

Sam, Peter, Frederick, and Bobo stood around Peter's locker guffawing.

"You looked like an ape trying to communicate with humans for the first time!" Bobo exclaimed at Peter in reference to his attempt to ask out 8th grader Sarah B to the Winter Wings of Heaven Dance coming up.

"I know I looked like an idiot, you guys have only told me a million different ways to compare me to some stupid stuff to make me feel even dumber!" Peter responded, exasperated.

"Alright, we can relax it a little, right guys? Let's chill out, Peter tried his best, it just so happens that his best is no better than a retarded magician" Sam started breaking out laughing as he ended his supportive words turned jab at Peter.

"Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa! Since when are we bringing the "R" word back again, Sam? You know better than that, dude." Frederick butted in with his usual attempts to keep the group discussion above the gutter.

"Yeah Sam you fucking pervert stop being such a Grundlefruss you look like a mother eel wailing as it grieves the loss of its firstborn daughter after not spending as much time with her as she wished she did." Added Snoimgrin.

".... Who the hell said that?..." Bobo said as he looked around. "OH WHAT THE HELL!" he shrieked as his eyes met the figure of a 3 inch tall creature hanging from the vent of a nearby locker. It had the head and face of a leprechaun and a body made out of four hot cheeto limbs crammed into a twinkie.

"I, dear little children, am Snoimgrin! I am the manifestation of your deepest and darkest desires, whether you'd like to admit that to your other little friends or not!" Snoimgrin jubilantly stated in a nearly sing-songy tone as he leapt from the locker to the shoulder of Sam. Sam instantly reacted by sweeping Snoimgrin off of his shoulder and bashing him straight back into the door of the locker from whence he came. Snoimgrin's body puffed and crunched against the metal door and out oozed delicious and creamy twinkie filling from his torso.

"What the hell?! Why'd you do that, Sam!" Frederick squealed as he cupped his hands over his mouth in shock and disgust.

"What else were we gonna do, what is the purpose of that thing!?" Sam retorted.

"Haha, that sounds like retarded" said Frederick.

"...What does?" Asked Peter.

"Oh nothing Peter you're too retarded to get it, aren't you busy being socially inept and ugly while asking out girls way out of your league?" Frederick bit back harshly.

"I'll bite you back harshly..." Frederick responded like a little bitch attempting to fight back against the all powerful narrator who shall never stand for such foolish insolence from a piece of shit like him.

"Okay, you win this time.... FOR NOW!" Frederick shouted suddenly, his friends already having taken several steps back, quite disturbed by Frederick seeming to lose his mind and start to have a conversation with himself.

"This is all just too much, I think we are all a bit tweaked out from whatever the hell that Snidgrim guy was and what he was doing. We should all just go home and chill and reset and act like nothing happened, cuz basically nothing did happen and this is just some weird crap we never have to talk about again... Okay?" Bobo, attempting to for once be the bringer of peace and maturity, ended his proclamation, gathered his backpack from the floor, and headed for the front door. The rest of the crew followed suit. Leaving what looked like the worse end of a school snack smeared into the locker door while slowly sliding down to the floor.

Three months passed, the Winter Wings of Heaven Dance passed, Peter never got a date as he couldn't settle on just asking a girl in his league, and the boys had almost completely forgotten about their brief interaction with Snoidgrin. They were out playing basketball in Peter's driveway one clear day in February.

"Let's change it up from HORSE alright? What about DICK? Or FUCK? Or PETERSMOMISHOT?" Sam quipped shooting Peter a cheeky glance.

"I'd play DICK, it's a very short game, especially if we're talking about Sam's" Peter retorted.

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A spinning wheel of death appeared on the screen.

"Oh, what the Fuck!" Hotshot Steve said.

"Sorry this has been happening," Patrick said.

"This is a one point nine fucking billion dollar a year studio and we're having fucking wifi problems."

Hotshot Steve readjusted his glasses and lifted his coffee cup off of the editing desk, his Audemars Pieget tinkling a little.

Wait, is that thing fake?, Patrick thought, wondering about the sound.

"This is going well so far, though," Hotshot Steve said. "How did it test with the fuckwits?"

"Ages five to twelve loved it."

The editing room door swung open. Sarah Shelov walked in and dragged a seat into the viewing huddle, bumping Patrick's chair as she did. He looked up at her and she returned it with the wide eyes of someone armed and prepared for any of a standoff's many possible outcomes.

