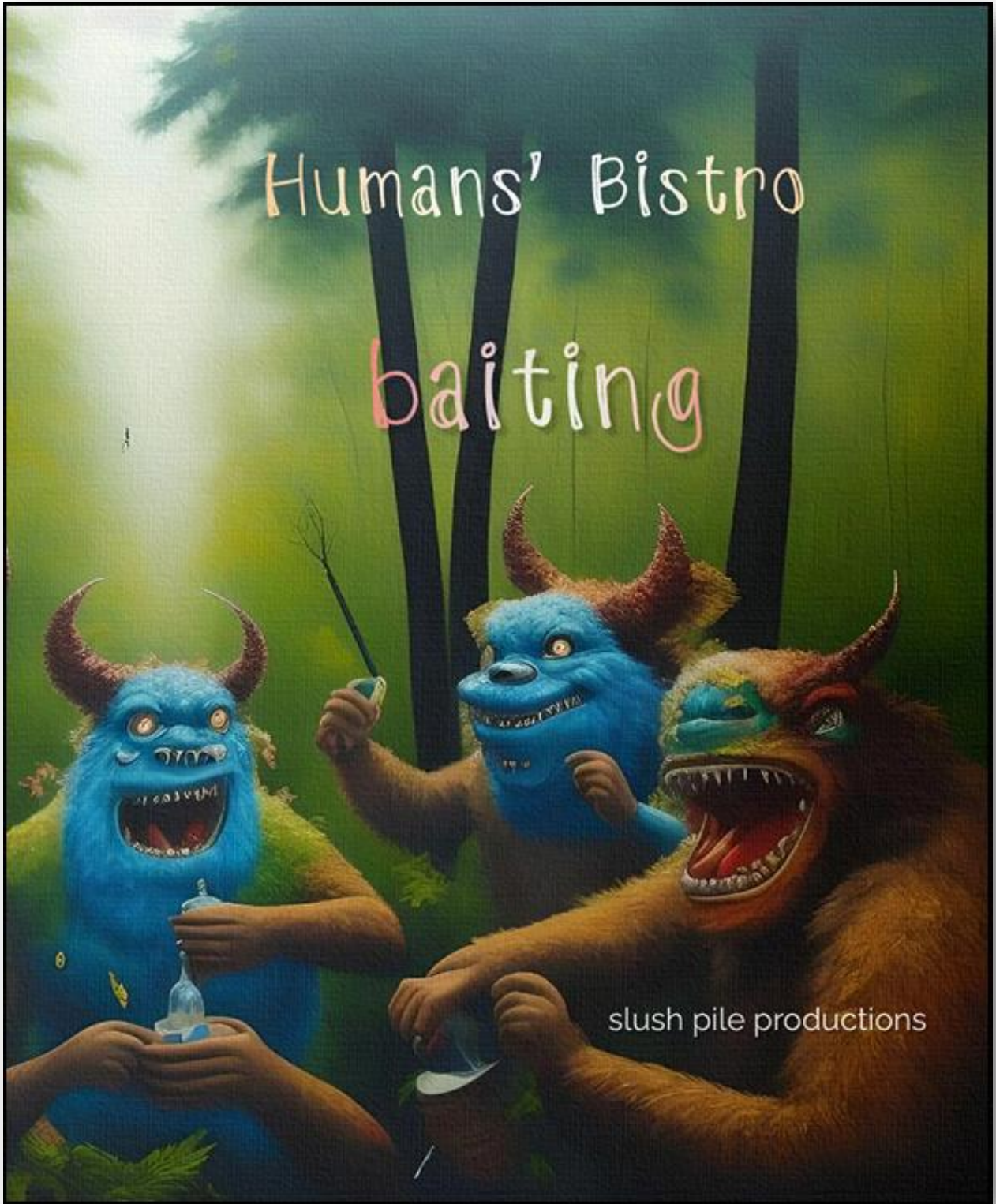


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



HUMANS' BISTRO: BAITING

BAITING



2

We've come to the part of the narrative where Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy are unexpectedly introduced, only to meet their demise in a truly horrific manner - akin to a Kenny from South Park moment but taken to an entirely different level.

In a previous tale, "Abe" - they encountered a situation where a bridge was out. I can't remember exactly what I wrote, but I assure you it was horrifying.

And in a previous (previous) writing, if my memory serves me right, their eyeballs were transformed into chocolate delicacies and force-fed to them, allowing them to witness the pain and suffering they had inflicted on those who used to work for them. I happened to be one of those unfortunate employees.

