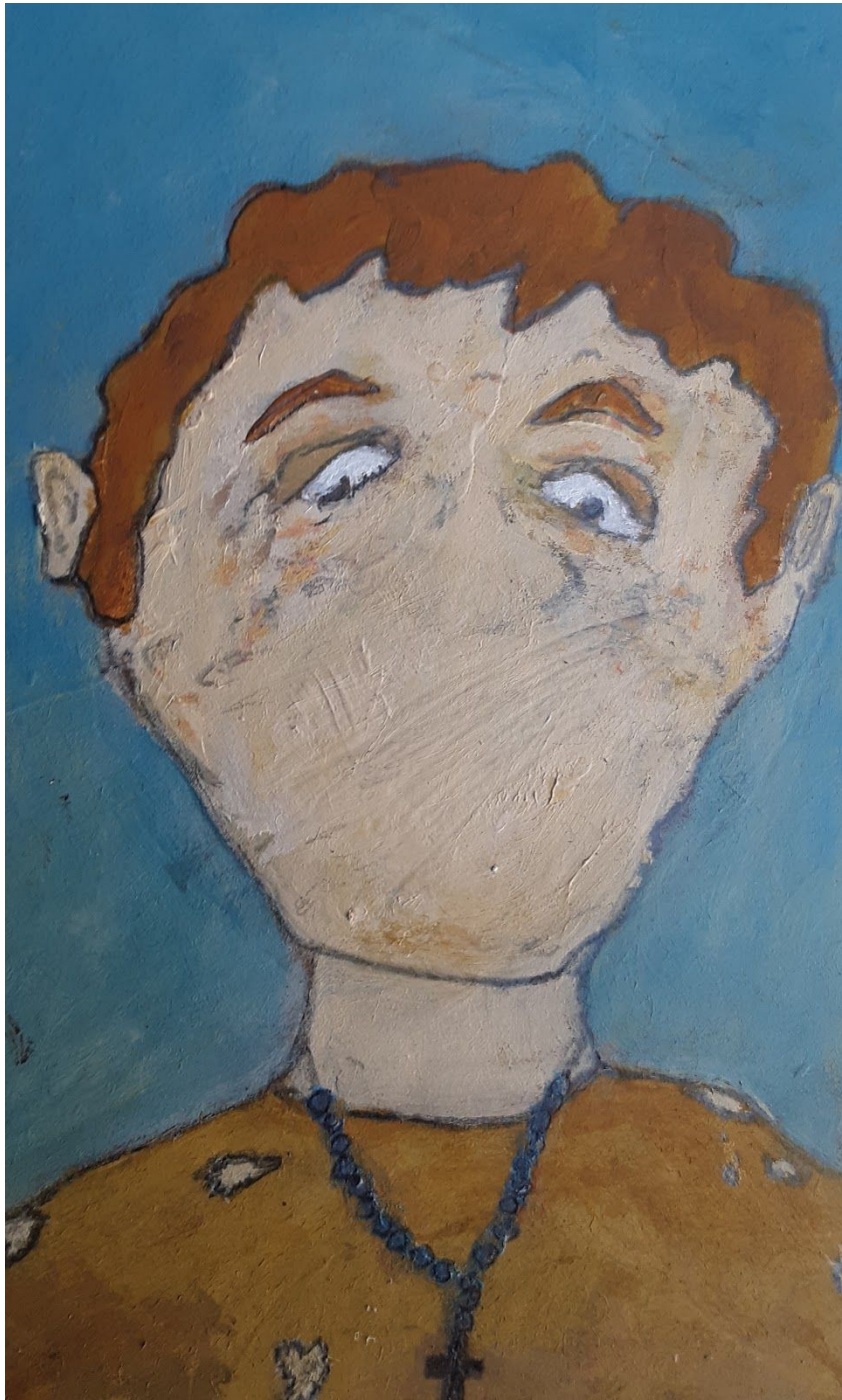


# *Leopold the Leper*

*The Tragicomic Tale of a Diseased Boy*



*as told by*

Pyotr Pretzel & Dominus Caseus

*This book contains graphic material which has been prohibited by the Church and may thus be disturbing to certain people.*



*Today, about 208,000 people worldwide are infected with leprosy.*

*- The World Health Organization*

*The general populace scorned lepers for their appearance and disease. As an act of humility and caring, many female saints such as St. Catherine would care for these 'untouchables' by licking away the puss in their wounds then eating the scabs. People considered these saints especially holy.*

*- Dr. L. Kip Wheeler<sup>1</sup>*

*It's extremely likely that the people who have never been exposed to a human who has leprosy, it's very likely they got leprosy from exposure to an armadillo.*

*- Dr. Anthony Fauci<sup>2</sup>*

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<sup>1</sup> [https://web.cn.edu/kwheeler/religious\\_weird.html](https://web.cn.edu/kwheeler/religious_weird.html)

<sup>2</sup> <https://www.seattletimes.com/nation-world/study-armadillos-spread-leprosy-in-south/>



*Here a leper slightly thinking  
— as if though in the act of sinking  
Be'trayed the Order of the World*

*The smell of pus  
and broken bones*

*A leper stands all alone...*



Leprosy, it must be said, was a big problem in Sodom. And in fact, this is where Leopold the Leper was from: Sodom. This made Leopold, by birth, a Sodomite. That is, he mined sodomy mites in the pyramids of Israel. The pyramids were used to store all the excess leprosy. And the mites are the ones who invented leprosy to begin with.

## §

Leopold was brought up as an Orphan by a Trappist order of monks in a village near Sodom. Because of his condition and his rank among the other lepers (he had a swollen forehead) he was rewarded the task of glueing all the monastery garbage into '*Whatever suits your diminished Minde,*' which, by a stupid twist of fate, led to his promotion as Copy Editor for the *Monastic Weekly: the Leprosy Report*. And eventually, Leopold was editing his own *Sodom Leper Colony Gazette*.

