

Chapter 1

I stand in my rusty tub, naked, washing my body with a sponge that is falling apart in my hand, no state-of-the-art eco-friendly shower, just an abandoned bath in the middle of our kitchen. I still wash like I'm living on the streets. I stare out of my ickle-wickle grubby window at the block of flats opposite. Soaking my man tits with freezing cold water and cringing at my flabby flesh while scrubbing. After I've finished having a cheeky wanky-wanky, I plod to get dressed, simply just slipping into a pair of cum-stained black shorts and a ripped T-shirt. The tub is still full of yellow piss and body hair. I sluggishly limp lifelessly to my armchair, falling into my seat and switching on my tracked digital pocket pad.

Everything is very quiet all of a sudden. My only option is to have a cheeky sip of whisky. I have no problem drowning my liver in liquor or shovelling a palm full of scraps into my giant gob. I keep thinking about this dirty brothel, barely left standing, around the corner from what used to be the old bus station. I wonder to myself if I should go there. I get pissed enough from the whisky to be up for that sort of thing. I've got plenty of time to pop across to this brothel. Pay what little digital currency I have left this month for a depraved punishment. I could get one of those tiny European girls to stand on my face in high heels and treat me like a shitty scumbag. I start fantasizing about this five-foot Latvian girl I know who works there. I imagine her spitting into my mouth and calling me a 'land faggot!' Ha, ha! All joking aside, I'm not going through with it. These are but mere fantasies, which are calmly contained and not to be acted upon. Besides, I begrudge paying to be humiliated twice in one week. Humiliation is free. I feel like an aborted baby thrown to the starving wolves. They're ravenous beasts, dying to chow down on a working-class field beast like myself.

“Fresh Meat!”

Said the crowd as they licked their luscious lips at fresh flesh being tossed onto the pile. I lean over and stare like a gormless divvy out of my window, and the streets seem entirely empty. Most of the shops have been boarded up along the high road, with offensive graffiti covering all the buildings and all the wooden boards. A scruffy drunken tramp appears from an alleyway, stumbling across the abandoned streets far below my gaff. He's tall and skinny, shaved on the back and sides but long on top, with rough stubble, a tracksuit, and trainers. Singing and dancing, clicking his heels, like in one of those old ancient museum films. I feel jealous of the fella. Maybe I'd buy some more booze and join him. Suddenly, a woman, young, short, milky skin, slim, attractive, shoulder-length

brown hair up in a bun, comes running up behind him. She's gorgeous. Torted up like a whore. If I didn't just toss myself off, she would have given me a hard-on. That's one thing I'm proud of about my hideous body. The size of my meat. It's safe to say I've got a proper thick hog.

The two street dwellers begin to argue. I'm not sure what about. I'm too high up to hear a word. The pissed-up bum puts his booze on the ground. Then, out of nowhere, he smashes this bird right in the side of her face, knocking her straight to the ground. I take a step back from the window and cringe. I don't want anybody to see me. I watch the man kick the woman straight in the head from about two inches away. I think she's unconscious? He screams in her face! I feel sorry for her, but I'm too high up to hear what he's saying. This poor girl is undoubtedly dead? The trampy alchy laughs, picks up his booze, sings, downs his drink, and throws the bottle across the street toward the boarded-up shops. The woman lies on her back, not moving even slightly. I think about calling for help, but it's too late. She's probably better off dead. Street tarts don't usually live long.

I put my head in my hands and feel things I haven't felt in a long time. I want to help this woman. Nobody else will help her. We would all lie to say we care about anything outside ourselves. I put on my tatty trainers, grab the rusty key from the floor tiles and go to dash down to help.

Lass comes crashing into the flat. She scrambles around the room like a rat, scratching and nibbling through her little green bag. Then, she quickly dashes from one end of the room to the other like a cat with a firework up its ass.

“What happened?”

“I think somebody recognised me.”

“Who recognised you?”

“Don't know.”

“You don't know?”

“I was followed.”

“You were followed?”

“Yep.”

Lass shrugs at me like I'm some kind of street scrounger. Like I'm the alleyway alchy or a dangerous cri-crinkle-brekk dealer. What does she mean she doesn't know who recognised her? My bonce starts to overflow with worry and anxiety. Just as my dark thoughts and fantasies began to calm down. She knows exactly how to make my nerves flicker and jitter. But her beauty keeps me quiet. This is the most frantic I've seen lovely Lass as her long, slender limbs fly around the flat. She never usually rambles on like this. How can I keep it together if her marbles have fallen out of her ass?

