

Circle Jerk
by
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PPP

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2018-05-25: Start First Draft
2018-05-30: Story Hits Dead Pile

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WARNING
SWEARING, ADULT SITUATIONS, AND
OTHER NASTINESS ABOUNDS

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###

Our story starts with a rape scene!

###

Of course, that is a complete and total lie!

###

And that's about a good as start to a story as there is, don't you think? I mean, two sentences that start with exclamation marks right at the beginning?

#

All in all, I'd say we were off to a good start.

#

But the important thing to remember (at this point, anyway, soon enough, it won't matter in the least) is that the foregoing statement about the story starting with a rape scene is a pure and utter lie... a confabulation of the truth, if you prefer, designed to mislead and confuse.

#

For you see, this is a circular story; and so, there is no beginning, there is no middle, and there is no end. It just goes round and round and round... just like in all your Better Bardic Tales™. As that way, the Better Bards in question get to reuse their old material without ever being accused of repeating themselves. Eh, it may not make that much difference to you (stuck as you are with your endlessly repetitive Pop Culture). But for Elves, it's a big deal.

#

Secondly (and remember, we are deconstruction the lie that starts this cheerful tale of woe, at the moment), the girl (or should that be Elf, so more like an Elvin Lass and/or Elfin Princess) is not

so much being raped, as she is partaking of (i.e. thoroughly enjoying) a mutually consensual sexual experience, being taken, as she is, by the man-child (or should that be boy-child) of her dreams... no matter that her brother watches on, knife in hand (one of those Elvin Soul Sucking Death Blade things), as he (her brother) remarks (quite casually and offhandedly, I might add), 'After you're done fucking my sister, let's go kill something.'

#

Eh, it might be more convincing (as a rape scene anyhow) if Brother Blaine were to hold that knife against someone's throat as he said the last.

#

I don't think it would matter whose throat he were to hold the blade against... maybe even his own.

#

But it's not a rape scene... it's merely two teenagers fucking in the back seat of a (high-end luxury) automobile after a high school (homecoming) dance.

#

Though, the truth is I likely haven't convinced you that it should look like a rape scene, just yet. And so, all my protestations to the contrary fall flat.

#

So, let's pull back.

###

I like owls.

###

Do you like owls?

###

Odin has his ravens. And Gra'gl has every (goddamn, mother fucking) thing under the moon, stars, and sun that eats another (goddamn, mother fucking) thing from lions, tigers, and bears to viral pestili (fuck you, it's a word) including (yes, you guessed it, even goddamn, mother fucking) owls... even if said owl is not currently fucking a goddamn, mother fucking, thing.

###

I like the tree high view.

###

I like soaring.

###

I like spreading my arms (or are they wings, now), as I fly over the treetops, coming in low, grazing the branches, ducking down

under the canopy, like some computer game introductory level, as I skim past the moonlit brook below, snatch a fucking toad off the river bank (seriously, I thought I'd be going for a mouse, just then, but in this owl eat toad world, you grab whatever you can as fast as you can), before swooping back up above the trees, do one of those sideways barrels rolls things (I wonder if they have a fancier name or does everyone just call them those sideways barrel roll things) that all your hotshot pilots (and/or owls) seem to do just for the fuck of it, before coming in for a landing, in nest full of young (call it a brood), dropping that toad at my feet, as I give a mighty shriek that echoes through the night.

#

'Praise be to Gra'gl!' said in the tongue of the owl, but of course.

#

And as I stand there (because I don't think owls ever sit, not in the true sense of the word), feeding toad innards to my young, 'Ah, mom! Toad, again!' a car's headlights appear in the distance, as loud rock music (you know, the cool kind, not what the kids are listening to these days... or those old farts were listening to back in the day, but the cool kind of loud rock music, you know, the kind of loud rock music I listen to) fills the night air, as tires splash through muddy puddles and a Brand New Cadillac (with optional green metallic paint and genuine dragon's hide upholstery) takes the shortcut through the tall grass, as it cuts the corner (or seriously, just flat out misses the corner; and so, turns late) on a seldom used dirt road.

#

Eh, maybe I go to fast.

#

I don't want to overlook anything important.

#

So, let me just say, 'It's a fucking awesome car!'

#

'And if you are going to take it to the school dance tonight, you are going to treat it with the respect it deserves! Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir!'

