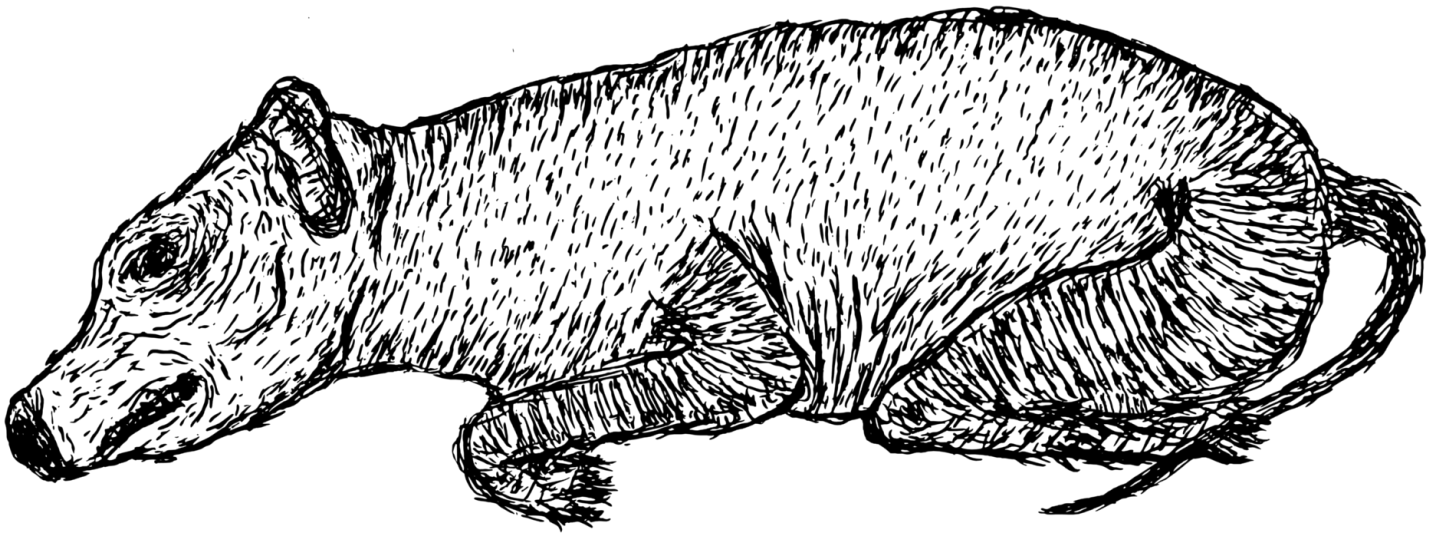
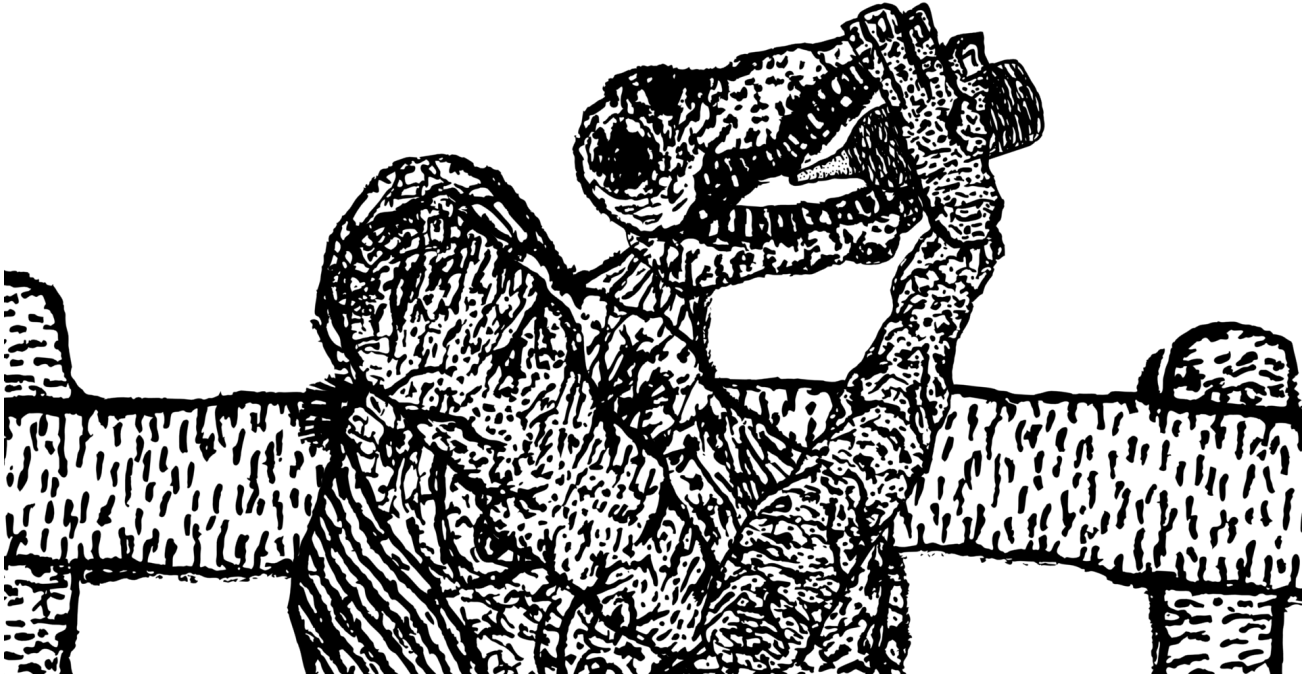


