

# **WASH AND DIE**

**Part One**

**Shit City**

**by**

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CALICO PRESS

Wash and Die part one: Shit City.  
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# SHIT CITY

Matt Lamott stumbles into a liquor store to escape the piss-wet heat of the night. He pushes through the door, triggering an electronic church hymn. A priest looks up from behind the cashier's counter and eyes the young vagrant suspiciously.

Welcome to LORD'S LIQUORS.

Matt feels like a crackwhore who's just been railed to death by a herd of horny hobos. His clothes are worn and torn to shreds. His ass smarts from wiping it with trash in some back alley, and his filthy, shoeless feet are sloppy with human feces. He's a walking, pulsating piece of sticky dick gunk, and he wants a beer.

He wipes the sweat and sludge from his face and blinks the white overhead light from his eyes. He welcomes the air-conditioner breeze that blankets him like a whore blanketing her son with cool, soothing lies. He loses himself in the wall-mounted TV set ...

*An infomercial. A tall homeless man and a small homeless man, hitting, spitting and yelling at each other. A best-selling novel that has changed their lives. A tale of love, laundry and murder guaranteed to change your life too. (Your life is shit.)*

*"Shit," says the tall homeless man.*

*"Dirty laundry," yells the small homeless man.*

*"Oh shit," yells the tall homeless man.*

*"Dirty underwear!"*

*The tall homeless man waves a pair of underwear at the small homeless man.*

"Ya gonna kneel down 'n' pray ta dat thang?" the priest behind the counter calls out. "Go 'head 'n' do it aheady. Ya blockin' mah view." He dips a donut into a cup of coffee. Takes a bite.

A chill washes down Matt's spine. He turns around. What's a priest doing in a liquor store?

"Sorry," Matt says.

He approaches and counts the diamond-studded buttons running down the front of the priest's long-skirted, close-fitting black leather cassock. "One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven ..."

"Der be thirty-three o' 'em, motherfuckah," the cashier priest says. "One fo' each sexy year in dah life o' a sexy Jesus."

"Sexy Jesus?" Matt says.

The short-tempered priest adjusts his three-peaked black biretta, pushing it forward on his brow, framing his scowling eyes in serious black. "Whaddaya be lookin' at, son?"

"Your collar," Matt says.

Around his neck, the priest wears a starched, tie-dyed roman collar. "Back in dah day, I partied hard fo' dah God." He takes another bite of his donut, leans back on his stool and kicks his feet up onto the counter. His heavy steel-toed boots land with a bang. One after the other. He crosses his feet at his ankles and leans back against the adult magazine display.

"But don't be mistakin' me fo' no pussy, boy. I cracked mah fair share o' heads. I busted plenty o' heathen fuckfaces wit deez fists." The priest finishes his donut then hold up his hands. The letters H-O-L-Y are tattooed across the knuckles of his right hand and L-O-R-D tat-

toed across the knuckles of his left.

“Lemme tell ya dah story o’ deez two humble servants.” The priest slides his feet off the counter, stands up and forms two fists. “It be a tale o’ faith ‘n’ perseverance through dah trials ‘n’ tribulations o’ life. I ain’t knowin’ what ‘tribulations’ be meanin’ but I hear dah people be usin’ it ‘n’ I gonna use it too. Sounds good. Like dah sound o’ some punk nose crushin’ ‘gainst dah force o’ mah fist. Like dah sound o’ dah God fuckin’ dat punk like a lil bitch. Ya be a punk, son?”

“I think I’ve seen this movie before,” Matt says.

“Shut dah fuck up, boy.” The priest slams his fist on the counter, takes a deep breath. He looks Matt in the eyes. “HOLY! It be dah hand dat be servin’ dah God ah day err day. LAHD!” The priest opens his fist and spreads his fingers. “Deez five fingahs, dey go straight up dah ass o’ man - packed wit powah, authoritay, influence. Dah right hand. Dah holy hand. Dah lefty hand. Dah hand o’ dah Lahd. A sexy Jesus! One hand fight in harmony wit dah othah. Serve dah God ‘n’ dah God be servin’ you. Deez fists be slaughterin’ dah men, women ‘n’ children o’ dah Satan, son. Deez fists be saints dedicated, consecrated ta dah God. Morally ‘n’ spiritually excellent! Ah in dah name o’ dah God ‘n’ Liquor. Hallelujah. Praise dah Lord.”

“Where you from?” Matt says, puzzled by the unfamiliar accent.

“I be from dah heaven country, bitch!” The priest sits up and takes a sip from his cup of coffee. “Dah booze be in dah back.” He points without looking at Matt.

Matt heads to the back of the store, relieved to be done with the perverted priest. Choking down some booze is just what he needs. He touches his dick and grins at the thought.

Matt’s mind is tight with headache. He needs water but beer is what he drinks. Beer is Matt’s bitch. Matt fucks beer like men drink bitches. Or maybe Matt is beer’s bitch.

At the back of the store Matt nearly trips over a bum passed out on the floor. A steaming shit heap of rags and flesh.

Matt tries to slide the cooler door open, but the thing won't budge. He leans into it, but the piece of shit on the ground is right in the way. Matt can't get his footing and his feet, still slick with greasy feces, begin to slide around on the linoleum. Fuck. He steadies himself, doesn't fall, but he dances around to keep his balance, stepping all over the unconscious bum's face, his shit-smeared toes slide easily into the open, gaping mouth.

The door doesn't slide. He pulls the handle toward him instead, still sliding awkwardly on the linoleum. Where did all this liquid come from? Is that beer? Smells like beer. Like sweet beer piss. Oh fuck. The bum must have pissed himself while Matt was wafflestomping him.<sup>1</sup>

The cooler door makes a sticky pop as Matt pulls it open, breaking the seal. Heavenly clouds of condensation issue forth with the promise of refreshment. Oh sweet nectar of the Gods!

But the door won't open more than a couple of inches. Matt tries to reach inside, but his raw, swollen hands won't fit through the little opening. He pulls the door again and again, slamming it into the bum's side.

That lazy bitch is blocking the cooler doors. That bitch is blocking the beer.

Matt sighs. He's tired of having to make an effort. He closes his eyes and imagines lying down on the cool tile of the liquor store while grisly bums and adorable whores pour booze into his open mouth. Most likely though, bums would only piss in Matt's mouth. He shakes the

1 wafflestomp

verb. To defecate on the shower floor and stomp the fecal matter through the drain, thus creating a waffle imprint.

