

Really BAD Shakespeare – Season 1

By Weeb

Episode 9: What Fools These Mortals Be!

As the knife comes down, the most typical and common thing happens – my horror filled tragic life starts to pass right before my eyes.

A life review is a phenomenon widely reported as occurring during near-death experiences, in which a person rapidly sees much or the totality of his or her life history in chronological sequence and in extreme detail. It is often referred to by people having experienced this phenomenon as having their life "flash before their eyes."

The life review is discussed in some detail by near-death experience scholars such as Drs. Raymond Moody, Kenneth Ring, and Barbara Rommer. A reformatory purpose seems commonly implicit in accounts, though not necessarily for earthly purpose, since return from a near-death experience may reportedly entail individual choice. Interestingly, while experiencers, who appear to number into many thousands according to NDE studies, sometimes report reviews took place in the company of otherworldly beings who shared the observation, they also say they felt unjudged during the process, leaving themselves their own strongest critics. Although rare, there are also a few accounts of life reviews or similar experiences without a near-death experience such as the simpler out-of-body experience or under circumstances of intense threat or duress. Some scientists discount near-death experiences themselves or stigmatize their study. Further it is claimed there is evidence for cultural differences in the near death experience, and there is also evidence that the NDE is hallucinatory.

I see it all...

I see myself laying in a cradle, staring up at the sad, confused faces of my mom, dad, aunt, and uncle (who just so happened to be all the same – but that's another twisted story... so, for those who need

a mathematical breakdown: sister + brother = aunt and uncle); to all of the sexual, mental and physical abuse that every antichrist must suffer if they want to be good at their job; to Roger, the Frenchman, aka Beelzebub, cutting off my thumbs and leaving me alone to race back to the house in abnormal pain and covered in blood; to learning how to manipulate everyone, in every way deemed unholy, to achieve my goal at becoming the best antichrist EVER...

The knife comes closer, moving as if in slow motion....

...to the horror of holding my mother's decapitated head in my arms just seconds after her death; to being deemed an orphan and locked up in the Alice Stratton Institute for Mental Health, which resulted in discovering at an early age how cruel insane little boys can really be; growing up within those padded walls and being pumped full of drugs to make me smile while staff and patients did whatever they desired; then, just when it couldn't get any worse, at the age of eighteen, THEY deemed me sane enough to rejoin society... to be released out into the cold cruel world with a pat on the back and an inheritance in my pocket...

Light glints off the downward arching blade...

Aaron claps in enjoyment...

Beatrice, still lost in a satanic trance...

... to learning more and more about the reality and horrors of the world around me... wars, genocides, unsolicited murders, terrorists, etc. etc.; to watching reruns of Mister Rogers' Neighborhood so I could perfect my antichrist abilities by observing a true Master; reading and watching anything and everything I could get my thumbless hands on that concerned how the thumbless tribe enjoyed plotting and exploiting their own destruction – filling notebook after notebook with all the information that I would use during my reign; to watching in complete horror the attack on the Twin Towers in New York City and realizing that... reality doesn't always match the distance of history, history that has become more of a fantasy than a reality...

***The knife is about half-way down,
heading directly for the center of my chest...***

... to meeting Shepherd and learning all he could teach me – things like kindness, love, understanding... the brighter things in life; to denying my true feelings, wanting to please my one true father, Beelzebub, and not wanting to be a bad son (well, I wanted to be a BAD son, but a bad son in a way that would make any demonic parent proud); to convincing myself that I was only using Shepherd, while falling in love with him... for once learning that sex was more than a tool – it was an emotion, one of the most powerful emotions known to both the thumbled and thumbless tribes...

***Six inches from my chest...
the knife comes closer,
gaining speed,
with enough force to break through my chest cavity
and pierce my blackened heart...***

***Aaron chanting:
“Go mommy, go mommy...”***

... making the phone call, starting Armageddon, walking back to the apartment, getting hit by the car, inviting Beatrice and Aaron (the little fucker) into my home, to learning the true reason of why they entered my life, to laying on the floor... about to be killed...

Wait one fucking minute!

It is then that I realize the sole purpose of seeing one’s life pass before their eyes is to relax them before their big death scene... not make them regret it. Hell, after experiencing such an instantaneous rundown, I realize that I’ve lived one totally fucked up life... even for an antichrist. My life has been nothing more than one major fucking downer since the beginning, with little snippets of happiness in the

middle. Why fight it? Dying would only be the highlight, the coup de gras to an otherwise fucked up existence.

