

Really BAD Shakespeare – Season 2

By Weeb

Season 2, Episode 5: Lady, Not For Such Contempt

SHE stands in the shadows, all 400 pounds of her dirty, naked self, and watches as Beatrice and Edris perform their act of unethical, unnatural sexual performance. Every now and then SHE touches herself inappropriately, keeping her moans locked tightly behind bulging lips. Moisture drips uncontrollably from her vagina.

After about a half-hour, when the action on the bed has become too monotonous even for her perverted sense of enjoyment, HER mind begins to drift... replaying the highlights of the last few episodes, ummm, we mean, hours. SHE thinks about when she stood unseen in the bushes and watched as Beatrice's car sent Shakespeare flying into the air; how SHE followed the four-fingered Antichrist home and witnessed the exact moment when Aaron mentally controlled Beatrice in his attempt to kill Shakespeare; SHE caught a ride with Beatrice when she was sucked into the Egyptian's plain of existence; SHE journeyed back and forth between the plain of the Old Gods and Shakespeare's apartment, silently keeping abreast of the activities taking place in both...

It was during one of these trips that SHE decided to test her current levels of strength by pulling a few strings to see if she could control the situation or the players...

SHE started entering their minds, pulling a puppet string here, another little string there, and realized that SHE could influence their behavior to a certain degree. SHE found that it was pretty damn easy to make the humans do what SHE wanted. SHE entered Aaron and made the vulgar little boy even more so; SHE stepped into Shakespeare's mind, though more difficult than the others, and planted the seed that would eventually lead to him killing Shepherd... Oh, the enjoyment of watching these meat puppets do her bidding made her drip with excitement. SHE stretched HER powers further and saw that, given a slight nudge, that even one of the lower Egyptian gods could be slightly manipulated... It was because of HER that Amaunet picked up the wrong herb for the tea that Isis requested to calm Beatrice...

But, HER award-winning moment of immortal triumph was the total possession of Beatrice after the Egyptians left. SHE stepped directly into her mind and took over, controlling her like a marionette.

A marionette is a puppet controlled from above using wires or strings (wires being the standard now due to increased durability). A marionette's puppeteer is called a manipulator. Marionettes are operated with the puppeteer hidden or revealed to an audience by using a vertical or horizontal control bar in different forms of theatres or entertainment venues.

A puppeteer is a person who manipulates an inanimate object—a puppet—in real time to create the illusion of life. The puppeteer may be visible to or hidden from the audience. A puppeteer can operate a puppet indirectly by the use of strings, rods, wires, electronics or directly by his or her own hands placed inside the puppet or holding it externally. Some puppet styles require puppeteers to work together as a team to create a single puppet character. There are a wide range of styles of puppetry but whatever the style, the puppeteer's role is to manipulate the physical object in such a manner that the audience believes the object is imbued with life. In some instances the persona of the puppeteer is also an important feature. The relationship between the puppeteer and the puppet-maker is often assumed to be similar to that between an actor and a playwright. This may be so, but one of the characteristics of puppetry is that very often the puppeteer assumes the joint roles of puppet-maker, director, designer, writer and performer. In this case a puppeteer is a more complete theatre practitioner than is the case within other theatre forms.

As in this case, some Gods believe themselves to be nothing more than puppeteers. They are the creators, the directors, and the manipulators all in one. Pulling the imaginary strings, dictating every action...

SHE is the reason for the uncharacteristic actions that SHE currently observes with sexual pleasure; SHE is the one addicted to watching normal sized woman and primordial dwarf sex...

and...

to SEE IT LIVE...

the cherry on the cake.

Oh, SHE is definitely on the top of her game now.

This is when HER plan turned pure evil... Well, not at the realization that she could watch live primordial dwarf porn any time she desired, but at the realization that HER powers were back and fucking better than ever.

HER fingers enter the wetness between HER thighs. SHE starts to touch herself, in a very intimate way...

... and, with each thrust of HER fingers, HER body begins to change. Moisture rolls down HER face, HER shoulders, HER stomach. The layers of ungodly pounds of human fat melt away and pool at HER bare feet; HER body takes on the appearance of a much younger woman, a woman in her early twenties; whereas, the pool of fat begins to take shape, starts to grow into a small person; the angles and shape of HER face changes, restructures itself, the nose grows smaller, the lips fuller; the leftover fat forms a column, grows a head, small little arms and legs, and then a little face is created; within seconds, SHE has molded HERSELF into the image of the woman on the bed... SHE has become the Beatrice and the residue of the fat now resembles Edris.

