me.

“Yes, sir,” I replied and walked out of the scrum of bodies.

Some of the officers were chuckling, and it sounded ominous emerging from under their latex masks. Other officers were relishing being able to play the role of enforcer. Still others were

licking their chops at the thought of busting some heads.

“Look, this is bullshit,” another GOP deplorable began.

“Quiet, sunshine!” the lead lizard told him.

“Hey, don’t tell me what—”

“Shut the fuck up,” the lead lizard cut him off. “You don’t know shit.”

“Fuck you, asshole. You can’t—”

“Keep your pie-hole shut, douchebag.”

“I will do whatever the hell I—”

He stopped abruptly. He stopped abruptly because the Taser paralyzed him. With a comical wheezing sound, he collapsed in a heap on the concrete.

“Anyone else?” the officer shouted to the moron posse. There was no audible reply.

The lizard-headed officers began shouting signals and commands back and forth.

“We’ve got the conservatards cornered, General Komodo, sir!”

“Excellent work, Colonel Chameleon.”

“Major Gecko requests permission to bust a couple conservaturds in the chops, sir.”

“What is this?” another GOP clown said, his voice a mixture of annoyance and fear.

“Officer Gila Monster!”

“Yes, Sergeant Salamander?”

“Is the squad ready?”

“We are ready, Sergeant!”

“Good,” the sergeant said. “Major Gecko, the troops are ready!”

“Fine work, Sergeant.”

“What the hell is going on?” one of the dim bulbs said.

“Captain Chuckwalla!” the commander barked.

“Sir!” came the reply.

“Lieutenant Iguana!”

“Sir!”

“Commence Operation Bozo Bagging.”

“Yes sir!”

“Right away, sir!”

All the lizard-headed officers reached into their cargo pockets and brought out chicken head masks. There was a terrific struggle as the lizard-headed cops happily jammed the fowl hoods onto the addled noggins of the GOP boob brigade. A few of the know-nothings had to be Tasered or clubbed into submission, but within moments, all of them were wearing scruffy and

ratty-looking hoods in the shape of *Gallus gallus domesticus*.

“Good work, lizard men,” General Komodo praised his troops. “Now let’s get some pictures.” They began posing with their captives. There were no eyeholes in the chicken head coverings and the hoods were fastened tightly at the neck with self-locking drawstrings. The GOP reprobates were staggering around, bumping into each other, and shouting for help. The masks muffled their voices so there was just a general hubbub sound mixed with the laughter of the lizard cops.

I gave a snappy salute to the men and women of the New American Reptile Freedom Fighting Forces.\*

“That was an excellent improv session, just excellent,” I told them. Then I made my exit. I have no idea what the lizard men did with the morons.

\* Fook said he was okay with the acronym being NARFFF.

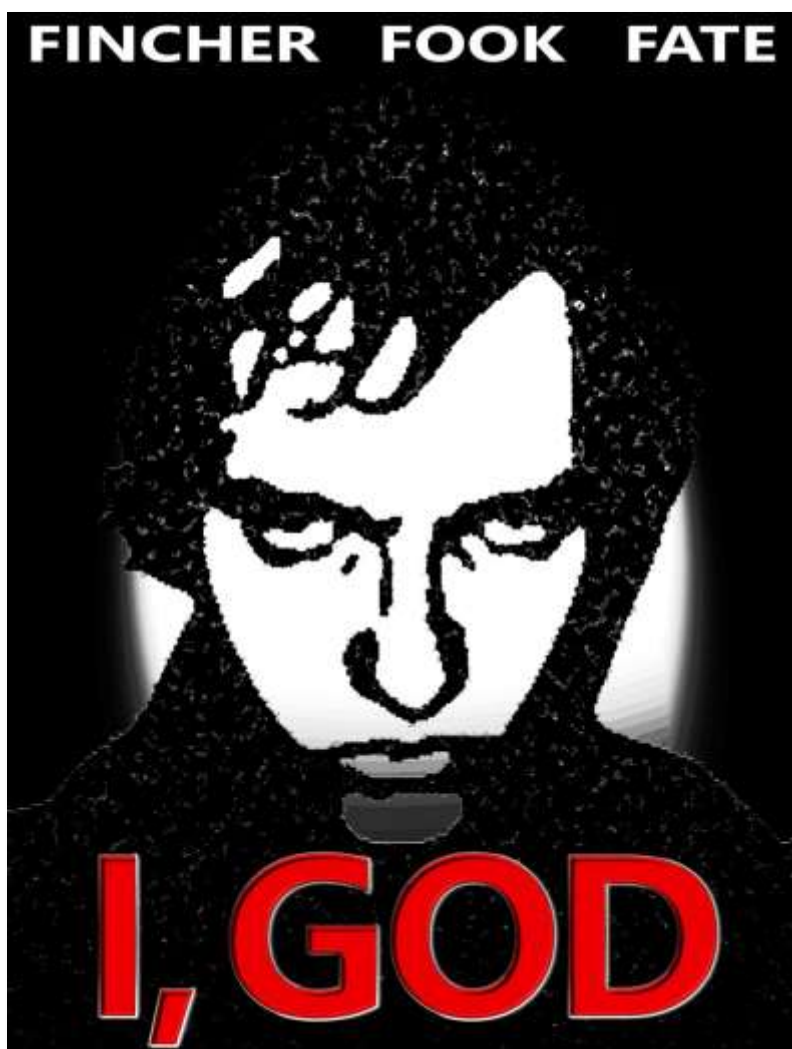


— CHAPTER 41 —

**A**fter my lizard-assisted escape, I spent time unwinding by strolling through the shopping district of a nearby middle-class suburb. I enjoyed an overpriced latte at one of the upscale cafés. I perused the posted menus of several theme restaurants, noting the incredible caloric counts for entrees and desserts. I browsed up and down the aisles of a massive big box store, in awe of the choices of garishly packaged cheaply made equipment.