## §

And there Leopold was, reading the daily news, even though a crab's claw was buried in his chest in a rhombus shaped wound around his nipple. "So then, the Ruler of All Sodoms has arrived from Austria," he uttered hypnotically as he read the skin edition of *Leper Quarterly*.

"But that does not explain why I was beaten by Father Dalmatius for stealing a rosary from his toilet-"

"After all, didn't I overhear Father Dalmatius say that the beads feel good in a warm place but don't accidentally flush them?"

## §

Strolling down on St. Rose's morning. Idly sat the stray moonlight, with God himself hunched and stretched in his jowls swallowing thornberries, listening to the sky's asshole squeak. Starvation?

Order of the day.

"Leopold was raised an Orphan yes but he had the education of a ducal prostitute."

His two Catholic Fathers were debating whether to throw him off a boat or to sell him off to a blood salesman.

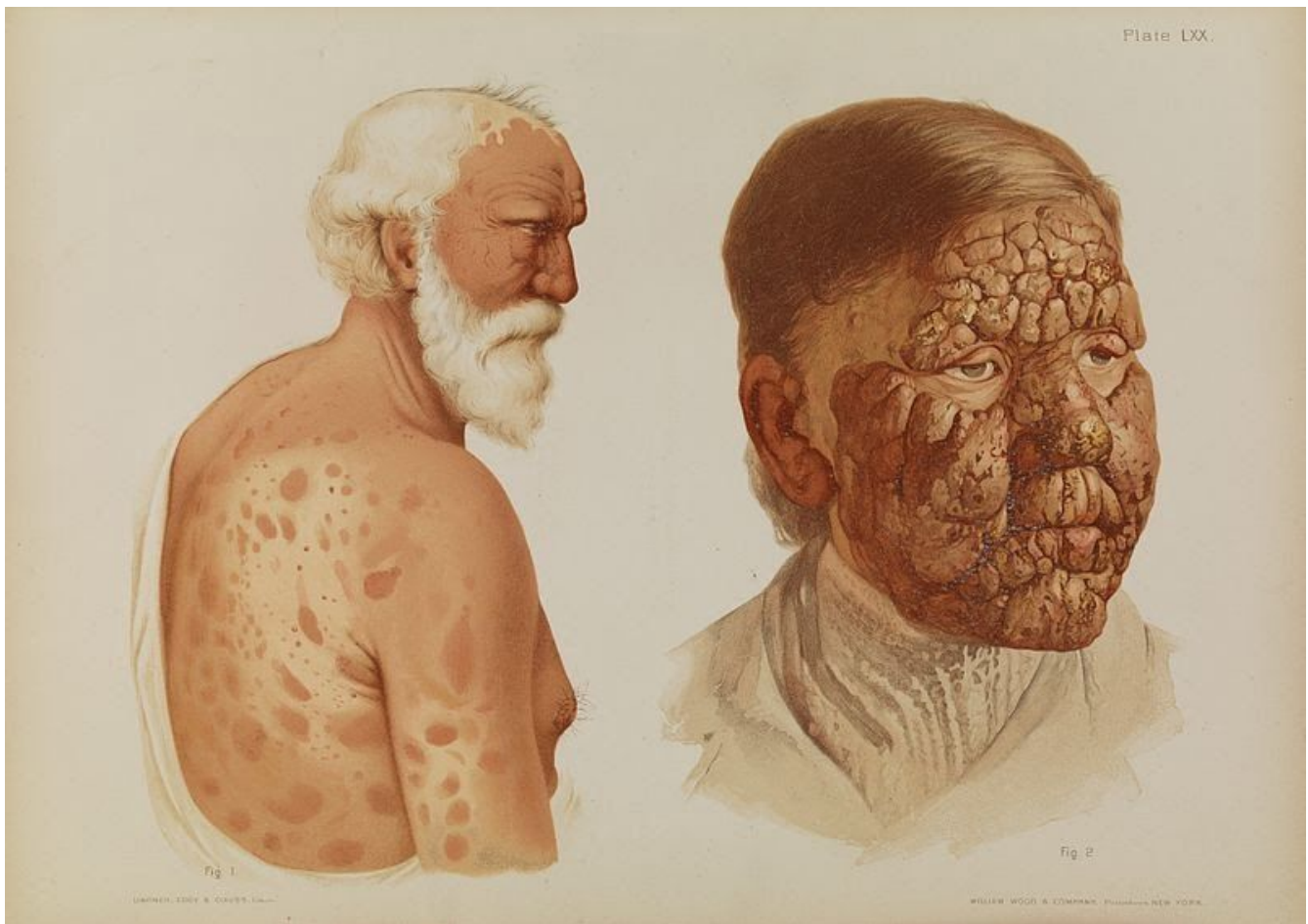
"Lepers always return to their oysters," Father Ahmet remarked esoterically.

"True," agreed Father Yakov, "an Orphan always takes his oyster's seed back to the original fount, that is true."

"Let's let the Orphan swim, and if he can outrun the cormorant with a lamb tied to his leg, then we'll save him for another day and ship him off to Wales where it is said where his mother was born-"

"He's got soft skin, for a leper," mused Father Yakov- "and for an Orphan."

"We'll see if the boy outlasts the year-"



*The moral effects of leprosy.*

## §

Leopold was not born a leper – however, since he was born on All Leper's Day in his village, a holiday where all the lepers of the town were given one day to parade and fling their leftover skin, one of the more potent lepers had flung a highly active flake which landed on the young Leopold's foreskin. As soon as his father found the leper flake, transformed and consuming the uppermost part of his penis, he had Leopold tossed into the bowl of a holy water urinal.