"Hi, Patrick," she said and sat down.

"So I watched this earlier" She gestured at the screen. "I'm thinking what Snoimgrin needs is like a big tit girlfriend?"

Patrick choked on his coffee.

"Okay," Patrick said, recovering. "Snoimgrin is made out of twinkies."

"And he talks, too" Sarah said shrugging, then looked back to the screen. "And within that sweet, heavenly soft exterior is a fully working circulatory system."

Patrick looked at the screen as if it would somehow explain how Sarah got here, then looked back to Sarah.

"Okay, but the tits would be on the outside," Patrick said.

"But I like where you're going with this," Steve said to Sarah and started drawing tits in Patrick's notebook.

"Can you stop that?" Patrick said, grabbing it up. He looked down and actually got a kick out of the smiley face Steve had begun at the top of this titty twinkie monster. *Titty twinkie*, does that sound right? Titty and twinkie collab? What would be the right name for that? Could that be its own movie? Sounds like a horror movie, honestly.

"So we want to circle back to Snoimgrin for sure," Sarah said. "Which we can still do at this point—and maybe we can do a love interest between the girlfriend and Peter?"

"The..." Patrick said, pausing a beat. "The Snoimgrin girlfriend?"

"Yes," Sarah said. "Well, she wouldn't be the Snoimgrin girlfriend anymore, she'd be Peter's little hussy."

After flying home from the office, Patrick sat down on his couch. The cold glass and rattle of the ice cube settled his nerves. He opened his email, the glow of his computer screen filling the empty, but comforting darkness of his main room.

"Hey Patrick." It was Sarah.

"So, Steve, Shweta, and I were talking and we think this project would be perfect to bump over to Adult."

No fucking way.

"...We know you've never written for Adult before, but this will be exciting! Obviously, we want you to be watching some porn. No MORE than that! ha ha. JK! But seriously, like more—focus on Universal, but work from other studios can help too.

One additional thing: we want our little Snoimgrinina to be Asian. We need more representation right now. Underdeveloped area.

XXOO AND TOOTLES,

Sarah Shelov

Head of Development and Production

Universal Studios

Child and Adult Movies"

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A slow pan shot emerges from the shadows revealing Sam, Peter, Frederick, and BOBO standing naked on a bearskin rug. Nighttime, fireplace roaring in the handsome primary bedroom of a hunting lodge. Their toes mingle with the hairs of the bear skin rug. On the walls: august ten point Buck, old rifle display, vintage pair of wood and leather snowshoes, a vine of national flags (Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Pan African flag). Out the window is a frosty wintery scene, but inside it's warm and

homey. Pokers from the fireplace conveniently conceal audience view of the boys jerking their dicks.

Snoimgrinina enters, her delicate cheeto hand settling on the door frame as if petting the hair of a babe. She's wearing a mink coat, beneath that, nothing. She loves the feeling of her twinkie skin on fur.

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"What a pleasant surprise, and just what I needed to help me finish off this job..." Sam said, ogling Snoimgrinina with all his might.

"I've heard of cheeto fingers, but I want you to give me a cheeto dinger with those hands of yours..." Peter said in a low and seductive—

"What the fuck is this?" Patrick took a step back from the script he was working on.

"Am I really writing a porno based off of this fucked up snack creature who we randomly decided should have tits?"

Patrick stood up from his desk. It was 10:51 PM on a Monday. He went to the fridge to grab a glass of milk. His ex-girlfriend called him a psychopath for "drinking white milk." That infuriated him. Who calls it white milk!? What does that even mean? Is drinking brown chocolate milk acceptable? Why is it different, why am I a psychopath because I enjoy a refreshing and healthy beverage!? It frustrated him that he had a harder time enjoying drinking a glass of milk after dating that demeaning piece of shit. He wanted to refer to her as a "bitch", because that is how he felt, but he figured it would be more progressive to just refer to her as an "asshole" when he felt that he needed to talk some shit about her.

Patrick leaned over the kitchen counter sipping his tall glass of milk contemplating his lot in life. Writing stories for other people using ideas they give him that he barely understands.

"What the hell kind of career is this? Gotta pay the bills I guess..." Patrick thought to himself, as he drug himself back to his desk to finish his confusing story, which he wasn't sure was kosher to put out in its current state. He wrote in a lackluster fashion, basically half asleep, writing the first things coming to his mind, unable to think carefully about the right choices for a concept that was so wrong.

