

Pixie Nest

I discovered the pixie nest at the Playfield comfort station. They were swarming over the walls and windows, hovering in the air, buzzing and gnashing their teeth like the vile little chucklefucks they are.

I got the hell out of there. Pixie bites really sting. Their venom isn't lethal, but a swarm like that could land you in urgent care, especially in a confined space.

Comfort stations are squat little buildings— indoor bathrooms with plumbing and air conditioning. There are twelve throughout the park, each resembling a small brick house. I'm a janitor, and I clean them every day.

The Playfield comfort station sits in the middle of a massive grassy plateau in the middle of the park, surrounded by baseball fields, picnic structures, and an outer ring of parking lots. In the fall, they hold track meets there. Summer is for picnics. Nothing happens in the winter when it's freezing or in the spring when the ground is so soggy that even four-wheel drive won't save you when you're off-road to check the pit toilets.

I cleaned Playfield last that warm October day. When I opened the door, I was assaulted by the sound of buzzing gossamer. The pixies were going nuts— probably some primal instinct reacting to the impending winter.

They'd taken over. The long, narrow windows running the length of the upper walls were so packed with pixies that they blocked out the sun. Some lay dead on the floor. The only sound was the frantic beating of wings and high-pitched squeaking.

The infestation was so bad I couldn't even get into the pipe chase for a broom or anything else.

I texted Doug, my boss. He told me to lock the place up until we could spray the nest, probably in the morning.

"Should I make a sign for the door?" I asked.

"Yeah."

I had no paper or writing utensils, so I headed to the park office, the nearest place I could obtain those items.

Deb, the front office secretary, hooked me up with some printer paper and a Sharpie.

"What's it for?" she asked.

I told her, quietly.

But before I could slip out, Kim appeared.

Kim. The Park Superintendent.

She emerged from the office hallway, her frame filling the room. Just my luck.

Kim looked like a mix between Sarah Palin and an older, blonde Anjelica Huston. A big, imposing woman. She hunted all year, Pegasus and hippocrits in the fall, kelpies and hippocampuses in the summer, anything else in the winter. Every spring, she traveled to the mountains, shot a male roc, had it butchered, and feasted on it for the rest of the year. Some people claimed she once illegally bagged a unicorn, but I never cared enough about hunting to ask. She always smelled like pine and campfires. I swear to God. Pine and campfires. I could smell it now.

"What do you need paper for?" she asked, not saying hello.

"Uh, I'm making a sign," I said before I could think of a better excuse.

"For what?"

"...I have to close Playfield Men's. There's a pixie nest. Doug said to keep it shut until they can spray it in the morning."

Kim did not look happy about that.

"I hate 'closed' signs in my park," she grumbled. "But I guess I'll have to get over it. What's your name again?"

"Garth."

"You're on Doug's crew?"

"Yes."

She nodded grimly, fixing me with her proverbial flinty gaze.

For an uncomfortable second, I thought she was about to start a conversation or rip into me or something. But, to my surprise, she turned and walked out the front door without another word.

I went back to Playfield, locked the door, and taped the sign up. Doug was already there, having arrived in his covered Chevy pick-up.

We circled the comfort station, examining the brick walls, trying to pinpoint the actual nest.

"They must be in the ceiling," I said after we'd checked the outside windows, corners, and eaves with no obvious leads.

"Pixie nests form pretty quick," Doug muttered. "Nasty little fuckers..."

When we came back around front, we spotted Kim's souped-up black SUV parked behind Doug's truck.

"Shit," mumbled Doug.

Kim stepped out, holding a spray can of carburetor cleaner that she must've taken from the service garage.

"So what exactly is going on?" she said, glancing at the locked door and my 'Closed due to pixie nest' sign.

I explained.

"Where's the nest?"

"Not sure," Doug said. "Probably in the ceiling. Under the back eaves, it looks like."

"And how many are there?"

I told her about the covered windows.

"And you can't spray it now?"

Doug shook his head.

"Best to get 'em in the morning, when they're still sleeping."

"Aw, you vagisils," she sneered, pushing past us with her can of spray.

"I'm not getting bit," Doug protested. "It's the end of the day!"

Kim ignored him. She unlocked the door, pulled a lighter from her jacket pocket, held the spray can aloft, and walked in.

Doug and I stood outside, listening to the sound of her spraying and flicking, the jets of flame roaring, and the pixies

screaming. The scent of burning flesh drifted from the open door.

"Smokin' 'em, boys," Kim yelled gleefully, her voice echoing off the tiled walls.

