

Really BAD Shakespeare – Season 2

By Weeb

Season 2, Episode 9: Is This a Dagger Which I See Before Me

FLASHBACK: Many episodes ago

In a uterus we have yet to visit...

After being ejaculated at 10 miles an hour into her vagina, the sperm traveled through the cervix and into the uterus. The invading army consists of 115 million of the trisected little guys, each one wearing a densely coiled chromatin fibred helmet covered in the necessary enzymes needed to penetrate the female's egg.

Their goal is a simple one:

To Fertilize...

at all cost, no matter how many die in the process.

With a wild and abandoned trashing of their flagellums, the spermatoocytes race toward their destination. They swarm the uterus like flies at a Sunday barbeque. Deeper and deeper they swim, chattering strategies amongst themselves as they enter the fallopian tube. Some claim that their best tactic would be a full on offensive, taking their cue from Sun Tzu's The Art Of War... others want a surprise attack, an ambush, catch the enemy target unaware... and there were a few million, the weaker of the group who know they don't stand a chance in hell of ever surviving either attack, just wants to go back home to their daddy and hide in his testicles until the whole thing is over.

"Cowards," the nondescript leader of the battalion cries out. "Show a little testosterone you worthless maggots! Do what you were created to do. Impregnate this bitch and impregnate her good!"

A deafening cheer among the die-hard soldiers echoes throughout the fallopian tube. They journey further, closer, until...

they see it –

their destination...

THE EGG

“There she is boys. Be very careful,” the leader of the group warns, “This bitch can be deadly!”

End Flashback

Amaunet, still tied to the hospital bed in Dr. Mumbai’s clinic, opens her eyes when a pretty young nurse enters the room pushing a cart filled with medical supplies and medicines. The nurse, who is in her early twenties with flaming red dyed hair and matching eye shadow, smiles as she approaches the bed.

“How are we feeling now?” She asks in a high-pitched, almost squeaky voice.

Amaunet opens her mouth and speaks, still affected by her strange symptoms: “I опивам ince ... właśnie kan niet conversación destra.”

“Oh, you poor dear... Well, my name is Rosie,” she says while pointing to the nametag on her ample left, obviously enhanced, breast, “And I’m here to make everything all better. Dr. Mumbai would like me to take some vitals... that is, if you’re feeling up to it.”

Amaunet shrugs, feeling that there is nothing wrong with a little vital taking.

Rosie takes a digital thermometer from the pocket of her overly-tight white uniform, presses a button to start it, and says “open wide” before placing it in Amaunet’s waiting tongue-tied mouth. She then lays three fingers on the underside of Amaunet’s bound wrist to take her pulse. This obviously skilled nurse stares off into the distance as she silently counts, moving her lips in the process to make sure she doesn’t miss a number, the heartbeats she feels. 1... 2... 3... 4... 5.... Etc. etc. etc.... When the electronic beeper on the thermometer sounds, Rosie withdraws it from Amaunet’s mouth and reads the digital numbers.

“Well isn’t this good news... so far everything checks out okie-dokie,” she chirps. “Now open your mouth real wide so Rosie can look down your throat... and don’t forget to say aaaahhhhhh.”

Amaunet does what she is told instead of what she really wants to do, which is punch this

simpleton in the nose.

Rosie leans over the bed and peers into the dark hole. "Oh my, this doesn't look good. No, my dear, not good at all..." she frowns, moving away. She places her hands on her hips and continues, "I normally don't offer my opinion, but would you like to know what I think's wrong with you?"

Amaunet nods, still fighting that urge to sucker punch her.

"Well, this is a completely unprofessional diagnosis... but, I do believe... that a cat has got your tongue."

At saying this, Rosie starts to laugh

and laugh

and laugh...

"This is it boys," the commander says in wonder, "The moment we've been waiting all our lives for. Be strong, fight hard, and attack that egg with everything you have."

Having decided to go with a full frontal attack, all 115 million sperm surround the egg and attempt to penetrate its hard outer shell. They swim as hard as they can and hurl themselves at the hard shell surrounding the egg.

Defending her honor, the egg shivers and increases the life-killing acid levels around her. Sperm begin dropping like flies. A million, then two million, sperm dying everywhere, it is a horrifying sight. Without further thought of their own safety, the soldiers continue the onslaught. They attack from the left, the right, from above, below, every imaginable angle in their attempt to attach themselves to the egg's shell. Their densely coiled chromatin fibers on their heads, which is surrounded anteriorly by an acrosome that contains enzymes used for penetrating the female egg, repeatedly bounce off the outer coating. Nothing is working. No matter how hard they try, not one of them can break through.

"Come on boys," the commander encourages, "Put a little backbone into it. Attach yourself and drill! Harder, faster, deeper..."