#

To tell you the truth, I don't know if we are talking about the girl or the car, at this point.

#

But subtle nuances of that nature can hardly matter, as Blaine is a lying piece of shit.

#

And (in all honesty) there is nothing about this statement, which is a lie.

#

Blaine is a Half Breed.

#

I mean, to be fair to Half Breed's the Realms Round, no one really knows what kind of Half Breed he is. And that is saying something.

#

But mostly what is says is that those Elves are a horny bunch... and his mother was a bit of a slut.

#

And on that note, I say we return to the she owl and her young; and watch as the car rounds the bend... or maybe (as I've said before), goes through the bend, bounces up high, over the ruts in the dirt road, comes down hard, as yes, this does look like a good place to stop, mostly on account of the engine heaving a mighty heave (call it a sigh), as it does one of those spitter-spatter-sputter things, before shutting down, just for the while, as if to say, 'I think I need to rest.'

#

And in that once quiet corner of the forest, every living creature is now paying to that car.

#

Birds, long since asleep, fly awake into the dark night sky.

#

Rabbits scurry away.

#

And a marmot (or some such creature) twitches by the side of the road, having very-very recently, just become road kill.

#

And if you are an owl, that's exactly (like, exactly) the sort of thing that will catch your eye.

#

But these details do not matter.

#

'Fucking car!'

#

It's always the car's fault.

#

Or that is to say, Elves (or at least, the Elves I am familiar with) are not that big on personal responsibility.

###

Blaine jumps out of the car, looking, listening, feeling, hearing.

###

Oh, yeah!

###

He sees that owl.

###

Have we concentrated on that owl for long enough?

###

Maybe you'd like to fall into Blaine's shoes for a moment.

###

You know, not that I am going to fall into Blaine's shoes... at least, not for a moment.

###

But we can skirt the issue.

###

We can take those baby steps.

###

Blaine is ugly.

###

Blaine knows he's ugly.

###

He's like the cross between an ugly mother and an even uglier father.

###

OK.

###

Fair enough.

###

Maybe that doesn't do Blaine's ugliness justice.

###

Blaine is like Frankenstein ugly.

#

His face is all wrong... like he hit a wall or something during birth. And rather than letting his mother (the fucking whore) have an easy time of it, Reality Itself (you know, every fucking goddamn thing outside of Gra'gl, he who must be hailed) tried to prevent him from entering this world.

#

He's a fucking mutant.

#

He's a fucking aberration.

#

He is a (must I spell it out) a God Forsaken Half Breed!

#

And the fact that he's wearing a tuxedo doesn't change a goddamn fucking thing.

#

But he's a gentleman in his own way; and that's why he is getting out of the car and leaving it for Holly (his sister) and Tommy (his best friend, eh, OK, only friend).

#

And though I feel I am repeating myself at this point, this is about where (and when) Blaine jumps out, swears at the car, and after taking stock of the situation (to wit, an owl, that along with the marmot, will likely, as we must have some suspense, not live to see the end of the chapter), draws his knife, blade, and/or sacrificial killing machine.

#

Oh, and he smiles... and even whistles a little, as he starts to whittle on his fingernails, which are as fucked as his face.

#

'Ouch! Fuck!'

#

Yeah, didn't take him long to cut himself.

#

They don't call those fucking things Life Stealers for nothing, Blaine.

#

Tommy just laughs, because the tide is going to turn here.

#

I mean, if not here, if not now, then soon.

#

For so long, Blaine has been... if not the leader, in charge.

#

But that will change.

#

'Why don't you go for a walk?'

'Why don't you fuck off?'

#

Holly produces the joint, pure human shit (so, both, no need to capitalize and it is indeed shit), to make the peace.

#

They are all fucking druggies.

#

But this isn't the drug scene.

#

It's the rape scene.

#

And after a drag of this... and a drag of that... Tommy is handing the roach off to Blaine, as he grabs his (as in, Blaine's) sister by the hair and gives her a long smoldering kiss, the kind of kiss that pulls a young Elvin Maiden from the front seat of her father's Cadillac, to the back seat; the kind of kiss that keeps her enraptured, as clothes are loosened, tossed aside, parts are licked, caressed, and explored, until it is that moment, and there is nothing left to do, but listen to the screech of an owl in the distance, as a young girl gives herself... for the first time.