## §

Leopold learned how to perform sodomy from his two Catholic fathers, following his first communion reception.<sup>3</sup> Leopold, being an Orphan, began soliciting Sodomites for their services from the age of 10. And Leopold, being a *Leper*, eventually ended up giving the entire St. Gregory's diocese leprosy. Pope Phallus Dei III then wrote a papal encyclical about how leprosy was the "mark of the Sodomite" and fined each leper ₪30 for having it.

<sup>3</sup> Sodomy is a term derived from the Ecclesiastical Latin *peccatum Sodomiticum* or "sin of Sodom," which in turn comes from the Ancient Greek word Σόδομα (Sódoma). It is also known as "buggery" and includes any and all forms of "unnatural" sex; anal, oral, bestial, and faecal.



## §

Eventually Leopold would become *il leprae di tutti leprae*. That is, he was the leper that all the other lepers ostracized. Unable to find food, Leopold packed up a bindle and headed towards the pastures. But, being an Orphan, he was unable to find any even there. That's why he began to eat his own scabs and drink his own pus for sustenance. He survived this way for many, many years, some say...

## §

Once when Leopold was young he was wrapped in wax by the town boys, who kidnapped and hauled him around on a sled, calling him the honeycomb wart (H.W.), which eventually came to serve as his initials throughout his schooling years (the Sodomite Academy of Filial Visitation) — when on that day wrapped in wax as he was, they tossed him in a cheese barrel, where the new bacterial batch was metastasizing — and so the boys tossed him laughing and he was shipped to the nearest seaport, which was 75 miles away.

Having to explain himself why he was eating wax when he was discovered by a fellow Sodomite on “out of town business” (he did not specify), he was given a spot next to the pigs in the truck on the road back home to Sodom, an experience where he developed a new fetish.



*Sodomy was censored and often punished by death in medieval times despite how fun it is.*



*Sodomy as practiced by certain nuns.*



## §

Leopold was actually cured of leprosy several times throughout his life, but his condition as an Orphan made sure that he was sure to continually re-contract it. For one, he hung out with mites every day for a few weeks in Summer; and the mites would always use this as an opportunity to test their new strains of leprosy on him. How was he cured? Well, Horus once whispered into his ear: “if you perform sodomy on thirteen nuns on a full moon at midnight, it cures you of any disease.” And so Leopold traveled until he found a convent.

He then raped thirteen nuns under the full moon’s light.

Suddenly, his skin began to return to its natural hue, his vitality restored, and his pus dried. Upon the third time of curing himself in this way, he vowed never to hang out with those mites again, whom he now had expected as the source of the leprosy this whole time. Though, since Leopold frequently squatted in the pyramids, he ended up not only catching leprosy again, but rekindling his friendship with the mites; but as it was, he depended upon the mites to cook and serve him all of his food — which was all contaminated with leprosy bacteria, of course.

The nuns in the convents later contracted severe and fatal cases of leprosy and were crucified by a private crucifixion company.

## §

Leopold never truly found it in him to face that experience he unleashed upon those nuns in that dusty convent that one Summer day. A little known fact about nuns is that they transcribe every little detail of the daily goings on since they have nothing else to do as religious parasites; so the whole event was narrated in lurid detail by Sister Maretha. But the account was ultimately sold in Romania in a second hand bookstore under the mistaken impression that it was erotic fiction.

## §

Food was indeed hard to come by for Leopold, being an Orphan. So, he decided to become a professional harlot. There was one obstacle he had to face though: his uniquely communicable leprosy. Luckily however, Leopold was able to find work amongst certain ‘admirers’ who had a leprosy fetish. And thankfully for him, these customers were not hard to come by. Some of his clients would ask for a slice of his rotted flesh so that they could penetrate themselves with it in private at ₴5/slice. But eventually Leopold’s business would decline as his clientele died from the leprosy.



*A rare form of sodomy, practiced mainly in Hungary.*

## §

Once when Leopold was young his school's headmaster came upon him alone in his leprosy cell, a moist closet (which was not good for his leprosy) in which he was consigned while attending the school. The headmaster, after poking him with the 'leperstick' through the slat in the door, found that he was scribbling on something and so asked, "Leopold, what are you writing?"— to which Leopold, being an Orphan, could only point at his stone tablet (totally unnecessary, as paper had already been developed, but he was an Orphan), indicating a sequence of equations which were apparently the meager attempts of a distorted mind in the aim of deducing what sodomy was. Inscriptions such as these could be seen:

**SODOMY = SODOMY**  
**LEPROSY = SODOMY**  
**SODOMY + SODOMY = LEPROSY ?**  
**LEPROSY + LEPROSY = SODOMY ?**  
**SODOMY + SODOMY = LEPROSY + LEPROSY ??**  
**SODOMY = LEPROSY ?????**

With a fair amount of justification, the headmaster punished Leopold by striking him with a dozen lashes and an appropriate time in the Mud Tank.

## §

Leopold was susceptible to confidence tricksters, being an Orphan as he was. And one such con man that he succumbed to was: Dr. "Henderson."

Dr. "Henderson" was a dentist and anal scientist, who also had been recently dabbling in PCP research. Since his research was deemed illegal in Sodom due to "unethical practice," he was always on the look out for transients, so that he may conduct his research on them, secretly.

One evening, while Leopold was rubbing soil into his wounds outside of Sodomy Grove, Dr. "Henderson" drugged and kidnapped him, and brought him back to his lab.