Shocked and just a little pissed off, Amaunet begins to struggle against her restraints. A barge of words and sentences, mostly expletives concerning what Rosie could do to herself, stream from Amaunet's mouth. The languages are so mixed and varied that it sounds like the aftermath of the destruction of the Tower of Babel seconds after God scattered everyone to the far reaches of the world.

The Tower of Babel: According to the biblical account, a united humanity of generations following the Great Flood, spoke a single language. They migrated from the east, came to the land of Shinar, where they resolved to build a city with a tower "*with its top in the heavens...lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.*" God came down from the Heavens to see what they were doing and, shocked at their ingenuity, said: "*They are one people and have one language, and nothing will be withholden from them which they purpose to do.*" So God said, "*Come, let us go down and confound their speech.*" And so God, being the shy but vindictive God he was, struck out and scattered all members of the five-fingered tribes all over the face of the Earth. To make matters worse, he also decided to confuse their language so that they would have no way to communicate among themselves in order to prevent them from ever trying such a thing again.

Rule number One, when dealing with God:

DON'T FUCK WITH HIM.

"Now don't hurt yourself," Rosie warns Amaunet with a wiggle of her finger. "You need to calm yourself. Hey, I have an idea... I think I have something over here that will help you."

With that, Rosie turns her back to Amaunet and reaches for something on the cart setting next to the bed.

Amaunet hears the sound of metal scrapping against metal.

Then it happens...

One weak sperm pushes his head through the tough exterior of the wall. His little tail whips back and forth as he tries with all his might to wiggle inside. The commander sees this and quickly rushes to his aide. He gets behind the attached sperm and starts pushing.

“That’s it my boy,” he cheers. “Try harder. I know you can do it. Everyone, get over here and help this little squirt!”

The ones closest do as they are told. Millions get behind the penetrating sperm and start pushing, shouting words of encouragement...

Rosie laughs, but this time it is sinister... threatening.

When she turns around, in the blink of an eye, Hathor stands next to the bed. She is naked, all 400 pounds of her dirty self. She lets out an insane laugh and she brings her hand up to show Amaunet what she holds...

It is a very sharp surgical instrument.

“I have been waiting a lifetime to taste the blood of a God,” she says, flicking her thumb across the blade. “I may have missed all the blood brought about by Shakespeare’s misdeeds, but I will not miss this.”

Amaunet fights harder against her restraints and begins screaming in an attempt to catch someone’s, anyone’s attention.

“That will be enough of that,” Hathor barks like a viper ready to strike. She snaps her fingers and Amaunet’s mouth vanishes. In its place is a sealed piece of flesh. Tears pour from Amaunet’s eyes as Hathor moves closer to the bed. “No one can save you now. You are to be the first of many sacrifices in my name. Be proud, Amaunet... for you die today in my honor. All hail the true bringer of Armageddon – Hathor the almighty.”

Hathor plunges the knife deep into Amaunet’s chest, again and again. Blood sprays everywhere. Amaunet cries, praying to any God who will listen, for a quick release.

Though, unfortunately,

the death of a God is never an easy one.

Hathor is a true professional when it comes to inflicting pain. As she savages Amaunet's chest she makes sure that she doesn't hit any of vital organs. She wants this to last. She stabs multiple times, then lowers her face into the muck and smears it all over in orgasmic ecstasy. She shoves her tongue into the open wounds and laps at the hot blood. Her body shakes from organism after organism. Her head would rise from the bloody mess so she could stab again, a few more times, only to lower her face back into the gore and start the entire process over.

This is better than midget porn, she groans as yet another climax overcomes her.

Then, as that folly finally fades, Hathor brings the knife across Amaunet's throat and cuts it deeply enough to almost sever the head from the torso.

Amaunet's eyes roll into the back of her head. Her movements become slower, weaker. Her life passes before her eyes. She shudders one final time, and allows death to take her.

At seeing this, Hathor plunges her entire face into the gaping hole and begins chewing...

They push,

and push,

and push, and,

when they believe all hope is lost,

the littlest sperm pops inside

and fertilizes the egg.

A cheer goes out among the remaining sperm. Their mission is accomplished...

Now, after the grueling battle...

They can celebrate the second coming of Christ.

Season 2, Episode 10: By That Sin Fell the Angels

Our flight from Hell ends with Shepherd and me setting down in the most beautiful oasis I have ever seen.

Trees of all types, filled with a variety of fruits and flowers shimmering in the mid-day sun, stretch as far as the eye can see. Beyond the trees we can see perfectly manicured lawns that fall off into gently sloping valleys where animals of every type graze freely and happily, all without the worry of harm. It is so beautiful. It actually feels as if we have descended into a painting, a painting by the world renowned artist and writer Jason Denaro. Vibrant warm colors assault us from every direction.