“Just let it happen,” the rational side of my brain whispers. “Lay back and let the unknown celestial forces controlling Beatrice have their way. You, Shakespeare, are a failure in this game. Give up and allow another antichrist to have his day.”

“Maybe,” I reply softly.

Maybe I’m not cut out for this kind of shit... maybe I should get a real job like other people, become that productive member of society that the mental health doctors proclaimed I was... maybe... maybe I should become... a waiter... yes, I have always enjoyed serving people... wait... shit... I think I need thumbs for that... how would I hold the trays... then, maybe I should just donate my time to a good cause... like an animal shelter, help the helpless... become a respectable citizen and start life over... make a new beginning for myself...

Maybe I should start living...

Maybe I should reexamine my life...

Maybe I should do something before this bitch kills me!

With the knife about an inch from my chest, it suddenly comes to a dead stop. The blade, hovering directly over my heart, explodes into millions pieces. Little pieces of metal fly through the room like shrapnel from a bomb.

Beatrice rears back her head, her spine arched at an unbelievable angle, and a chilling moan rips from her mouth.

Aaron starts cursing like a drunken sailor.

And, before any of us can fully comprehend what is happening, Beatrice rises off of me. Not by her own accord, mind you, but as if someone has grab the back of her neck and lifted like a ragdoll. Her body

goes limp and hangs suspended, motionless, in the air about three feet above me.

The feeling of incomprehensible power fills the room.

Electrical discharge pop all around us.

And, adding more insult to injury,

Beatrice urinates.

Luckily, I quickly roll out of the way before the yellow stream can reach me.

“What the hell is going on?” Aaron asks, all sweet and innocent again. He has backed up against the wall, leaving plenty of space between himself and everyone else in the room.

On my feet, I race to the boy and grab him by the front of the shirt. “I don’t know what to do first...” I rage, kicking into full antichrist mode, “Kick your little ass or choke the living shit out of you. Either way, I will feel great doing it.”

“Now what would hurting me accomplish, Shakespeare? You know you can’t kill me, so why go through all the dramatics of the attempt.”

“For the pleasure of watching you struggle for your life.”

He stops struggling. His hands go to his sides, and his eyes darken. “You...” he sneers, enunciating each word, every syllable, “Really are... a fucking... drama queen.”

“Drama queen!” My anger begins to boil. “You have the nerve to call ME a drama queen after having your mother try to KILL me!”

“Just calm the fuck down, ok...” He snaps, trying to gain control of the situation. “Get a fucking grip on yourself and start acting like a fucking antichrist. Do you have any idea what just happened here? No, you don’t... and neither do I! Look, Shakespeare, let’s put our differences aside for a few until we figure this out. If it makes you feel any better, yeah, I tried to have you killed but —“

“I don’t want to hear any more of your lies.” Suddenly, a fiendish idea enters my head. “What I want right now is for you to show me your hands.”

“Whatever for?”

“Because I want to verify that you are an antichrist... I want to see your thumbless hands.”

He hesitates a moment. Slowly, he brings his hands up to within inches of my face. Now it is my turn to gasp. Shock floods my system. He has all of his fingers, including both thumbs.

He smiles weakly.

“I knew it! You’re an imposter. This should make killing you even easier.”

“Shakespeare,” nods disapprovingly, “You’re so old school. Of course I still have my thumbs. After what happened with you – your failure – THEY decided to be less dramatic and take my **tonsils** instead.”

Now I am REALLY PISSED OFF!

Tonsils over thumbs?

What sense did that make?

Before I can speak or react, Aaron lifts his eyes to the heavens and says in a quiet, fearful voice:

“Uuumm, Shakespeare, do you think it was...

HIM?”

Episode 10: It Makes Gods and Meaner Creatures Kings

In another dimension, in a timeless void, in a room filled with white celestial clouds, on the Southside of Potter's Field (ok, let's be straight here, in the Projects), the Egyptian God Mother Isis sits on her golden throne dressed in a topless, sheer taffeta red gown with a headdress depicting the moon surrounded by two horns. As she sits leisurely on the throne, with one hand on the arm and the other holding a long golden staff with an ankh at the end, she is lost deeply in thought. Many plans have to be made and implemented if the Egyptian "end of the world" is NOT to happen before the Christian predictions DOES.