"Yes, yes, I see..." "Henderson" muttered, inspecting the state of Leopold's leprosy. "What I'm particularly interested in is the degeneration of his anus," said Dr. "Henderson," who lived alone. Leopold was still unconscious — "Henderson" had injected him with 30 grams of liquid PCP; PCP was "Henderson's" anesthetic of choice. One by one, Dr. "Henderson" removed all of Leopold's teeth, which was a part of his research on "Hansen's Disease and Periodontal Infection." Dr. "Henderson" then nailed Leopold to a crucifix as part of his research on "The Pain Cycle Principle (PCP)". The purpose of this research was to determine the extent to which phencyclidine desensitizes pain.

In due time, Leopold's daily injections were halted in order to conduct the next phase of Dr. "Henderson's" research. Dr. "Henderson" gently but firmly slapped Leopold's face to awaken him, and he soon enough awoke. "So... 'Leopold'..." he said, reading off of the intake form, "...tell me what you saw on that crucifix".

But Leopold never really learned to speak, so he couldn't reply.

"Oh...! Well...! I see here on the form that you're an Orphan", said "Henderson." "Let me then take you to my special room for Orphans!"

## §

Having drunk from a mug that a man in a tavern gave to him, Leopold later woke up inside a dimly lit room. With fits and starts, as he shook off the torpor of his drugged brain, the sight of several other 'Orphans' (his words) inscribed themselves upon his brain, even though the suspected 'Orphans' were actually just hunchbacks and dwarves. Each and every one of them were in fact freaks captured in a human menagerie, belonging to a caravan owned by an Indian man named Hadji the Exploiter. But then, as soon as Leopold awoke, the other inmates erupted and flung feces at Leopold's cage, shouting with pitiless rancor: "Leper! Fuck you, Leper! Clitoris Scab, Wart Cunt of Mother Mary! Fuck off, Leper! Back to your Toilet, Leper, you fucking Leper piece of Shit!"

As the feces splattered into his nose and mouth and his spirits dropped astronomically, Leopold at that point reached a new low. But because of some kind of horse or other ungulate tranquilizer abundantly present in the feces, an intense rush immediately entered his bloodstream which slapped him into a trance state, and gave him a gentle dose of mental

sodomy that brought the Mother Mary lain in golden bedstead licking her own clitoris, in what was in Leopold's small mind a sublime and holy religious vision. Leopold thus succumbed to a seizure while the dwarf in the cage above pissed over him calling him a Tit Sore.

## §

Sodom was one day under attack, so Leopold enlisted in the army. He was assigned to the front lines, and was immediately struck down by an enemy pellet during his first battle. But luckily for Leopold, the pellet ended up piercing an acupuncture pressure point, leading to both a remission of his leprosy and Orphanism.

After being honorably discharged, Leopold enrolled in college because of the Sodom War Stimulus Shitgrab, which provided nearabouts ₪300 a month and free internet service for studying for a Sodomite degree. But he focused on marketing psychology for three terms until his comorbid leprosy and Orphanism began to come out of remission, again.

So naturally, he ultimately dropped out of school, reenlisted in the army, and was soon promoted to the rank of Sergeant. This made him the first ever Sergeant with Leprosy, which was a big victory for the OLVC (Orphan-Leprosy Veteran Confederation) community.

## §

Obesity afflicted Leopold like it has so many others. But in his case, it was self inflicted, because he became accustomed to gorging on the fish waste from Sodom's Seafood, a failing restaurant chain near Bethlehem. However, one day a janitor came out to dump some food waste in a dumpster which Leopold frequented. The janitor's name was Janis the Janitor, and he gave no fucks.

"Wat'sya doin' with that waste, m'boy?" asked Janis.

Leopold could of course only mutter, as he was an Orphan; tartar sauce began leaching from a sore on his forehead. Yet Janis was amazed at the sight, and began to penetrate Leopold's wounds with his prickly pear.

"I love how your obesity makes you a sick fuck," Janis said, after zipping up his shorts.

## §

Leopold was a leper since infancy, but filling into that scabrous identity took some time.

First of all, when he was infected with leperflakes™ (at the time, not yet a trademarked grain) at the All Leper's Day Parade, the flakes had not in fact taken hold of his skin yet, but instead formed proxy cells which worked slowly upon the existing dermatological terrain.

But sooner than later these rogue leprosy cells multiplied in the moisture of his crotch and armpits in order to survive the dessication from which lesser, and more typical leper spores, frequently perished in — being borne, as they were, of an extra-mutant hybridization with Leopold's local sodomy microbes; and which of course harbored an abundance of mites.



Despite a Papal Inquiry, however, the origin of the leper infestation was never traced to Leopold. The Papal office decided to leave it at that concerning other pending matters which consumed its time.<sup>4</sup>

## §

Because of the half-life of leper cells, however, Leopold's leprosy only accumulated within his frontal cortex in the same way that crust accumulates around one's molluscine orifice. To put it theoretically, his mind was slowly becoming leper-encrusted, via leperized ganglia. Doctors still to this day argue whether the leprosy made him an Orphan, or vice versa.

## §

Leopold was not always the leper of all lepers, even though he was banished as a subclass-E leper from the leper colony. For one day he met a fellow leper — of the spirit. Traveling along a deserted road, having only but a few flakes left on his favourite scab to pick, he met a fellow with a fat Nose and a Queer Protuberance.

"Oh, what a relief to find a friendly face!" Leopold shouted idiotically, eyes bursting.

"Please don't look at my crotch," the stranger replied curtly, regarding Leopold as an idiot.

There were only the two of them on that road, save but the sky and a single cactus, as well as the stranger's prodigious boner.

"I, I, I... wasn't...!" Cried Leopold. "I was... looking at your boner!" He desperately tried to explain as he blushed, thinking they were different things.<sup>5</sup>

"It figures," sighed the stranger, very morosely. "Everyone does, after all. Anyways, the name's Priam. Priam the Priap. Glad to make your acquaintance."