*I totally wafflestomped in Joey's shower last night. He's such a fucking retard.*

—From the Urban Dictionary

thought.

“Fuck you, bum.” Matt says.

He grabs the bum’s legs and pulls him across the aisle, leaving grey-brown streaks on the linoleum. He opens the cooler door. Its breath is cold. Ice cold. Matt shivers, letting the door close. He looks over at the bum on the floor.

The bum has a jacket. The bum has shoes. Matt threw his own shoes into the street because the arches were too high and jabbed at the belly of his feet with every goddamn step he took. And then he stepped in shit. Crackhead shit.

Matt takes a closer look at the bum’s shoes. A pair of rubber-toed canvas MVP’s. The laces are frayed and broken. The canvas is worn and full of holes. But the shoes are intact. They seem to hold together okay, though the left one is clearly aided by a loop of duct tape wrapped clear around the midsection of the shoe. It’s been like that for a while, Matt can tell. The tape is worn mostly through on the bottom, save for a handful of gummy threads.

Matt strips the shoes from the immobile feet. The bum’s socks are yellowed and dirty. The smell of old shiitake mushrooms fills Matt’s nostrils. He pauses to study the hoary jagged yellow toenail poking through a hole in the dirty yellow sock.

The smell doesn’t bother him. There was a time in his life when he couldn’t stand other people’s odors, fragrances or aromas. But now, he accepts them as a matter of course. Matt knows he stinks too. When he was younger he wondered if people’s noses were broken. Now he knows that it’s people’s lives that are broken.

Matt squeezes his feet into the shoes. They are too tight. He can’t get the broken laces untied. They are all knotted up. He picks at them until they start to break apart, bit by bit. Finally he demolishes a knot and can stretch the canvas mouth of the shoe wide open. His toenail jams

into the rubber shell at the front of the shoe, but he gets it in there. He is expecting to be relieved by the lack of arch support. MVPs are notoriously flat-footed. But his aching arches only ache harder. Fuck it. His feet are encased. Protected from the cruel shit of the street.

Matt wrestles the jacket off the bum, puts it on. He reopens the cooler door and examines the beer. He begins to reach for a Tall Boy when the voice on the TV grabs his attention. It has an Australian or New Zealandish accent...

*"Don't settle for twenty-four ounces. Man up with a forty. Life blows and so do whores. Drink DETERGENT Malt Liquor! DETERGENT Malt Liquor: for gentlemen who drink DETERGENT Malt Liquor."*

Matt closes his eyes. He can see the night. It's hot and humid, damp and dreary, like the sweaty crotch of a tranny hooker. It's been raining off and on for weeks, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia. Matt hates rain. He hates water. He's aquaphobic. He just wants his beer and his bed. Maybe a waterbed filled with beer. He simply wants forty ounces of DETERGENT Malt Liquor.

The TV continues ...

*The newly born embryo crawls out of the mother's vagina and searches, blindly reaching for a trail of hair. This is why the mother's choice of a mate is so important. She is drawn to hairy men.*

*The father's chest hair is one of his main attractive features. The freshly emerged embryo instinctively reaches for the trail of chest hair. His little half-formed hands grab fistfuls of the father's luxuriant treasure trail, and he begins to pull himself up. Hand over hand, the little fella crawls up toward his father's beard.*

*For the next three months, the embryo will continue its development here, in the comfortable nest of its father's beard,*



*surviving off of little more than food scraps and spilt beverages.*

*But now, we have a particularly tragic case. Our camera crew grew quite attached to this couple during their mating and the first weeks of gestation.*

*But a potential tragedy has presented itself. The father has stepped out 'for cigarettes' during the first trimester, and has yet to return.*

*Now observe, the moment of birth. Young Julius emerges from his mother's vagina and begins to crawl around, vainly searching for a plush chestful of hair. But father isn't around. Instinct propels young Julius to crawl up his mother's torso. He finds his mother's chin, but her chin is naked and bare. There is no place for Julius to nest.*

*If father doesn't return soon, Young Julius will die a slow death of starvation and dehydration.*

*Moment by moment and hand over hand, young Julius crawls around searching in vain for his father's welcoming nest of hair. His mewling cries grow weaker and weaker. Eventually he finds his way into his mother's hair. But unless his mother is an incredibly messy eater, he won't be able to find the sustenance he needs.*

Matt realizes he's been staring at the wall of beer for quite some time. How long has it been since he's seen his father? Only beer can save Matt's soul now though. Beer and wine and whatever else he can get wrap his dirty hands around.

He'll start with the forty ounce bottles of malt liquor on the top shelf. Matt's eyes stick on a colorful label: DETERGENT Malt Liquor.

"For gentlemen who drink DETERGENT Malt Liquor," Matt reads aloud.

The sweet golden liquid in the clear glass glimmers. Matt can already feel the sin-soluble cleansing agent of malt liquor combining with the impurities of his soul, breaking them down, loosening them like a special plaque-removal mouthwash formulated to dissolve his transgressions and rinse them away.

But Matt doesn't want a clean soul. He wants to flush it out entirely, to pass it like a giant metaphysical turd. Souls are useless in this city. Souls are shit.

Just as Matt pulls the bottle of DETERGENT off the shelf, the arch of his foot cramps up. He yelps. His entire body recoils. The forty falls to the floor. Matt falls with it. The bottle slams and shatters. The pain is unbearable. The amber-colored malt liquor spews and splatters with shards of glass everywhere.

Matt curls up and rips the shoe from his foot. He kneads his knotted arch vigorously with both hands, a low moan spilling out his mouth. He closes his eyes. He grimaces and writhes. He wants the pain to kill him.

His face marinates in a pool of malt liquor. He sucks in its fuel-like aroma and sighs, "Water of life." He juts his tongue out and laps at the puddle of beer on the dirty linoleum floor.

He scooches over to lick at more. His tongue strokes up and down, slowly, rhythmically, romantically. This is how love starts.

A vivid picture of ladybug panties forms in Matt's mind. He has dreamt of these panties before.

"I want to have sex with a giant ladybug," Matt whispers. He is talking dirty to the dirty linoleum floor.

Matt licks up a crumb of glass, slicing his tongue. He lets go of his foot and covers his mouth. The pain is immediate and sharp. The blood tastes like metal.

Matt rolls onto his back, looks up and sees the priest shaking his head. The priest bends over and points at his own ear. A big fat gold cross earring glows and glistens with His Holy Shininess.