Who is this vile creature?

SHE is Hathor –

The true villain in this story of Armageddon.

Hathor: An Ancient Egyptian goddess who personified the principles of love, beauty, music, motherhood and joy. She was one of the most important and popular deities throughout the history of Ancient Egypt. Hathor was worshiped by Royalty and common people alike in whose tombs she is depicted as “Mistress of the West” welcoming the dead into the next life. In other roles, she was a goddess of music, dance, foreign lands and fertility who helped women in childbirth.

She was a good goddess, a respected goddess... that was, until Mentuhotep II took control over Lower Egypt. For 28 years the war between Upper and Lower raged and, once it ended, with the unification of the country, there was nothing but peace and harmony for the country. Mentuhotep created a powerful society, an integrated country, one that he was more than happy to pass on to Mentuhotep the Third when the time came.

This was a piece of tragic history that actually ended on a good note.

Or did it?

With the country at peace, and with a pharaoh who respected peace and love (the John Lennon of his time), the Gods became less popular. Ra, the Egyptian God who represented the pharaoh of Upper Egypt, was no longer respected and worshipped... and everyone knows, based on historical fact, what happens when a God is no longer respected. He becomes cranky and, once again history shows, just exactly what a cranky God is capable of.

Reference: Zeus raging war against the humans when they attempted to live by their own rule; the Christian God who flooded the world, and killed everyone but good ole Noah and his loving family; the American Indian god, Tirawa, who attempted to burn the world because, hey, he could... and et cetera, and et cetera, and... et cetera.

See, one does not fuck with a God.

They have a terrible habit of getting even.

Ra communicated through Maat, Hathor's third Eye (as most God's have, apparently) and told her that the mortals of Lower Egypt wanted to assassinate him. Hathor grew so upset knowing that the people she created out of love would be brave enough to attack a God such as Ra, that she transformed herself into Sekhmet in order to kill them. Sekhmet was originally the warrior goddess, as well as goddess of healing Upper Egypt. She is depicted as a lioness, the fiercest hunter known to the Egyptians. It was said that her breath created the desert. She was seen as the protector of the pharaohs and led them in warfare. Her cult was so dominant in the culture that when the first pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty, Amenemhat I, moved the capital of Egypt to Itjtawy, the center for her cult was moved as well. Religion, the royal lineage, and the authority to govern were intrinsically interwoven in Ancient Egypt during its approximately three thousand years of existence.

See, back during these times, Hathor liked to BECOME other people.

Unfortunately for mankind, the taste of blood grew sweet for Hathor. Her murderous spree became so great that she could not be stopped. She started killing everyone in her path... all to appease a man... Ra. So SHE bathed in the blood of the innocent, drank from their open wounds, defiled their very essence... all to appease a man... Ra.

When Ra realized his mistake, he knew the only way to stop her was to create something she desired more than even him at this point, an abundance of blood. He waved his hand and a lake appeared in the middle of the desert... and it was the deepest, darkest, blood red that any blood thirsty God or Goddess – or a few offbeat humans – could not reside. Though, Ra had an even sinister plan. This lake was not actual blood... it was blood-colored beer (editor note: what the fuck??? This is real!) so that she would drink herself to death or at least become drunk enough so that the royal heavenly guards could take her prisoner.

When Hathor saw the lake, and thinking that it was blood made to quench her eternal thirst, she dived into the lake and drank herself into the history books...

Edris shudders... his eyes roll into the back of his head, he moans loudly and releases his seed deep inside of Beatrice.

On yet another plain that we have yet to visit, a horde of angels begins to sing. Their voices echo across the heavens – a spiritual choir that forces the dark clouds of approaching war back. The sky turns a bright blue, the sun glows in all its glory, birds sing, heavenly creatures dance on the tips of pins...

A new age is beginning.

Hathor shudders in unison with the ejaculating dwarf... though hers is not in sexual ecstasy, but in revulsion.

She pats the mock Edris on the head and decides it is time to make her first "Power" move. She steps from the shadows and laughs in a full, evil voice: "What a sickening sight... an eighth of a man trying to please a total woman."