"When my Mom aborted me they called me Leopold after the Star of David and his Penis."

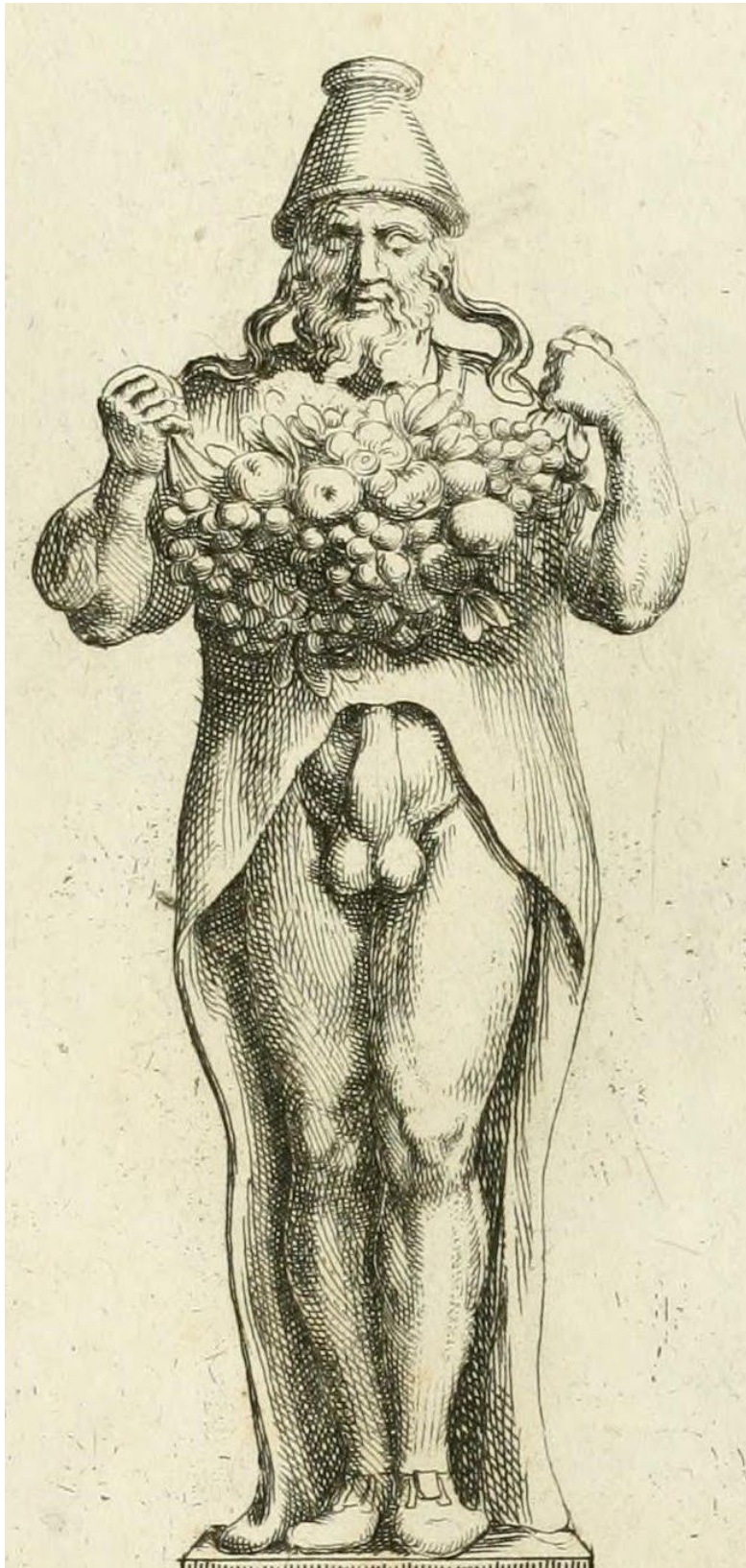
There was an awkward pause; Priam because he was put off by Leopold's Orphanness, Leopold because he was transfixed by Priam's throbbing boner.

"What kinda scabs ya got?" He blurted out.

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<sup>4</sup> Sodomy.

<sup>5</sup> Priam was afflicted with priapism, a penile disorder in which boners, given a life of their own, occur involuntarily and for hours despite any sexual stimulation. Priam eventually died in a Lebanese brothel from sodomy; which was medically undetermined by the coroner and subject to a certain litigious matter.



*Priapism, often considered an embarrassing affliction, can also be displayed publicly without remorse.*

## §

Leopold was placed in a cage “for Orphans,” as Dr. “Henderson” put it.

“Now it’s time to begin my anal experiements on you, Leopold,” “Henderson” said as saliva drooled from his fetid lips. He then strapped Leopold to a dentist’s chair face down. Now “Henderson” was able to get a good look at Leopold’s atrophied anal glands.

“Yes, I see. Just as I suspected...” said the Dr., pontificating as he was — while he used a metal pick to remove the overdrawn scabs from Leopold’s rectum. Leopold screamed in pain, as only an Orphan could do. “Oh, I’ve forgotten the phencyclidine!” cried “Henderson.” “But now I can conduct two experiments simultaneously: anal PCP surgery and the collection of samples from this here anus,” he said, as he stuck a needle into Leopold’s rectum, poking it deep within his colon.

“And oh my... what a discovery,” exclaimed Dr. “Henderson.” “The PCP seems to destroy the leprosy tissue on the anus... yes, yes, I see..” he said, taking notes on his blood stained notebook. “But we just can’t have that. I need your anal leper tissue for now...”

Leopold screamed out in pain, but no one could hear him because he was an Orphan.

“Back to the cage,” said Dr. “Henderson”...

