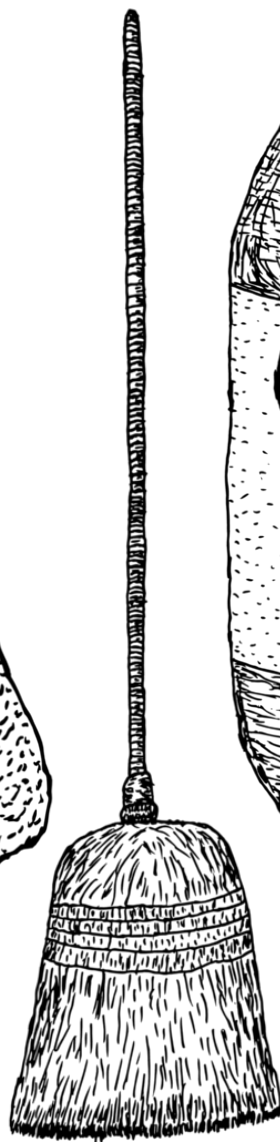
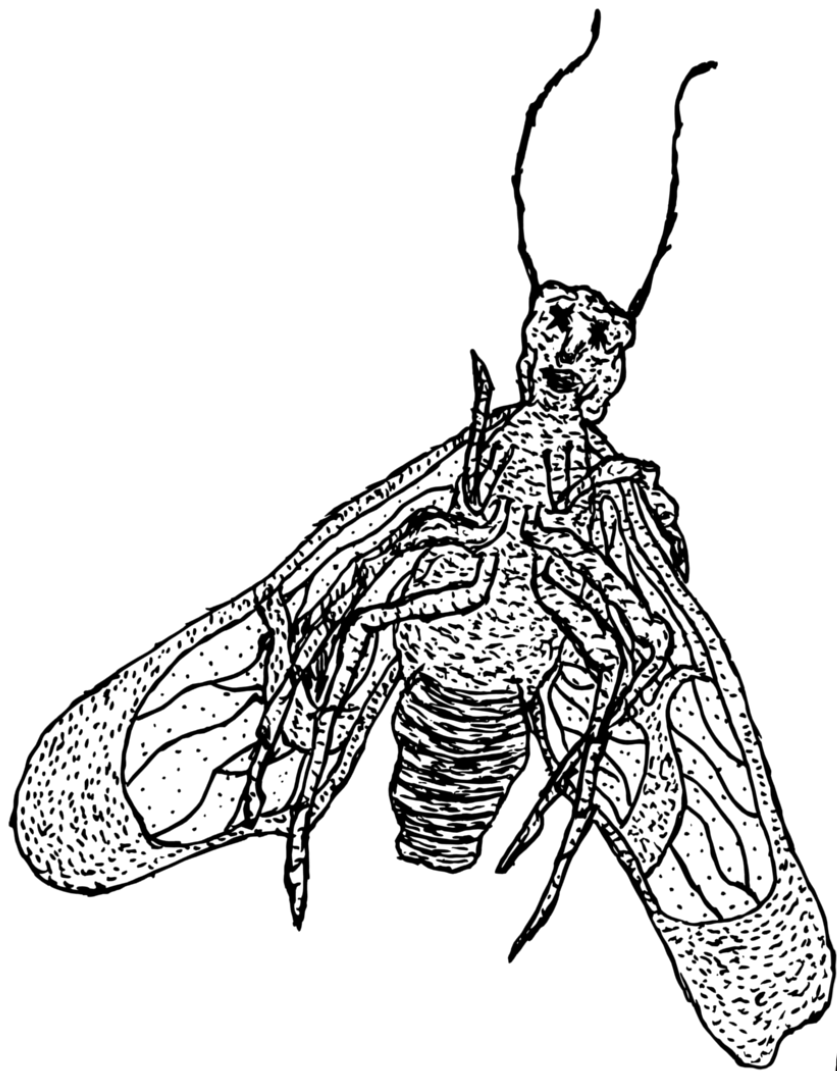
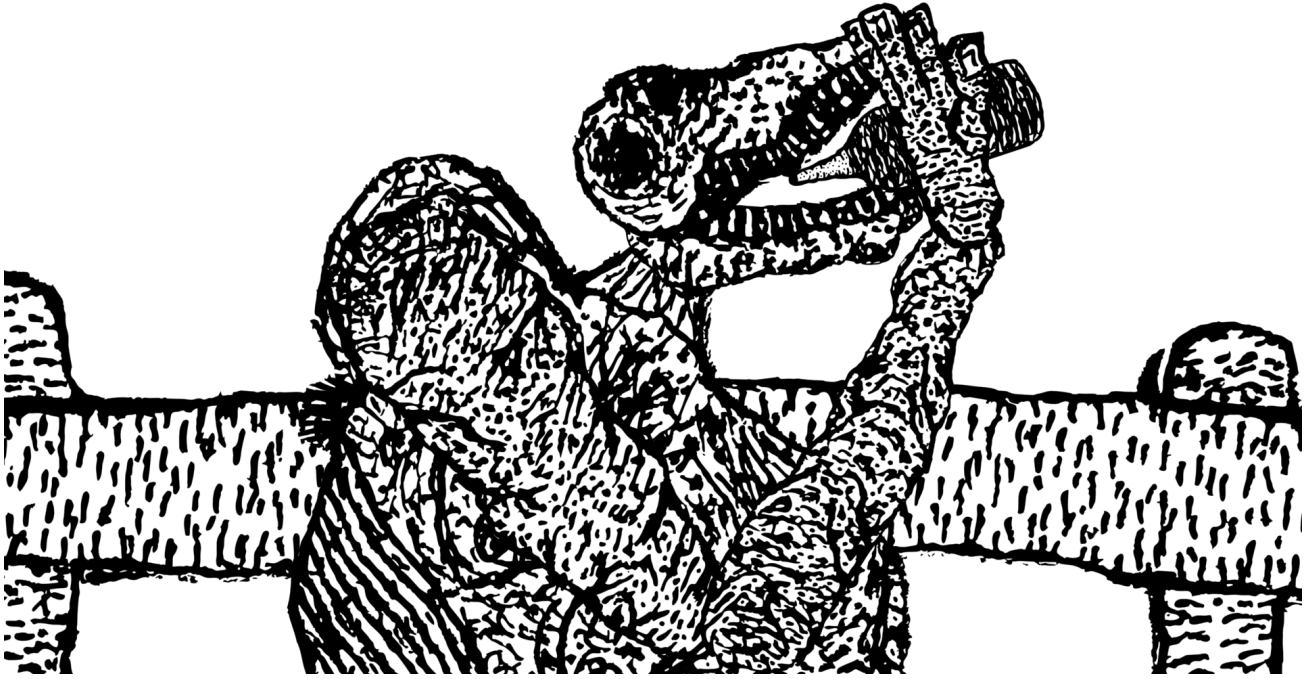