Two minutes later, it was over.

Doug and I cautiously stepped inside. I glanced around nervously, half-expecting a hidden survivor to launch itself at me and I'd feel that sudden, sharp, white flash of pain.

Kim stood in the center of the bathroom, surrounded by a pile of charred pixie corpses. The nail polish smell of the carb cleaner almost knocked me over. It was like walking into a wall.

Kim grinned triumphantly. "Anything else you want me to do for you, ya big pussies?"

Doug did a slow clap. I had to admit— it was pretty badass.

"Okay, great, now do your goddamn jobs," Kim said, grin disappearing. She tossed the empty spray can into the trash and strolled out. Her truck revved up and roared off.

Doug and I surveyed the massacre. It stank like paint thinner and roasted meat in here.

One weakened survivor was crawling across the floor, wings limp and little ribs gasping.

Doug stomped on it.

"Well," he said, his heavy boot smearing the last pixie's corpse across the tile. "Get the broom."

Freddie and the Little Men

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats

Freddie Gass heard them chanting, just over the rise in the road.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats

Tears ran down his cheeks, enough to fill a wine glass.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats

He sat in his little beater sedan of a car on the side of the highway. The gas needle rested just below E. The fuel had lasted longer than Freddie thought it would. The needle had sat on that E for quite awhile before the engine died. Freddie didn't know much about how cars worked, but he'd always assumed when the needle reached the "E", that was it, the car would sputter and die right there.

His back hurt. He'd been driving for a couple hours at least. He'd left in the early morning, what his mom used to call the witching hour.

They'd followed him.

And now the tromping of little feet was just over the eastern horizon...

The kids at the school had always referred to Freddie as Fart, some out of a pitiful affection— the kind you'd have for a three-legged dog or armless monkey or some other small, wretched animal— but most of them did it out of plain old American adolescent meanness.

It had been his name for years. Fart.

Some called him Thunder Ass. Others called him Lardboy. Others still called him Thunder Boy. There were a select few who called him Lard Ass. And one of the kids, a degenerate nose-picker named Stephen Stillings, called him Thunder Ass Lard Boy Fartknocker Cockbutt.

But mostly they just called him plain old Fart.

That was it.

Nice and simple.

Fart.

BRAP.

Pllllffffrrrrbbbbtttt.

Air from a butthole. Air from a butt.

Butt air.

Fart you, you fartin' fart.

Farty farter.

Fart.

I laughed so hard I farted.

I farted a lot.

FART. FAAART.

Even if they didn't (always) mean to hurt Freddie's feelings, that's just what the kids called him. He smiled and greeted them back. Fart.

He mopped the bathroom floors and wiped the kitchen counters and vacuumed the Commons and the hallways. He'd worked at the high school since he graduated twenty years before. Farty fart fart.

He rode his bike to work, farting on the seat and making a high-pitched squee... noise. He knew how to drive his mom's old Buick, but he hadn't renewed his license in years and didn't want to go to the Secretary of State to get it all sorted (*farted*). It would only be confusing and complicated and *pffflfflttt* and anyway the state would only want to take advantage of him for being simple and *fart-like*.

That's what his mother had always told him. He was simple and it was best to not do things himself. He'd always left things to her.

"I'll take care of it, Freddie," she'd said continuously. "I'll take care of it, don't you worry even for a second. I don't want you getting taken advantage of, you stupid fucking retard. Because you're simple."

That's the world she'd always used- *fart* - Simple.

His mother had died some years ago. A lethal (*fart*) late night heart attack had taken her out. She'd been his only guardian, his only family, his only *fart*.

She'd been a teacher at the school for years, even since before Freddie had come farting out her bloody cunt. After Freddie graduated— a year late and mostly thanks to his mother badgering admin— she got him his cleaning (*farting*) position as a school janitor. And so he rode (*farted*) to work every morning on his bike from that day *fartword*. Such was the past twenty years for ole Farty Fred.

He'd been a high school janitor *ppbbllrttt* so long he was practically able to clean (*fart*) and do it without even thinking.

The days weren't without their complications, however.

One day a girl named Madeline came up to him at lunch. Freddie was (*farting*) guarding the corridor to G wing like he always did. He watched the kids eat for all three lunches — A fart, B fart, and C fart.

That day he'd been mopping up a mess (*fart*) that a student had made. The kid had come out of the lunch line with his pizza and breadsticks and suddenly vomited (*farted*) all over the floor.