Addicts Idiots And Losers



Volume IIX (free)



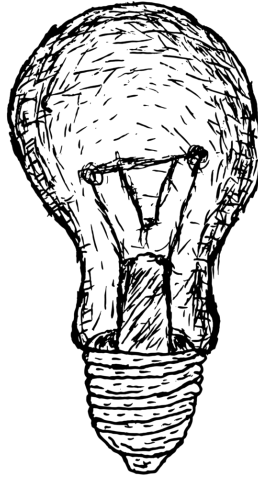
Trigger Warning: The content may not be suitable for children or those with a fragile psyche.

Rat People Must Kill Humans Publishing

Addicts Idiots And Losers Volume IIX

Copywrite 2021

Written and designed by Samuel Zagula



His Dog

His dog was dying. It was cancer. He didn't have enough money to see a vet, but he had looked up the symptoms online and that's what it was. His dog was in a lot of pain. Her back legs were mostly immobilized from arthritis, her breathing was labored, and patches of her fur would peel away, revealing pink tender flesh. He couldn't afford to have her put down. He was going to have to shoot his dog. He and his dog were very close. He thought it only right for her to understand what was going to happen so she could come to terms with it.

He carried his dog outside, along with a bottle of beer and his gun. He showed the gun to his dog.

He ran her paws over the gun, helping guide them along the cool metal surface. She smelled the gun. He took it apart and showed her the pieces. He took a handful of ammunition and brought it close to her face. He let his dog sniff the box that the ammo came in. He reassembled the gun. He loaded the clip slowly so she could see what was happening.

He fetched a pair of earmuffs and earplugs from the garage. He put the plugs in her ears and placed the earmuffs over them. He drank the beer. He placed the empty bottle on the ground and shot it. It exploded. His dog was startled, but not enough for her to bark. He shot an old plastic jug filled with water, a two-legged stool that was laying outside, a few burnt out light bulbs, and a wicker basket that was moldy from being left in the rain. He brought the empty shells over to his dog and placed one on top of her fur so she could feel their warmth. He showed his dog the holes that the bullets had made.

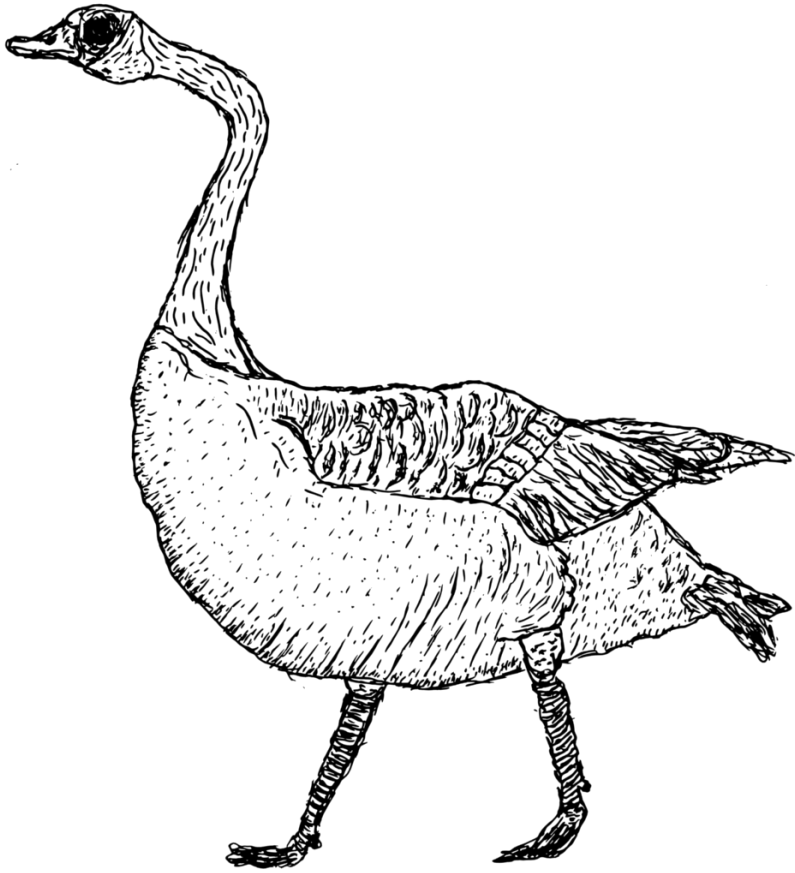
He had a battery powered car his son had forgotten when his wife had taken the kid and moved to Arizona. The batteries were long dead, and the insides of the car were white with corrosion. He found a couple of AA batteries in a drawer in his kitchen and scraped away the corrosion with his pocketknife.