Patrick woke up on his desk. Four empty glasses with a dried white film covering their bottoms surrounded his work space. His stomach was pounding.

"Ugghh, I forgot to take my lactaid..."

He checked the clock, 11:13 AM.

"Fuck!" He reacted, realizing he had slept way in. Patrick shoveled down a protein bar and a banana as he raced to his car, wearing the same clothes he had worn the previous day. He entered the studio frantically, and to his disappointment, the first person he saw walking through the door was Sarah.

"You have a night on the town last night or what?" She asked.

"I'm so sorry, I just got caught up trying to finish updating the script. I swear I'll have it done by today." Patrick responded shamefully like a dog with its tail between its legs.

"What are you talking about, you sent me the updated script last night! It was at about 3 in the morning, but I don't ask questions about your methods when you're putting out gold like that."

"Oh my gosh, I sent you that? I must've been in such a stupor I forgot all about it. There's no way that was good though, I didn't even proofread it."

"Maybe you oughta stop proofreading your stuff then, because what you gave me is exactly what we've been needing. The part where Snoimgrinina teaches the kids about the tax advantages of a 401k using metaphors based in fellatio is incredible. The double and triple entendres used to not only liven up the interactions but also teach significant concepts is unlike anything else I have ever seen before! And it made me realize where we really need to pivot to. Adult films teaching middle school to high school aged boys real world skills. It is the perfect combination. In fact, I have already discussed this concept with Tony in the educational films department, and he fully agrees. We are thinking we will want 4 proof of concept episodes by next week to showcase to the marketability and media department to see if we can really get this thing going."

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Boom.

Patrick's vision jolted and he felt like...like he'd been hit in the chest with a baseball bat. Where the roof had been was a gulf of daylight: jagged fingers of rebar, whining and whirling hoses. Between him and the sun was dust in the air. He'd been knocked on his ass by the force of the blast. When he tried to twist to his hip, a vein of acid awoke in his lower back. All he could feel was pain. All he could see was dust and in the bivvy of visible ground around him he could see Sarah's skull, crushed like that one way of cooking golden potatoes, under a ragged block of concrete. Terrible and endless thousands of shades of pink, red, and pallid, fatty yellow.

"Patrick..."

"Patrick..."

"Patrick..."

His vision grew blurry.

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Snoimgrinina's cheeto fingers ran across his jawline. He reached down for the ground.

"I'm awake!" he said.

His fingers clutched a swath of silk. He looked down his chest and she was there and he was in a bed of red silk and linen. A warm and salty breeze crawled across the

floor to him. He looked to the gold lit door at the room's far edge. Beyond, the terraza overlooked a sun bathed hillside, dotted with cream colored houses and below, the Mediterranean. Gulls floated past on their certain way to other gulls.

"You were dreaming," Snoimgrinina whispered. "You don't have to worry anymore." Her voice seemed to come from faraway. Unmistakable, yet beyond understanding like these were the lips of God's emissary. He could only see her head's greasy, spherical top, the round but graceful knoll of her cheeto shoulder.

"Get the fuck off me!" He yelled. "Get off me now!"

No, he didn't yell that. His vision stuttered—the rattle of another reality. He was back in time, before the question existed. His chest slowly rose and fell. She looked up at him and smiled.

"I love being here," Patrick said.

The sweet smell of bread and the whoosh of tires came from the street as he looked across the room where the doorway showed that blue, blue ocean.

"Patrick..."

"Patrick..."

"Patrick..."

"I will kill him if the ransom is not paid within twelve hours! We have been shown the path. Our crooked means will straighten you out. We are not without mercy though we have been called merciless. We bring mercy to sinners through death, because only through death may they be cleansed by hellfire. Their skin will fall from them like their heavy burden and curl on the red hot floor of damnation. Through God, the world will see the light. We are the appearance of that light! Twelve hours. Sinners and pig-children of sinners."

The leader stopped speaking. The camera was brought off the tripod so the take could be shown to him. In this dark dusty basement, a bit of water stood in the low corner. Two dish lights on high metal stands casted cold light over the six men on the makeshift stage. Behind them was a browned bed linen with the group's name written across it and under, "gathered by God." They stood in a bracket around two men seated in two chairs facing starkly toward the camera. In one seat was a hooded man, his chest wrapped in red battery cable. The other sat the leader, a man with an honest face overlaid with hard years that had forced him to be tyrant.

