

Cult of the Should-Be-Dead Craw!

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Awesome Possum Returns From the Dead!

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The first noise he heard was a loud beeping noise. He lay there in stunned silence; where was he? The last thing he remembered was entertaining the little b*****s that came to his show; his show where he donned the ridiculous outfit of, of... he just couldn't remember, but the one thing he remembered vividly was his absolute hatred of whoever he was transformed into. What or whom engendered enough hatred to rise out of the dark fog of his brain? Just then, a doctor swept into the room, saying upon seeing his moving form,

â Well, you certainly were awesome to escape the reaper; by all rights, there should be a new person getting sized for the Awesome Possum outfit!â

Oh s**t; now he remembered, Awesome-Fricking-Possum; he remembered who he was, and it sure seemed that that bastard possum would follow him to the grave! Maybe if he could manage to pull out an IV or 2, he could at last get away from that tiny-brained, oversized rodent.

The Doctor went on, â Yeah, that car really sent you arcing down the street. By all rights, you shouldn't be here.â

It had taken him almost a year of torturous rehab, but Randy Crow was finally ready to resume his life. The only thing he was certain of was that he *wasnever* putting on that fricking slow-brained rodent's costume again. He was done with Mr. Awesome. He wasn't sure how, but no way was he going back to degrade himself so a bunch of sawed-off little p****r-children could pretend like he gave any more of a s**t about them, as the 412 million other sawed-off little p****r-children!

He was getting depressed. Every job he had applied for, he'd been told the same thing: â lacks qualificationâ . Even the burger joint he'd applied to had told him the same thing. Exactly what qualifications were they looking for? He was sorry, but he'd graduated from high school already. He guessed that dressing up as a fricking slow-witted, over-sized rodent qualified him for absolutely s**t! That fricking rat-bastard possum was dragging him down the s*****r with him!

His growing desperation had brought him here; a place that Randy Crow had vowed, *vowed*, he'd never step foot in again; the offices of â Awesome Possum Enterprisesâ . He was here to beg them to give him his old job back; a job that absolutely made him heave! He was staring across a boardroom table at Farley Skiptoid, the man who decided who had the privilege of donning the rat-bastard's costume.

Skiptoid was speaking, â Iâ m sorry, Randy, but the costume has already been filled.â

â Do you mind telling me the filler's name?â

â Stew Crosshatch has agreed to take over as Awesome Possum.â

â Are you telling me that Scurvy Steve, the Pirate, will move over and fill Awesome Possum's trousers?â

â Poor choice of words, but yes.â

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Randy's reaction was a mixture of anger and relief. Anger because Crosshatch had decided to leave a popular, if 2nd rate, character, and don the costume of the signature character of Awesome Possum Enterprises, the one that filled the pockets of its board members with gold. Not exactly what Randy would like to fill their pockets with, but okay. And relief; relief that no longer having his old job to go back to would force him to find something else.

Randy Craw stared at the depressed lump of a face staring back at him from the bathroom mirror. Deep worry lines marred what he used to consider a rather handsome face. He couldn't find a job. He'd been excited to resume his search away from the shadow cast by Awesome Possum, but after weeks of unsuccessful searching, he was despondent. Now he was desperate enough to be thinking about how nice it would be to don the Awesome Possum costume again, but Stew Crosshatch stood in his way. There had to be a way to get him out of the way.

"Buy you another drink, Stew?" asked Randy Craw. He had lured Crosshatch to The Shaky Bandit Tavern by offering to pay. He hoped his plan worked, because he was down to the last of his meager savings. And, he also hoped that Crosshatch wouldn't notice that he was refilling Crosshatch's glass at every opportunity, but that he himself was not refilling his own. So far at least, he hadn't seemed to notice.

"I really shouldn't; I've got to be at work in a couple of hours. It wouldn't do for the children to see a plastered Awesome Possum!"

"Oh, come on, have another. This is to celebrate your getting the Awesome Possum gig! After all, getting Awesome's a big deal!" *A big fucking deal, emphasis on fucking!*

"Oh, why not; you're right, it's celebration time!"

"All right!" Randy said, and poured Crosshatch another.

Two hours later, and Crosshatch had to be helped across the street to the offices of Awesome Possum Enterprises. Randy's plan to get him so drunk, he couldn't be allowed in front of children in that condition had worked beautifully. Farley Skiptoid had slumped when he saw what deplorable condition Crosshatch was in.

"Drunk off your a**, are you? We've got 100 kids waiting to meet their hero, Awesome Possum, and what are they going to see? A stinking-drunk, slurred speech Awesome Possum; There is no way I can send you out there now; what am I going to do?"

"I'm all right; I only had a couple."

"Of what, cases? Oh s**t!"

This was just the situation Randy had been hoping for. "Ah, Stew? I'd be willing to step in."

"Hey yeah, perfect; would you be willing?"

"Sure, I guess; as long as Stew here doesn't mind?"

"As a matter of fact..."

"Screw him; this is an emergency; come on, Randy, what do you say?"

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Deafening cheering greeted Randy, back in the Awesome Possum costume again, as he walked out before the cameras filming The Awesome Possum Show. The studio audience, made up of screaming sawed-off little-p****r-children, anxiously awaited Awesome to speak. Oh s**t, the familiar loathing came back to him in spades.

â Hide-de-hi-ho, kids, whoâ s your awesome buddy?â

â Awesome Possum!â the kids shouted in unison.

S**t!they were like a cult of sawed-off little p****r-children; The Cult of the Should-Be-Dead Crow!

The End

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