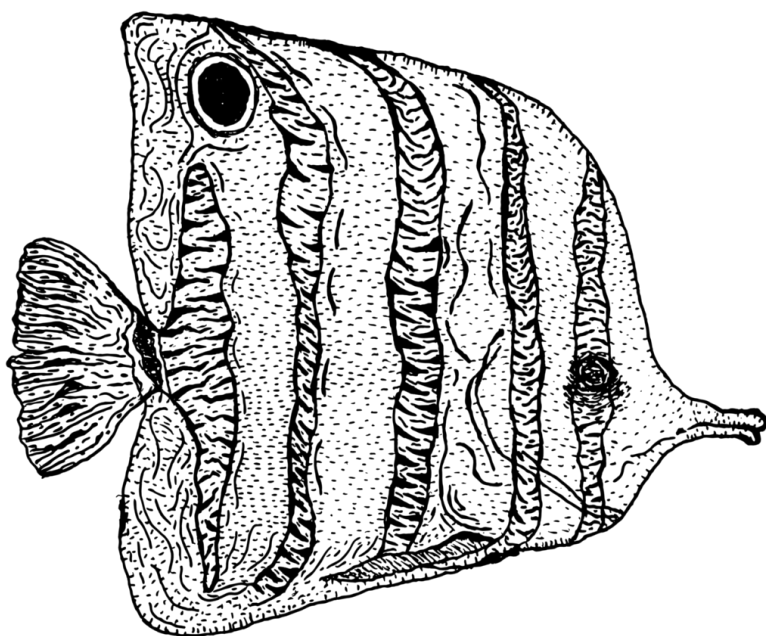
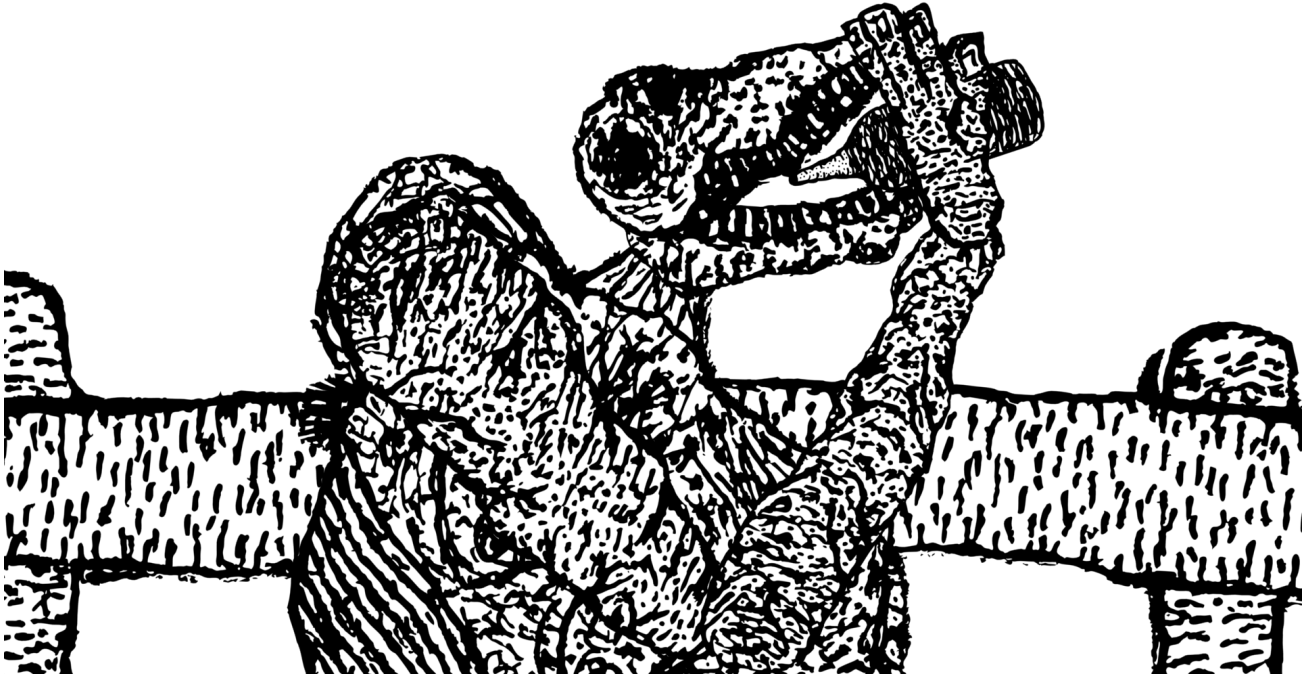