"Sir!"—this was one of the leader's lackeys, a man who appeared unforceful except for the rifle that hung from his shoulder—"our leader has arrived."

The leader's head flung to face the lackey's voice. "Bring him in! Bring him in! G*****t, Sweep! Sweep!"

Minutes later, as the youngest among them sought to hide the broom behind the opening door, the Grand Leader entered the basement. The minor boss approached.

"Sir, has your journey been long? We have some milk to cool and replenish you!"

The Grand leader's head tilted back so he could look down his nose at the minor boss.

"I don't drink White milk," he said. "Only a psychopath would drink white milk! And we are led by God."

The area boss pulled the glass from the Grand Leader's face, spilling some on the floor.

"Of course! Of course, sir. I apologize!"

The Grand leader stepped into the middle of the room where the huddle of men watched him as supplicants would view their deity's arrival.

"I have more important business," he said slowly. "I'm looking for a man."

The men in the room hung on his every word, then he said a few more.

"I'm looking for a man named Snoimgrin!"

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A slightly high and irritating voice piped up from the onlooking cronies
"Snoimgrin? Snoimgrin Mackarena? Now that's a funny lil name now innit? Perhaps if someone dids have the infussomation you wissed to hear now mista? Wats the pay now here?"

"Snivelus Shake, I did not think I would see you around here" a knight standing by remarked.

The king looked back and forth in intrigue

"Snivelus Shake is it? If you are able to tell me but a mouse toe hair of information leading to the capture of one Snoimgrin R Mackarena, I am willing to part with 900 pieces of his majesties finest dragoons."

Snivelus shivered in excitement upon hearing the price he could fetch.

"Wells of course I woulds have done it all for free outsa the goodness in my heart, but of course I can't now say no to just such a kind and generous offa you've given me sire sir!"

Snivelus paused for a moment, the first time he had looked truly sincere during this conversation, a bit of a shocking view, him going from an upbeat salesman to someone who looked about as grave as a funeral.

"That Snoimgrin fella, I most recently heard is hiding in the foothills o' salmon ridge, just past the lil village of Arachapeligo. If yas go into town and look fuh "Shalazart the Postman" and ask 'im about "Ol' Dusty Moon" and yous gets more information. But if I was yous all, I would recommend ditchin the fancy attiya, Snoimgrin can sniff out aristocrasee from a mile aways!"

"I appreciate the help Snivelus, you are integral to the success of this Kingdom."

The Grand Leader stated politely yet promptly as he turned away from Snivelus. Snivelus paused a moment, then quickly hopped up to catch up with the Grand Leader.

"Oh I am just sure it was an honest mistake, but would you perchance be able to get me somovdat pieces of dragoos now?"

"Fuck you loser."

The leader swiftly backhanded Snivelus's face without breaking his stride.

Snivelus landed tail first onto the smooth concrete floor, members of the first guard coming down to drag Snivelus away.

"You peesashet I shoulda known royalty was only in name and not in honah"

The minor boss had had his jaw to the floor as he watched the events that had transpired. It must have been some sort of consciousness context device which projected scenes that often would only appear in dreams into a state where they are able to be interacted with. He had heard rumors of this advancement from those he lead, but he deemed it a topic likely resulting from one too many hits from the "J".

"So you didn't even need me to respond.... Just pulling the name to the surface of my brain so you could do this whole song and dance where a medieval froggy themed figment of my memories would hand over the answer! And by the way it was rude the way you treated that Snivelus fellow... Even if it's a dream state I'd hope you had better morals."

Grand H. Leader looked satisfied with himself. Pacing in front of the minor boss who thought he had been running the show just a moment ago.

"Checkmate. You know what they call that? Checkmate. Because in Chess—"

"I know what checkmate means," the minor boss interrupted.

"And I still can't believe your name is Grand Leader. You're not even the leader of anything..."

"SHUT UP! I WON THE GAME OF FINDING OUT SNOIMGRIN'S LOCATION!"

"You have no clue what you're getting yourself into, that village you're getting sent to is a deathwish. These freak-a-zoids truly believe they're living in medieval times with talking animals, they are not to be reasoned with. No one has entered that place directly and come back normal..."

"Grand Leader does not shy away from a challenge! Men see to it that this ineffective little brat finds the exit, we have a journey to make!"