*And let's not even have the Mayans enter these equations yet...
what with their pre-set date of December 21, 2012.*

Isis blames Ra, the Sun God and most principal figure in the Egyptian belief system, for her current predicament... even though the situation started centuries ago when Ra decided to flex a little masculine muscle and sent out his eye in the form of the goddess Hathor to destroy those who no longer worshipped him as the one and true God.

Yes, I know, at this point you're asking yourself: What the fuck does all of this have to do with the present line of bullshit... I mean... story... you have been feeding us, Shakespeare?

Well, let me have Isis answer that question for you...

"Just another man showing off how big his dick is," Isis mumbles under her breath.

See, it always goes back to a man's genitals.

PENIS ENVY: Penis envy in Freudian psychoanalysis refers to the theorized reaction of a girl during her psychosexual development to the realization that she does not have a penis. Freud considered this realization a defining moment in the development of gender and sexual identity for women. According to Freud, the parallel reaction in boys to the realization that girls do not have a penis is castration anxiety.

A similar process occurs in boys of the same age as they pass through the phallic stage of development; the key differences being that the focus of sexual impulses need not switch from mother to father, and that the fear of castration (castration anxiety) remains. The boy desires his mother, and identifies with his father, whom he sees as having the object of his sexual impulses. Furthermore, the boy's father, being the powerful aggressor of the family unit, is sufficiently menacing that the boy employs the defense mechanism of displacement to shift the object of his sexual desires from his mother to women in general.

*Male or female, God or mortal,
millions have died for the need to have the bigger penis.*

Back to the story:

Well, to make a long story short, when Hathor was sent out into the world, she was ordered only to kill evil people. Being that it was "her time of the month" (or, *perhaps it was nothing more than a severe case of penis envy*), she decided to murder as many people as she could and then frolic in their blood (*this, unfortunately, concerned her misguided belief in skin care practices... which, for all you history buffs, would later be adapted by Countess Elizabeth Báthory – which is an entirely different story and involved the death*

of thousands of virgins so the Countess could be zit free). Anyway, to prevent her from destroying all of humankind, Ra tempted this psycho goddess with a flood of beer that was dyed red, to resemble blood (*enticing her bloodlust, to quench her early stages of alcoholism, and to guarantee a blemish free face*). When Hathor saw this amazing lake, without a second's hesitation, she swooped down and drank every last drop of the beer... thus, becoming so drunk that she forgot all about her desire to destroy mankind.

In this drunken state, she was instantly seized and thrown into the darkest pits of the Earth's core.

That is, until about a week ago

when she sobered up...

broke free from her prison...

and vanished into the World.

Sitting a couple of steps below the throne, Amaunet (dressed, of course, in only a couple of leather strips that barely cover anything worth covering) plays happily with her adopted primordial dwarf, Edris. The Goddess of Wind and Air giggles merrily with Edris as she flicks her hand and a short burst of wind lifts him off the ground. He levitates a moment, does a few circles and loops in midair, and then crashes at Isis' feet. They laugh happily, not at all concerned with the present predicament that the Egyptian Gods find themselves. Amaunet loves her little primordial dwarf more than anything else in the entire world... **except for maybe a good burst of wind every now and then in a crowded room.**

Unfortunately, their playfulness bothers the Goddess Mother. There she is, trying to figure out their next move in preventing the Christians from winning Armageddon and destroying mankind and all that Amaunet can do is amuse herself with her... plaything.

“That will be enough, Amaunet.” Isis orders, tapping her staff loudly on the marble floor. “We have more important things to do than tossing midgets around like toys.”

“He’s not a midget, Goddess Mother, he’s a...”

Primordial Dwarf: Primordial dwarfism is a form of dwarfism that results in a smaller body size in all stages of life beginning from before birth. More specifically, primordial dwarfism is a diagnostic category including specific types of profoundly proportionate dwarfism, in which individuals are extremely small for their age, even as a fetus. Most individuals with primordial dwarfism are not diagnosed until they are about 3 years of age. Medical professionals typically diagnose the fetus as being small for the gestational age, or as having intrauterine growth disability when an ultrasound is conducted. Typically, people with primoridal dwarfism are born with very low birth weights. After birth, growth continues at a stunted rate, leaving individuals with primordial dwarfism perpetually years behind their peers in stature and in weight. Most cases of short stature are caused by skeletal or endocrine disorders. The five subtypes of primordial dwarfism are the most severe forms of the 200 types of dwarfism, and it is estimated that there are only 100 individuals in the world with the disorder. Other sources list the number of persons currently afflicted as high as 100 in North America. It is rare for individuals affected by primordial dwarfism to live past the age of 30.