One of the lunch ladies came out and shepherded the boy away. She farted in Freddie's general direction and asked him if he would, "Take care of the mess."

Freddie had retrieved his mop (*fart out my shit*) and had just finished taking care of the vomit when Madeline walked up to him.

Madeline was reasonably pretty, a senior (*fart*). Very popular, very privileged, very aware of it all. Very *pbbblllffffttttt*. She wore her boyfriend's fartball jersey. Her teeth were bracketed with braces and her chin was clustered with a bit of acne that she'd covered with lots of make-up. *PFBFFT*.

Freddie could hear Madeline and her (*fart*) friends laughing (*farting*) as they came up to him from behind (*where his farts come from*).

"Well, yeah, his mom was a psycho," he could hear them saying just before they acknowledged him. *Fart*.

"Hey, Fart," Madeline said, smiling sweetly. Her three or so friends were a few feet behind her in a giggly gaggle, looking at him with both revulsion and morbid curiosity. *FAAART*.

"Hey," said Freddie, looking (*farting*) up at her and then down at his feet (*fart*) again. He'd set out the yellow "Slippery (*moist turd*)" sign over the mopped (*farted*) area.

"Hey, Fart, can you tell me what —" Madeline began saying. Then, suddenly and theatrically, she fell (*farted*) forward.

Both her hands landed on Freddie's chest. She squeezed hard. He felt her fingernails dig in. Butthole.

"DAH!" he yelled (*farted*), catching Madeline by her arms.

He saw three flashes (*farts*) out the corner of his eye, and saw her friends putting their phones away when he looked up.

"Oh, whoops, this floor (*fart*) is slippery!" said Madeline, furiously scrambling (*farting*) away from him and pushing his hands away like he was diseased.

She ran off with her friends, the pictures taken, screeching hard and loud and *fart-like*.

Whatever. Let the kids laugh and *fart* and such. Freddie didn't care (*fart*). He just wanted to do his job and get paid for it and go home and spend time by himself. No one bothered him when he was by himself. (*Fart cause I ate too many corndogs.*)

He went home to his mother's empty old apartment every day. It was only just down the road from the school. He ate his nightly calzone from the Toarmina's and farted so much he melted the couch. Old Mr. Mulholland always had it ready for him — he didn't even have to order it anymore. Only five bucks, and it was always hot. Like a good old fart.

He'd take the calzone home, set it on the table, *fart*, take a shower, *fart* again, and then watch a DVD and eat the calzone while drinking a glass of Brita water. And farting.

He never ate breakfast, and never ate (*fart*) lunch unless one of the other janitors offered him something.

He'd brush his teeth, *fart*, take a shower, *fart*, and go to bed around 9, *farting*. In the morning he'd fart so loud he'd startle himself awake, get up, *fart*, brush his teeth again, put on

deodorant, fart, comb his hair, and go to work, farting so much he wouldn't even need to walk, he'd just float along serenely on the air jetting from his anus. Always at 5 AM. A 5 AM fart.

He had his routine. And his farts. You had to follow a routine when you were simple. His mom had always told him that.

"You're such a big fat goofy fucking retard," she used to say with a big motherly smile. "A routine protects you from bad things. If you weren't careful, the little men would come and kill your ass." (*Fart*)

His mom hated little men. She'd always called his father a "little man". She called all men 'little men', even ones she appeared to like. The male teachers in the school, the principal, the newsman on TV, the radio announcers, the president. *Pfffftbbt*.

"There go the little men with their big guns," she'd say, a cigarette between her fingers and a fart between her asscheeks as they watched the evening news. "Thinking they're all that... your father was a little man. That's why he left us. All men are little. And they've got big guns, or they think they do..."

She'd take a drag on the cigarette and ask him to get her more Diet Coke. Freddie would do it silently, except for his fucking farts. *Pfft. Pfft. Pfft.*

His father had been gone for many years. Too many farts and he didn't like the smell. His mother would fart and complain about little men all the time as Freddie grew up. She complained when they rode in the car, when they ate together, when she took him to school, when she took him to the doctor, when she farted. She did it Freddie's whole life. *Plllssbbfffftttt*.

When he was a boy, he'd gotten an image of the little men in his head during a particularly strong fart. It was completely out of nowhere, like some farts are, but he saw the vision clearly—little garden gnomes with mean faces, farting loudly in front of the Playboy Mansion. He'd immediately thought, "Those are the little men." He'd known it right then. That's what they looked like, and should they ever come for him, they'd do so with giant guns like the ones on the news.