## §

Leopold had certain sensations in his body which he couldn’t, nor didn’t want to control. These were beyond the fleas and chiggers which frequently burrowed holes inside his body, being known far and wide as he was among the insect population for emitting ‘dank winds.’

For he always dreamed of a brother: but a brother who he could commit incest with — a moral violation which Leopold was not remotely aware of, however. But even more, he desired someone whom he could share his scabs and leper-mites (at the very least) with; someone he could embrace bodily as only lepers dream.

But sometimes dreams don’t come true, especially for Orphans.

## §

Because he was an Orphan, Leopold had a profound thirst for exotic meates - such as dolphin and hoarse meate. So, he joined a crew of sailors which was headed to the New World in order that he may be able to fish for some dolphin, which he was craving at the time. Since he was a leper, he was confined to a broom closet during the day time hours, and was only allowed on deck once the other sailors were asleep. Naturally, Leopold took this opportunity to fish for dolphin. He used a spear and soon caught three of them, despite being an Orphan. Now, however, Leopold would never cook his dolphin; he preferred it raw. Using an Italian dagger, Leopold sliced meate off of the dolphin coarpse, and had his first meal in thirty-two days.

"I sure do love my dolphin meate," Leopold said.

## §

When Leopold was just a lad, he had a cadre of monks who tended to his education. He was placed in a separate leper academy, having earned both the Orphan and Leper scholarships of Great Achievement and Special Pity, awarded by the Syrian bishopric in a special unital. And even though the Good Fathers all wore latex and had the students live in a 'Leper Cellar,' each day they would learn the doctrine of Catholicism and be instructed how to live an anti-Sodomite life while simultaneously enrolling into a leper penitence program.

However, none of Leopold's instruction ever penetrated his mind, because he was always too busy picking his scabs.

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One day, a mate of his, a fellow leper named Ronald, asked him point blank during Brother Peter's lesson: "You gonna pick that?"

Leopold eyed him with suspicion for he coveted this particular scab and was saving it for the St. Michael's Day, when each leper student would be granted his own private picking chamber ("outside the barracks") and allowed to rub Japanese Mold (tofu gel) on their wounds to their heart's desire.

"Depends," Leopold began, eyeing him heavily- "What kinda scabs you got for *me*?" Ronald smiled and gave a look of sick pleasure. "I'll show you one," he began, undoing his trousers, "the one I got down by the sewers—"

This sort of trade was actually banned by the Holy Fathers, but the students maintained an underground economy which persisted and even poured over into the non-leper economy. And so thereafter Leopold tried to out compete his classmates and earn an extra scheckel by cultivating the most organic scabs. He collected them like one collects butterflies. And he even developed a rigid classification system which was calibrated by the date, the weather, the hairiness, texture, place of origin, moldiness, dryness, 'scabbousness,' and above all his personal leprethic state (i.e., in Leopold's words, the 'ooze gradient'). And in his ascent to scab hegemony, one day Ronald could be found, asking him: "Have you got the maggot-crustey, then?"

"Right in my pocket," Leopold replied. And he showed it off like a button.

"My God!" The other lepers were in awe. In that moment, Leopold was King (of the other lepers).<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> He was later sodomized for this.





*The alleged true form of Dr. "Henderson," a demon.*

## §

Dr. "Henderson" kept Leopold in his cage for Orphans for five long years. This was because "Henderson" developed a nasty PCP habit, which consumed his life for half a decade. When he was finally released from detox, his brain had atrophied considerably, due to the long toll of drug abuse. However, the Olney's lesions<sup>7</sup> had only affected his prefrontal cortex, with his intellect still intact. Once he returned to his laboratory domicile, he began to look over his old bloodstained notebook so that he may resume his research.

"Now where did I leave off?" wondered Dr. "Henderson," licking the blood on the pages as he turned them.

"Ah yes...who is this Leopold?" he pondered as he fingered his anus so that it may stimulate his memory. "Oh yes...the Orphan leper I found at Sodomy Lake...I see, I see...yes, yes...." he muttered as he went to his special cage for Orphans, to see if he might salvage Leopold's coarpse (as he was most surely expired by now) so that he could make dinner with it.

Dr. "Henderson" fumbled with the keys which would allow him to unlock Leopold's coarpse: "Let's see here...the key for Sodomy Ranch..." (Dr. "Henderson's" personal hoarse ranche, meate processing centre, and PCP factory), "the key for excommunicated priests (of which all residents had expired due to the extended period of Dr. "Henderson's" absence)... the cage for Trappist monks...and here... the key for the cage for Orphans."

His fingers were greasy from the blood on his keys, so it took quite some time for him to open the cage. When he finally did, he was amazed by what he found: Leopold was alive, and jacking off in his cage. But as it turns out Leopold did actually have a food source: the locusts that regularly infested the entire prison level. "Now what will I eat?" thought "Henderson."

And so in a move of momentary resignation, "Henderson" let Leopold out of his cage, but he immediately made it clear to him that he "owned him" and that "you won't get out of my fucking sight or I'll fuck you up you piece of shit."

He went into his fridge and retrieved a sugar- free Red Bull and decided on what to do about his fresh slave. What need did he have of him? "I guess I can murder him and dump his body in Sodomy Lake," thought Dr. "Henderson" to himself. It was a thought considered on account of his prefrontal cortex injury that magnified his psychopathy one million times. Suddenly, he remembered that he was hungry, and without a second thought, he started slicing Leopold's leprosy scabs off with a rusty, dull bread knife. He then took two vials of blood from an abscess on Leopold's left arm. Leopold screamed in pain. "No PCP for you this time!" screamed Dr. "Henderson." Leopold had been rendered unconscious because of the extreme pain and because he was an Orphan. Dr. "Henderson" then took his scabs and placed them on white bread. Next, he mixed the vials of blood with corn syrup and flour, and the resulting paste was used as a condiment on his "Leper Hoagie," as he called it.