“This place is so beautiful,” I say, turning, my eyes darting back and forth, trying to take it all in. Off to the left, I see a lion playing gently with a gazelle (playing, and not eating!) while a group of sheep cheer them on; to the right is a lake that sparkles with rainbows as other animals – animals who should not be getting along – frolic joyfully in the water; as we walk, birds swoop down from the bright blue sky and sing portions of well composed songs before flying off into the trees... I can’t believe it. I have walked directly into a Disney film. At any minute I knew that Snow White and her posse of dwarfs would come skipping up the nearest hill to greet us with an early morning singing song.

Wait one fucking minute!

Snow White, singing an early morning song? Total sacrilege to the actual story, that was NOT created by Walt Disney, but by the Brothers Grimm who collected and published a number of old European folktales, many of which dated back to the Middle Ages. Well before this Disney guy decided to claim the story as his own.

The story varies quite different from the one that our modern day cryogenically frozen thief has shoved down our throats. In the original version (known in German as Schneewittchen) there are several

different twists that make it unique from the Disney tale we all know and loathe today. Some examples are:

- In the Grimm tale, Snow White is a 16-year-old girl.
- There are more than seven dwarfs, and they DEMAND that Snow White work and cook for them in order for her to have their protection.
- The evil queen step-mother attempts to kill Snow White on three different occasions. First, she ties Snow White up and leaves her for dead; second, she disguises herself as a poor peddler and combs Snow White's hair with a poisoned brush; and finally, White is poisoned by an apple.
- The "handsome prince" does not meet Snow White prior to her fleeing into the woods. Instead, he stumbles upon her in her coffin and pays the dwarfs to take her and the coffin with him. While in route to his kingdom, the coffin shakes open and a piece of the poisoned apple is released from Snow White's throat causing her to regain consciousness. She WAS NOT revived by the kiss of the "handsome prince."
- The evil queen stepmother, who is shocked to see Snow White alive at the wedding of her and the prince, is hunted down by the dwarfs and is forced to dance for hours on end while wearing a pair of heated iron shoes, which eventually burn her to death.

This original version of the Snow White tale (which most experts agree probably dates back to at least the 16th century) may seem strange at first to those of us in the modern era, but it was a huge hit for those who heard it firsthand. In fact, the Snow White tale was not confined to Germanic lands. In Italy, the tales of Bella Venezia and The Young Slave contain many parallels, as does the Greek story of Myrsina and the Scottish tale Gold-Tree and Silver-Tree. However, the non-German tales usually depict the dwarfs as rough thugs who steal, murder, plunder, etc. but are eventually cured of their evil deeds upon seeing Snow White's beauty (even though in an Albanian version the dwarfs basically gang rape her).

What is important to remember about these versions of the Snow White tale is that they provide an interesting glimpse into the late Middle Ages. With the rise of the Renaissance and Reformation, the role of women faced a strict dichotomy: on the one hand, you had the beauty, purity and ignorance of Snow White; on the other, you had the conspiring, vindictive and hateful nature of the evil stepmother. Such was the case for women of this era. Women were seen as unpredictable creatures that were in great

need of "control" and "stability" that only a male partner (the "handsome prince" and dwarfs) could provide. Women were to be as Snow White: pure, innocent and helpless. All of this could, of course, be achieved by her acceptance of her new role in society. Without such a system, women were sure to become like the evil stepmother.

"It should be," Shepherd replies with a knowing grin. His wings vanish, just slowly disappear, as we walk past a herd of elephants. One raises its trunk and waves in greeting. With a laugh, we wave back. "So," he continues, "You really don't know where you are?"

I stop... realization coming slowly. This isn't right. I can't be "THERE." It would go against everything I was taught, everything I was warned against. This place is too perfect to have me, the antichrist, desecrating it.

"No, this can't be," I say shaking my head.

"Yes, Shakespeare," Shepherd beams,

"Welcome to the garden of Eden."

In a golden chariot pulled by six white horses, Isis and Menthu fly through the air in search of the bringer of Earth's destruction – Shakespeare. Isis holds the reins, guiding the flying horses in a crisscross pattern across the world, her eyes scanning the horror that Shakespeare has caused.

Death and destruction cover every continent. Millions upon millions of dead bodies litter the ground. Fires rage out of control. Billowing columns of black smoke fill the sky. The world is in total blackout, having lost all electrical power. The only good that Isis can see is how the survivors of the holocaust are gathering together and working as one communal group to help the ones in need. For once in the total history of man, every race has put aside their differences to help their fallen brothers and sisters.