Addicts Idiots And Losers



Volume II

free



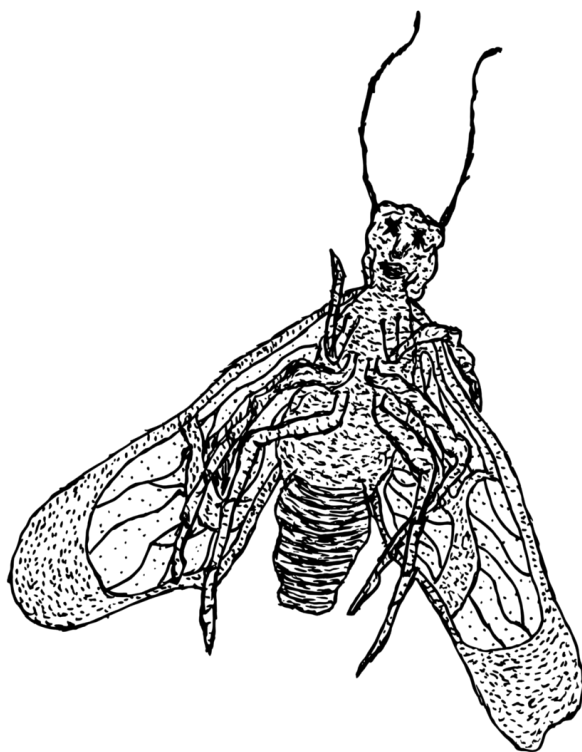
Trigger Warning: The content may not be suitable for children or those with a fragile psyche.