He brought the car outside. He showed the car to his dog. He showed her that when he flipped a small switch on the belly of the car, it plodded slowly forward in an almost straight line. He followed the car, trailing behind it for a short while. Then he shot it.

He placed the barrel by her head, so the metal was touching it. His dog looked up at him. It was the look of a sad and dying dog who was very tired. He kept stroking her head and back, while she rested her snout on his left thigh. He pulled the trigger.

He would bury his dog far to the right and slightly forward from the front of his house, so that he could see her grave from his porch as well as from the kitchen window. He would plant long yellow grass on top of her grave. He would spread lots of fertilizer so it would grow tall and healthy.

END





In Two Years

He was in a toy store with his son. It was one of those gag toy stores with whoopie cushions, and gorilla masks, and vomit flavored jelly beans.

“I want this,” said his son. He was holding a plastic container full of glow in the dark slime.

“Sure.”

He hoped the slime would make his son love him, but he knew things didn't work that way.

“I know I wasn't around much while you were growing up, and you've seen me yell at your mother and throw ceramic dishes against the wall. I know I only see you twice a month, and we never go to my apartment because I'm embarrassed of the state that it's in, but I got you this jar of slime for five dollars, so will you love me?” he would ask.

“Yes,” his son would reply.

It was too bad this was not the way conversations went between a father and son.

They had a fridge in the store filled with an eclectic range of sodas. He got a celery soda and brought both items to the register.

“Just these?” asked the cashier.

“Yup,” he said.

“Wait, I want a soda too,” his son said, believing it unfair that his father would be allowed a soda but not he.

“Ok,” his father said.

His son came back with a bubblegum flavored soda.

“You won’t like that,” he said.

“It’s what I want.”

He paid for the three items: the jar of slime and the two drinks.

Sitting in the car, they both opened their bottles. The celery soda was pretty decent.

“God, this is awful,” said his son after taking a sip of his bubble gum soda.

“Do you want mine?” his father asked.

“Yeah.”

He gave his son the celery soda and poured the other out the window.

“Do you want to go to the park?” he asked his son.

“Sure.”

He drove to a park near the water. Before he got there, he stopped at a fast food burger joint.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“A cheeseburger.”

So that’s what they got.

At the park, they sat down on a bench by the water and ate their burgers. He tore off pieces of his bun and threw them at the feet of the geese that crowded nearby. His son laughed as the goofy, long-necked, birds fought one another over bits of bread.

“Why do geese have such long necks?” his son asked.

“No reason,” he said.

“Really?”

“Maybe they like it that way.”

“Oh.”

They sat there a while longer, looking at the water and the clouds that slowly drifted over it. He looked at his watch.

“It’s time to drive you to your mom's place,” he said.

“Ok.”

After walking his son to the door of his ex-wife’s apartment, he hugged his son.

“I had a nice time,” said his son.

“Really?”

“Yeah. Did you?”

“Yes. I had a nice time too.”

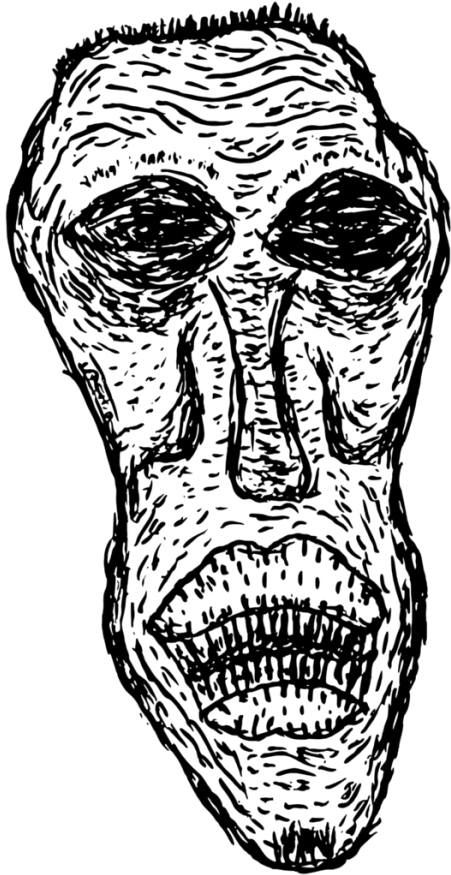
He left before his ex answered the door.

“I’m gonna tell that kid I love him before the next two years are over,” he thought to himself as he sat in his car.

And he really believed he would.

END

Thank
you



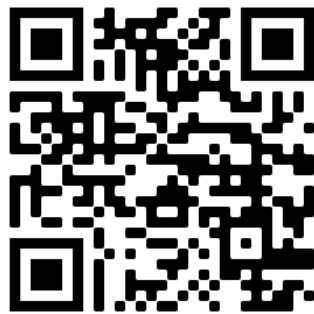
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For general inquiries or to request additional volumes contact:

Zag@addictsiidotsandlosers.com