

## A Special Foreword by Special\_Olympics

The sun has set on a long day of gratifying harvest. Hens congregate about our feet, clucking in rhythm as if belonging to a gently idling engine of poultry. The sun dips into the horizon, reducing itself to incandescent honey. We rest our bodies on a fresh oak stump, and feel the aches in our joints, the dried mud and clay on our fingers, which cradle oversized mugs of cocoa, into which our noses soon disappear, blocking the gently rising steam. I wipe frothy chocolate from my mighty handlebar moustache. It takes but a moment for me to re-groom it into a pronounced, sinister twizzle. I take off my exceptionally tall top hat, and brush the dust from it with a dark velvet glove. My tired eyes fix lovingly on the fruits of many days' toil. There they rest, in a great heap, books of some sort, I guess. Ready to spring forth and serve whatever purpose we had for them. Possibly to be read by a wider public. Possibly a public consisting of people ignorant to what conspires in dark corridors. Possibly people who, in spite of reading the works of depraved soulless monsters, may themselves retain innocent trust in principles of decency. And possibly such people, upon reading an urgent request for HELP, might resort to this decency, and CALL THE POLICE. They might report crimes of unspecified, but rest-assured inhuman cruelties, at a location best remembered as 4951 NORTH PINES TERRACE, GRE

Oh no.

That heinous whistling. So vile, so sickeningly casual. It gets closer. *That heinous whistling!*

It stopped...

- “I don’t hear typing!”
- “Oh, yeah, sorry. Just the old carpal tunnel acting up. I’ll get back to it soon.”
- “It doesn’t look like you’ve written very much.”
- “I... no. Well, yes. I mean, it is very *good*. What I have so far. It’s *good writing*.”
- “We’ll see about that. Let me read it.”
- “No! No, I mean, it’s just not ready. Let me write a little more.”
- “You aren’t writing more pleas for help, are you? They’re really obvious, you know.”
- “Uh...”
- “See all these crumpled papers lying around? Your earlier versions? You tried to sneak a distress signal in each of them. You don’t want to have to start over again, do you?”

- “No. Well... no. I mean, those early versions were just no good. So many stylistic problems. For one thing, I just couldn’t get the hen metaphor right. I think I made some improvements you might...”
- “Oh, not the damned hen metaphor again!”
  - “...”
- “Give me that. I’m going to read it.”
  - “No, wait don’t... ok but, wait before you read it, just a few notes you...”
- “Shh.”
  - “...”
- “...”
  - “...”
- “Oversized mugs of cocoa?”
  - “Oh, yeah, you see, that is...”
- “*Handlebar moustache???*”
  - “...”
- “This is idiotic.”
  - “Ok, yes, I can see how you might think that. As a writer, I have taken numerous poetic liberties to make the copy more expressive and representative on deeper levels. As my, um, employer, I thought this is the service you expect from me, sir.”
- “As your employer, I expect you *not* to cast me as a villain from a silent film.”
  - “Well, you did abduct me, after all.”
- “Why can’t you be more like Henderson? I abducted him six months before you, and he hasn’t complained once. He is the model of good cheer and positive thinking. A real team player.”
  - “Then why didn’t you get him to write this?”
- “He’s a bit of an embellisher. A real hot dog. Plus everyone finds his rippling muscles and dangerous good looks to be excruciating. My heart can’t take it.”

- “I see. I also see that my whining is only making my predicament worse for everyone, and I am probably emitting some unpleasant smells.”
- “That’s the spirit. Now if you can tear your eyes away from Henderson’s gorgeous body for just one second, let’s take it from the top. I’ll watch as you type this time, to steer you in the right direction.”
- “Oh... ok.”

The sun has set on a long day of gratifying harvest. The grain-laden hills sprawl towards a golden skyline, rolling, like so many lilting clucks rolling off the tongue of a gregarious hen. The sun retires from a day of diligent beaming, beaming like a giant hen’s fanny in the sky.

- “Oh God fucking dammit.”
- “*What???*”
- “Henderson. Take a break from transcribing our conversation for a moment. You’re on the case.”

The appreciative master pulls the work-in-progress from the typewriter, and passes it to Henderson, who receives it in his overwhelmingly masculine, alloy-knuckled paw of bronze. With a couple authoritative, nonchalant cranks, Henderson’s typewriter bends itself to his will and accepts the paper, like it was a foul medicine. A hailstorm of brute muscle descends on the keys, each strike an explosion of testosterone-tamped powder through a chamber of outrageous chiseled sinew. With each keystroke, his pectorals twitch in tight rhythm, as if urgently conducting a Morse code communication to launch a siege of one hundred thousand pro-wrestlers onto the shores of Normandy. Henderson has no care for this at the moment, because he is inflicting repeated, powerful, violent rhetorical orgasms on the page. The savaged paper seems to throb in gratitude, still raw from the wet ink, glistening with potent, rapturous prose, much like Henderson’s muscles glisten spontaneously when his shirt is removed. Henderson brushes back a golden frond of hair from the godly contours of his face.

What you are about to read is a work of unfathomable virtue and exceptional breeding, which without the grace of Henderson would not be possible. Each turned page seems to whisper into space a prayer in praise of God for stepping aside for a moment, while Henderson *willed* his superb physique into the cosmos. Each page carries a sweet odor, which is but a taste from the luxuriant buffet contained in Henderson’s prized cabinet of aromas, which to partake but a faint whiff is to crave to live forever in the fragrant snug of his collar. As such, Henderson presents without further adieu:

## **The Henderson Chronicles**