“Ya see dis here badda boom badda bing bling?” the priest says. “It ain’t just a big fat gold cross. No, boy. Noooooooo. It be a big fat gold FUCK YA to ah dah bee-zies ‘n’ sleazies, dah mixed-up ‘n’ dah fixed-up, fuzzies ‘n’ dizzies, dummies wit yummies in dah tummies, derelicts wit stiff uppah lips, vagrants ‘n’ vagabonds, scumbags, douche bags, tea bagga-hs, dick haggla-hs, embezzla-hs, cum guzzla-hs, corporate cash fags fuckin’ dah poor ta make a quick score, dah rooftop riff-raff ‘n’ guttah trash, horrendous hell-bent hardened harlot hooka-hs from Houston ‘n’ ah dah rest o’ Satan’s slutty stooges dat infest dis moanin’ shit-dumps-tah o’ a city.”

“Help,” Matt cries out, reaching up.

The priest steps back. “Two forty, bitch!” he replies.

“What?” Matt rolls over and gets on his knees. “My tongue ...” Matt wipes the blood from his chin. He tries to pinch his tongue with his forefinger and thumb.

“Ya owe me two forty fo’ dat forty,” the priest replies.

“I need help!”

“I need two forty!”

“I need a bandaid!”

“Ya can’t be puttin’ no bandaid on ya tongue, sinnah!”

“Please! Oh God!”

“Ya can’t be puttin’ no bandaid on ya soul, sinnah!”

“I need help.”

The liquor store priest slaps Matt in the face. Matt falls over, his face landing in another puddle of beer. Immediately he licks at it.

“Ya need to be payin’ fo’ dat beer, bitch!” The priest crosses his arms. “Dah Lahd be sorely disappointed. Dah Lord don’t be believin’ in ya.”

The priest pushes Matt away from the puddle of beer with his foot. “Stop lickin’ dat beer, bitch! Ya be cuttin’ dat tongue again.”

“I cut my tongue again,” Matt cries out.

The priest picks Matt up, slaps him across the face.

“Get ‘hold o’ yaself, son!”

“I don’t have any money.” Matt looks the priest in the eye.

The priest knees Matt in the groin. Matt collapses like a cheap folding chair.

“Ya be payin’ dah Lahd back by cleanin’ up dis mess.”

“I feel directionless and miserable,” Matt mumbles.

The priest walks away to fetch the mop.



Matt mops aimlessly with little purpose.

“What’s your name?” Matt asks.

“Leo,” the priest answers.

Matt stops mopping. “Is that short for Leonard?”

“Leo be short fo’ Leotahd. I be wearin’ a leotahd under my cassocks too.”

The priest finishes the last drag of his cigarette, flicks it onto the floor in front of Matt.

The two homeless men hitting, spitting and yelling at each other on the television address the priest enthusiastically, but the priest pays more attention to Matt's mopping than the TV.

*"Father Leotard!" the small homeless man yells.*

*"It's important to know what tasks your funeral home will handle by default! You can save yourself a lot of time and a lot of confusion by knowing this ahead of time!" the tall homeless man yells.*

*"Often, all it takes is a simple question!" the small homeless man yells.*

*"For example, the funeral home will handle the physical remains, but they might also notify Social Security and handle the death certificate too!" the tall homeless man yells.*

*"Do make sure you get twenty copies of the death certificate! Everyone you'll be doing business with will want to see one!" the small homeless man yells.*

*The tall homeless man waves a pair of underwear at the small homeless man.*

"Ya even mop like a bitch," the priest declares, yanking the mop away from Matt. "What be ya name, bitch?"

"Matt," says Matt.

"Dis be how ya mop, bitch."

The priest swings the mop from left to right, back and forth, tracing random arcs and swirls in the malt liquor, smearing it ineffectually around the floor.

“Dis beer be lookin’ like thick nasty piss,” the priest says.

The priest hands the mop back to Matt. “Mop dis sheheet up like a man. Take control o’ somethin’.”

Matt stares at the linoleum floor. His tongue hurts. He feels like a trickle of piss meandering from a warm puddle across the cracked and uneven sidewalk of these littered city streets.



Matt approaches Father Leotard at the front counter. The priest is busy organizing the adult magazine display. Matt reads the titles of the magazines: LEZBOS AND THE LORD, PRIESTLY PUSSY, MIRACLE MUFF, VAGINAS IN THE VATICAN, and the secular MIDDLE-AGED DICK AND PUSSY.

“Deez be mah holy scriptures. Ya be done moppin’?” Father Leotard says to Matt while he moves the magazines around.

“Yes,” Matt says.

The priest continues, “I be lovin’ plain donuts just as much as I be lovin’ plain pussy, ya understand? Plain ol’ delicioso pussy.”

“Okay,” Matt says.

Father Leotard slaps the adult magazine display. “Deez here be tasteful ‘zines featurin’ arty photos, poems, magic tricks, recipes, advice, anecdotes ‘n’ articles o’ priests, trannies, lezbos, vaginas, casseroles, miracles, muffs, soufflés, dah God Almighty Himself, old people, bisexuals on bicycles, lil cute bunny rabbits ‘n’ sheet, middle-aged dicks ‘n’ tasty middle-aged pussy.” He turns around and looks at Matt while licking his lips.

Matt eyes a copy of NINJAS WITH BOOBS on the counter. Father Leo follows Matt's eyes to the magazine. "Dis here 'zine be featurin' real women who be real ninjas who got dem real boobies but dey be fully clothed in dah real ninja outfits. Ninja stahs 'n' nunchucks 'n' sheet. I ain't quite understandin' dah appeal cuz dey ain't bein' naked 'n' sheet. What ninjas be knowin' 'bout dah God? Dey ain't knowin' dah God! If ya ain't knowin' dah God, ya best be naked!" Father Leo pounds his fist on the counter.

Too beat up and tired to care about the priest's rage, Matt asks, "You're dressed like a priest but you're working at a liquor store?"

Father Leotard looks Matt in the eye and says, "I be servin' dah Lahd by day 'n' dis liquor store by night, son." Father Leo smiles. "I be lov-in' me deez here holy scriptures, mah boy."

Perturbed, Matt watches the priest methodically rub the boobs of the ninja on the front cover of NINJAS WITH BOOBS. His index finger is long and nobby. His fingernail is painted black.

Father Leotard considers the deliciousness of pussy and the deliciousness of donuts, and he wonders which of these deliciousnesses he prefers most.