“I don’t care what he is... at this point, he’s gone!” And, with another rap of her staff, Edris vanishes. “We have to get serious if we’re going to prevent those damn Christians and Hathor from destroying the world. I need both of you on your best behavior if we are to succeed.”

At hearing this, Menthu, who is on the other side of the room with his right arm stretched out holding something invisible, mutters: “What more do you want from me? I’m holding up this Beatrice woman like you ordered – not asked, but ordered, mind you... Now you want me to think and hold someone up off the ground in another dimension at the same time? I’m the God of Strength, Virility and Victory – not Thinking. If you wanted someone to think, than maybe you should have recruited Saraswati ... now she was a thinker.”

“And a Hindu,” Isis snaps.

“Jesus Christ –“ Menthu starts, but is quickly cut off.

“Don’t you dare bring ‘HIM’ into this conversation. Both of you just shut up and let me think.”

Menthu shakes his head, making the golden hawk faceplate he wears scrape across his unseen face... making him think briefly that maybe the blood of a virgin will help his severe case of acne; Amaunet sits there pouting, annoyingly tapping her foot to an off-beat rhythm that only she can hear; and Isis thinks long and hard... not about the present case at hand, but on why she is cursed with such brainless assholes as these two...

Back in my apartment, Aaron walks cautiously around Beatrice... pondering our current predicament and examining the situation from every angle.

“This just doesn’t make sense,” he finally says. He put his hands on his hips in an expression of defeat, a defining characteristic of his that really is starting to annoy me. “Why does she just hang there? I’ve taken off the spell I put on her, but she’s still not responding.”

“Maybe I should call Shepherd?” I suggest for several different reasons – the main one being that I would at least have another ally in the apartment with me once Beatrice did awaken.

WARNING: The following anti-Semitic remarks expressed herein are not endorsed by any member of WritingRaw. We apologize that such characters exist, but they do.

Besides, antichrists are really, really bad people.

Aaron groans. “Now why would we want to have that Jew be in any part of this? Didn’t Father teach you anything? The Jews can’t be trusted.”

I feel like slapping him – but, technically, he is still a child and I will never abuse a child, even if he is my possible replacement and had earlier tried to kill me.

“Why do you have to be like that? You know, this world would be so much better if there were less racist and anti-Semitic people –“

“Whoa, hold on one minute,” he shouts. “Get your head out of your ass, Shakespeare! We are the antichrist – or one of us is and, from hearing that last statement, my bet is that it’s not you. Jews can’t be trusted. You will get Shepherd over here and next thing you know he will be borrowing money from us and preaching about how Christ died for OUR sins. No way, I’m definitely not going to be part of that shtick. Mom tried to get me to go to church once and that went over like a lead balloon –“

“That’s it!”

Isis cries out, causing both Amaunet and Menthu to jump.

“We need to be proactive in this and –“

“But my skin is perfect,” Amaunet points out politely, “Not a pimple in sight.”

“This mask doesn’t really do wonders for my skin though,” Menthu adds. “Maybe I could use a little skincare product to...”

Isis slams her staff down on the floor as hard as she can. The sound reverberates throughout the room. “Both of you just shut the FUCK up and listen to what I have to say. This has nothing to do with skincare! We need to torture Shepherd, get him to break down so that it will weaken HIS influence on Earth. Amaunet...” she giggles fiendishly, “Release the flying pigs.”

Amaunet looks confused. “Don’t you mean the flying monkeys?”

Isis rolls her eyes, once again questioning why she is working with such inept Gods.

“Listen, if I was going to fuck with Jane Goodall, wouldn’t it make more sense to then send out the flying monkeys... but Shepherd is Jewish... thus, we need the flying pigs. Jewish people dislike pigs for some Christian reason. We need the flying pigs to prevent Shepherd from going over to Shakespeare’s apartment. We need to keep them apart for a while until I can figure out how to put a major tension between them that will break Shakespeare’s trust in him. We have to divide these people if we are to conquer them.”

“What about Beatrice,” Menthu asks, his arm tiring. “How long am I supposed to hold on to her?”

“She’s our next step in my devious plan,” Isis laughs again. “Divide and conquer, remember.”

Menthu, bring her to us... immediately.”

Beatrice suddenly starts to shimmer. A golden light radiates from all around her and, after a loud crash of thunder, she vanishes in a puff of smoke.

“Damn,” Aaron and I say together,
“Sure wasn’t expecting that.”

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