“Followed by who?”

“Some bloke.”

“A bloke?”

“Yes! You worthless cretin. Are you just going to keep repeating what I say?”

“Calm down.”

“Where’s the razor?”

Lass holds the bag high above her head and empties all of her junk onto the floor. She drops onto her knees and throws all the pointless crap behind her. She scurries about like a lunatic and has the cheek to snatch my bag. I need to get her to calm down, so I slowly move closer and get her to take deep breaths.

“Just calm down, babe. Deep breaths, deep breaths, deep breaths.”

“Get away from me! You oxygen thief.”

“Why do you need the razor?”

“I need to shave all of my fucking hair off!”

“Why? Don't be such a silly girl. Don't be such a...”

Go on. Say it. I'm going to say it. She deserves to hear it. It's for own her own good. She needs to know what she is.

“Don't be a stupid bitch.”

I usually only call her a bitch when she's tonguing my balls and trying to ram a loaf of bread up my tight boy-pussy hole. We're into that kinky stuff. Some call it kinky. I call it true love, she calls me daddy, and I call her a bitch. Once, she rubbed a thick dump on my chest with her feet. But that didn't quite go as planned.

“If somebody's worked out who I am, they're going to be looking for me, a girl with brown hair, but If I didn't have brown hair, then there's no one to look for. We can't have people looking for us. If anybody finds out where we live, then we're screwed.”

She just ignores me. I should have seen that one coming a mile off. Lass finds the razor blade in my bag. That was meant to be for defensive purposes. I thought I'd hidden it away? Her irrationality is really starting to annoy me. It's a good job I love her. Lass throws off her black jacket and leans back into my armchair with the defensive razor in hand. She's even more beautiful in the flesh. Her nipples poking through her disgustingly dirty top. Even while covered in sweat, she looks decent. I'm just a fat lump in shorts and a T-shirt, but Lass's features are on a new level.

“Here we go! We're cooking with gas now!”

Lass proudly holds my razor blade up to the minimal light blazing through a crack in the grimy window. The silver shines like a precious treasure.

“Have you gone mad?”

“I need you to help me shave it all off.”

“You've actually lost the plot.”

I slowly breeze across the room, away from her madness. I've risked everything for her, and she insists on speaking to me like utter crap.

"Stop giving me shit, be useful for once."

"Useful? How's this for useful? You're a fucking moron."

Am I giving her shit? From my point of view, this isn't what shit looks like. She runs the blade over her head and attempts to shave it. She's going to end up slashing her skull.

"It's not working!"

"Of course it's not working. It's not for your head."

"I need to be bald."

"You need to calm yourself."

Lass starts limping around the room like a wounded soldier, giggling and trying to cut her luscious locks.

"Put the blade down, please?"

She stops and looks directly at me with my razor in her left hand. I'm practically on my hands and knees, begging for her to put it down.

"Let's just talk this through, babe. Alright?"

Lass tiptoes in circles as she gives it some thought.

"Alright, let's talk."

"Right, now, hand over the razor. Give it!"

Jesus, that was a lot of work. But I guess that's what we get for letting each other go outside alone. Finally, she reluctantly hands back my razor blade. She takes a few deep and much-needed breaths. Hands-on hips, heart panting, walking from wall to wall.

"Calm down, yeah?"

"Yep."

Lass nods, and shrugs like she doesn't give a crap about her ridiculous performance. It was a hilarious and violent stand-up show for murderers, abusers, drug dealers, and alchys. I tick all those boxes, so it should have suited me to a tee. But it's hard to enjoy torture when somebody you love does it to themselves.

"This bloke, this man, you didn't know him?"

"No."

"But you think that he knew you?"

"Yep."

"You're para again."

"I'm not para. You're being para!"

Here we go. Another debate over who is more paranoid. Considering my circumstances, with everything I've been accused of, I have more of an excuse to be paranoid about our location. My mind drifts into obscurity once again. Is that bird outside still there? I slowly creep over to the gap in our boarded-up window to check if she is. Thankfully, I look out with one eye and can't see

anything. So either she managed to get herself up, or somebody else helped her. I turn back around toward Lass.

“What did this guy look like then?”

“He was massive, at least six-foot-three, six-four, maybe even six-five, covered in tattoos, giant hands, couldn't work out if he was ripped or just fat, he had tits, a bit like you.”

Yet another fat joke. How very amusing. I wonder how many more of these I can take before I just piss all over her sleeping bag.