"I feel uncomfortable," Matt says.

Father Leotard throws the copy of NINJAS WITH BOOBS in Matt's face.

Matt flinches and is hurt, more emotionally than physically. The priest picks up on this.

"I be sorry, Matt. I ain't tryin' ta hurt ya feelin's. I be an impatient sexy priest. Mah patience be fo' God 'n' I be havin' lil left fo' a haggard vagrant such as yaself. I be sensin' much potential in ya. Wasted potential though," the priest says. "Dat be last month's issue. Ya can have it. Pages twenty 'n' twenty-one be stickin' togethah."

Matt bends over and picks up the issue of NINJAS WITH BOOBS. "This is my favorite magazine." He holds the magazine close to his heart.

"I be feelin' ya love o' dah boobies, boy. I be lovin' dah boobs too. I be lovin' dah pussy mo' but I be lovin' dah boobies too," Father Leotard says. "I wondah if dah Lahd be havin' boobies too."

Matt flips through the magazine.

Father Leotard continues, "Ya be havin' somethin'. A charm about ya. A tight lil ass. Somethin' soulful. A sexyness. Ya charm be ringin' in a way dat be feelin' authentico. Real like dah real boobies on dah real ninjas dat be wearin' real ninja outfits. I be knowin' nothin' 'bout ninjas but I be knowin' dat I be respectin' dem. Knowin' nothin' 'bout ninjas, I be feelin' dey be very similar ta priests. Perhaps dah ninja stahs dey be throwin' or dah nunchucks dey be twirlin' be dah same as dah bible I be readin'."

Matt looks up from his copy of NINJAS WITH BOOBS. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Outta mah store! Ya ain't be cursin' in Lahd's Liquor! Ya be a durty whore!" The priest points to the door. "Come back when ya be havin' two dollahs 'n' forty cents." The priest grabs the remote control off the counter and points it at the TV. He changes the channel from one commercial to another.

"But I mopped your floor for that broken forty," Matt says.

Father Leotard wags the remote at Matt. "Ya mopped up dat mess fo' dah God. Ya still owe dis liquor store two dollahs 'n' forty cents." Ya'll come back wit dah money or I be findin' ya 'n' I be violatin' ya bitch body wit dis here remote. I ain't no gay but I done be sodomizin' a sin-nah wit no remorse. I be learned in dah ways o' dah Lahd, sexy boy."

"You scare me," Matt says, backing away slowly towards the entrance.



“Back dem words up wit actions, Matty Lamott. Ya’ll come back wit dat money.”

Matt is struck by the usage of his last name. He never told Father Leo -tard his last name.

“It gonna rain down hard on ya, Matty Lamott,” the priest says. “Ya do right now ‘n’ Fathah Leo be gettin’ ya back ‘n’ dat fine ass.”



Matt stumbles out through the liquor store door, once again triggering the harmonious electronic church hymn. The black night is blinding. Matt has to stand and wait to let his tired eyes acclimate to the lack of light.

The sickly sweet scents of piss and shit, rotting garbage and raw sewage assault Matt. He covers his nose. These smells are foul but at least they’re honest. They keep Matt company as he trudges on down the street.

Thoughts of unwashed wanton whores enter his mind like the unwanted scent of crackhead shit flooding his nostrils. And sure enough, Matt spots a few whores across the street. They infest this part of town.

“Scores of whores with mouth sores,” Matt mumbles.

He takes a moment to ponder whores and morals and whores with swords and all sorts of mores. At least whores are honest. Matt knows his distrust of humanity—and more specifically of women—is destructive. But it’s easier to hate, and he no longer cares enough to care about caring. He only cares about swearing.

“God fuck shit,” he belts out, fishing around in the swamp of his underpants to pick at his wedgy.

Matt licks his chapped lips. He's thirsty. He's thirsty for whores and he's thirsty for water. But Matt hates being wet. He avoids all water-related activities such as boating and surfing, swimming and rafting, or having sex with whores in water. This is the life of an aquaphobe. It's like being a homophobe but replace the gay man or woman with water.

Matt looks up. The clouds are swollen with piss, ready to burst at any moment. Matt looks down. He has stepped in something thin, greasy, and foul. It looks like peanut butter smeared across the cement. Peanut butter streaked with raspberry jelly. Not Jelly. Blood. Shit streaked with blood. It's still warm. He can feel the heat of it through his canvas MVPs.

"God fuck crackhead shit," Matt mumbles.

If he were to try to pick this shit up off the sidewalk with a plastic baggie, it would be like trying to scrape together a puddle of chunky syrup. So Matt doesn't do that.

"Fuck these shoes," Matt says to himself.

So that's what he does: he yanks off his stolen bum shoes and chucks them into the street. He fucks those shoes.

Matt finds himself in front of a pawnshop. A stack of used TV sets on display in the storefront window catch his attention. He watches the flickering images of people doing whatever people do on TV when, all of the sudden, all of the people give Matt the middle finger, all at the same time.

"All of you," Matt replies, giving the finger back to the stack of TVs.

The people laugh at Matt.

"Why not fuck all of you," he says, the popular jazz song, "All of Me" playing in his head.

Matt shrugs, staggers on in his threadbare socks and immediately stubs a toe.

“Fuck!”

The pain shoots through his foot and blasts up into his lower calf. Without hesitation, Matt hops into the street on one foot, picks up the shoes he just threw away, hops back onto the sidewalk, forces his feet back into the shoes and walks on with a noticeable limp.

The black and blue sky pops and rain comes seeping down, hot on Matt’s face. Liquid farts. Matt freaks out. He wipes his face dry and hunches over, lifting up the back of his ragged bum jacket over his head. He runs.

He ducks into a fluorescent-lit chamber, passing under a welcoming awning beneath a glowing neon sign that reads, give or take a letter, THE CLOTHING CLEANING STORE. It is the only place that is lit on this street at this time of night.

### THE LOTHING CLEANING S ORE

It’s open 24 hours. Matt enters. He shakes the rain off and watches it dump down through the storefront windows. It looks gooey like watered-down shit syrup. The rain doubles and redoubles into a sudden and ferocious downpour. The dark inky clouds are like giant bags of trash being shaken and dumped all over this landfill of a shitty city.

Matt shudders at the thought of washing away down the gutter with the cigarette butts, used needles, dead rotting flesh and excrement. Of being driven down through the storm drains by all that water, compressed and spat out into the giant sewer for humanity that is our polluted ocean.