Not a day later, Grand Leader and his posse started out on the long and perilous journey to the legendary village of Arachapeligo, where it resided, they didn't actually know. But story tells that no matter what, you must pass through the Trench of Undesired Outcomes if you ever wish to reach your fate in Arachapeligo.

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"Asset location confirmed—Bitter Cookie is located in the crags of Salmon Ridge above Archipelago!" a man's voice said over comm. A red light blinked in his face revealing the square features of a drone pilot, flying thousands of feet over the Leader

and Grand Leader's meeting. A sharp plosive came over the radio—something had happened in the hostage room below.

"Shots fired in the hostage room! Our man in the hood suspected dead."

A woman's low voice came back.

"Can you confirm?" she said. The pilot listened to a rabble of voices, but could make out nothing. After lengthy radio silence, the drone listed out of its mountain vantage and headed seaward where it arced back to the US military base in Ramdak Province.

In the morning the clear sun rose on a small train of honda sedans making their way across rutted, desert road. At lunch, they stopped in the village of Archipelago, but could go no further because the mountain roads thereon became only more furrowed and frustrated. An hour later, they left by camel.

"I am like one of my ancestors now," the grand leader said stroking the hump of his camel as it jostled him up the pass.

The woman who rode next to him The woman who rode next to him let the words echo against the mountain walls.

"But you're all-American now," she said.

He frowned and looked up the road, pulling his head covering further over his brow.

Directions from the vendor in Archipelago included a red flag high on an old sturdy pole installed by the previous regime. From it, a warning red flag When the camel train came to the forked road where it was, they found also the stone tablet bearing the rules of these mountains.

DO NOT FIND SNOIMGRIN HERE. HE IS NOT HERE. HE'S
SOMEWHERE ELSE.

"This is a wonderful example of the trickster poetry tradition here," The female agent said to her teammate.

"No, this is an example of complete bullshit," the Grand Leader said. "I believe Snoimgrin may have learned this during his time in your country."

Much boring travel proceeded. Sometimes, the only sound among the travelers were falling camel hooves as each traveler privately despaired of the heat. One night the Handler revealed her complicated relation to the target (that he is her half-father and that explained her oily skin), but these details must be left to the wayside like the dried up creeks the camels passed on their journey.

The team closed in on Snoimgrin's location. After a short, hazardous foot chase across shale and boulders, they followed their mark into a high cave. Then Snoimgrin's Cheeto-orange knuckles turned white as they wrapped around the plunger of a TNT detonator. He yelled to the cave mouth words that halted everyone.

"One more step!" Snoimgrin said. "and I flatten this mountain on top of us all!"

"No, we need you...to be a happy family!" The female handler, Snoimgrin's one-half daughter (she's a quarter Snoimgrin) took a faltering step toward him. Beads of Hydrogenated sweat dripped from Snoimgrin's brow onto the detonator and similar beads were on her face.

The Grand Leader noticed the poetry in this and began to compose a sonnet off top:

The old star of TV could not return
The silver screen no longer beckoned him
To Hollywood, where blow does floweth round
And all are painters who painteth the town.

This be my first sonnet I ever wrote.
Pretty cool huh? Has to be ten syllables
Fuck! That line was a little delinquent
There's also an end rhyme thing, but fuck it.

For in the desert, winds quickly erase.
Sands clamber over the urgent present.

What's past may be unrecoverable.
A snack with no expiration—Snoimgrin
He has no place in his former kingdom
And I'm hungry, so let's get out of here.

His words resounded against the stone walls. The handler wiped the sweat from her brow and looked to the mouth of the cave. "He's right," she said. "Grand Leader, your words touch me, but not like that. Maybe Snoimgrin was supposed to die off in the first movie when Sam swept him off his shoulder into the locker."

Snoimgrin's eyes narrowed.

"It's true. Fate is not what we choose," he said, finally taking his hands from the detonator plunger. He stood tall. "Fate is what a bunch of often high, often drunk idiots in Hollywood wrote and then quickly changed many times right up to deadline.

"Fate's sudden bends can't be known. They are the whims of people just getting off work, sitting their dumbasses down on the couch and selecting in under thirty seconds which of our stories will be lifted to the heavens, and which will be cancelled after the pilot!"

"Oh my god, can we go," someone named Izzy said. She had not been introduced yet, but as a personality hire, was a golden child of everyone and had significant room to speak candidly even from her lowly position.