“This bloke, man, person, what did he do?”

“I was walking around the corner, having a scout about. I'm near where the old station used to be. I see all those cameras pointing at me, at least six or seven. I look up, and my face is blown up in black and white on one of Monsieur's - long live the great Monsieur! - outdoor screens.”

“You got caught?”

“Stop jumping the gun, I'm telling you.”

“Go on then.”

Lass's gestures are big and wide as she fully gets going. She acts like a sadistic cartoon who is singing a devilish song for all of her underground tribe. I stand and watch like an entertained little sprog during story hour.

“I get out of the way of these cameras and dash down an alley where they can't see me, the one with the really long path. I get a bit of the nervous shakes about me, and realise I can't be getting arrested. Not after, well, you know?

Everything that we've done.”

“Yep.”

“I bail down an alley, and this fat cunt follows me, follows me down the path, down the street, through the park.”

“Why didn't you run?”

“I was running.”

“How was he still behind you?”

“Because he was running too.”

“Did he follow you back here? You retarded idiot. I knew you'd ruin this for us.”

“Will you calm down, fat boy? I didn't lead him back here.”

“Far enough to spot where you were going. He probably knows where we live. Probably knows who I am, who you are.”

“I lost him a few streets back.”

“Where did you lose him?”

“At least five minutes away.”

“Are you sure he doesn't know where we are?”

“Positive.”

He's probably one of those trampy-wamps. The homeless have set up their tents along the old high road. A new community of streetwalkers, like a drug-infested

zoo. We both have to watch ourselves very closely. I can tell she isn't sure about what's happened. I can hear her voice and see she hasn't got a bloody clue behind her eyes. I've been able to tell the uncertainty of Lass since we were both kids. I doubt there even was a man who chased her. Maybe it's all just a load of crap. I start to walk around the flat as she quietly stands there. We get to the point where I'm almost circling Lass like a great white shark.

"What was all of that bollocks about shaving your hair?"

"Stop any more people recognising me. Come on, keep up."

"Mistaken identity by the sounds of it."

"You reckon?"

"Maybe."

"Hopefully, that's the last of it."

Lass is undoubtedly lying. I can tell when she's fibbing. I've been able to spot all of the signs since we were about four or five. I would genuinely do anything for Lass. Maybe I should offer to kill him? As a joke, try to make her laugh and see how she might react. Instead, Lass stares blankly at me. She doesn't move, say a word or even blink. Just deadly silent as she scowls at me. Why am I being scowled at? Her mood is affecting my mood. I'm not the one lying to her.

I can hear alarms in the background. She proudly leans back and grins. Lass turns and walks to my armchair. She silently sits back down, going onto her digital pocket pad. I rub my stubble with both hands as Lass breezes through her pad. Somehow, I'm the one who has taken all of the blame for her craziness. Lass doesn't seem arsed. She's more concerned with her electronic escape route. I'll just keep my giant gob shut from now on.

The night is upon us. It's pitch black outside, and Lass is deep into her digital world. Deep down in my bloated belly, I get this annoying rising sensation, followed by an annoying feeling of déjà vu. I've got a giant lump in my throat like I'm about to cough up a thick, gooey river of phlegm. I stare at myself in the window. Looking back at me is this disgusting, short, stubby, chubby baby boy. I decide to bite down on my bottom lip until it bleeds. Choosing pain over humiliation. The blood oozes onto my thick lower lip. It dribbles down my hairy mush and onto my round double chin. The blood doesn't look real. Maybe there's something about self-inflicted blood that makes it not look natural in comparison? The sharp and sensitive pain gives me these violent, jerking impulses.

Lass lifts herself from my armchair, and we stare at each other. Little butterflies. She leaves her digital pocket pad and strolls over to me. We look into each other's eyes. Her beautiful blue blinkers sparkle and twinkle. We share a peaceful and intimate moment, a moment that only pops up every so often, if at all. This moment of connection between myself and Lass makes everything

worthwhile. I'd go through it all again for this one moment. This moment of true love, romantic destiny, and incidental fellowship. All of it. I'd happily stand here and tell her that I loved her over and over and over again. But saying it more than once makes her uncomfortable. It makes her cringe to hear it more than once. I've always got to lead the way.

We move to each other, and I put my sausage fingers down her knick-knacks, going to touch her puss-puss. I remember the first time I ever saw it. We were both six years old, and it was all neatly tucked away. She hadn't got any hair down there yet, but it was still fun for us both. Lass quickly jumps back. She leaps to the other corner of the room, and I give her space to check herself before going over.