Matt watches a pair of ladybug panties drift quickly down the gutter with the goopy brown-tinged rainwater.

“No amount of rain can wash the piss and filth from these streets,” Matt says, placing a hand on the storefront window. “The slime of sin is caked on like the makeup of a whore who has lived for far too long.”

Matt stepped over a dead whore on the street just this morning. She was stark naked except for a pair of ladybug panties. Who ripped those panties off her dead body? Thoughts of fucking the dead whore drip into his mind.

Would her dead vagina invite and embrace his little maggot dick? Would it be wet with pus oozing from her torn vaginal wall somewhere deep inside her littered alley of a uterus? Would Matt even be able to get hard for a dead whore? The thought of stroking her pus-filled vagina causes him to gag.

Matt removes his hand from the storefront window and touches his dick absentmindedly. He wishes he had something more than a dead whore. He’s tired of using his tears for lube to attack his dick with his fists.

He’d wear his girlfriend’s underwear if she wore ladybug panties, if he had a girlfriend. And if she wore underwear and was into that. But she’d probably also be into having hot and sweaty sex with other hot and sweaty men behind his hot and sweaty back. She’d probably have men all over this city wearing her shitty underwear. Matt’s not even sure he would even give a shit, as long as she let him wear her underwear.

Matt shakes his head and tries to focus on the present. His mind wanders, crawling down dark, dead-end alleyways. His mind is a dead-end. Again and again, his thoughts scour the city and always they come back to these broken streets, to these alleyways where the only shelter is the shaded space between dumpsters, where the makeshift urinals and concrete commodes of sin and despair threaten to swallow him whole.

He dreams of temporary escapes that only lead deeper into darkness. He chases the feeling of escape that results in permanent entrapment.

He clutches at the ecstasies of drugs and alcohol until they crumble in his hands, leaving him alone with addiction and deprecation and defecation.

Matt squeezes his bulge.

He remembers touching the dead whore's cold breast. It was hardened, it felt like a hard rubber tit. He studied her broken flesh. She wore a cheap metal necklace. The skinny chain wrapped around her twisted neck with its centerpiece knotted and nestled up against the base of her purple breast like a pile of driftwood washed ashore. Matt reached down and smoothed out the knotted centerpiece in the hollow between her wrinkled breasts: SALLY. The necklace bore her name. A trickle of dried vomit ran down the side of her pock-marked face.

Matt wonders if anyone fucked her dead body. Maybe a few derelicts stood over her corpse and jerked off on it. This thought saddens Matt. He places his hand back on the storefront window.

Would she wash away down the gutter with the trash during this down-pour? Would anyone notice she was gone? Would anyone miss her?

Matt pushes the dead whore from his mind. A wave of fatigue washes over him. He is drenched in exhaustion and needs sleep. He lies down as best he can on the row of plastic chairs lining the storefront windows. He rests his head on his hands, rests his eyes, and the pain of his swollen tongue consumes him.



Matt comes to, not knowing if he slept or not. His tongue is numb. It's as if he has a shoe in his mouth. As if he's sucking on a fucking shoe. An uncomfortable shoe that is too narrow and too short. A dirty old canvas shoe that pinches his toes, that squeezes his feet and lets his arches fall flat and leaves the balls of his feet battered and bruised, because they

provide him with no cushioning support as he walks through this shit-grave of a city.

He sees a clothes hanger on the floor of the clothing cleaning store. He gazes at the wire hanger then lets his eyes drift and roll over to the great big key-slot of a washing machine.

Quarters.

Two forty in quarters.

Two fifty.

Whatever.

Matt gets up, picks up the wire clothes hanger and starts bending it. His first inclination is to bend the hanger into a woman's vagina. He wonders if being a woman is a prerequisite to having a vagina. But Matt realizes these thoughts are for another time and day when he has his life together. He also knows that bending a wire hanger into the shape of a woman's vagina is inappropriate and offensive towards women. He bends the hanger into a magical key, or at least what he hopes will act as a key.

Matt kneels down in front of one of the bigger washing machines and inserts the makeshift key into a key-slot on the tank where the quarters go. He moves the wire about lightly and quickly from side to side, up and down. The lock doesn't budge. He pulls it out, sticks it back in.

He places his free hand on the machine to get better leverage. The machine is damp, moist. Matt jiggles the hanger around in the slot again. Droplets run down the side of the machine. The lock does not budge.

Matt is getting hot. He hyperventilates at the thought of coins pouring out from the machine into his hands. He would likely dip his head down and let the quarters spill out onto his face like the booze he often pours all over himself when he is drunk and euphoric and hopelessly pathetic. Or what about the hot creamy nacho cheese that oozes out

from the heated dispenser at the convenience store? That shit is delicious.

Matt spent a night in jail for trying to steal that delicious nacho cheese shit. He had filled his pockets with the liquid gold in a state of desperation. And then everything happened so quick. An employee yelled. Matt bolted for the door. The hot cheese slid down his legs through his pants. Matt slipped and fell down. The cheese left third degree burns on his legs. And Matt got busted.

With so many thoughts gangbangng his head, Matt often forgets where he is. Right now, he's at THE CLOTHING CLEANING STORE.

Matt jams the hard wire into the key-slot of the washer repeatedly. The machine rattles. Matt imagines the lock giving way, the panel popping open and quarters shooting out like the winning jackpot from a slot machine in the casino. He'd fill his pockets with handfuls of quarters. He'd laugh. He'd cry. He'd dance. He'd fuck. But most likely he'd probably just masturbate behind a dumpster, using some nacho cheese as lube. More often than not, Matt can scrape together a handful of nacho cheese from the dumpster.

Matt would buy whores with all the quarters he won. Nachos and whores. Cheeseburgers and nachos and whores. Forties and cheeseburgers and whores. Cheesewhores. Nothing but cheesewhores and trannies in this city. Nacho trannies.

Matt can feel the wave of cheesy insanity pour over his liquified mind like soggy nachos and he enjoys it. He's not out of control, brains spilling out of his ears all over the place like thick gooey cheese. He has control of this cheesy insanity. He cups the cheese in his hands like the cold breast on that dead whore with ladybug panties. Matt has cheeseb rains oozing out his ears. You're out of control when you're out of cheese.

He imagines biting into the ass of a cheesewhore named Sally and making her squeal. Sally squeals. It hurts her. She doesn't like it but she tells Matt to do it again.