Dr. "Henderson" then ate the sandwich and broke one of Leopold's legs with a baseball bat.

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<sup>7</sup> Olney's lesions, also known as NMDA receptor antagonist neurotoxicity, are a form of potential brain damage due to drugs that have been studied experimentally and have produced neuronal damage, yet are administered by doctors to humans in the settings of pharmacotherapy and of anesthesia.

## §

While wandering in the hills outside of Sodom one afternoon, Leopold realized that the Sodom mites were acting as parasites on several of his abscesses. "Well, I am friends with the lil' buggers, so what can I do?" thought Leopold, because he was an Orphan. The mites were insuring that he would never be cured, by say, a prophet or a nurse. "Maybe I should get some medical treatment, aye?" thought Leopold. This was the first time it occurred to him to see a nurse.

When he arrived at the hospital the nurse inspected his sores intensely, performing what she called "the saliva test" on them. The saliva test was a way of determining the severity of leprosy by the taste of the pus excreted from leper sores. "Unfortunately, you have an incurable case of Hansen's Disease," said the nurse, licking the pus off of her lips. "This is because the Sodom mites have been living in your bloodstream, effectively changing your DNA and producing horrible leprosy all over your body. How long have you been working in these pyramids, Leopold?" she asked him.

"Since I was old enough to tie my shoes," he replied.

"Well, I'm afraid to tell you that the pyramids are being used to store all the excess leprosy. And the mites are the ones who invented leprosy to begin with."

"My lord!" thought Leopold, who then punched himself in the face, because he was an Orphan.

## §

Though neither of them wished for it, a boner stood between Leopold and Priam.

"Listen, I know my boner is distracting, but you HAVE to stop looking at it." Priam did his utmost to try and protest Leopold's deeply fixated gaze, but it had, in reality, seduced him.

"Well how about we trade for em," reasoned Leopold, returning from his trance.

"Trade? Trade for *WHAT?*" Cried Priap.

"Scab for scab," Leopold said, officially.

"*What?*" Priam exclaimed, not knowing anything at all what Leopold was talking about but starting to get harder.

"Scab for scab, or bust," Leopold only replied, getting a bit hard himself.

And so Priap gave into another instance of peer pressure in the confused belief he was protecting his penis from the usual attack of slings, and thus he assumed the position. But instead of receiving a "crotch pellet" (his words) as he usually did, Leopold stood affixed, reaching into his trousers, and Priap instantly liked it (thinking he was masturbating). "Well... how bout a scab then!" He yelled in ecstasy.







What he was talking about was his priapism scab. Because of Priam's near-constant boner, he had immense chafing of his penis head (the 'glans penis') and the accompanying penal mouth (the 'meatus'), which led, for him, to frequent and hexagonal scabbing. Priam did not know Leopold was a leper, but since Leopold seemed to make such a large deal about scabs, Priam decided to openly expose his, which was the Leaning Tower of Pizza of penile scabs. And so Leopold, in a confused animal rage, bit him in his "dog mouth" (Leopold's words).

He never saw Priap again.

## §

Despite being an Orphan, Leopold still had a small circle of friends. One of them was named "Charlie the Cherub;" this was because of his severe case of cherubism which was comorbid with his leprosy. Now, Leopold enjoyed picking his scabs as much as Charlie, but the increased surface area on Charlie's lower jaw provided him with a cornucopia of rotting face flesh. Leopold, being an Orphan, was jealous of this cherubism, not only because of the increased surface area, but because he also thought it made Charlie look distinguished. "I wish I had cherubism," Leopold thought.

"Want to know how I got cherubism in the first place?" Charlie asked Leopold. "Well I'll tell you: one day, I was walking near Sodomy Lake, and a man who goes by the name of Dr. "Henderson" kidnapped me and brought me to his rectal laboratory warehouse. Then he strapped me to a dentist's chair, and injected me with what he called 'Cherub Dust,' which he later revealed was a mixture of PCP & a DNA altering enzyme, causing my severe and near fatal cherubism. You see, I already had leprosy at that point, as you would expect by me taking a walk around Sodomy Lake at night..." he trailed off.

"I know Dr. "Henderson" as well," said Leopold- "he once crucified me and threw me in a cage for Orphans!"

Charlie then said: "I would know. I actually am Dr. "Henderson."

"My cherubism and leprosy have distorted my facial features to the point where I can pass as someone else. You wanna know what else?" "Henderson" put to Leopold. "You're coming with me."

## §

Leopold was never told who his father was. This disturbed him throughout life, sometimes the shadow of his absence bursting upon him in the form of nightmares waking him in a semi-erotic sweat. And in fact Leopold's father was never truly discovered until after Leopold himself died, of a complication of sodomy and leprosy.<sup>9</sup> Nor was his mother fully identified

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<sup>9</sup> According to Cheese Corporation lawyers. Due to Leopold's official status as a Leper and Orphan, he was legally unqualified in becoming the heir to his father's Global Cheese Empire Inc. (parent corporation of Cheese

until Leopold had subconsciously realized, and later the public inquiry confirmed, that she was herself a leper attached to the monastery in which he was born. This was due to the fact that the records of his birth had been tampered with, and by his father himself, for reasons which shall be outlined shortly.