# Addicts Idiots And Losers



Volume XII (free)



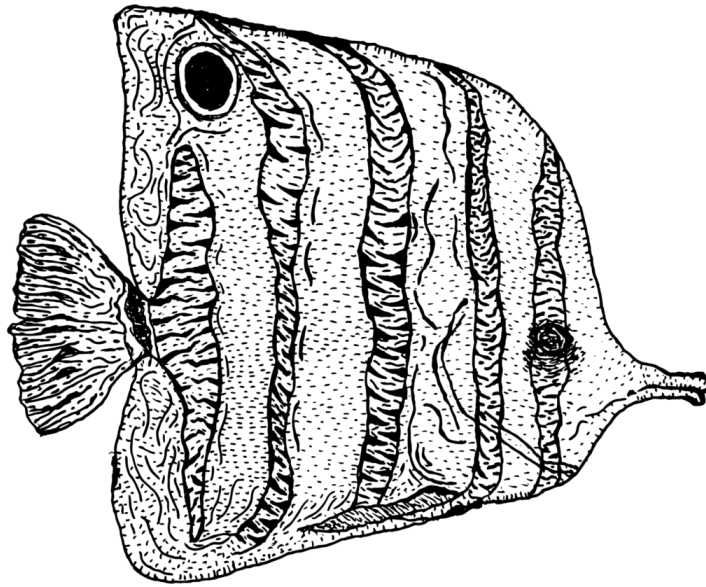
Trigger Warning: The content may not be suitable for children or those with a fragile psyche.

Rat People Must Kill Humans Publishing

Addicts Idiots And Losers Volume XII

Copywrite 2021

Written and designed by Samuel Zagula



### Hot Dogs Wrapped in Lettuce

“Can you visit my mom in the hospital?” my girlfriend asked.

“Your mom is in the hospital?”

“Yeah, she ate some rotten food. She’s getting her gallbladder removed, I think it got infected.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Can you visit her?”

“You’re not coming with?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because she is frightening. She’ll try to guilt me into moving back in with her. She is very persuasive. She might cry. There is a chance I’ll give in. I can’t go back to living with her. Her place is a disaster. Her boyfriend is awful. He’s made a few passes at me. You have to go.”

“Alright.” I said.

“On your way back can you stop at the grocery store and pick up hot dogs, lettuce, and hot dog buns for dinner?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, and began to leave.

“Make sure they’re the Jewish kind of hot dogs,” she shouted after me as I closed the door.

“Alright.” I said.

“On your way back can you stop at the grocery store and pick up hot dogs, lettuce, and hot dog buns for dinner?” she asked.

“Yes,” I said, and began to leave.

“Make sure they’re the Jewish kind of hot dogs,” she shouted after me as I closed the door.

The hospital was a large confusing maze. The lobby had three different fish tanks, each one populated by a single colorful, unhappy looking, fish. I walked over to one of the receptionists.

“I’m looking for someone who’s getting her gallbladder removed, where can I find her?” I asked.

The receptionist looked at me suspiciously, “What’s her name?” she asked.

I had to think for a second, “Monica Brown.”

“What’s your relationship to the patient?”

“I’m her daughter’s boyfriend.”

“Hmm, what’s your name?”

“James.”

“I’ll need to see ID ‘James’.” She said James sarcastically, as if she doubted the authenticity of it.

I showed her my ID.

“Alright, it’s on the tenth floor, but it’s in the west wing, so you’ll need to take the elevator to the third floor, and then get out. After walking straight for a bit you’ll see a stairwell to your right. It will say Emergency Exit, but don’t pay attention to that. Walk up it until you get to floor three and a half. Then take the East skybridge. I know it’s strange, but the person putting up the plaques got east and west confused and switched them. Follow the room numbers towards 3.582. Once you get to that room, take the next two rights, and the West skybridge will be in front of you. Take the first elevator you see to the tenth floor. From there it will be easy to find.”