Rat People Must Kill Humans Publishing

Addicts Idiots And Losers Volume II

Copywrite 2021

Written and designed by Samuel Zagula



Dead Bugs

My friend did not have enough money for a broom. He only had a dollar fifty. A broom was four dollars. He needed the broom because he wanted to sweep the dead bugs off his floor. Bugs had a silly habit of dying in the middle of my friend's room and staying there until somebody did something about it. My friend did not want to pick up the dead bugs even if they were wrapped in a tissue. That was still too close to the dead bugs for his liking. A broom was a good tool for dead bugs. With a broom he could get rid of the bugs while staying sufficiently distant from them. He could pretend that he and the dead bugs resided on separate planes of existence. It was unfortunate for him that he could not afford a broom.

I had a broom. It was an old broom. It was frayed and worn out and had forgotten how to sweep properly in its old age. I could have used a new broom. But there were many ways to better spend one's money, like buying a hamburger.

“I don't know what to do. Can you pick up my dead bugs for me?”

“No.”

I did not want to pick up the dead bugs. I was afraid that when I picked them up, all their legs would fall off and I would have to search the floor for their tiny amputated appendages. It was an awful thought.

I had an idea. I took out my broom and a rusted manual saw. I sawed the broom in half vertically.

“I'll give you this half of the broom for a dollar twenty-five.”

“Alright.”

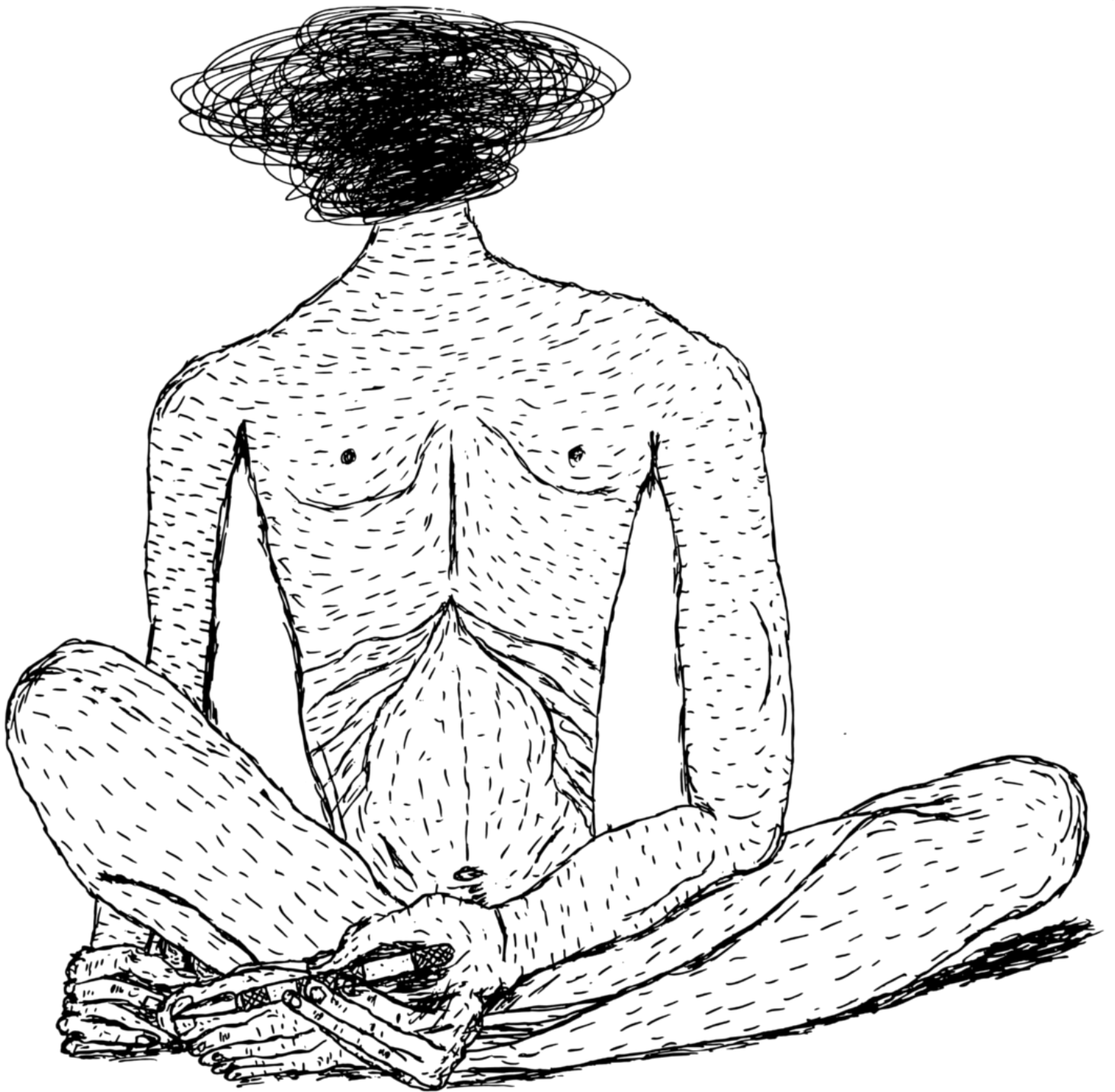
I was a generous man. I had cut the broom slightly unevenly. One half had more bristles. I gave him the larger half. I let him keep twenty-five cents. I was too selfless for my own good.