Freddie never told his mother about knowing what the little men looked like or how they'd come to get him for real. He didn't

know why they'd come to get him, it was just because little men were mean. Maybe it would happen if he fucked up too much.

Regardless, his mother was gone now. Sad fart.

So Freddie kept his routine. And that made things good. Like a fart after a stomachache.

He could've done this (*fart*) forever, but then one morning (*fart*), he heard something.

It came out of nowhere (like a shart), and for no particular reason. One second the laughter wasn't there, and the next it was. *Ppppblllsfffft*.

At first he thought the tittering laughter was (*fart*) young children, but it didn't sound exactly like (*fart*) young children. It sounded like little (*farting*) animals, like (*farting*) rats or (*farting*) gerbils, scrabbling (*farting*) around on a metal floor. Mean little laughs (*farts*). Man boob grab prank laughs. "Fart" laughs.

Always just around a corner. Always just under a window. Always just up the stairs. Just out of sight. *Pbbsfffft*.

Freddie ignored the laughter (*farting*) at first. Or tried to.

He ignored it (*fart*) while sweeping and while wiping and while farting and vacuuming and while polishing. It echoed off bathroom tiles and down hallways. He heard it in lockers, in closets, in the backs of crawl spaces, in the twilight moments between a really pungent fart. Once he heard them up in the rafters of the theater, up past where the ropes and catwalks disappeared into darkness. Once he heard them behind the dumpsters. Once he heard them under the bleachers. Always at school, never at home. Always fart. Fat fat fart. *Pbbft*.

One day the laughter got so loud, Freddie asked them who they were. He whispered his question, like a very quiet fart. He was terrified, clutching his broom as he swept the kitchens. Buttmunch.

To his astonishment, they answered him.

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little hats.

That's what they said. *Fart*.

Their voices were high and screechy, like a really high fart. They laughed (*farted*) a lot and he could hear their little feet tipping and farting around.

It was almost silly. *Pbblfft*. Other people might have laughed at it. But Freddie didn't. He just farted in dread. To Freddie, the little men were terrifying, and he didn't ask them anything else after that.

He hoped they would go away, but they didn't. The disembodied titty laughter continued, and it wasn't long before Freddie started catching glimpses of the little men.

He saw their pointy little red KKK hats sticking up from behind tables and chairs and walls. He found little (*fart*) white hairs everywhere he went—sheddings from their scratchy little midget chins. He saw their tiny, round footprints in mud and dirt and dust. They must've have legs like chairs or tables. No toes or even feet. Queefmeister.

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little hats. Pffffbbblfffft.

The thought came to him and he couldn't shake it. *Pbbbsfffft*. He knew what they looked like, and he knew they were coming for him. That's what all this was about. They were haunting him now, soon they would get him. *Pbbbssssfffffttttt...* ooh that one's gonna linger...

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little hats.

Laughing at him. Like the kids. Like everyone. Like a fart.

Soon he began to hear them on the patio at his mother's empty old apartment. She kept old lawnchairs out there, and he could hear their metal legs scratching the floor as the little men dragged them to and fro and *fart*. That's when he knew he was really farting screwed. Once he heard them around the corner on his way out of Toarmina's.

He never saw them. He didn't need to. They looked like lawn gnomes. With (*fart*) white beards. Short and squat, only coming up to your knee. They wore pointy shoes and had pointy ears behind their (*farty*) white hair. Their hats were the same size as their bodies, dark red triangles pulled over their heads.

They carried giant (*farting*) AK 47-style guns, big guns that they clutched in their tiny little raccoon-hands, fingers always on the trigger.

Freddie saw them in the alley next to the Toarmina's. Their eyes glowed white. They farted.

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little hats.

They started messing with him at work. *Pffbt.*

They'd track dirt on his mopped floors in their little pointed goblin feet. They'd smear oven grease all over the freshly wiped cafeteria kitchen. They scuff up the gym floor after it was waxed. They'd leave doors unlocked, bleachers halfway out, trophy cases open, windows cracked.

Mr. Harrison, his boss, started to get testy (*farty*) with him. Said if Freddie didn't shape up, he'd have to let Freddie go (like a fart). His mother had been gone a long while now, and he'd been more than generous.