I was convinced the hospital had organized itself to prevent psychotic patients from escaping. The layout made no sense. Nothing was where it should be. After thirty minutes of wrong turns, contradictory advice, and guess work, I found Monica Brown’s room. I opened the door and walked in.

“Who are you?” demanded Monica.

“I’m James, I’m your daughter’s boyfriend.”

She narrowed her eyes, “You know, you really shouldn’t be doing what you’re doing,” she said.

“What do you mean?”

“You know what I mean. Carrying around all that filth and ungodly gunk with you. Taking your uncleanness, and depositing it inside of my beautiful, purified, daughter,” she said.

“I’m sorry.”

“Did you at least bring me chocolate?”

“I didn’t know you liked chocolate.”

“All mothers like chocolate, especially dark chocolate with almonds.”

I took a seat next to her. She wasn’t very old, maybe in her early 40s, but she had white streaks throughout her hair. Her hair was long and wild. It was un-combed and dreadlocking in places. Her eyes were a vibrant blue, like the color of ice cubes you see in movies.

“Did you have your surgery yet?” I asked her.

“Do you beat my daughter?” she asked.

“Of course not, I treat her very nicely. Really, I’m a kind man.”

“Not yet, I’ve only had my stomach pumped.” She lifted up her gown slightly, revealing a plastic tube stuck into her abdomen, “They also put this tube in me, I’m not sure what it’s for.”

We sat there for a time, not saying anything.

“Do you want any water?” I asked her.

“No thanks,” she said.

After a while I got up to leave.

“Well, it was nice to meet you,” I said.

“Just remember this,” she said.

“What?”

“When I birthed my daughter, a small piece of me lodged itself inside her body, it grew with her as she matured. I have a spiritual link to that part of her body. I can feel everything you do to her,” she said.

“Alright,” I said, and left.

At the grocery I went in search for the necessary items.

There was a woman pushing a cart full of frozen pizzas, and microwave White Castle sliders. There was a girl sitting in that part of the shopping cart that children love to sit in. She was six or seven. She waved at me. I waved back.

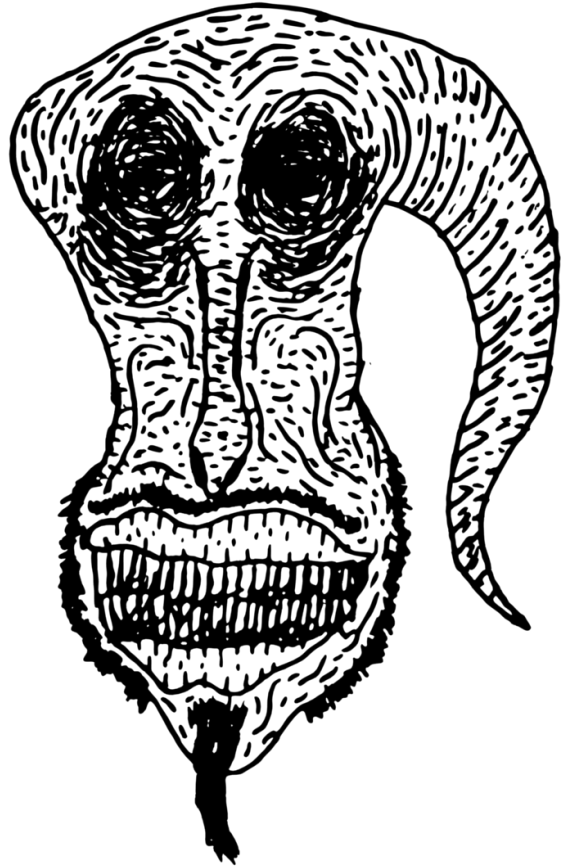
It was easy to find the hotdogs and buns, but the lettuce was proving difficult to locate.

I needed that lettuce.

My girlfriend liked to wrap her hot dogs in it.

END

Thank  
you



you are

Loved



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