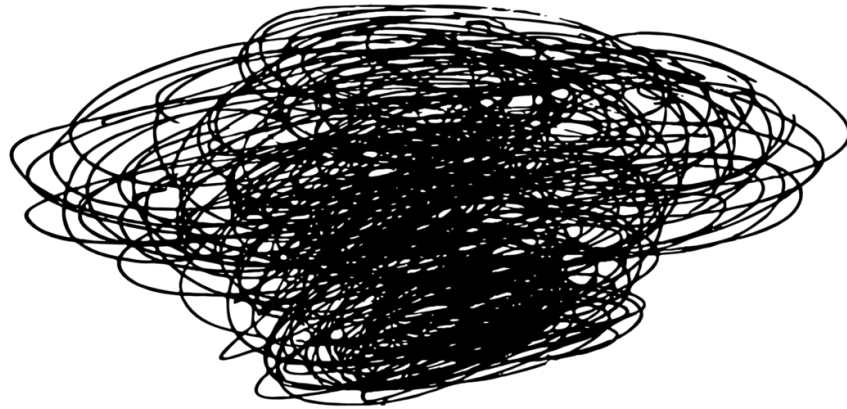
A dollar twenty-five was how much a forty-ounce plastic bottle of twelve percent malt liquor cost at the corner store. This was the same amount of alcohol as eight expensive nice beers. After cutting my broom in half I had gotten a new broom, and eight bottles of expensive beer for free. I was feeling good. I walked down to the corner store, hoping that they wouldn't charge me tax.

My friend swept the dead bugs out of his apartment and into the hallway, leaving them in a corner where it was easy to pretend that they had never existed .

END







Dead Leaves

This morning I heard that my friend killed himself. It was just after Christmas, and there was no one else in his house. An empty house can be a very lonely place just after Christmas. His girlfriend told me on the phone.

“Bill killed himself.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I wouldn’t joke about something like this.”

My head was mangled, and I felt the urge to yawn, and I couldn’t come up with anything to say.

“Let’s meet soon,” she said.

“OK,” I said, and hung up.

I did not want to see her. She and Bill had one of those relationships where they saw other people. I couldn’t talk to her knowing that she was going to sleep with someone besides Bill.

I was trying to figure out what to do with myself. I did that for an hour, then decided to trim my fingernails. I didn’t have a clipper, so I used an Exacto knife. I usually used my teeth, but this was a special occasion. I cut all the white excess that protruded beyond the nail bed. I cut diligently until the pink flesh the nail protects was peeking out from the nails’ edges. Then I did the same thing with my toes. After that I brushed my teeth. I usually brushed my teeth every other day, so I decided to do a thorough cleanse. I brushed my teeth until my gums had turned from their normal dull pink to a satisfying bright red.

I lay in bed and drank Jägermeister and beer, but soon I got too tired to drink, and just lay down doing nothing. Then I got too tired to lay down, so I got up.

I went for a drive. But the trees were hollow, and the radio was speaking in tongues, and the dead leaves scattered along the road were empty sandwich bags.

I stopped at a bar. There weren't many people inside. I sat down and ordered three shots of whiskey and a dark beer. I began to regret coming here; the place was ugly, and the bar stools were made of plastic, and the drinks were expensive, and my friend was still dead.

END

Thank

you



you are

Loved

www.addictsiidotsandlosers.com



Patreon.com/addictsiidotsandlosers



For general inquiries or to request additional volumes contact:

Zag@addictsiidotsandlosers.com