"I think I might be coming on."

Lass pulls her hand from her pants. It's covered in lumpy period blood from the tip of her fingers to the bottom of her wrist. I step back as a reddish paint substance entirely engrosses her palms. I see it dripping over her wrists like overdone jam. In between her fingers, stuck underneath her nails, beginning to flow down her arms and take over the entirety of her body. She turns into a period monster, screeching for help.

"I need something to stick up there."

Lass squirms to the hallway. I can hear her checking to see if we have anything to ram up to soak up the mess. Grossed out by all of this, I return to my armchair. I feel absolutely shattered. As soon as I relax and my eyes close, Lass trails back in, wiping all of the period juices from her mittens.

"You're definitely on your period?"

"Looks like it. Before I start pissing blood, will you help me fill my hole or what?" "Urgh! Rank."

"Don't be such a little tart."

"I'm not having sex on your period. I'm not gay."

"Because you don't like blood. I've heard it all before."

"Yeah."

"Only a bit of red liquid. If you were a real man, you'd get amongst it. I can't remember the last time you got down there and gave me a good seeing too. Scared of periods."

"It's not about the period. It's about the blood."

"How do you think I feel having to go through it every month?"

"But you're used to it."

"Doesn't get any easier."

"I'll never get used to blood."

"We're not getting into another period debate."

I nod and grunt. My eyes feel like piss holes in the snow, bags hanging halfway down my face, just about managing to look at Lass. I need a little drinky-wink. I go over to my half-packed bag, pull out a fresh bottle of whisky, and swig from

it. This has been in here quite a while for such an occasion. I deserve a swig. I neck the whisky straight from the bottle and creep around the flat with an incessant ringing in my ears. The drinky-wink really starts to wake me up.

“Want a sip?”

“Thanks.”

I sheepishly stand very stiff and awkwardly shuffle from one leg to another. Finally, me and Lass meet halfway across the room and embrace, having a big cuddle.

“No more arguing?”

“Agreed.”

“Promise?”

“Pinkie promise.”

“That's a proper fucking promise.”

“You're cute.”

“You're cuter.”

“You're funny.”

“You're funnier.”

We kiss and hug as passionately as possible and have a cheeky drink. Lass takes a couple of big swigs, and then so do I. There's not much left. We hold each other's hands and playfully swing our arms like when we were kids.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

We have a peaceful moment together.

I slump over to our window. Lass seems amused as she watches me curiously. She sits with her legs crossed on the floor. It's gotten busier below as all the creatures come out at night.

“Teleport Boy's trying to buy.”

“But he brought last night?”

“I know, clearly, he's sniffed it all.”

“How could he sniff all of that in one night?”

“The magic of cri-crangle-brekk.”

“Freaks.”

“Yep.”

“How's he looking?”

“Pasty. I swear his head's getting bigger.”

“Is he still wearing that eye patch?”

“Yep.”

“Teleport Boy's a legend.”

“I reckon he's a civil war vet.”

“Suffers from PTSD?”

“Pill addict more like.”

“Let me see!”

Me and Lass switch places. Lass is now staring out of the little hole, and I watch her from the crusty yellow floor like a pair of tipsy toddlers. My medium-sized bottle of whisky is also gone. We've managed to quickly gulp it down in a few swigs.

"What can you see?"

"Teleport Boy's gone."

"Teleported back into the future?"

"Nah."

"Shame."

I wish I could teleport back and forth from past to future. Getting to use all of the high-functioning, state-of-the-art devices. About the only thing around here that is working. No wonder everybody is leaving. Most of the shops can barely stay open or even allowed to stay running. Maybe by the end of next month, I'll have sunk so low that I'll be sucking off some old smackhead for an online score. Electronic smack straight into my purple veins. Everything left standing in this torn-apart city is digital. That which doesn't fit within the new electronic and technological era simply goes out of business. Sure, there are a few exceptions, where you can still get fatty foods, booze, and a suck, but most day-to-day services are significantly reduced. You better have your digital passcode! Even for a quick suck, you still have to put your dick through a tiny (I mean huge!) databased type hole in the wall.

"Oh shit! Guess what?"

"What?"

"Bog Roll's out."

"Whey! Bog Roll."

"She looks sad."

"I would be if I looked like that."

"Don't be mean."

"I'm just saying, three times she's had dirty bog roll on her shoe."

"I know, but she's clearly not well."

"Clearly not cleaning her ass properly either."

"She's got a cute dog, though."