"Bite my cheesetits, you cheesebitch," Sally, the cheesewhore commands.

"Sally sells seashells by the seashore," Matt says. "But the seashells that Sally sells smell because she's a sweet whore."

Her cheese turns sour and tastes like smelly feet. Matt doesn't like it but he does it again. He wears her ladybug panties. They are too tight and he feels like a pathetic perverted dipshit.

"I'm a dipshit, Sally" Matt says to the washing machine as he frantically jiggles the wire hanger in the vaginal key-slot. He is jiggling it around, frantically. He's not doing it right. He doesn't know what he's supposed to do. He twirls it around. No luck. Matt's hand cramps up in knot. The wire hanger breaks. His grip slips and he slices his hand on the wire.

"FUCK!"

Matt stands up and throws the hanger across the clothing cleaning store.

"FUCK!"

He tries to suck on the cut but can't because his tongue is swollen and his mouth is dry.

"FUCK!"

He wipes his bloodied hand on his pants. He paces up and down the store, shouting.

"FUCK!"



Matt sits on a top-loader, out of breath, and stares out the storefront windows.



A jellyfish, steadily bobbing up and down the sidewalk with its trailing tentacles, pushes through the deep of the night. As the gelatinous jelly nears the clothing cleaning store, Matt can see that it is man carrying a giant umbrella. Not even trannies can be found out in the rain at this time of night! Maybe it's a jelly tranny.

The giant umbrella shields the jelly man from the pelting sludge, keeping his all-white tracksuit dry and neat. He wipes the bottom of his pale straw-colored boots on the entryway mat. Matt hadn't even noticed the doormat when he barged into the store earlier.

The man wipes each boot methodically, back and forth, up and down on the filthy rain-soaked mat. He digs and grinds with each dirty boot, as if he were putting out a cigarette that refused to die. He checks the sole of each boot to make sure it has been wiped thoroughly clean.

And instead of walking in, the man continues to scrape the heels of his boots on the welcome rug, slowly tearing it apart. The mat rips and frays. The synthetic fragments and fibers and larger pieces wash away into the stream of flowing shit, disintegrating and dissolving with the strong winds and hammering downpour of the violent storm.

Only after the mat has disappear completely does the man enter the store. He retracts his umbrella and shakes off the excess rainwater.

The size of this man's umbrella is appalling. It's giant. Matt frowns. It's disrespectful to others who use the public sidewalk. Matt wishes he had a machete to hack through the umbrellas and limbs of those who crowd the streets.

Something about the stranger is familiar to Matt. But he can't quite place it. Somewhere in the back of his cracked mind is a connection that isn't quite connected. Something wet, maybe. Something military. Maybe. Maybe not. Matt has consumed a lot of drugs over the past few years. He is probably heavily medicated right now. He can't really tell anymore.

Everyone is medicated in Shit City. We are all on something. If you're not on drugs, you don't belong. This man in white, however, is not on drugs. This man doesn't belong. He has a flattop. He is freshly laundered. He is tall, clean-shaven, well-kept. Compound words with hyphens describe this man accurately. He has no unpleasant or undesired features except for a fake orange tan. He looks like a man with an overseas singing career.

Matt can smell the freshly laundered fragrance that emanates from the stranger and he gags. It is worse than any cologne or perfume that Matt has ever smelled. He'd rather smell freshly smeared human feces—he'd rather smear it along the concrete sidewalk of his broken face than smell the smell of this laundered stranger.

"Nice flattop," Matt barks.

The man ignores Matt, walks directly to the change machine. The thing is, he actually has a really nice flattop.

"Where's your dirty laundry?" Matt barks.

The man deposits a bill into the change machine. Matt tries to count each coin that drops.

Clang clang clang one clang clang clang two clang clang clang three clangalang glang four clangalangalga five? clang clang clang six clang clangolang sevengalangelangeight? clangylang clang nine ... clang clang clang ten clangilanga bang elevenga langclang-bang twelve.

Too many coins drop for Matt to keep track.

“How many fucking quarters do you need, asshole!?” Matt blurts out. He is jealous, thirsty for change.

The man calmly pockets all the coins before turning around to address Matt.

“Fuck. Off.”

Matt hops off the washer and runs at the man. The hamstrings in both his legs instantly cramp up with excruciating pain. Matt stops, screams, grabs his legs. He awkwardly falls to his knees.

The man with a flattop laughs and throws a quarter at Matt, hitting him in the mouth. Matt lets go of his hamstrings and covers his face with both hands.

“My face!” Matt shrieks. “My beautiful face! You’ve made me hideous!”

The man steps closer and spits on Matt. “Hobos aren’t pretty, you vain vagrant. You miserable hobo shit. Wash your stinking vagina,” he says as you opens up his umbrella. “The next time you come at me, I’ll shove this umbrella up your cunt and open it.”

The orange-faced man with a really nice flattop walks out of THE CLOTHING CLEANING STORE, counting his change. Like a jellyfish, he steadily bobs up and down into the piss-wet heat of the night.

Matt is left with a chipped tooth.



Matt dreams.

The rain lets up and the crap clouds part. A ray of sunshine beams down on the city. The vagrants catch on fire and burn.

Matt smiles. He is walking back down into the toilet of Shit City from Penis Hill. He steps off the curb, crossing Muff Street, when the beam of light strikes him. Matt giggles.

He holds his breath, not wanting the moment to end. And it doesn't. It takes forever for him to come down, to hit the street. The moment stretches on and on, and he decides not to put his foot down after all, but just keep moving on, straight out over Shit City.

And Matt realizes that if he holds his breath, he doesn't have to fall down. He doesn't have to return to the shit-covered streets. He wonders why he never thought of holding his breath before.

He marvels at the simplicity of the trick, but he doesn't dwell on it. He just holds his breath and drifts out over the city, floating easily in the sunshine, like a dryer sheet. The beautiful, clear air and sunshine penetrate him. He is light and translucent. He smells intensely awesome, like springtime.

Matt Lamott is spring fresh.

He drifts out over the broken streets and familiar alleys. He sees LORD'S LIQUORS, gleaming and shining like a diamond in the sun. Matt would never have guessed it could shine so.

A woman with hair as lean and fresh and bright and warm as sunshine is walking down the street. Her hair is folded together and wrapped into a ball on the back of her head. Matt can feel the warmth of it upon his face.

The woman walks quickly, with purpose. Her hair is like a load of clean laundry fresh from the dryer.