Edris pulls away, shocked. He scrambles toward Beatrice's head and tries to cradle it in his little arms.

He is now her protector.

Suddenly, Beatrice finds herself back in her own body. In her own state of mind, one could say... and, without having to even think twice, a soul shattering scream bursts from her throat. Images and remembrances of the past few hours hurl themselves at her like insects to a light bulb. Rape rape rape, her tortured brain screams. She tries to scramble away from Edris but his hold is too great; she continues to cry, the hysteria reaching points never discovered by a mere mortal; she looks past the dwarf and sees herself standing there, grinning fiendishly; her vocal cords rip, tear themselves a part.

It is then she understands that she is nothing more than a puppet for the Gods to use and abuse in any manner they so desire.

So she continues to scream...

and scream...

and scream...

"Oh this is too fucking much," Hathor says, somewhat bored. "Go back to sleep bitch."

She snaps her fingers and Beatrice's eyes bulge. The mortal begins to violently twist, she shudders in protest, whimpers in pain and defiance, and finally blacks out... as if the strings that made her human, allowed her to have life, were cut.

"What is going on here? Who are you?" Edris cries out.

“I, little man, am the coming of a new age.” She steps closer, her tiny pet close behind. “I am the bringer of all destruction to everything sane you know. I am the Mother, who has tasted blood and wants more. I am your worst fucking nightmare, little man. I am Hathor, the true bringer of Armageddon.”

Edris gulps. “No, Hathor, you’re not an element of this competition. You’re a God who has no right to be here.”

“The rivers will run with blood, little man, thanks to the trickery that was done to me.” She laughs insanely. “I am here to show all Gods, all of mankind, what true horror is.”

With that, she waves her hand dismissively....

and, without any warning, Edris and Beatrice burst into flames...

vanish into a pile of ash...

and Hathor laughs

and laughs

and laughs.

Season 2, Episode 6: A King of Infinite Space

Darkness swirls around me. Not just the physical darkness of Hell, but the inner darkness of defeat as I stare at the doorway that leads into my father's lair.

Aaron stands behind me and chatters constantly. The only words that register through my mental darkness are the vulgar accusations of *"Shakespeare this..."* and *"Shakespeare that..."* He screams, rages and directs all of his hate and misunderstanding at me.

I am the blame for everything.

Tears fill my eyes – but I refuse to cry. This is not the time for such earthly emotions. I am not sad by the circumstances surrounding me... if anything, all the anger and hate that I have suppressed for all of these years are consuming the darkness. The mental and physical abuse I suffered, the pain I endured, the mockery of my existence, the lies that were spoon-fed me since the day my thumbs were removed and I was proclaimed this generation's Antichrist... these nightmares take hold of the darkness and form into the one true emotion that I have spent my entire life fighting against –

pure,
unmitigated
HATE.

"Shakespeare this..." and *"Shakespeare that..."* the boy continues. His words buzz in my head like a swarm of angry hornets. *"Shakespeare this..."* and *"Shakespeare that..."* he bellows, screams, rages, verbally attacks with anything and everything his demented mind can create. Flashes of all I have endured blink nonstop in my fogged brain. *"Shakespeare this..."* and *"Shakespeare that..."* Aaron moves closer and, every now and then, he strikes out and punches me in the back. I start to shake, the wrath of Hell consuming me. *"Shakespeare this..."* and *"Shakespeare that..."* *"Shakespeare this..."* and *"Shakespeare that..."* *"Shakespeare this..."* and *"Shakespeare that..."*

Enough, my inner voice commands.

All the fury locked deep inside me for all of these years exploded outwardly. I ball up my fists and attack the closed door with every fiber of my being. **BOOOM!!!** My thumbless hands smash against the wood. **BOOOM!!!** I strike it harder and harder, not caring about the pain that surges through me.

BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!! Cracks appear in the wood. **BOOOM!!!** My knuckles burst open, blood begins staining the wood. **BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!!** Hate, pure hate, pours forth with every strike. **BOOOM!!!** I can't stop – I hit harder, faster. **BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!!**

Aaron grabs at my legs and tries to pull me back. **BOOOM!!!** His voice breaks in fear as he begs me to stop, to control myself. **BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!!** I am beyond control. I have felt the pain, in all shapes and form, and

despise it...

BOOOM!!!

enjoy it...

BOOOM!!!

cherish it...

BOOOM!!!

need it...