I was on the verge of giving in to a moment of weakness recently when Fernando unexpectedly reached out to me. As a 63-year-old stroke survivor with self-diagnosed Bradycardia (me not Fernando), he offered his assistance during our family's financial downfall. It was a surprising gesture, coming out of nowhere like a bolt from out of the fucking blue - up there in the sky, where blue lives.

Narrator?

Yes, whoever you may be?

The color blue can be found in various things, including water.

Leave me alone.

.....

The grammar software wouldn't allow me to use the profanity I wanted, so let's see if it accepts my second choice.

.....

||

Originally, "Leave me alone" was "Fuck Off." But no – Grammar (insert pronoun here) said no – so, I changed it to "Piss Off." But no – Grammar (insert pronoun here) said no – so, (insert pronoun here) changed it to "Leave me alone."

Do you know what I think about that?

I bet you can guess?

Did you guess?

What's your guess?

You think I told the Grammar (insert pronoun here) to Piss Off and go Fuck ("I," "you," "he," "she," "it," "we," "they," "them," "us," "him," "her," "his," "hers," "its," "theirs," "our," "your"-self).

Is any of that offensive?

I think not.

.....

Hold on a second, let me pour myself a tumbler of Bacardi - I believe that's what my cardiologist would recommend.

Anyway, Fernando's contact initially sparked hope, but he soon began ghosting (making me beg) in the cruelest fashion. We had a brief conversation before the ghosting began. I poured out my heart, telling him about the turmoil my family and I were enduring due to my unemployment he thrust upon me and lack of prospects at my age.

In a text, Fernando pretended to have compassion, promising to help me in any way he could.

And then, like magic, he disappeared.

So, I messaged him, expressing I didn't want to bother him and asking if he still wanted to talk.

His response?

It's not a bother, but I'm sick and under a lot of legal pressure. Let's talk next Wednesday.

Well, it's Wednesday now, and all I hear is silence.

Meanwhile, at Frank's Illegal Trophy Hunting in Foodville, something sinister was unfolding.

Ring. Ring.

"Hello."

Ring. Ring.

"Hello."

"Is this Frank?"

"Yes."

"It's Fernando. Sam and The Other Guy are with me, and we're interested in some trophy hunting."

"You've called the right place. I can arrange everything. Just dress up as weasels and meet me at my shop at 6 A.M. I'll provide you with the necessary gear. What would you like to hunt? Oh, by the way, did I mention that I've assisted DTJR and his crew? They're regulars here at Frank's Trophy Hunting."

The following morning at 6 A.M., Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy arrived at the designated spot.

"Care for some cocaine for breakfast?" Frank asked.

"Do we?" they replied eagerly.

“Jump into the jeep. I’ll take you to the best hunting grounds.”

With a roar, Frank started the jeep, racing seven miles outside of Foodville.

Fernando couldn’t help but notice what appeared to be cocaine on rocks in a clearing, along with straws. “Is that cocaine!?!” Fernando asked.

“Indeed, it is,” Frank answered.

“Jeepers creepers. A breakfast of champions.”

Frank abruptly brought the jeep to a stop. Sam inquired about where the guns were, wondering if they needed them for this type of trophy hunting.

“No need for guns,” Frank responded emphatically. “Now, my little weasels, I mean human pals, hurry along and indulge in the powder.”

And so, the three of them eagerly obliged.

Frank burst into sinister laughter.

Suddenly, a thousand hummingbirds invaded the clearing, pecking, and pecking until Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy succumbed to a snowy demise, pecked to death.

Alfred Hitchcock casually strolled onto the scene.

Did you know Alfred may have been a bit of a dick?

Apparently, he attached real birds to Tippi Hedren during the filming of ‘The Birds’ to make it seem more realistic. That might be hearsay. I’m not going to look it up – we don’t have the research budget. (I must give myself a pat on the back. I spelled Tippi Hedren correctly, without looking it up!)

Then, Willie Wonka made an appearance, plucking out the eyes of Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy, dipping them in chocolate, and feeding them back to them just before they succumbed (“them” “they”) above, or perhaps on the previous page - it all depends on how these words land on the page.

Now, you may wonder if it’s wise to keep eliminating these three characters in each of my writings. My answer is a resounding →↓

YES.

The large font implies — you fucking know what that implies — you aren't, which insult do you prefer, stupid? Or daft? Well, you are neither of those.

Why? you might ask, do I kill them off in every novel, even if they don't belong in the book?

Because they used greed to harm my family, and if I don't at least get my revenge in writing, it will be my greatest regret. And besides they upturned my life over three years ago and Fernando is still saying he will help any way he can — POOF.

Trophy Hunting in Foodville is Illegal.

I wonder what's coming next?



.....