"I will cut your cunt!" someone shouts. A doped-up crackhead is squatting on the other side of the street. He yells at the woman as she walks into THE CLOTHING CLEANING STORE.

The crackhead stands, slowly pulling his pants up. His hair is disheveled and dusty, his beard unkempt. An aromatic fragrance rises from his droppings, but he doesn't seem to notice the smell. He doesn't bother to wipe himself. He just ties his pants together with a length of frayed electrical cable.

The ray of sunshine Matt rides beams down on the remains of this resident's rotten insides. The pile of shit is hot and steaming and it sizzles like pulled pork or a sloppy joe on the sidewalk. It crackles next to some sun-damaged, partly melted VHS tapes and a pair of abandoned tennis shoes. Pills and cigarette butts are peppered throughout the stool, like multi-colored chocolate candies in a bowl of trail mix.

The rain of sunshine drops Matt straight into this shit. The sun waves bye-bye and the clouds start to shit all over Matt and the city.



Matt stirs in his sleep. An angelic voice calls to him from across the void. "Wake up, hobo!" the voice shouts repeatedly. "How did you get into my store? Wake up!"

Matt opens his eyes.

"Hobo! Wake up!"

Matt groans. He is in pain. He had been using his rolled up copy of NINJAS WITH BOOBS as a pillow.

He tries to say, "I'm not a hobo!" But his tongue is so swollen that he cannot even form words clearly.

Matt sits up, leans against a dryer.

"What's this?" It is the woman with the shining sunshine hair. She picks up the issue of NINJAS WITH BOOBS.

Matt tries to say, "I just had a dream about you. What's your name?" but his mouth isn't working.

"NINJAS WITH BOOBS!" the woman exclaims. "I love this magazine because I love NINJAS and I love BOOBS!"

Matt tries to say, "Me too!" But his tongue is so swollen that he cannot form words clearly.

"This magazine respects women," she says.

She flips to the middle of the magazine where a series of photographs depict a ninja with giant boobs mutilating a businessman with her sai. In the final photograph, the ninja stabs the businessman's tongue with one of her sai.

The woman looks up from the magazine at Matt. She is struck by his face. She finds him handsome even though he stinks badly. He is not a hobo, but a man who hasn't shaved or showered in quite some time. She is drawn in by his odor. There's something honest about him—in his eyes maybe.

Matt tries to speak but his tongue is so swollen that he cannot even form words clearly. Matt cannot take his eyes off her.

"What's wrong? Did you get beat up? Who did this to you?" The woman looks concerned. She helps Matt up.

Matt is struck by her kindness and beauty, but more importantly, her cleanliness.

"My name is Laundra," she says as she lets her hair down. It is long-flowing and falls about her shoulders like a ray of sunshine in this bleak, gray, shit-soaked city.

Matt tries to speak but his tongue is so swollen that he cannot even form words clearly. He is stuck on her hair. It is long blond hair, like sunbeams blinding Matt's glassy opaque cataract eyeballs. He feels

warm in her presence. The color of her eyes is amber. They are the most beautiful eyes Matt has ever seen.

She makes Matt want to scoop his eyeballs out with a heroin spoon and smoke them.

She reaches her hand out and as Matt takes it, he is overcome with the soft yet firm grasp of her touch. Her smell overpowers him. She doesn't smell fake. No artificial perfumes or fake lavender springtime fresh fragrances. She smells like Laundry. Like clean laundry fresh out of the dryer.

"Take these clothes off," she says. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Matt strips off his dirty rags and hands them over. She places them in a top-loading washer.

A TV mounted on the wall of the store flickers on.

*An infomercial. A tall homeless man and a small homeless man, hitting, spitting and yelling at each other. A washing machine that has changed their lives.*

*"Buy washing machines from WASHING MACHINE COMPANY, which can be found at BIG STORE in various budget-friendly models!," yells the tall homeless man.*

*"Worried about energy costs? WASHING MACHINE COMPANY washers are available in high-efficiency models, saving you piles of dirty money without sacrificing cleaning ability," yells the small homeless man.*

*"WASHING MACHINE COMPANY's top-load washers offer special features including anti-vibration technology, large capacity for oversized loads, settings for multiple soil loads and features such as music emitting mantra setting and the handy StainBlow," yells the tall homeless man.*

*"Whether you're looking for soul cleansing sprays to gigantic dildos too big for humans to use to all-in-one units, the selection of top-load washers from BIG STORE is sure to satisfy," yells the small homeless man.*

*The tall homeless man waves a pair of underwear at the small homeless man.*

While the commercial plays, Matt reads the warning on the washing machine lid:

*Caution*

*Do not open washer door until cycle is completed, operating light is off, and wash cylinder has stopped rotating.*

*Do not tamper with the door safety switch or door lock.*

*Do not attempt to open door or place hands into washer, to remove or add clothes during operation. This can cause serious injury.*

*Machine should not be used by children.*

Matt looks down at his bloodied hand and wonders if these directions can be applied to life, or women.

Laundra dumps detergent into the washer then swipes at the dirt caked onto Matt's flabby belly, bringing his attention away from the instructions on the machine. She licks the dirt off her finger. "I'm going to clean you up," she says.

"You like it dirty," Matt awkwardly replies, his tongue less swollen. Laundra's presence seems to be an instant cure for Matt.

Matt approaches her as she shuts the lid on the washer but opens the lid on her love life!

"Don't shut the lid on this relationship, you sexy piece of ass," Matt says. His tongue seems to be cured completely, miraculously.



“Suck my dick.” Laundra responds, snarkily.

Matt isn’t sure if she is joking or if maybe she’s one of those trannies he sees prostituting on the corner of Lurkin and Leery Streets.

He presses his dirty, greasy flabby belly against her lower back, soiling her blouse and skirt. He kisses the nape of her neck. Laundra moans. He presses his lips against the side of her neck without kissing it. He breathes her in. He loves the smell of her skin. A faint smell of coconuts.

“Oh, mysterious hobo,” she moans.

Matt sticks his hand between her legs, searching for her dick.

“Thank God you don’t have a dick, you hot piece of ass.”

“I was only joking, you fucking dumb filthy hobo,” she says, rolling her big eyes.

Matt squeezes her breasts like ringing out wet socks. She grimaces and then sighs in ecstasy. He kisses the back of her starched white blouse. He chews on the fabric with great passion. (He hasn’t eaten in a long time.) He is cleaning it with his drool. The drool cycle. The spit cycle. The saliva cycle. Matt breathes heavily.

