

*WARMING: Read out loud if you dare.*

## Manfrend Boyle and Some Stuff That He Does or Whatever

Entertained. Quiet, close. The man is Manfrend. Let us spy from the inside. Hopefully a simply told tale with complex ideas but there's not much hope in that and there is. Manfrend was much different. Really curious and pretty friendly but for the most part Manfrend wasn't interested in other people, okay...?

Manfrend woke at 8, dressed up in some nice clothes from his closet which he had become refamiliarized with the night before. While leaning his head into the closet semi unconsciously enjoying his clothes on his face, he reached down and killed a spider with his fingers. It was an accident. Manfrend knew that first off. Second was a smile or at least something that felt as a simile. Suddenly morally disheveled he returned to his bed exhausted. He slept with dreams, woke up and passed his driving exam in flying colors, drove home and went inside, told his friend he could borrow his beanie and got back in the car and drove about an hour and learned more about driving and driving life. Sated behind the wheel, he arrived at the church.

The church was the fuck shed\*. A place where kindness and idiocy coalesce, forming a very sweet and shabby congregation of ole people on a slippery slope. The room was emptiness in everyway. It was gorgeous and old, so old.

Rakes, shovels...a glove. Manfrend entered the church and immediately felt amazing! Everyone was gathered and feeling pretty good, they practiced their practice and everything went well. Things were sweet! The pastor reminded everyone that next week was the baptism of Manfrend and many mini many other people.

Manfrend continued living life opening and closing doors. While noticing the wetness and various grains of hands on people. In the fuck shed, the baptism was now stuck in his mind and sinking deeper, a bit faster now. What is this baptizing? What gets baptized! Mildly in congress with his new posit, Manfrend left the fuck shed and made a newfound vehicular return home. What the hell is sin? How do I sin and get saved from it? He reached his arms up in the air and wavered them side to side looking like some kind of orangutan. tickle....

He was actually looking pretty good he thought to himself. I am making fun of orangutans (maybe that's bad but for the most part I think I should be doing this more). Next he walked over to the kitchen and found a dirty bitty old glass, speckled with soap scum. He set it on the edge of the counter, knocked it off. Broken. Ooh... Manfrend was slightly perturbed by this though nothing relating to the pool emanating from the fuck shed. He felt a little stupid, since that wasn't gonna be of much help any longer, but no real guilt. After this Manfrend wandered outside now wearing some hiking boots and stomped around in the mud for bit. He stopped, then walked back inside and tracked mud everywhere through the house. The carpets were dirty. He was lucky to catch a small waft of the mud now in his home cause he was happy about it.

Someone walks into a bar—it's Manfrend! He was served several beers. Manfrend felt glorious for a moment and a touch sick the next. The hour was approaching for the baptismal procession, so he made his way outside, slipped on his shades and started making his way to the fuck shed, approximately at depth: three beers deep.

On the way to the shed, mere minutes from leaving the bar Manfrend was approached by a slender man who was walking way too fast for his own good.

Unbeknownst to Manfrend, the man had just been around the corner asking another group of people similar questions about getting help down to Portland. Manfrend gave his benefit to a doubt and walked the man a few blocks, poking worms and just activities like that.

Sophie rolled her eyes silently, not sure where she had come from.

She collected her self all the same ready anything leaving nothing alone. In question of Manfrend's actions she asked do you love me? Manfrend says, "Where you going with that?" Truth be told the word spoken was the killerlife, the killer of lame, that is. She, she who was, killed it, and because of it, people got all lively in the vicinity. Manfrend!

So grand and ripe, Manfrend continued the street right then and there. "You're not coming in either." Less calm, the security guard started closing the door. Wait, wait, wait, I have to urinate! Can I use that bathroom, or isitnot too late?" pointing inside. "Nope". Huh. Isitnot is right, because I'm Manfrend! I stand up to pee!

Manfrend swung a wristwatch to his eye. Oh my! He started running up the street, bumping into people. He helps them back to the sidewalk, just little gestures and funnies like that. Bursting back to the shed many of the people were removed from their stillness. Manfrend! The pastor howled "Please be the first to join our lord and savior, please."

Manfrend made his way toward the front forgetting to close the door which had a habit of slamming like car crashings. The door and threshold exploded as they had a thousand times. Sitting in her favorite spot for an April morning such as this, drenched in the sweet, sweet sun rays so fecund in our soppy climate, was Meryldine. She was like hundred. Manfrend didn't know her very well --- The loud noise startled her so intensely she started to cry. Here she stands, a one hundred year woman sitting on a bench crying. The woman's tears were discrete and strong. The indignant son called, who respected Manfrend way too much, startled demanding her silence and attention, but couldn't tell either way. Manfrend was spun, still slipping.

It just so happens that earlier that morning Jebby Wah, son of Mitty Wah, son of Sheakabeakan Wah, three generations of men, had figured out how to make a priddy pretentious bitty of a slingshot, nice bro! Nice work said the son, and here we are some treeee niiicee Waahhs. Tired now.

(Paws)

The father asleep. An eye saw a slingshot made of bad bamboo and a kind of athletic bandtape. Clear eyed, spritely, but tough with getting the friends, gotta say....the more inventive type, that Jebby. Suddenly Jebby, the child, remembered seeing his principal had a pervy little paper all rolled up in his hand and stuff...The paper hit the face, it was beautiful. We all know she was the target. Okay, they were probably just flirting, but Jebby didn't know that, okay...?

The small pebble sails across the room intending for Manfrend's side. It missed and smashed into something really expensive. It wasn't that big of a deal necessarily, except that everyone really loved it and it was going to cost a lot to repair! Geez! Growing tired and unenamored by the situation Manfrend was called once again and less patiently by the pastor. He stepped up the steps and entered the pool. The Pastor dunked him. Two points for pastor, but not...! The water felt great, Manfrend had never really done anything like that before, this sort of shitting the bed. He was absolutely mortified, had his mother been there she'd attest, the kid was about to be