"Baby Eater."

"Do you think?"

"One hundred percent."

"You think her dog eats babies?"

"Yep."

"What's wrong with Bog Roll?"

"Divorced."

"Kids?"

"Not a chance."

"Single?"

"Definitely."

“Just her and the dog.”

“Baby Eater!”

Lass leaves the window and returns to the floor. We both sit crossed-legged and gaze at each other with huge grins. Lass unwraps some cri-crangle-brekk. She chops a line on the floor with my razor blade, halves it, and we sniff it straight from the ground. The high hits us both instantly! Lass doesn't reply. She slides off me, stands up, and slowly floats off. I start tripping and try to get my bearings. The shock keeps you from thinking clearly. Sporadic episodes of screeching static, fuzziness like shock waves on one of those massive screens. I'm too distracted to really care. My mind wanders off into fantasy. Reality and magic merge into one. I disappear out of the room as the trip truly takes hold.

Once upon a time, we would all meet around the sun rising outside the fruit market after the big cleanup. Those unfortunate enough to be demanded a dark shift would be left notes written on the market walls. Bitter and resentful, we would kick and spit at the dirt and fucking filth left behind by the chorus of Monsieur - long live the great Monsieur! The shitty city chorus would cackle and sing as they would make the stalls as mucky as possible for a cleanup. Those put on command for an all-eventful dark shift would even have brown slop and green liquids to scrape off the streets ready for the fruit markets.

The chorus would make our pickups miserable with harassment and assaults. Everybody else got a completely free pass. They stuck up their clackers and positions of privilege to bypass the humiliations of real life onto the workers of the land. We spent long days and dark nights, depending on our assigned schedules, forced to do unpaid labour along the streets and greenery of the grounds. Sometimes this labour even got destroyed and burnt to a crisp. Then, a large chorus or a mob would appear seemingly out of nowhere. They would chuck rotten tommies and scabby apples at our noggins, mock us, laugh at us, cackle like witches, and poke us with sticks. They would scream and spit abuse at us and angrily accuse us of being the ones who were harming them.

We were forced to rebuild and start again, strictly for their entertainment. Having to earn our scran to munch and wet our lips with chloride. The crew was given breaks when we couldn't stand up or breathe any longer. After our legs had given way and our lungs had nipped to sleep for a short break. Monsieur - long live the great Monsieur! - had a specific aim in mind, which still, to this day, is one of his primary goals. That is, to turn what's left of our land into a destructive mess like his city. He hates that which still stands.

As the orange sun came up for its third turning, in the distance of the pink sky, I would slump my clogs along the streets of the land after a dreary and

devastatingly long pick up. I'd pass the crumbled ruins and torn-apart houses, going from the blackened paths onto the green grass. Having to stomp through mud and shit as I left the streets and made it back onto the rough and rocky roads. After a few miles of stumbling along, I'd return to the small village centre where I could snooze. I usually hurried to return to my wooden shack where I would sleep.

The trek would be so long that I'd start to get the uncomfortable urge to piss my pants. Alone and hungry. So very bastard hungry. I would return to the roads and head for my shit shack. I returned to my hole, poured some mucky, stinky water on my face, and dressed in my usual relaxed attire. I stumbled to the door, pushed it open, and vomited inside. I'd slam the door shut behind me and stare outside. Gazing at the rain in silence and feeling like a worthless piece of shit. I needed freedom from the chorus enslavement.

I'm out of the trip and back in the flat. I go to check on Lass and try to see if she's having a bad trip. If she's fleeing like I am. I start to fall across the room. Trying not to drop back down onto the yuck-yuck floor. I sway from left to right. Lass looks as though she might cry. She must definitely be having a bad trip. Maybe another line would balance her out? Lass's head swells to three times its size. Purple veins burst from her forehead, pulsing with two beats per second. I try to control my breath and say nothing. I only care that Lass's head looks like a talking moon. I'm sat on this big, long, thick dick as a chair. I keep my mush closed and watch moon girl from my dick chair. I leave Lass to it and start sluggishly floating around, almost falling over my clown shoes. My mind evaporating into thin air. I collapse and sit hunched over, hugging my knees to my chest in the cold and lonely corner of the flat. I start to get a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach. Like I'm about to be sick. I don't say a word as I wait for it to pass. The queasy sensation turns into hyper déjà vu. The worst I've ever had! I know nothing of my world and surroundings.

HAAAWWWHHH!!!

HAAAWWWHHH!!

HAAAWWWHHH!