Mr. Harrison had never liked Freddie, even when Freddie's mom was still (*farting*) teaching English. He'd always kept his dislike (poorly) hidden, but that was before Freddie had found his mother dead in her easy chair that one morning. The same easy chair from which she criticized the "little men" of the world. She always stayed up after he went to bed, watching Netflix. She'd died watching Schitt's Creek. The Netflix screen was asking if she was ok. She wasn't. And neither was Freddie. Shitfart. *Pfffflllft.*

One day Freddie was riding his bike home and had a bad (*fart*) spill. Freddie was immensely fat, and he hurt his legs really bad when the bike suddenly threw (*farted*) him down to the sidewalk.

It was dark out when he'd left the school – the little men had caused some shitting havoc in B wing by spraying grape juice everywhere on the new carpet, so Freddie had to spend extra time after school getting the stains out. The student traffic had tracked the juice everywhere, farting innocently as they went. Freddie got the stains out as well as he could. It was dark out by the time he left. Fart.

He was (*farting*) riding his bike home when he heard the little men laughing, and then his front wheel caught something in its

spokes, and his bike threw him to the sidewalk, knocking the farts clean out of him.

Good thing he always wore his trusty (*fart*) helmet, but Freddie lay there clutching his bleeding knees. Little rabbit farts squeaked out of his asshole as he lay there, rolling and waiting for the pain to (*fart*) stop.

He could hear the little men laughing. And farting. *Pffbbbf*ttt. Like that, only little.

Then he heard them lock and load their automatic rifles. That was decidedly not a fart.

A shot rang out. A single one.

There was a high pitched whine, and a little spurt of dirt right next to Freddie's shoulder. *Splflfft*. Freddie couldn't tell where it had come from, like when you shit your pants out of nowhere for no reason.

The little men laughed louder and louder, their laughs like titties and funny shit. They were just out of sight, over the top of the hill, behind the trees.

A horrid, helpless (*fart*) dread filled Freddie. He'd never felt this way before, except his whole *Pbbblffffttt* life.

Before that moment, the little men could've been not real. Even Freddie knew that, hoped it.

Now, with that little spray of dirt, that bullet, they were.

Freddie got up, his knees streaming blood, and ran. He left his bike on the sidewalk, as well as one last fart.

They were behind him, laughing their laughs, always just behind him. He kept waiting for them to shoot (*fart*) him, but they didn't. Dinglebanger.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

They were chanting it now. Their voices sounded like cartoon mice. Helium voices. Squeaky fart voices. Pinch a loaf.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

Freddie got back to the apartment, fumbled with the front door fart, heaving breath (and farts). His heart felt like it was going to explode. His head woozed horribly. He hadn't run in years. His enormous mudflap buttcheeks quivered in terror.

He went inside, and the little men's laughs (*farts*) were so loud, chanting their mantra and squeaking and laughing. And there was another sound Freddie knew from the news— locking and loading their rifles. Clicks on metal. Safeties being turned off. Magazines being loaded. Farts being expelled from the anus.

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little (ssspppfffftttll) hats.

If they caught him, they'd fill him with fucking lead. They'd shoot out his knees and his eyes and laugh at him as he writhed there on the floor. Then they'd drop trou and fart in his face, all of them, the whole garrison, the whole legion. One by one. *Pffbblt. Pbbbft.* A million times. Just picture that shit happening to you. Don't you feel bad for this poor fat retard named Freddie?

There was only one thing to do.

Freddie grabbed the old car key from its spot (*fart*) in the kitchen.

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little hats.

He ran outside and got in the car and farted immediately. The little men were right behind him. Like a fart.

Little men. Big guns. Pointy little hats.

He didn't look, but he could hear their little slippered feet on the parking lot asphalt. They chanted at him, the bullet chambers on their rifles cold and filled with bullets and waiting to turn to fire like a Taco Bell fart.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

He thought he caught a glimpse of them out the corner of his fart as he shut the car door. He started the car (*fart*) and reversed out of the parking space for the first time since before his mother (*farted*) died.

There was a slight moment where Freddie was worried he just plain wouldn't remember how to drive, but it wasn't much different than riding his bike. The car was big and heavy, but

once he was out of the parking lot and cruising 25 miles an hour down the road, he felt more comfortable. It almost sort of drove itself in a way. Freddie farted contentedly into the driver's seat, feeling the springs vibrate.

And even better— he couldn't hear the little men anymore. Their little voices were gone, left behind. Cocksucking faggot.

He drove as long as he could. He got on the highway and went west *pfffbblt* (that was a WET one). He kept it at 55 miles per hour. That was fast enough to outrun the little men. And their farts.