#

Is it complete?

#

Lying on your back (in the back seat, no less), staring up at stars (would it be better if there was a moon), this boy, someday a man, soon to be a man, humans age so much faster, done with this one, on to the next, barely a drop in the ocean, barely a drop of time, but the first time, he will be the first, how could she know he would be the last, that in taking her once, he would take her forever, cast into place the stones...

#

But I am getting ahead of myself.

#

Or maybe, you should already know this; and so, I am merely repeating myself.

#

There is that moment of contact.

#

Oh, my god (whose name shall be Gra'gl), this is really happening!

#

The excitement!

#

Have you ever been on a roller coaster?

#

Oh, shit! There's always one!

#

Fine!

#

It's this carnival ride thing. Folks do it for fun. They get on this

ride, take a slow escalator up to the top of a hill (that in the moment feels like a mountain); and then, they ride it on down.

#

Some folks scream!

#

Holly is a bit of a screamer!

#

Elves often are.

#

And when riding a roller coast (because, if you'll remember, that's the metaphor we're going to *roll* with, god I'm brilliant), some folks hold their hands in the air like they just don't care.

#

And this would, also, describe Holly... more so, because she just doesn't know what to do with her hands, Tommy over her, leaning, bearing down, hands at her side, so her hands are in front, just sort of holding them there, what to do, so she starts to caress his face, all lovey-dovey.

#

But Tommy isn't really the lovey-dovey type.

#

I mean, come on, he's best friends with Blaine.

#

No, Tommy is more of the *How do we make this roller coast go faster* variety.

#

One could grease the wheels, attach an engine, or get really-really high.

#

Or one could pin the girl's hands down... to her side, above her head, watch the reaction, the emotions dance on her face, when he does this, when he does that, a thrust, a swirl, that back and forth motion with the hips... how about a kiss, a lick... or a bite... until she's not so sure what type ride she's signed up for, I'd say hopped on, but at this point, she's lying back, and Tommy... well, Tommy is experimenting, toying, playing.

#

You think Blaine is a pyscho?

#

You have no idea who you are playing with?

#

Like a cat and a mouse, lips, meeting hers, eyes, meeting hers, body, meeting hers, such savory, such delight, holding those hands down, knowing he doesn't need to hold them down, thinking, doing, trying, exploring, and her body meeting his, melding in his, until he forgets her body... and starts exploring his needs.

#

And that's likely when Blaine loses interest, lights another, and the whole world goes magical, his sister, talking, screaming, groaning, joining with the moment... the night.

#

Do you see the night?

#

Do you see the owl swoop down and land?

#

Do you see Blaine play with his knife, pretend to throw, line up the shot... but it would be too easy.

#

So, he let's the owl fly away.

#

Returning his attention to the car, those animals in the back seat, Tommy might as well not even be there, just stick the knife in, down to the hilt, he could just say he was raping Holly, no one would believe him... but... well, the truth, no one could live with that, either.

#

He'd have to run away.

#

He could start tonight.

#

Take the car... there was a heat there, did you see it, do understand it, the car, that analog combustion, animal intelligence, pre-cog, that's what I'm talking about, pre-cog, pre-cognition and in that raw animal fiery inferno there is some truth... that when we circle around to this point again we will have lost... I will have lost... that which you will, soon enough, find in me.

#

But this... this moment... isn't about me.

#

It's about Blaine running off into the night, climbing a tree, and

an owl, falling down, taking the long way down, nearly cleaved in two by a knife, laughing at the prospect of those chicks slowly starving... but it would be better if it were only the one, lonely, alone... dying slow.

#

So, for the other two... time for a snack.

#

Does it get maudlin?

#

I don't consider myself a morbid type guy.

#

Tommy doesn't consider himself a morbid type guy, either... nor does Holly.

#

They'll make a fire, eat that owl, call it a sacrifice.

#

But the car is a rocking, so don't come a knocking.

#

Huh?

###

I haven't even told you what Holly's name means!

###

But Blaine's is easy enough.

###

He is the *Bane of Existence*... or however you say that, in Elvin, of course.

###

###

2019-12-01

And once again, we stop on a dime, because this is likely the only scene I care about in the story. Certainly, at this point, this scene, is the story... or what's left of it, you know, if you catch my drift.

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