BOOOM!!!

Amaunet's eyes snap open.

She is tied to a hospital bed, wrapped in a straightjacket, with Dr. Mumbai and the Egyptians staring down at her. She thrashes left and right, attempts to sit up, to fight her bonds. She speaks in the accursed language of mixed-up words and letters that has sickened her, trying to tell them of the horrors that she has recently been privy too. No matter how hard she tries, she cannot warn them of their impending doom.

Dr. Mumbai, an older gentleman of middle-eastern decent, turns to Isis and shakes his head. "I'm at a loss for words."

"Is that supposed to be some kind of joke," Isis snaps.

"No, no," Dr. Mumbai mumbles, "Just a poor selection of words. What I meant to say is that I have never seen anything like this before."

Menthu adjusts his mask. "So, what are we supposed to do?"

Amaunet pulls violently at her bonds. She has to get them to understand. They are in danger. Hathor has joined the game. Her face contorts into unnatural grimaces, unnatural shapes even for a God, every time she speaks.

"I think at this time, until I can research these symptoms fully, our best bet would be to try and make her as relaxed as possible." Dr. Mumbai waves his hand and a long syringe appears between his fingers. "In cases such as these –"

"Meaning," Isis mumbles under her breath, "Cases that you have no clue about."

"I usually prescribe a heavy dose of morphine. Calms the patient right down and places them in a peaceful slumber."

Amaunet shakes her head in disagreement. Can't they see that, even though she can't communicate, she understands what is going on around her? Her struggles become more aggressive. No, they can't do this to her. She has to figure out some way of letting them know about Hathor, about what is waiting for them back on their plane.

"If that's our only option now," Isis says. "Do it now before she hurts herself."

In one fluid movement, the needle strikes Amaunet in the arm. The plunger is pressed and the drug floods her system. Her body goes instantly slack. Her eyelids flutter, wanting to close, as she fights against the drug.

She has to warn them,

even if it is the last thing she ever does.

“That should buy us some time,” Dr. Mumbai says.

“Is she going to be ok?” Menthu asks, concern entering his voice.

“She will be –“

Before Dr. Mumbai can finish his sentence, Isis cuts him off. “Well, that’s one nightmare taken care of. Come on,” she motions to Menthu, “Let’s get back to our lair. We have more important situations to deal with.”

There isn’t time for a reply. Isis raises her hand and the two Egyptians vanish.

Alone, Dr. Mumbai leans over and stares deeply into Amaunet’s drooping eyes – first the left, and then the right. Satisfied that she is finally at peace, he gently pats her on the head. “Rest my child... all will be fine.”

He then vanishes.

Alone, and floating through the heavenly bliss of the drug, Amaunet mouths one final word –

“Hathor”

– and passes out.

Back in Shakespeare’s apartment, flies begin to swarm the bloody corpse of Shepherd. They land in the pools of blood and lick at the nourishment. They are overjoyed to be drinking the nectar of such a heavenly creature.

Suddenly, the distant sound of someone beating their bloody hands against wood echoes throughout the small apartment. The sound stirs the flies, causing many to take flight in preparation for escape. The pounding increases in volume. The walls begin to shake with each strike... the windows shatter in an explosion of shards... the remaining flies covering Shepherd’s body rise in unison and buzz insanely around the body...

Suddenly, a bright blue light flashes...

and Shepherd's right thumb twitches.

Without wasting time, Hathor brushes the remains of Beatrice and Ebris to the floor. She crawls into the bed, closes her eyes... and shivers in anticipation.

She giggles. "I can almost taste your blood already, my enemies."

After what feels like an eternity, physical and mental exhaustion overpowers me. I fall against the door and I slide to the floor. I sob uncontrollably.

"Shakespeare," Aaron says quietly beside me, "Are you ok?"

I don't answer. How could I? I can't move. My hands hurt so badly, my brain a muddled mess. There is so much I have to figure out. Even though Aaron is with me, I feel so alone. If anything is going to be solved, it will have to be up to me. I am going to have to take control of this nightmare. No one is there to help me. After all those years of training for such a situation, I realize that no matter what happens, it will always be up to me to control my own destiny. I am the one who has to make the next move, to always be one step ahead of everyone else.

At this realization, all my uncertainty vanishes.

It is time to play the game...

And, hell and heaven be damned...

I am going to play it

MY WAY!

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