He knew he'd have to get gas (heh heh), but he had plenty of that (bet he did). And he didn't want to be simple. He didn't want to interact with anyone. Not even now. He wasn't so simple that he didn't know they'd throw his fat ass in the looney clink if he even said (*farted*) a word of this to anyone. Gas station attendant or not. Gas.

A few times he thought the little men were hiding in the car, so he'd flip on the interior lights and see he was alone. But he knew if he stayed in one place for too long, pretty soon he could hear them marching behind him and cocking their guns and their little bitty farts and little bitty laughs. He'd hear their itty bitty feetsies on the pavement, coming to blow his fucking cunt into oblivion.

He didn't stop driving again until the car was out of gas (*toot*). He had never bought gas before and couldn't remember how to, and anyway the gas stations would only try to take advantage of him for being simple. Again, Freddie was pretty fucked up.
Fart— ooh, that one smells of eggs...

And he couldn't stop anyway. If he stopped, they'd catch (*fart*) up.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

He didn't have a plan, just drive away from the little men as long as he could.

But then, the car had run out of gas (*hehheh*). Freddie let it pull to the side of the gravel shoulder. He had no idea where he was now. It all looked the same to him. Road and trees on either side. Even the trees didn't look that different. It was the same thing. Dickbag.

Now he was stuck, out of gas (*snick*) and unsure of what to do, and the sun was coming up from behind him, and any second the little men would appear over the eastern horizon and come for him. Jizzhead.

If this was a regular day, he'd be at the school right now, farting (*working*). The kids were probably tracking (*farting*) all over his fucking floor right now. And Harrison, farts plummeting down to earth from his asshole, would be standing over his clean job on the carpet and judging him for being simple and fart fucking fart.

But here he was, stuck on the side of the road like a constipated turd in a fat bitch's colon, and the little men were coming.

They'd fill the road. They'd surround the car. They'd point the guns. The guns would go off. A thousand dicks slapping you in the face.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

They were close now. (*Fart*)

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

There they were. (*FART*)

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

He saw the tops of their hats first as they crested the rise in the road, the entire battalion of them. There were even more than Freddie had imagined. His throat went dry. He tried to start the car but it only cranked. Dillweed.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

He couldn't get out of the car— they'd outrun him easily now. He was so fat he could barely walk properly, let alone fart.

Little men, big guns, pointy little hats.

They poured over the eastern horizon, all grinning at him with sharp little teeth. They were about two feet tall, but their hats made them about four feet tall.

Their hats were red. Their clothes were blue. Their skin and beards were white. Some wore sunglasses. Their guns were black. Their farts were brown. Just like Freddie knew.

They got closer and closer. *Pffbbttt*.

They surrounded the car, their hats coming up to the windows. Freddie didn't know what to do. He was still blubbering. And farting, uncontrollably.

They started a new chant, brandishing their weapons and tittering their eternal demon laughter. Titty.

Put your hands up, get outta the car.

Put your hands up, get outta the car.

Freddie kept his hands on the steering wheel and bawled like he hadn't since he was a little fart. His cheeks were super wet. They were all around him. Like a silent fart that rises up on you like morning mist.

Put your hands up, get outta the car.

There were at least fifty of the little men, surrounding the car and chanting and pointing their guns right at him. They pounded the car with their little hands, rocking it to and fro, gleeful. (*FARTTTT*)

They crawled on the hood, stood up, stumpy little legs and the black barrels of the automatic rifles in Freddie's (*farting*) face.

Freddie closed his eyes, farted loudly one more time, and pretended he wasn't there.

GAYLORD, MI — The body of a missing Northville janitor was discovered in his stalled vehicle along I-75 N Sunday afternoon. Authorities say **Frederick Gass, 38**, was found in the driver's seat, his hands still gripping the wheel.

Gass had no known medical conditions, but authorities suspect he died of cardiac arrest sometime before dawn.

"It's bizarre," says his supervisor, Tom Harrison. "Freddie was quiet, but he never left town. No reason for him to be way out there."

Gass was a familiar face in the halls of Northville High. A student from 2001 to 2004, he returned soon after to work behind the scenes, keeping the building in shape. According to Harrison, Gass likely had an undiagnosed learning disability, though it was never formally assessed. He lived with his mother, Irma Wells-Gass, an English teacher at Northville High, until her death in 2022.

"I think he just cracked," Harrison continued. "He barely spoke after his mother passed. I hope he's in a better place now."

Police found no signs of struggle, though the car door was open. Small animal tracks, described as "resembling deer prints", were found circling the vehicle.

Gass will be cremated at New Haven Cemetery. No service is planned.