For that Sodomite monastery had a certain Brother Hyppolite, and because he was French, he was known to have certain proclivities for monastery lepers. However fervently he tried to pray, he eventually succumbed to his suppressed fornication and coupled with one of the females. He had an extreme leper fetish, something that was then known as “Chiggers’ Fancy.” When All Leper’s Day arrived, he took his chance and that’s how the false myth that Leopold was infected as an infant on that holiday was perpetuated throughout the monastery. And yet in a sense this is just what happened between his mother’s oval chamber and the seminal plankton of his father, since - with the Semen Pope a Leper Emperor and the King of Egg, and Brother Hyppolite having asymptotically congealed leprose<sup>10</sup> in his veins - there was thus, in short, a sort of Leopold Parade happening in full force within his mother’s uterus, and the Good Brother Hyppolite’s spermatozoa was caught up in the spontaneous generation of the First Immaculate Leprosotic Conception, which is why he later abandoned both mother and child.

Because from that sexual union in accordance with the Order of the World, there issued forth a tender but disgusting babe, and a filial curse which God Himself averted his eyes from as though it was visual diarrhea. There was indeed a deep sin borne of their commingling, but it was not in Brother Hyppolite’s fornication with the leper. It was, rather, in the father’s sin of husking off a rind of Leopold’s infant leprosy (his foreskin) and greedily fermenting that specimen into a cheese that would soon spawn a global cheese empire (officially called Hair of the Mold Cheese Syndicate, United, subsidiary of Cheese Corporation, subsidiary of Global Cheese Empire, Inc.).

Leopold never received word of his fortunes, and he died as penniless as he had lived.

## §

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Corporation), even though he was legally alive at the time of his father’s death (from sodomy, c. Mexico). In order to guard their own corporate line of succession, the board of Leopold’s father’s company therefore slandered Leopold in the international press and denigrated him as a reprobate drug addict who was dead from Sodomy and Leprosy, which disqualified him from the inheritance according to the International Sodomy Treaty of 1563. But as the most credible records show, he of course died from Orphanism before the word was out that he was the Global Cheese Heir.

<sup>10</sup> The enzymatic precursor to leprosy.



Organic cheese.

## §

He stuck the unconscious Leopold (insulin-induced coma, via Dr. “Henderson”) into his refrigerator next to a 4 pack of sugar-free Red Bull. “I should have tested my new PCP analogue, ‘Cherub Dust,’ on Leopold, instead of on myself,” thought Dr. “Henderson.” “Alas, I had to eventually release him on account of the horrifying stench of his wretched dermis.”

“But there is one way to cure myself of not only my newfound cherubism, but also of my phencyclidine addiction, Hansen’s Disease, and Sodom mites” (which had recently infected his eyebrows). After he said this, he coughed up a piece of rotting lung tissue, then disposed of it down the sink.

Dr. “Henderson” then went to check his mailbox, in which an issue of *The Leper Quarterly* was found inside. In it there was an article about Pope Phallus Dei III. He was said to be in possession of an ancient Gnostic text, of which is thought written by Jesus of Nazareth’s personal physician (and life coach), Dr. “Ibrahim.” The text included the ingredients and instructions to manufacture a prescription salve that supposedly cured leprosy, PCP addiction, and cherubism; which was named *Leprosabim*. The text describes how Jesus carried a bottle of it whenever he took a walk down Scab Row (the roughest neighborhood near Golgotha), shaking hands with hopeless lepers and intravenous PCP users, applying the Leprosabim to their skin, then claiming he “cured” them with a “miracle.”

Dr. “Henderson” was aware of this rumor, and naturally, he wanted to manufacture this Leprosabim as soon as possible—not only to cure himself, but so that he could reverse engineer it to not *cure* but *cause* Hansen’s Disease, phencyclidine addiction, and Sodom mite infection.

So, Dr. “Henderson” took a train to the Vatican in order that he may fist-fight Pope Phallus Dei for possession of the auspicious text (the fight was arranged in advance and agreed to by both parties; by way of Hermes Logistics [a floundering messenger pigeon service], which had a contract with the Pope which was set to expire the following week).

The fight was set to happen in the “*La Piazza Puttane*,” the town square outside of the Italian Communist Party’s headquarters.

As agreed, Pope Phallus Dei III had brought the Gnostic scroll to the piazza, to only give up if he had lost the fight. In fact, he had entrusted his favorite eunuch, Alfredo Puttano, with it; that is, he had enclosed it in a clear mylar tube and inserted into his rectum for safekeeping.

“I’ll fuck you up, slut” said the Pope. But Dr. “Henderson” was way ahead of him. He had secretly brought Leopold with him in his suitcase for one purpose: to extract the text from the eunuch’s anus. Dr. “Henderson” lunged forward, and injected the Pope with a lethal overdose of PCP.

“Come on, Leopold! Reach into that eunuch’s anus and retrieve the scroll!” Dr. “Henderson” screamed.



Dr. “Henderson” then broke one of the Pope’s legs with a baseball bat — and off and away they went — to Sodomy Ranch.

“Ah yes: Sodomy Ranch, my personal hoarse ranche, meate processing centre, and PCP factory,” Dr. “Henderson” muttered to himself, coughing up puss.

Leopold awoke from his insulin-induced coma (via Dr. “Henderson”), and awoke in a hoarse stable, face down in a dentist’s chair.

By now, Dr. “Henderson” had manufactured the Leprosabim based on the Gnostic scrolls’ instructions. He applied it to his hands (which were now grotesquely infested with Sodom mites) and waited for a result.

Meanwhile, Leopold had managed to free himself from the dentist’s chair. He grabbed a spear, which Dr. “Henderson” had laying around to tenderize his hoarse’s bodies in order to produce premium potted meate.

“Haha! I’m now cured of my leprosy, PCP addiction, cherubism and Sodom mites!” cried “Henderson.”

Just then, Leopold threw the spear through Dr. “Henderson’s” skull, killing him instantly. He then applied the Leprosabim to his dermis, and his diseases were cured.

But the Leprosabim was incapable of curing his chronic and terminal Orphanhood, and soon perished from his misfortune.

He was buried next to the monastery where he was born.