Eventually, I found myself standing outside the façade for a movie theater multiplex. Brightly-lit one-sheets blared their messages hyping current and upcoming pictures. The usual claptrap: action films in which a great many things crashed and exploded; sci-fi flicks in which the CGI had more personality than the actors; tearjerkers aimed at unhappy women; several unfunny comedies.

But amongst the dreck was one film that seemed interesting, despite the lurid design of the promotional poster...



I had forgotten about the legal agreements that had been made for my life story and now, without any input from me, the movie had been written, produced, edited, hyped, and put into general release. I purchased a ticket and took in the show. It was not bad at all. The young unknown actor playing me seemed more angsty

than necessary but he was a bolt of lightening every time he was on the screen. And Fincher is a monster talent as a director. It was better than not bad; it was good, damn good. They got the details wrong for several of my murders, but they can be forgiven for that; after all, in many interviews, I have given out a shipload of contradictory and deliberately misleading information concerning my exploits.\*

My recommendation for *I, God*, is quite simple: Get high and go!

Meanwhile, I have to get in touch with whoever is serving as our agent and have them pitch a TV show on this same subject. Could have the same title or something a little different like *I, Fate*, for example. Might be a bit camp. Theme song could be Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love?" reworked into "Who Do You Kill?" The first part of each episode would show some rightwing nutjob clucktard. The middle section would show my setting up a trap. The finale would be the dispatching of the human detritus.

\* "Like the information in this book?" I asked Mr. Fook. "Oh no," he assured me. "Everything I've told you is one hundred percent truthful. Mostly."

We could have special guest murder victims each episode. Adam Driver throttled in last week's show. Kate McKinnon poisoned in this week's show. Idris Elba shot in next week's episode. Perhaps a special two-part season-ending fantasy episode with cross gender casting so Kristen Stewart can play me.

The whole success thing makes me so deliriously happy I could just go out and hug somebody. Or kill them.

— AFTERWORD —

**I** have not yet gone insane. I have not yet gone insane. I have not yet gone insane. I have not yet gone insane. I have not yet gone insane. Not yet have I gone insane. Insane I have not yet gone. Insane not yet have I gone....

All right, that will be quite enough of that. We will dispense with the one-note litany because, at long last, I have come to realize that repetition, even with slight variety, is best reserved for sexual intercourse and other forms of exercise.

Do you see my improvement? I am coming to grips with my obsessions. Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better.\* Thanks are due to you for your words of encouragement, your generous support, and your having taken an interest in my case as presented herein.

\* Fook often played around with the Émile Coué mantra, stating it in various ways. He once said, “Every day, in every way, I’m getting bitter and bitter.” On other occasions, he amended it to “Every day, in every way, I’m getting better and better at removing people from the planet.”

Before we conclude this time together, I would like to take a moment to comment on some of the terminology bandied about in the media when discussing my hobby and/or me personally. Several pejorative terms and phrases appear with exasperating monotony:

- ⊕ serial killer
- ⊕ repeat killer
- ⊕ stranger killer
- ⊕ mass murderer
- ⊕ random killer
- ⊕ assassin
- ⊕ executioner
- ⊕ butcher
- ⊕ cutthroat
- ⊕ slayer

That is a depressingly banal list. I am chagrined about having to point out the disturbing lack of imagination that went into most of the prose written about me and my exploits. Every once in a while one might encounter the use of something from film noir, like “cold-blooded killer,” but it was rare. Only twice did someone use the phrase “stone cold

killer.” Apparently, no one considered “Taker of Lives” or “Collector of Souls” or “Dispatcher of Detritus.” There are very few poetic souls in journalism, it seems.

Falling back on movie references was also an annoying habit of many scribes. A lazy habit. After all, it took only a nanosecond of thought for a journalist to reference *The Terminator*, *The Departed*, *The Dead*, *Hannibal*, *Zodiac*, *Psycho*, *American Psycho*, *Silence of the Lambs*, or *Maniac*.

This is a desultory state of affairs, and it prompts me to register a complaint in the most elegantly profound manner possible: Where’s the fuckin’ creativity, fer cryin’ out loud!

In closing, I would appreciate it, whenever you reference my humble efforts to rid the planet of human flotsam and jetsam, that you use the term “progressive executioner” to describe me. Or “sequential murderer,” if you like. Those are my preferences. People who want to remain friends have respect for each other’s preferences, as I think you will agree.

We are going to remain friends, aren’t we?

— ABOUT THE AUTHORS —

When the prodigies at the publishing company suggested I pressure my friends into providing blurbs to help market this book, I said, “No.” When they suggested I write G’s bio and he write mine, I agreed. Herewith my succinct summary of the unusually-yclept knight of the plume:

John Scott G is the author of a rather large number of sentences and paragraphs deliberately designed to entertain or upset you. For that, he says, “You’re welcome.” — *JMF*

Joseph M. Fook is a sequential murderer who was sentenced to multiple consecutive life terms in an asylum for the criminally insane. After his escape, the two of us met and discovered we shared similar hatreds. One thing led to another and we decided to collaborate, he by helping a former business partner of mine fall down a flight of stairs six or seven times, and me by helping him finish his book.

Reviewers take note: I am friends with a first class killer. — *JSG*



JOSEPH M. FOOK



[fookmovie.com](http://fookmovie.com)

JOHN SCOTT G



[johnscottg.com](http://johnscottg.com)



The fates are watching you.

Karma is watching you.

I am watching you.

— *J.M. Fook*