

Seed Them Men

Casey and Pilib came to a screeching halt as the headmaster burst through the door. They slammed their backs against the back of the cabinet and held their breath, tongues and bladders. Slow, steady, deadly steps came toward them as their eyes frantically searched the wall they were sandwiched against. They'd left the door to their secret chamber open when they'd gone back for feathers out of their pillows. And, if that wasn't bad enough, the hostage they kept secret, in that chamber, wasn't the quiet type.

"Oh jaysus, if yah fuck us now I swear I'll crucify every nun in the place," Pilib muttered under his breath.

"Shut up yah mcfuck mick or yah'll fuck us all," Casey replied, slamming his hand over Pilib's mouth. The two took quick jabs at one another out of frustration until the cabinet door opened. Their every move would be known if they dared continue to squabble and, fortunately, they knew well enough to stop.

"Rotten shite," the headmaster grumbled, sifting through the belly of the next days rations.

But, just then, a squeak came from the chamber. Casey and Pilib clenched their jaws and peeked out the corner of their eyes to see the headmaster turn away from the cabinet.

"Who's there!?" the headmaster growled, drunk and hungry to sink his teeth into something or someone.

"If he finds em now, they're done for," Casey whispered.

"What are we gonna do? He's almost there!" Pilib replied, watching the headmaster stumble blindly through the room, not three paces from the secret-chamber-door.

"I said, Who's there!?"

Casey caught a glimpse of a knife stuck in a butchers block across the room. They could take the headmaster hostage too, and if worse came to worse, stash his body in the chamber. Nobody would miss him. And, if anything, they'd be treated as heroes by every lad in the land.

“Fuck it. Pray for me,” Pilib exclaimed, as he jumped out from behind the cabinet and ran screaming past the headmaster. “Yahr cock smells like nun-cunt!”

The headmaster turned deep red and swatted at Pilib, his hands falling just short of the boy. Casey grinned, proud to have such a loyal and stupid friend. Pilib kept screaming, while he was chased down the halls, until fists filled his mouth. Casey ran quickly to the chamber, and closed the door behind him—catching a final glimpse of his friend, bloodied and broken.

“Thank yah, Pilib—this won’t be for naught.”

Casey made his way down the lengthy corridor, carved over decades by the orphans before him. That it had remained a secret for so long was a testament to strength and dedication—endured for gold enough to live free forever. No one had yet retrieved the treasure—but it was close, and the children knew it.

“Where’s Pilib?”

“The headmaster got him,” Casey growled, stepping past his friends towards the hostage—strapped to an old wooden chair. His legs dangled over the side, too short to reach the ground, and his head squirmed as Casey pulled a handful of feathers from his pockets.

“Oh Christ... does he know about us? Will Pilib talk?”

“No... he’ll keep his mouth shut, and take his beating,” Casey exclaimed, gliding a feather along the chin of the hostage—grinning as it forced a laugh from him. “Yah’re the reason he was caught—couldn’t keep yahr fucking mouth shut, could yah?”

“Yah can do whatever yah want to me lads, but I’ll not say a word! The gold is ours, and always will be!” the hostage bellowed, fighting his restraints as best he could. His green suit and furry red beard made the children sick—they had fought too long to let his kind hoard the treasure any longer. He would be an example to the others.

“Aye... I don’t believe you will,” Casey stated, handing the feathers to his lads. “But, I’d say your friends will have a few choice words for us after we deliver your remains,” he continued, as each boy, feather in hand, stepped towards their captive.

All at once, they began tickling him over every inch. His face turned red and he howled with laughter, his stomach throbbing and eyes flooding. Then, after nearly a minute of torture, he let out a final scream as his body exploded into pools of blood and guts—spraying across the walls.

“Fucking leprechauns,” Casey muttered, wiping away the remains from his face.
“Bag his bits and leave it on their doorstep—it’s been too long since they had casualties.”

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