"This sickens me," Isis yells to be heard over the rushing wind – and the cries and moans of the people she was supposed to protect. "What could have ever possessed Shakespeare to do this? I thought he was just another weak antichrist... you know, like that Mr. Rogers guy a while back."

"I don't see him anywhere," Menthu replies while scanning the destruction.

"Keep looking. That little fucker has to be somewhere. And, when I find him..." She doesn't finish the sentence, knowing full well that Menthu will understand her sentiment.

"I have an idea," Menthu starts slowly. "Maybe our search is too narrow."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, maybe Shakespeare has found a way to enter another plane and is hiding out there? He is the antichrist, you know."

"Goddammit," she screams. Without warning, Isis pulls back hard on the horse's reins to slow them. Menthu falls backwards, almost out of the chariot. "You're right. He has to be hiding someplace off this planet. Good work Menthu. We've already wasted too much time here."

With that, in a blinding flash of fire and smoke, they enter the plain of the Gods.

Shepherd and I sit down under a pomegranate tree on the bank of the lake.

"Hey, I want to thank you for saving me back there... And, I guess I should also say how sorry I am for cutting your throat." I lean into him and he places his arm around me. "I'm really beginning to understand that maybe this antichrist thing isn't all that it's cut out to be."

"Never is. History should have shown you that. If you look back you would have seen that all the previous ones were defeated – either by the Gods or mankind itself."

"So, what happens now?"

He is quiet for a long time before speaking. "I'm not sure. I'm sure there is going to be some ramifications for what happened back there, but I have no idea what. Shakespeare, you have to understand that right now both of us are in a lot of trouble."

I pull away, concerned. "What are you talking about? I can understand me being in trouble, but you?"

"Yes, me too... See, I shouldn't have done what I did. It went against everything holy to enter Hell to save you. It's a wonder I haven't heard from the Big Guy yet. Which, knowing Him, doesn't make any sense. He's usually right on top of these things. In fact, I really thought he would be here to congratulate us."

"Well, there's definitely no sign of a burning bush anywhere."

"Something just doesn't feel right. Maybe we should check to see what is happening back home."

In full agreement, we move to the water's edge. Shepherd instructs me to clear my mind and focus all my attention onto the surface of the lake. At first all I can see is our reflection – *man, we make such a beautiful couple* – but slowly the water begins to bring forth horrifying images of devastation that I created when leaving Hell. Flashes of what we left behind, of what we have caused, assault us on every level. People are dying, have died, because of us.

“This isn't good,” Shepherd mumbles through tense lips.

“Did WE cause all of this?” I ask, my heart beating madly in my chest. Tears fill my eyes. I didn't know that it would be like this. Sure, I was all set to bring about the entire end of the world but seeing the actuality of it hurt me in ways I never dreamed of.

REMORSE: An emotional expression closely allied to guilt and self-directed resentment of personal regret felt by a person after committing an act deemed shameful, hurtful, or even violent. A person who is incapable of feeling remorse is often labeled a sociopath.

“No wonder He hasn't contacted me. He's too busy dealing with the aftermath of all of... this. What have we done Shakespeare?”

Too stunned to speak, I turn from the lake. In what should have taken decades has happened in a matter of minutes. I shiver. What could happen next? My mind races through my lessons, searching for the next step in Armageddon. Nothing comes. My mind is a complete blank. What happened with the Seals, the Trumpets, the pouring from the Bowls of Wrath? Incidents that I know like the back of my thumbless hands did not show themselves.

Suddenly, thunder echoes throughout the garden...
and a shooting star streaks across the sky.

In Hell, Aaron sits in the darkness... his anger multiplying with each passing second. At first he was frightened, never having been alone before, but that emotion quickly passes as he lets the darkness seep into his soul. Any part of goodness that was once within him vanishes. His soul turns black, hateful, hardened.

There is only one person who would be made to pay for this... and that is his brother.

He retreats deeper into himself. Rocking, mumbling all the ways in which he is going to make Shakespeare pay, and he slowly...

slips into insanity.

"Did you see that?" I ask.

Shepherd nods. "Sure did."

"It has to be a good sign, right. Shooting stars bring luck."

"Shakespeare," he says slowly, "I don't think that was a star."

"Then what could it have —"

Shepherd holds up a finger to silence me. Moving as one, we get to our feet. All the animals stop their playful chatter. It becomes quiet... too quiet.

Suddenly, the peaceful tranquility of the garden is shattered by the bellow of a woman's voice screaming obscenities... with my name attached to many of them. We turn in the direction of the voice and, from out of the trees, a bare-breasted woman charges, followed closely by a muscled man wearing a golden mask that resembles a hawk. They run full force at us.

Before either of us can react, the woman is on top of me...

**all swinging fists
and bouncing naked breasts.**

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