Laundra sighs again and again. “The love cycle,” she whispers. “Eat my blouse, you hunk. Fuck it. Fuck my blouse. And then, maybe, if you still have it in you, fuck me too.”

Matt rips her clothes off, grabs a bottle of SPRAY STUFF and sprays her beautiful naked body to get rid of the blemishes on her smooth skin - to wash away the moles and freckles and scars. To wash away the men in her past.

If Matt could crack open her skull like a coconut and fuck the memories right out of her brains, he would.

She is wet. She turns around and sets the dial on the washer to FORE-PLAY. She inserts coins. The washer revs up. Matt has a boner.

She wears two mismatched socks: one yellow sock and one pink sock. Matt wears two mismatched socks as well: one pink sock and one yellow sock. As they both take their socks off, before Matt sticks his penis in her vagina, they notice each other's socks.

"You have my missing sock," she whispers into Matt's ear as he pulls his dirty socks off.

"And you have mine," Matt whispers as she pulls her clean socks off.

Clearly, it was meant to be. A match made not in heaven but in THE CLOTHING CLEANING STORE. In Shit City.

Matt scoops her up and sets her down on a pile of clean laundry in the middle of the floor.

"Rip my panties off," she commands.

Matt grabs her panties with both hands and tugs. They are red, with black polka-dots. He tugs again and again. The panties will not rip. He feels a cramp coming in his hand and let's go. He sees the disappointment on her face and is ashamed.

"Your panties won't rip." Matt rubs his hand.

She pulls Matt's face down to hers and they kiss. They make love. The orange-red operating light on their relationship flickers on. They immerse, dip, rub, and scrub. They agitate. They fill, empty, wash, spin, and heat each other up. They soak, beat, and rinse.

"My favorite position is top-loading," she moans.

"My favorite position is front-loading," Matt grunts.

"Say my name," she beckons.

"What's your name again?" Matt asks as he thrusts toward climax.

“Laundra!” Laundra screams passionately.

“My name is Matt, Laundra. Oh, Laundra!” Matt exhales as he ejaculates onto the pile of clean clothes.

They talk about love, life, laughter, and laundry. Laundra wants to turn her clothing cleaning store into something beautiful. A state-of-the-art facility that involves and revives the community.

She will paint the establishment in dark solid colors, hang street art from the walls that portray folded clothes in various positions and ironic circumstances, install an old-fashioned jukebox that plays music from 45 rpm records, the washers and dryers will be painted a matte black, maybe the store will serve beer and wine and offer yoga classes.

Laundra tells Matt of a new discovery in the exciting world of laundry: washing clothes in wine instead of water. Wine stains clothing but the benefits outweigh the negatives. Studies by scientists and charlatans and little green martians have proven that wine reinforces the fibers of fabrics, making them last longer.

“It’s a fountain of youth for fabric, Matt.” Laundra exclaims with exciting excitement. “Think of all the water we’ll save. All the world’s problems will be solved just by washing our clothes in wine!”

“I want to help you, Laundra. I want to love you.” Matt says.

“I love laundry, Matt. I love taking something dirty and cleaning it up.”

Matt runs his hand through Laundra’s sunshine. “Your hair is so warm and beautiful,” he says absentmindedly.

As Laundra and Matt lie naked on the pile of clean laundry, an old lady walks into the store to do her laundry. She wheels her squeaky cart full of dirty laundry into the store, heads toward her favorite washer, places her dirty clothes in it. She fills up the detergent container, inserts her coins and starts the machine.

She notices the issue of NINJAS WITH BOOBS on the table, picks it up, walks over to the chairs, sits down, and starts reading. She coughs every now and then while Laundra and Matt fawn over each other.

“We are in love,” Laundra says. “Let’s wash our love in wine, Matt.”

The old lady cackles. Matt props himself up on his elbows and stares at the lady’s toothless laugh. She is old and haunting.

“Who is that?” Matt asks.

“That’s my grandma,” Laundra answers. “She makes soup.”



The old black and white television set that is mounted to the wall in THE CLOTHING CLEANING STORE flickers on and off.

Matt and Laundra turn to watch it as they embrace. The TV flickers back on ...

*An infomercial. A tall homeless man and a small homeless man, hitting, spitting and yelling at each other. A love story that has changed their lives. It can change yours too.*

*“Laundra deposits \$2.50 in quarters into the washing machine of love and romance. The tub fills with water. The tub fills with wine. Matt adds powdered detergent. Their relationship moves into the wash cycle,” says the tall homeless man.*

*Will these two love birds be able to handle the rinse cycle? What about the spin cycle after that? Will they be able to transfer their love from the washer to the dryer without dropping a wet sock on the grimy linoleum floor? Will their relationship shrink from too much heat once in the dryer of love?” yells the small homeless man.*

*“And will their shrunken love no longer fit them when they try it on again?” yells the tall homeless man. “Stay tuned to find out!” yells the small homeless man.*

*The tall homeless man waves a pair of underwear at the small homeless man.*

Matt and Laundra doze gently, drifting in and out of consciousness as they watch TV from their laundry nest. Matt wears two matching yellow socks and Laundra wears two matching pink ones to keep their feet warm and toasty. Laundra giggles while Matt touches his dick.

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# Thank you and good laundry

Thank you for visiting Shit City. We hope you've enjoyed reading Wash and Die! What you hold in your hand may very well look like a chapbook but it's not. It's shit. You're holding shit. And you're well on your way to becoming a Shitizen of Shit City. Here's what you can do to become a full-fledged Shitizen:

1. Visit [www.shitcity.caligopress.com](http://www.shitcity.caligopress.com)
2. Sign up for our mailing list, and receive a free epub version of Wash and Die: Shit City and all subsequent parts (6 in total).
3. Review Wash and Die! Let us know what sucks about it and how we can better polish this turd.
4. As a Shitizen it is your duty to pass this chapbook on. Spread the word. Spread the feces. Give it to a friend. Give it to your mom.
5. By registering as a Shitizen and reviewing the book, you'll be given first dibs on all sorts of cool shit. Shit City has nothing but shit for its Shitizens.

Wash and Die is available in all sorts of demented digital formats, and if you like being read to by perverts, then you'll LOVE our podcast.

Visit [caligopress.com](http://caligopress.com)

Thanks for reading and stay tuned for PartTwo!

—Jerome Steegmans & Sethy Wethy

